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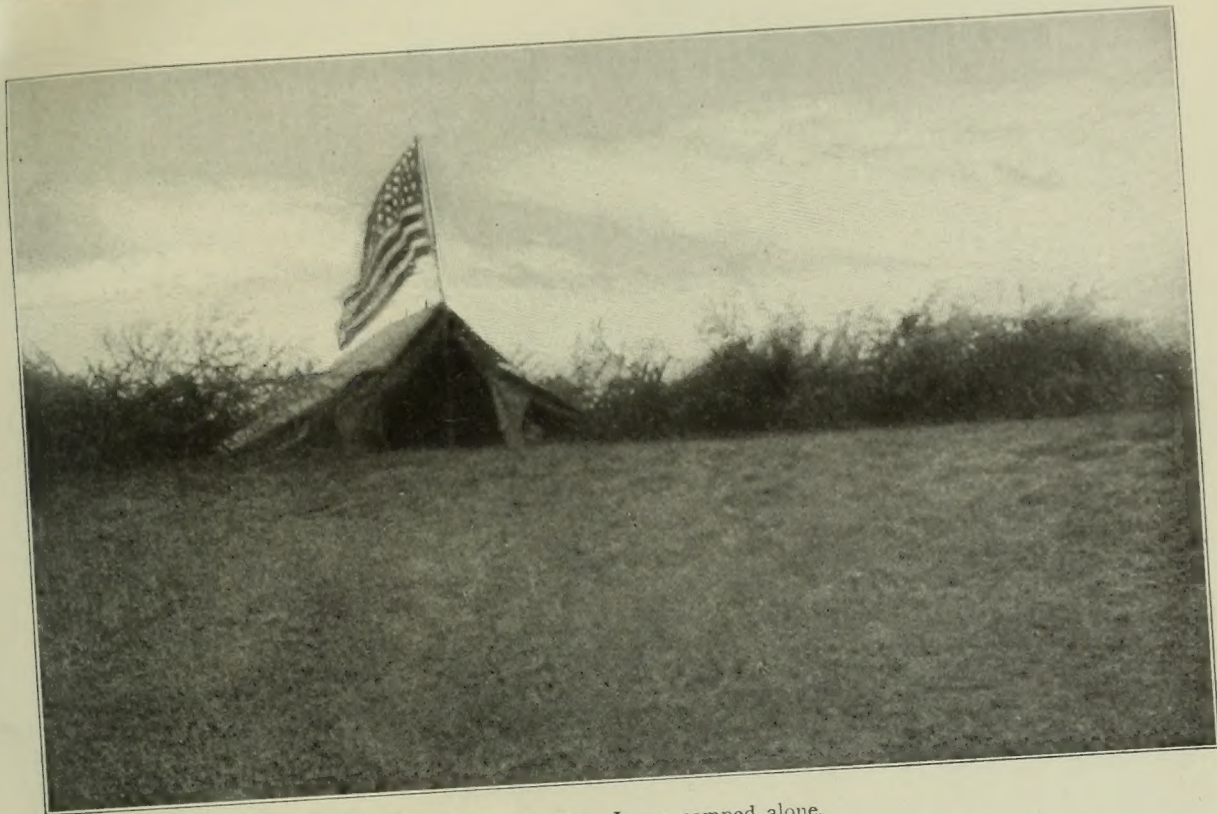
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NO. 1



My boma when I was camped alone.
From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

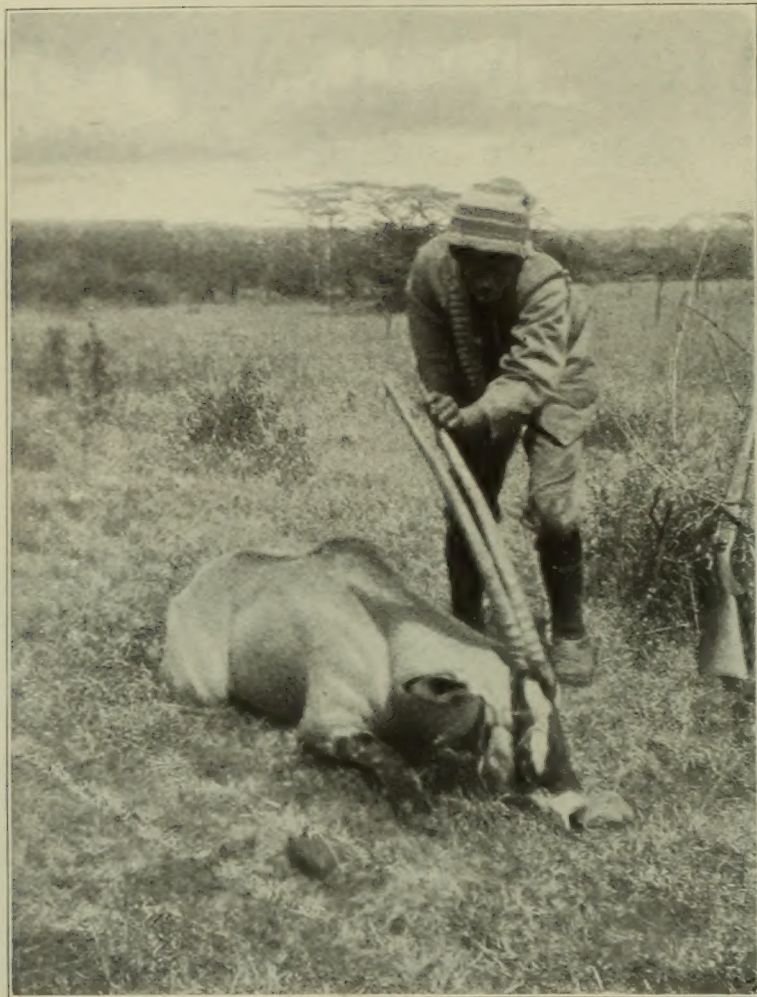
X.—THE GUASO NYERO; A RIVER OF THE EQUATORIAL DESERT

WHEN I reached Neri, after coming down from killing my first elephant on Kenia, I was kept waiting two or three days before I could gather enough Kikuyu porters. As I could not speak a word of their language I got

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An oryx bull.—Page 20.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

soldier type. Then there was another safari, that of Messrs. Kearton and Clark who were taking some really extraordinary photographs of birds and game. Finally, Governor and Mrs. Jackson arrived from a trip they had been making round Kenia; and I was much pleased to be able to tell the Governor, who had helped me in every way, about my bull elephant, and to discuss with him some of the birds we had seen and the mammals we had trapped. A great ingowa, a war-dance of the natives, was held in his honor, and the sight was, as always, one of interest and of a certain fascination. There was an Indian trader at Neri from whom we had obtained donkeys to carry to our elephant camp "posho," or food for the porters. He announced that they were all in readiness in a letter to Cuninghame, which was meant to be entirely respectful, but which sounded odd, as it was couched in characteristic Baboo English. The opening lines ran:

"Dear K-ham, the donkeys are altogether deadly."

At last fifty Kikuyus assembled—they are not able to carry the loads of regular Swahili porters—and I started that moment, though it was too late in the afternoon to travel more than three or four miles. The Kikuyus were real savages, naked save for a dingy blanket, usually carried round the neck. They formed a picturesque safari; but it was difficult to make the grasshopper-like creatures take even as much thought for the future as the ordinary happy-go-lucky porters take. At night if it rained they cowered under the bushes in drenched and shivering discomfort; and yet they had to be driven to make bough shelters for themselves. Once these shelters were up, and a little fire kindled at the entrance of each, the moping, spiritless wretches would speedily become transformed into beings who had lost all remem-

brance of ever having been wet or cold. After their posho had been distributed and eaten they would sit, huddled and cheerful, in their shelters, and sing steadily for a couple of hours. Their songs were much wilder than those of the regular porters, and were often warlike. Occasionally, some "shanty man," as he would be called on shipboard, improvised or repeated a kind of story in short sentences or strophes; but the main feature of each song was the endless repetition of some refrain, musically chanted in chorus by the whole party. This repetition of a short sentence or refrain is a characteristic of many kinds of savage music; I have seen the Pawnees grow almost maddened by their triumph song, or victory song, which consisted of nothing whatever but the fierce, barking, wolf-like repetition of the words, "In the morning the wolves feasted."

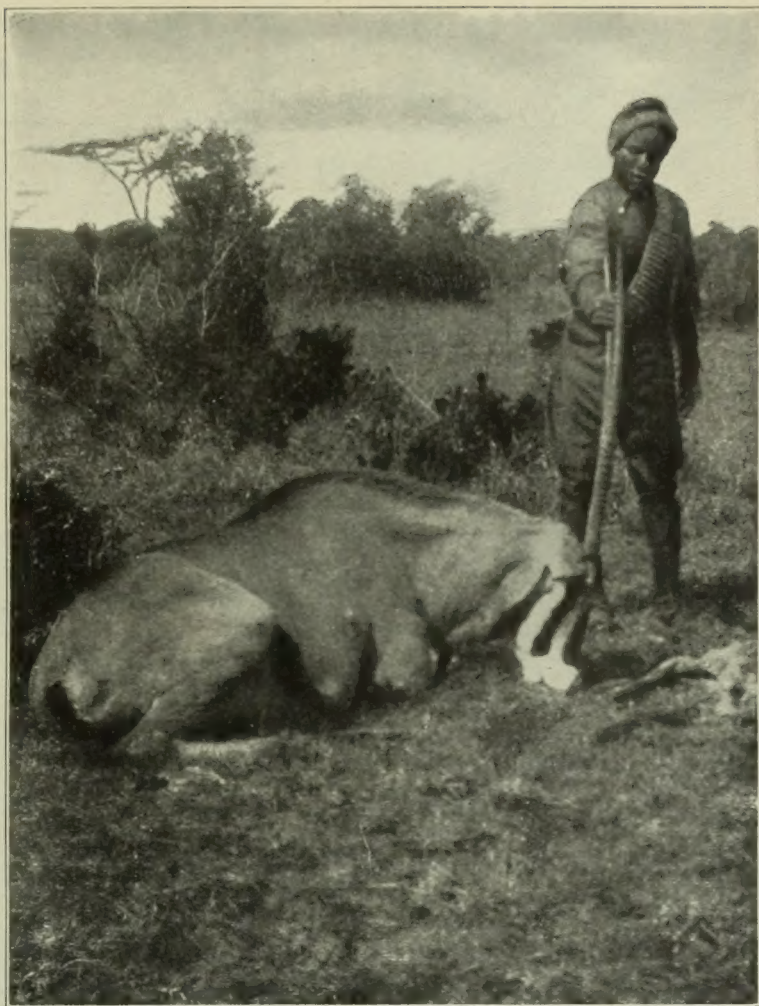
Our first afternoon's march was uneventful; but I was amused at one of our porters

and the "safari" ants. These safari ants are so called by the natives because they go on foraging expeditions in immense numbers. The big-headed warriors are able to inflict a really painful bite. In open spaces, as where crossing a path, the column makes a little sunken way through which it streams uninterrupted. Whenever we came to such a safari ant column, in its sunken way, crossing our path, the porter in question laid two twigs on the ground as a peace-offering to the ants. He said that they were on safari, just as we were, and that it was wise to propitiate them.

That evening we camped in a glade in the forest. At nightfall dozens of the big black-and-white hornbill, croaking harshly, flew overhead, their bills giving them a curiously top-heavy look. They roosted in the trees near by.

Next day we came out on the plains, where there was no cultivation, and instead of the straggling thatch and wattle, unfenced villages of the soil-tilling Kikuyus, we found ourselves again among the purely pastoral Masai, whose temporary villages are arranged in a ring or oval, the cattle being each night herded in the middle, and the mud-daubed, cow-dung-plastered houses so placed that their backs form a nearly continuous circular wall, the spaces between being choked with thorn bushes. I killed a steinbuck, missed a tommy, and at three hundred yards hit a Jackson's hartebeeste too far back, and failed in an effort to ride it down.

The day after we were out on plains untenanted by human beings, and early in the afternoon struck water by which to pitch our tents. There was not much game, and it was shy; but I thought that I could kill enough to keep the camp in meat, so I sent back the two Scotchmen and their Kikuyus, after having them build a thorn boma, or fence, round the camp. One of



A good oryx cow.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

the reasons why the Masai had driven their herds and flocks off this plain was because a couple of lions had turned man-eaters, and had killed a number of men and women. We saw no sign of lions, and believed they had followed the Masai; but there was no use in taking needless chances.

The camp was beside a cold, rapid stream, one of the head waters of the Guaso Nyero. It was heavily fringed with thorn timber. To the east the crags and snow-fields of Kenia rose from the slow swell of the mountain's base. It should have been the dry season, but there were continual heavy rains, which often turned into torrential downpours. In the overcast mornings as I rode away from camp, it was as cool as if I were riding through the fall weather at home; at noon, if the sun came out, straight overhead, the heat was blazing; and we generally returned to camp at nightfall, drenched with the cold rain. The first heavy storm, the evening we pitched camp,



Bringing in the skull of my second bull.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

much excited all my followers. Ali came rushing into the tent to tell me that there was "a big snake up high." This certainly seemed worth investigating, and I followed him outside where everybody was looking at the "snake," which proved to be a huge, funnel-shaped, whirling cloud, careering across the darkened sky. It was a kind of waterspout or cyclone; fortunately it passed to one side of camp.

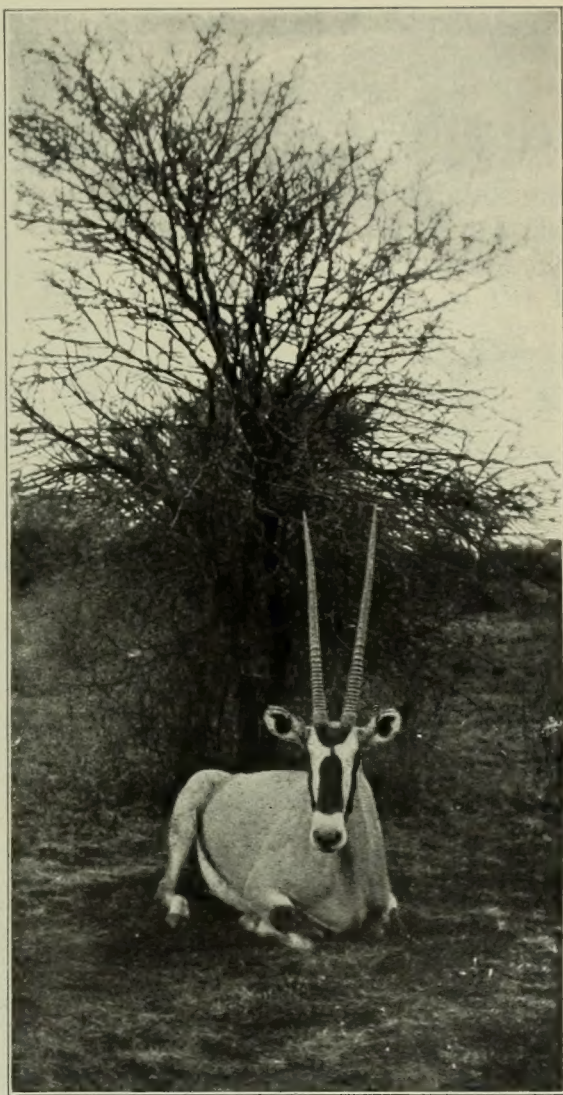
The first day I hunted I shot only a steinbuck for the table. The country alternated between bare plains and great stretches of sparse, stunted thorns. We saw zebra, and two or three bands of oryx; big, handsome

antelope, strongly built and boldly colored, with long, black, rapier-like horns. They were very wary, much more so than the zebra with which they associated, and we could not get anywhere near them.

Next day I hunted along the edges of a big swamp. We saw water-buck, but were unable to get within shot. However, near the farther end of the swamp, in an open swale, we found four eland feeding. The eland is the king of antelope; and not only did I desire meat for camp, but I wished the head of a good bull as a trophy for myself, the eland I had hitherto shot being for the National Museum. The little band included

a big bull, a small bull, and two cows; at a distance the big bull looked slaty blue. The great, sleek, handsome creatures were feeding in the long grass just like cattle, switching their long tails at the flies. The country looked like a park, with clumps of thorn-trees scattered over the grassy sward. Carefully I crept on all-fours from tree clump to tree clump, trying always to move when the elands' heads were down grazing. At last I was within three hundred yards, when one of the cows caught a glimpse of me and alarmed the others. They were startled, but puzzled, and after trotting a few rods turned to stare at the half-seen object of their alarm. Rising to my knee I shot the big bull in the throat as with head erect he gazed in my direction. Off he went with a rush, the others bounding and leaping as

they accompanied him, and we followed on the blood spoor. Bakhari and Gouvimali trotted fast on the trail, and in order to be fresh for the shot I mounted Tranquillity. Suddenly out bounced the wounded bull from some bushes close by, and the horse nearly had a fit; I could hardly get off in time to empty my magazine at long range—fortunately with effect. It was a magnificent bull of the variety called Patterson's eland, with a fine head. Few prize oxen would be as heavy, and in spite of its great size, its finely moulded limbs and beautiful coat gave it a thoroughly game look.



An oryx shot by Kermit Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Kikuyu warrior.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Oryx were now what I especially wished, and we devoted all of the following day to their pursuit. We saw three bands, two of them accompanying herds of zebra, after the manner of kongoni. Both species were found indifferently on the bare, short-grass flats and among the thin, stunted thorn-trees which covered much of the plains. After a careful stalk, the latter part on all-fours, I got to within about three hundred yards of a mixed herd, and put a bullet into one oryx as it faced me, and hit another as it ran. The first, from its position, I thought I would surely kill if I hit it at all, and both of the wounded beasts were well behind the herd when it halted a mile away on the other side of the plain. But as we approached they all went off together, and I can only hope the two I hit recovered; at any rate, after we had followed them for

miles, the tough beasts were still running as strongly as ever.

All the morning I manœuvred and tramped hard, in vain. At noon, I tried a stalk on a little band of six, who were standing still, idly switching their tails, out in a big flat. They saw me, and at four hundred yards I missed the shot. By this time I felt rather desperate, and decided for

grunts and drove the others round with his horns. Meanwhile I was admiring the handsome dun gray coat of my prize, its long tail and long, sharp, slender horns, and the bold black and white markings on its face. Hardly had we skinned the carcass before the vultures lit on it; with them were two marabou storks, one of which I shot with a hard bullet from the Springfield.

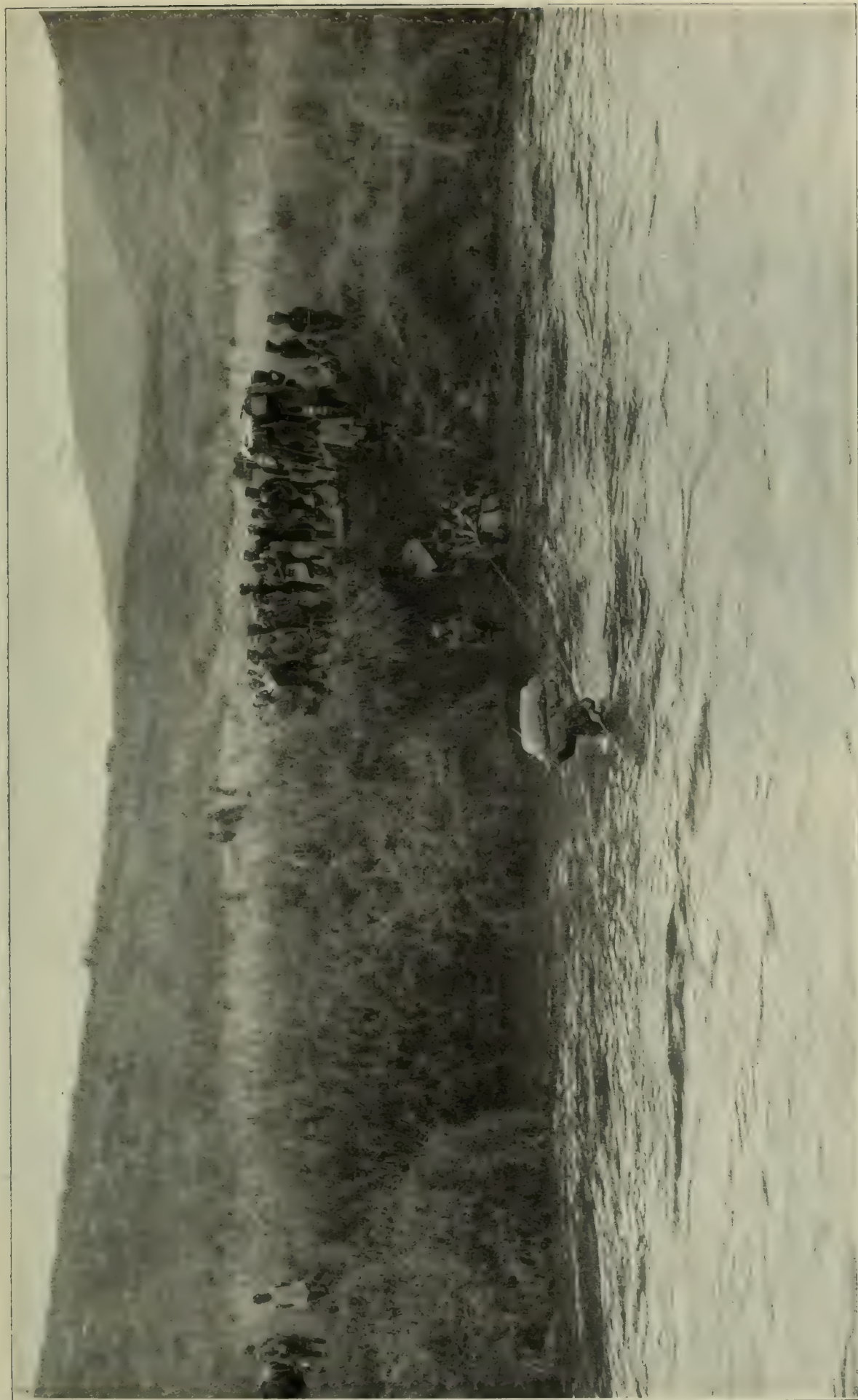


Helping a donkey across the stream.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

once to abandon legitimate proceedings and act on the Ciceronian theory, that he who throws the javelin all day must hit the mark some time. Accordingly I emptied the magazines of both my rifles at the oryx, as they ran across my front, and broke the neck of a fine cow, at four hundred and fifty yards. Six or seven hundred yards off the survivors stopped, and the biggest bull, evidently much put out, uttered loud bawling

The oryx, like the roan and sable, and in striking contrast to the eland, is a bold and hard fighter, and when cornered will charge a man or endeavor to stab a lion. If wounded it must be approached with a certain amount of caution. The eland, on the other hand, in spite of its huge size, is singularly mild and inoffensive, an old bull being as inferior to an oryx in the will and power to fight as it is in speed and endurance.



Fording the Chania River.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



A Grévy's zebra.—Page 17.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

"Antelope," as I have said, is a very loose term, meaning simply any hollow-horned ruminant that isn't an ox, a sheep, or a goat. The eland is one of the group of tragelaphs, which are as different from the true antelopes, such as the gazelles, as they are from the oxen. One of its kinsfolk is the handsome little bushbuck, about as big as a white-tail deer; a buck of which Kermit had killed two specimens. The bushbuck is a wicked fighter, no other buck of its size being as dangerous; which makes the helplessness and timidity of its huge relative all the more striking.

I had kept four Kikuyu with me to accompany me on my hunts and carry in the skins and meat. They were with me on this occasion; and it was amusing to see how my four regular attendants, Bakhari and Gouvimali the gunbearers, Simba the saïs, and Kiboko the skinner, looked down on their wild and totally uncivilized brethren. They would not associate with the

"shenzis," as they called them; that is, savages or bush people. But the "shenzis" always amused and interested me; and this was especially true on the afternoon in question. Soon after we had started camp-wards with the skin and meat of the oryx, we encountered a succession of thunder-storms. The rain came down in a deluge, so that the water stood ankle deep on the flats, the lightning flashed continuously on every side, and the terrific peals of thunder made one continuous roll. At first it maddened my horse; but the uninterrupted blaze and roar, just because uninterrupted, ended by making him feel that there was nothing to be done, and he plodded stolidly forward through the driving storm. My regular attendants accepted it with an entire philosophy, which was finally copied by the Kikuyus, who at first felt frightened.

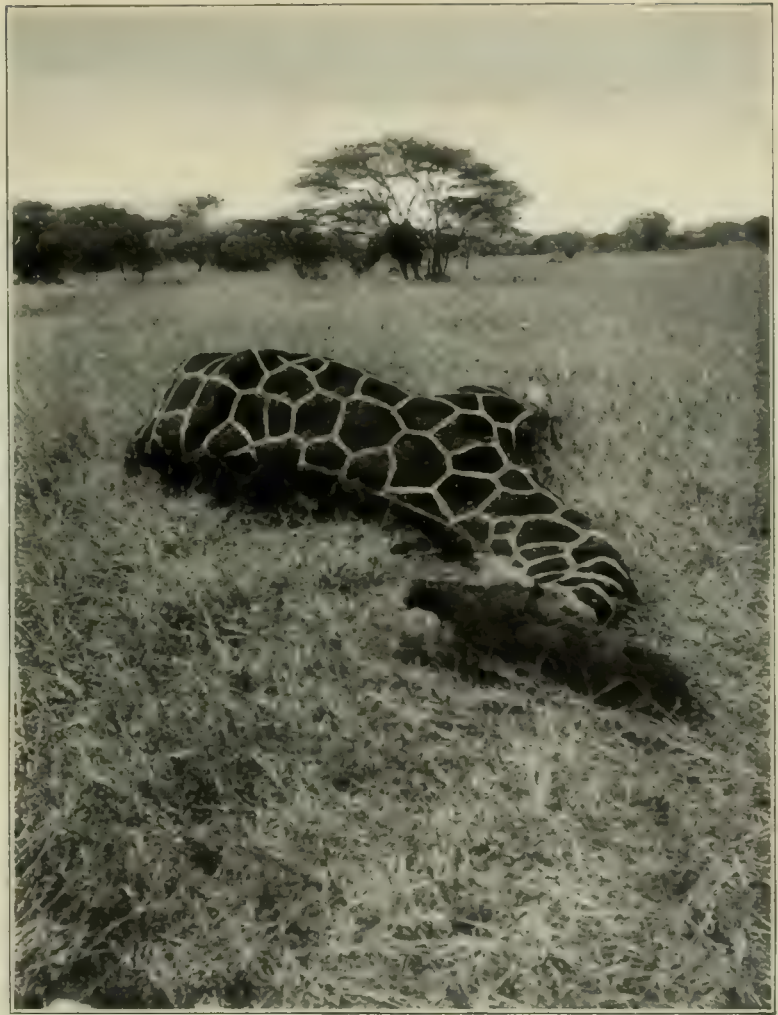
One of them had an old umbrella which he shared with a crony. He himself was carrying the marabou stork; his crony had long strips of raw oryx meat wound in a swollen girdle about his waist; neither had a stitch on save the blankets which were wrapped round their throats; and they clasped each other in a tight embrace as they walked along under the battered old umbrella.

In this desolate and lonely land the majesty of the storms impressed on the beholder a sense of awe and solemn exaltation. Tossing their crests, and riven by lightning, they gathered in their wrath from every quarter of the heavens, and darkness was before and under them; then, in the lull of a moment, they might break apart, while the sun turned the rain to silver and the rainbows were set in the sky; but always they gathered again, menacing and mighty,—for the promise of the bow was never kept, and ever the clouds returned after the rain. Once as I rode facing Kenia the

clouds tore asunder, to right and left, and the mountain towered between, while across its base was flung a radiant arch. But almost at once the many-colored glory was dimmed; for its splendor and terror the storm strode in front, and shrouded all things from sight in thunder-shattered sheets of rain.

These days alone in the wilderness went by very pleasantly, and, as it was for not too long, I thoroughly enjoyed being entirely by myself, so far as white men were concerned. By this time I had become really attached to my native followers, who looked after my interest and comfort in every way; and in return I kept them supplied with plenty of food, saw that they were well clothed, and forced them to gather enough firewood to keep their tents dry and warm at night—for cold, rainy weather is always hard upon them.

Ali, my faithful head tent boy, and Shemlani his assistant—poor Bill the Kikuyu had left because of an intricate row with his fellows—were both, as they proudly informed me, Arabs. On the East African coast the so-called Arabs almost all have native blood in them and speak Swahili; the curious, newly created language of the descendants of the natives whom the Arabs originally enslaved, and who themselves may have in their veins a little Arab blood; in fact, the dividing line between Swahili and Arab becomes impracticable for an outsider to draw where, as is generally the case, it is patent that the blood of both races is mixed to a degree at which it is only possible to guess. Ali spoke some English; and he and Shemlani were devoted and efficient servitors. Bakhari the gun-bearer was a Swahili, quite fearless with dangerous game, rather sullen and unmoved by any emotion that I could ever discover. He spoke a little English, but it could not be called idiomatic. One day



A reticulated giraffe.—Page 22.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

we saw two ostriches, a cock and a hen, with their chicks, and Bakhari with some excitement said, "Look, sah! ostrich! bull, cow, and pups!" The other gun-bearer, Gouvimali, in some ways an even better hunter, and always good-tempered, knew but one English phrase; regularly every afternoon or evening, after cleaning the rifle he had carried, he would say, as he left the tent, his face wreathed in smiles, "G-o-o-d-e-bye!" Gouvimali was a Wkamba, as were Simba and my other sais, M'nyassa, who had taken the place of Hamisi (Hamisi had broken down in health, his legs, as he assured me, becoming "very sick"). The cook, Roberti, was a mission boy, a Christian; we had several Christians with the safari, one being a headman, and all did excellently. I mention this because one so often hears it said that mission boys turn out worthless. Most of our men were heathens; and of course many, both of the Christians and the Mo-



Kikuyu hut.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

hammedans, were rather thinly veneered with the religions they respectively professed.

When in the morning we started on our hunt my gunbearers and sais, and the skimmers if any were along, walked silently behind me, on the lookout for game. Returning, they were apt to get in front, to

pilot me back to camp. If, as at this time was generally the case, we returned with our heads bent to the rushing rain, they trudged sturdily ahead in dripping silence. If the weather was clear, the spirits of the stalwart fellows were sure to rise until they found some expression. The Wkamba might break into song; or they might all



A young male eland at Meru — Page 18

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

talk together in Swahili, recounting the adventures of the day, and chaffing one another with uproarious laughter about any small misadventure; a difference of opinion as to the direction of camp being always a subject, first for earnest discussion, and then for much mirth at the expense of whomever the event proved mistaken.

My two horses, when I did not use them, grazed contentedly throughout the day near the little thorn boma which surrounded our tents; and at nightfall the friendly things came within it of their own accord to be given their feed of corn and be put in their own tent. When the sun was hot they were tormented by biting flies; but their work was easy, and they were well treated and thrive. In the daytime vultures, kites, and white-necked ravens came round camp, and after nightfall jackals wailed and hyenas uttered their weird cries as they prowled outside the thorn walls. Twice, at midnight, we heard the ominous sighing or moaning of a hungry lion, and I looked to my rifle, which always stood, loaded, at the head of my bed. But on neither occasion did he come near us. Every night a fire was kept burning in the entrance to the boma, and the three askaris watched in turn, with instructions to call me if there was any need.

I easily kept the camp in meat, as I had guessed that I could do. My men feasted on oryx and eland, while I reserved the tongues and tenderloins for myself. Each day I hunted for eight or ten hours, something of interest always happening. I would not shoot at the gazelles; and the game I did want was so shy that almost all my shots were at long range, and consequently a number of them did not hit. However, I came on my best oryx in rather thick bush, and killed it at a hundred and twenty-

five yards, as it turned with a kind of sneeze of alarm or curiosity, and stood broadside to me, the sun glinting on its handsome coat and polished black horns. One of my Kikuyu followers packed the skin entire to camp. I had more trouble



N'Januysi hut at entrance to the mynyata where cattle and sheep sleep.

A man sleeps in the hut to protect the herds from lions.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

with another oryx, wounding it one evening at three hundred and fifty yards, and next morning following the trail and after much hard work and a couple of misses killing it with a shot at three hundred yards. On September 2 I found two newly born oryx calves. The color of the oryx made them less visible than hartebeeste when a long way off on the dry plains. I noticed that whenever we saw them mixed in a herd with zebra, it was the zebra that first struck

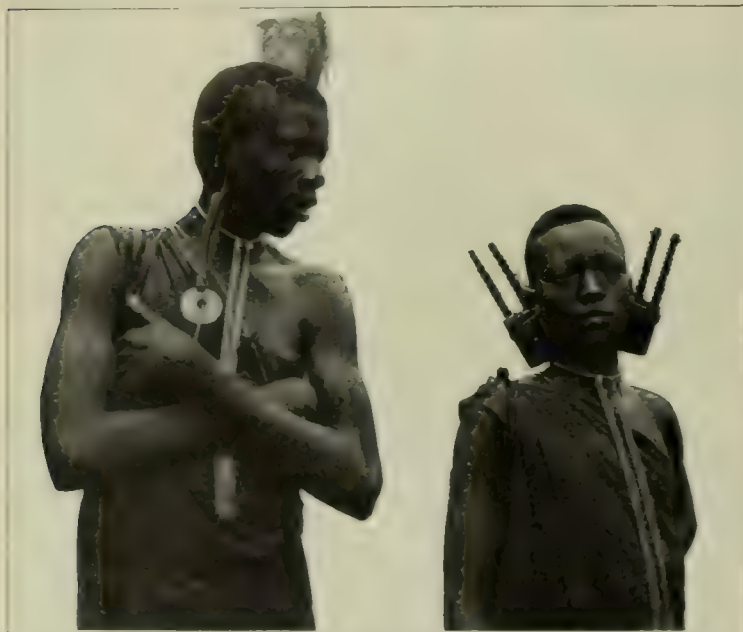
our eyes. But in bright sunlight, in bush, I also noticed that the zebra themselves were hard to see.

One afternoon, while skirting the edge of a marsh teeming with waders and waterfowl, I came across four stately Kavirondo cranes, specimens of which bird the naturalists had been particularly anxious to secure. They were not very shy for cranes, but they would not keep still, and I missed a shot with the Springfield as they walked along about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of

my presence. Twice I saw steinbuck, on catching sight of me, lie down, hoping to escape observation. The red coat of the steinbuck is rather conspicuous, much more so than the coat of the duiker; yet it often tries to hide from possible foes.

Late in the afternoon of September 3 Cuninghame and Heller, with the main safari, joined me, and I greeted them joyfully; while my men were equally pleased to see their fellows, each shaking hands with his especial friends. Next morning we started

toward Meru, heading north-east, toward the foot-hills of Kenia. The vegetation changed its character as we rose. By the stream where we had camped grew the great thorn-trees with yellow-green trunks which we had become accustomed to associate with the presence of herds of game. Out on the dry flats were other thorns, weazened little trees, or mere scrawny bushes, with swellings like oulbs on the branches and twigs, and the long thorns far more conspicuous than the scanty foliage; though what there was of this foliage, now brilliant green, was exquisite in hue and form, the sprays of delicate little leaves being as fine as the daintiest



Two Kikuyu boys.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

me. However, they were unwise enough to circle round me when they rose, still keeping the same distance, and all the time uttering their musical call, while their great wings flapped in measured beats. Wing shooting with the rifle, even at such large birds of such slow and regular flight, is never easy, and they were rather far off; but with the last cartridge in my magazine—the fifth—I brought one whirling down through the air, the bullet having pierced his body. It was a most beautiful bird, black, white, and chestnut, with an erect golden crest, and long, lanceolate gray feathers on the throat and breast.

There were water-buck and impalla in this swamp. I tried to get a bull of the former but failed. Several times I was within fifty yards of doe impalla and cow water-buck, with their young, and watched as they fed and rested, quite unconscious of

lace. On the foot-hills all these thorn-trees vanished. We did not go as high as the forest belt proper (here narrow, while above it the bamboos covered the mountain-side), but tongues of juniper forest stretched down along the valleys which we crossed, and there were large patches of coarse deer fern, while among many unknown flowers we saw blue lupines, oxeye daisies, and clover. That night we camped so high that it was really cold, and we welcomed the roaring fires of juniper logs.

We rose at sunrise. It was a glorious morning, clear and cool, and as we sat at breakfast, the table spread in the open on the dew-drenched grass, we saw in the south-east the peak of Kenia, and through the high, transparent air the snow-fields seemed so close as almost to dazzle our eyes. To the north and west we looked far out over the wide, rolling plains to a wilder-



A Boran camp.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Borans.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Lizard.

Large-eared
fox.

Kudu.

Young mountain
goat.

ness of mountain ranges, barren and jagged. All that day and the next we journeyed eastward, almost on the equator. At noon the overhead sun burned with torrid heat; but with the twilight—short compared to the long northern twilights, but not nearly as short as tropical twilights are often depicted—came the cold, and each night the frost was heavy. The country was untenanted by man. In the afternoon of the third day we began to go downhill, and hour by hour the flora changed. At last we came to a broad belt of woodland, where the strange trees of many kinds grew tall and thick. Among them were camphor-trees, and trees with gouty branch tips, bearing leaves like those of the black walnut, and panicles of lilac flowers, changing into brown seed vessels; and other trees, with clusters of purple flowers, and the seeds or nuts enclosed in hard pods or seed vessels like huge sausages.

On the other side of the forest we came suddenly out on the cultivated fields of the Wa-Meru, who, like the Kikuyu, till the soil; and among them, farther down, was Meru Boma, its neat, picturesque buildings beautifully placed among green groves and irrigated fields, and looking out from its cool elevation over the hot valleys beneath. It is one of the prettiest spots in East Africa. We were more than hospitably received by the Commissioner, Mr. Horne, who had been a cow-puncher in Wyoming for seven years—so that naturally we had much in common. He had built the station himself, and had tamed the wild tribes around by mingled firmness and good treatment; and he was a mighty hunter, and helped us in every way.

Here we met Kermit and Tarlton, and heard all about their hunt. They had been away from us for three weeks and a half, along the Guaso Nyero, and had enjoyed first-rate luck. Kermit had been particularly interested in a caravan they had met, consisting of wild spear-bearing Borani people like Somalis, bringing down scores of camels and hundreds of small horses to sell at Nairobi. They had come from the north, near the outlying Abyssinian lands, and the caravan was commanded by an Arab of stately and courteous manners. Such an extensive caravan journey was rare in the old days before English rule; but one of the results of the "Pax Eu-

ropaica," wherever it obtains in German, French, or English Africa, is a great increase of intercourse, commercial and social, among the different tribes, even where widely separated. This caravan had been followed by lions; and a day of two afterward Kermit and Tarlton ran into what were probably these very lions. There were eleven of them: a male with a heavy mane, three lionesses, and seven cubs, some of them about half grown. As Kermit and Tarlton galloped after them, the lion took the lead, the cubs coming in the middle, while the three lionesses loped along in the rear, guarding their young. The lion cared little for his wives and offspring, and gradually drew ahead of them, while the two horsemen, riding at full speed, made a wide *détour* round the others in order to reach him; so that at last they got between him and the ten lionesses and cubs, the big lion coming first, the horsemen next, and then the lesser lions, all headed the same way. As the horse-hooves thundered closer the lion turned to bay. Kermit—whose horse had once fallen with him in the chase—and Tarlton leaped off their horses, and Kermit hit the lion with his first shot, and, as it started to charge, mortally wounded it with a second bullet. It turned and tried to reach cover, and Tarlton stopped it with a third shot; for there was no time to lose, as they wished to tackle the other lions. After a sharp gallop they rounded up the lionesses and cubs. Kermit killed one large cub, which they mistook for a lioness; wounded a lioness which for the time being escaped; killed another with a single bullet from his 30-40 Winchester—for the others he used his 405 Winchester—and hit the third as she crouched facing him at two hundred yards. She at once came in at full speed, making a most determined charge. Kermit and Tarlton were standing near their horses. The lioness came on with great bounds so that Kermit missed her twice, but broke her shoulder high up when she was but thirty yards off. She fell on her head and, on rising, galloped, not at the men, but at the horses, who, curiously enough, paid no heed to her. Tarlton stopped her with a bullet in the nick of time, just before she reached them, and with another bullet Kermit killed her. Two days later they came on the remaining cubs



Rusty rock rat.

Sand-rat, *perodipus*.

African hedgehog.



"Mole-rat."



Black-and-white-crow,
corvus capensis.



Sparrow-lark.



Ant wheat-ear
Ant-eating chat.



Ostrich
nest

and the wounded lioness, and Kermit killed the latter; but they let the cubs go, feeling it unsportsman-like to kill them—a feeling which I am by no means certain I share, for lions are scourges not only to both wild and tame animals, but to man himself.

Kermit also rode down and killed two cheetahs and a serval, and got a bad tumble while chasing a jackal, his horse turning a complete somersault through a thorny bush. This made seven cheetahs that he had killed, a record unequalled for any other East African trip of the same length; and the finding and galloping down of these cheetahs,—going at breakneck speed over any and every kind of ground,—and then shooting them either from foot or horseback, made one of the noteworthy features of our trip. One of these two cheetahs had just killed a steinbuck. The serval was with its mate, and Kermit watched them for some time through his glasses before following them. There was one curious feature of their conduct. One of them was playing about, now near the other, now leaving it; and near by was a bustard, which it several times pretended to stalk, crawling toward it a few yards, and then standing up and walking away. The bustard paid no heed to it; and, more singular still, two white-necked ravens lit close to it; within a few yards on either side, the serval sitting erect between them, seemingly quite unconcerned for a couple of minutes, and then strolling off without making any effort to molest them. I can give no explanation of the incident; it illustrates afresh the need of ample and well-recorded observations by trustworthy field naturalists, who shall go into the wilderness before the big game, the big birds, and the beasts of prey vanish. Those pages of the book of nature which are best worth reading can best be read far from the dwellings of civilized man; and for their full interpretation we need the services, not of one man, but of many men, who in addition to the gift of accurate observation shall if possible possess the power fully, accurately, and with vividness to write about what they have observed.

Kermit shot many other animals, among them three fine oryx, one of which he rode down on horseback, manœuvring so that at last it galloped fairly close by across his front, whereupon he leaped off his horse for the shot; an ardwolf (a miniature hyena

with very weak teeth) which bolted from its hole at his approach; gerunuk, small antelope with necks relatively as long as giraffes', which are exceedingly shy and difficult to obtain; and the Grévy's zebra, as big as a small horse. Most of his hunting was done alone, either on foot or on horseback; on a long run or all-day tramp no other member of our outfit, black or white, could quite keep up with him. He and Tarlton found where a leopard had killed and partly eaten a nearly full-grown individual of this big zebra. He also shot a twelve-foot crocodile. The ugly, formidable brute had in its belly sticks, stones, the claws of a cheetah, the hoofs of an impalla, and the big bones of an eland, together with the shell plates of one of the large river-turtles; evidently it took toll indifferently from among its fellow-denizens of the river, and from among the creatures that came to drink, whether beasts of pasture or the flesheaters that preyed upon them.

He also shot three buffalo bulls, Tarlton helping him to finish them off, for they are tough animals, tenacious of life and among the most dangerous of African game. One turned to charge, but was disabled by the bullets of both of them before he could come on. Tarlton, whose experience in the hunting field against dangerous game had been large, always maintained that, although lion hunting was the most dangerous sport, because a hunted lion was far more apt to charge than any other animal, yet that when a buffalo bull did charge he was more dangerous than a lion, because harder to kill or turn. Where zebra and other game are abundant, as on the Athi plains, lion do not meddle with such formidable quarry as buffalo; on Heatley's farm lions sometimes made their lairs in the same papyrus swamp with the buffalo, but never molested them. In many places, however, the lion preys largely, and in some places chiefly, on the buffalo. The hunters of wide experience with whom I conversed, men like Tarlton, Cuninghame, and Horne, were a unit in stating that where a single lion killed a buffalo they had always found that the buffalo was a sow or immature bull, and that whenever they had found a full-grown bull thus killed, several lions had been engaged in the job. Horne had once found the carcass of a big bull

which had been killed and eaten by lions, and near by a dead lioness with a great rip in her side, made by the buffalo's horn in the fight in which he succumbed. Even a buffalo cow, if pitted against a single lion, would probably stand an even chance; but of course the fight never is fair, the lion's aim being to take his prey unawares and get a death grip at the outset; and then, unless his hold is broken, he cannot be seriously injured.

Twenty years ago the African buffalo were smitten with one of these overwhelming disasters which are ever occurring and recurring in the animal world. Africa is not only the land, beyond all others, subject to odious and terrible insect plagues of every conceivable kind, but is also peculiarly liable to cattle murrains. About the year 1889, or shortly before, a virulent form of rinderpest started among the domestic cattle and wild buffalo almost at the northern border of the buffalo's range, and within the next few years worked gradually southward to beyond Zambesi. It wrought dreadful havoc among the cattle, and in consequence decimated by starvation many of the cattle-owning tribes; it killed many of the large bovine antelopes, and it well-nigh exterminated the buffalo. In many places the buffalo herds were absolutely wiped out, the species being utterly destroyed throughout great tracts of territory, notably in East Africa; in other places the few survivors did not represent the hundredth part of those that had died. For years the East African buffalo ceased to exist as a beast of the chase. But all the time it was slowly regaining the lost ground, and during the last decade its increase has been rapid. Unlike the slow-breeding elephant and rhinoceros, buffalo multiply apace, like domestic cattle, and in many places the herds have now become too numerous. Their rapid recovery from a calamity so terrific is interesting and instructive.* Doubtless for many years after man, in recognizably human form, appeared on this planet, he played but a small part in the destination of big animals, compared to plague, to insect pests and microbes, to drought, flood, earth upheaval, and change of temperature. But during the geological moment covering the few thousand years of

* On our trip along the Guaso Nyero we heard that there had been a fresh outbreak of rinderpest among the buffalo; I hope it will not prove such a hideous disaster.

recorded history man has been not merely the chief, but practically the sole factor in the extermination of big mammals and birds.

At and near Meru Boma we spent a fortnight hunting elephant and rhinoceros, as described in the preceding chapter. While camped by the boma white-necked vulturine ravens and black and white crows came familiarly around the tents. A young eland bull, quite as tame as a domestic cow, was picketed, now here, now there, about us. Horne was breaking it to drive in a cart.

During our stay another District Commissioner, Mr. Piggott, came over on a short visit; it was he who the preceding year, while at Neri, had been obliged to undertake the crusade against the rhinos, because, quite unprovoked, they had killed various natives. He told us that at the same time a man-eating leopard made its appearance, and killed seven children. It did not attack at night but in the daytime, its victims being the little boys who were watching the flocks of goats; sometimes it took a boy and sometimes a goat. Two old men killed it with spears on the occasion of its taking the last victim. It was a big male, very old, much emaciated, and the teeth worn to stumps. Horne told us that a month or two before our arrival at Meru a leopard had begun a career of woman-killing. It killed one woman by a bite in the throat, and ate the body. It sprang on and badly wounded another, but was driven off in time to save her life. This was probably the leopard Heller trapped and shot, in the very locality where it had committed its ravages; it was an old male, but very thin, with worn teeth. In these cases the reason for the beast's action was plain; in each instance a big, savage male had found his powers failing, and had been driven to prey on the females and young of the most helpless of animals, man. But another attack, of which Piggott told us, was apparently due to the queer individual freakishness always to be taken into account in dealing with wild beasts. A Masai chief, with two or three followers, was sitting eating under a bush, when, absolutely without warning, a leopard sprang on him, clawed him on the head and hand, without biting him, and as instantly disappeared. Piggott attended to the wounded man.

In riding in the neighborhood, through the tall dry grass, which would often rattle in the wind, I was amused to find that if I suddenly heard the sound I was apt to stand alertly on guard, quite unconsciously and instinctively, because it suggested the presence of a rattlesnake. During the years I lived on a ranch in the West I was always hearing and killing rattlesnakes, and although I knew well that no African snake carries a rattle, my subconscious senses always threw me to attention if there was a sound resembling that made by a rattler. Tarlton, by the way, told me an interesting anecdote of a white-tailed mongoose and a snake. One day they brought in a rather small puff adder, less than two feet long, put it on the floor, and showed it to the mongoose. Instantly the latter sprang toward the snake, every hair in its body and tail on end, and halted five feet away, while the snake lay in curves like the thong of a whip, its head turned toward the mongoose. Both were motionless for a moment. Then, suddenly, the mongoose seemed to lose all its excitement; its hair smoothed down, and it trotted quietly up to the snake, seized it by the middle of the back—it always devoured its food with savage voracity—and settled comfortably down to its meal. Like lightning the snake's head whipped round. It drove its fangs deep into the snout or lip of the mongoose, hung on for a moment, and then repeated the blow. The mongoose paid not the least attention, but went on munching the snake's body, severed its backbone at once, and then ate it all up, head, fangs, poison, and everything; and it never showed a sign of having received any damage in the encounter. I had always understood that the mongoose owed its safety to its agility in avoiding the snake's stroke, and I can offer no explanation of this particular incident.

There were eland on the high downs not far from Meru, apparently as much at home in the wet, cold climate as on the hot plains. Their favorite gait is the trot. An elephant moves at a walk or rather rack; a giraffe has a very peculiar leisurely looking gallop, both hind legs coming forward at the same time, outside the forelegs; rhino and buffalo trot and run. Eland when alarmed bound with astonishing agility for such large beasts—a trait not shown by other large antelope, like oryx—and

then gallop for a short distance; but the big bulls speedily begin to trot, and the cows and younger bulls gradually also drop back into the trot. In fact, their gaits are in essence those of the wapiti, which also prefer the trot, although wapiti never make the bounds that eland do at the start. The moose, however, is more essentially a trotter than either eland or wapiti; a very old and heavy moose never, when at speed, goes at any other gait than a trot, except that under the pressure of great and sudden danger it may perhaps make a few bounds.

While at Meru Boma I received a cable, forwarded by native runners, telling me of Peary's wonderful feat in reaching the North Pole. Of course we were all overjoyed, and in particular we Americans could not but feel a special pride in the fact that it was a fellow-countryman who had performed the great and noteworthy achievement. A little more than a year had passed since I said good-by to Peary as he started on his Arctic quest; after leaving New York in the *Roosevelt*, he had put into Oyster Bay to see us, and we had gone aboard the *Roosevelt*, had examined with keen interest how she was fitted for the boreal seas and the boreal winter, and had then waved farewell to the tall, gaunt explorer as he stood looking toward us over the side of the stout little ship.*

On September 21 Kermit and Tarlton started south-west, toward Lake Hannington, and Cuninghame and I north, toward the Guaso Nyero. Heller was under the weather, and we left him to spend a few days at Meru Boma, and then to take in the elephant skins, and other museum specimens, to Nairobi.

As Cuninghame and I were to be nearly four weeks in a country with no food supplies, we took a small donkey safari to carry the extra food for our porters—for in these remote places the difficulty of taking in many hundred pounds of salt, as well as skin tents, and the difficulty of bringing out the skeletons and skins of the big animals collected, makes such an expedition as ours, undertaken for scientific purposes, far more cumbersome and unwieldy than a mere hunting trip, or even than a voyage of exploration, and trebles the labor.

A long day's march brought us down to the hot country. That evening we pitched our tents by a rapid brook, bordered by palms, whose long, stiff fronds rustled ceaselessly in the wind. Monkeys swung in the tree-tops. On the march I shot a Kavirondo crane on the wing, with the little Springfield, almost exactly repeating my experience with the other crane which I had shot three weeks before, except that on this occasion I brought down the bird with my third bullet, and then wasted the last two cartridges in the magazine at his companions. At dusk the donkeys were driven to a fire within the camp, and they stood patiently round it in a circle throughout the night, safe from lions and hyenas.

The day's march brought us to another small tributary of the Guaso Nyero, a little stream twisting rapidly through the plain between its sheer banks. Here and there it was edged with palms and beds of bulrushes. We pitched the tents close to half a dozen flat-topped thorn-trees. We spent several days at this camp. Many kites came around the tents, but neither vultures nor ravens. The country was a vast plain bounded on almost every hand by chains of far-off mountains. In the south-west, just beyond the equator, the snows of Kenia lifted toward the sky. To the north the barren ranges were grim with the grimness of the desert. The flats were covered with pale, bleached grass which waved all day long in the wind; for though there were sometimes calms, or changes in the wind, on most of the days we were out it never ceased blowing from some point in the south. In places the parched soil was crumbling and rotten; in other places it was thickly strewn with volcanic stones; there were but few tracts over which a horse could gallop at speed, although neither the rocks nor the rotten soil seemed to hamper the movements of the game. Here and there were treeless stretches. Elsewhere there were occasional palms; and trees thirty or forty feet high, seemingly cactus or aloes, which looked even more like candelabra than the euphorbia which is thus named; and a scattered growth of thorn-trees and bushes. The thorn-trees were of many kinds. One bore only a few leathery leaves, the place of foliage being taken by the mass of poisonous-looking, fleshy spines which, together with the ends of the

* When I reached Neri I received from Peary the following cable:

"Your farewell was a royal mascot. The Pole is ours.
PEARY."

branches, were bright green. The camel-thorn was completely armed with little, sharply hooked thorns which tore whatever they touched, whether flesh or clothes. Then there were the mimosas, with long, straight thorn spikes; they are so plentiful in certain places along the Guaso Nyero that almost all the lions have festering sores in their paws because of the spikes that have broken off in them. In these thorn-trees the weaver birds had built multitudes of their straw nests, each with its bottle-shaped mouth toward the north, away from the direction of the prevailing wind.

Each morning we were up at dawn, and saw the heavens redden and the sun flame over the rim of the world. All day long we rode and walked across the endless flats, save that at noon, when the sky was like molten brass, we might rest under the thin half-shade of some thorn-tree. As the shadows lengthened and the harsh, pitiless glare softened, we might turn campwards; or we might hunt until the sun went down, and the mountains in the far off west, and the sky above them, grew faint and dim with the hues of fairy-land. Then we would ride back through the soft, warm beauty of the tropic night, the stars blazing overhead and the silver moonlight flooding the reaches of dry grass; it was so bright that our shadows were almost as black and clear-cut as in the day. On reaching camp I would take a cup of tea with crackers or gingersnaps, and after a hot bath and a shave I was always eager for dinner.

Scattered over these flats were herds of zebra, oryx, and gazelle. The gazelle, the most plentiful and much the tamest of the game, were the northern form of the Grant's gazelle, with straighter horns which represented the opposite extreme when compared with the horns of the Roberts' type which we got on the Sotik. They seemed to me somewhat less in size than the big gazelle of the Kapiti Plains. One of the bucks I shot, an adult of average size (I was not able to weigh my biggest one), weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds; a very big true Grant's buck which I shot on the Kapiti plains weighed one hundred and seventy-one pounds; doubtless, there is complete intergradation, but the Guaso Nyero form seemed slimmer and lighter, and in some respects seemed to tend toward the Somaliland gazelles. I marked no differ-

ence in the habits, except that these northern gazelle switched their tails more jerkily, more like tommies, than was customary with the true Grant's gazelles. But the difference may have been in my observation. At any rate, the gazelles in this neighborhood, like those elsewhere, went in small parties, or herds of thirty or forty individuals, on the open plains or where there were a few scattered bushes, and behaved like those in the Sotik or on the Athi plains. A near kinsman of the gazelle, the gerunuk, a curious creature with a very long neck, which the Swahilis call "little giraffe," was scattered singly or in small parties through the brush, and was as wild and wary as the common gazelle was tame. It seemed to prefer browsing, while the common gazelle grazes.

The handsome oryx, with their long horns carried by both sexes, and their coloring of black, white, and dun gray, came next to the gazelle in point of numbers. They were generally found in herds of from half a dozen to fifty individuals, often mixed with zebra herds. There were also solitary bulls, probably turned out of the herds by more vigorous rivals, and often one of these would be found with a herd of zebras, more merciful to it than its own kinsfolk. All this game of the plains is highly gregarious in habit, and the species associate freely with one another. The oryx cows were now generally accompanied by very young calves, for, unlike what we found to be the case with the hartebeest on the Athi, the oryx on the Guaso Nyero seem to have a definite calving time—September.* I shot only bulls (there was no meat, either for the porters or ourselves, except what I got with the rifle), and they were so wary that almost all those I killed were shot at ranges between three hundred and five hundred yards; and at such ranges I need hardly say that I did a good deal of missing. One wounded bull which, the ground being favorable, I galloped down, turned to bay and threatened to charge the horse. We weighed one bull; it tipped the scales at four hundred pounds. The lion kills we found in this neighborhood were all oryx

* Of course this represents only one man's experience. I wish there were many such observations. On the Athi in May I found newborn wildebeeste and hartebeeste calves and others several months old. In June in the Sotik I saw newborn eland calves and topi calves several months old. In September on the Guaso Nyero all the oryx calves were newborn. The zebra foals were also very young.

and zebra; and evidently the attack was made in such fashion that the oryx had no more chance to fight than the zebra.

The zebra were of both species, the smaller or Burchell's, and the Grévy's, which the porters called kangani. Each animal went in herds by itself, and almost as frequently we found them in mixed herds containing both species. But they never interbreed, and associate merely as each does with the oryx. The kangani is a fine beast, much bigger than its kinsman; it is as large as a polo pony. It is less noisy than the common zebra, the "bonte quagga" of the Boers, and its cry is totally different. Its gaits are a free, slashing trot and gallop. When it stands facing one the huge fringed ears make it instantly recognizable. The stripes are much narrower and more numerous than those on the small zebra, and in consequence cease to be distinguishable at a shorter distance; the animal then looks gray, like a wild ass. When the two zebras are together the coloring of the smaller kind is more conspicuous. In scanning a herd with the glasses we often failed to make out the species until we could catch the broad black and white stripes on the rump of the common "bonte quagga." There were many young foals with the kangani; I happened not to see any with the Burchell's. I found the kangani even more wary and more difficult to shoot than the oryx. The first one I killed was shot at a range of four hundred yards; the next I wounded at that distance, and had to ride it down, at the cost of a hard gallop over very bad country, and getting torn by the "wait a bit" thorns.

There were a number of rhinos on the plains, dull of wit and senses, as usual. Three times we saw cows with calves trotting at their heels. Once, while my men were skinning an oryx, I spied a rhino less than half a mile off. Mounting my horse I cantered down, and examined it within a hundred yards. It was an old bull with worn horns, and never saw me. On another occasion, while we were skinning a big zebra, there were three rhinoceros, all in different places, in sight at the same time.

There were also ostriches. I saw a party of cocks, with wings spread and necks curved backward, strutting and dancing. Their mincing, springy run is far faster than when the bird is near by, it seems. The neck

is held back in running, and when at speed the stride is twenty-one feet. No game is more wary or more difficult to approach. I killed both a cock and a hen—which I found the naturalists desired even more than a cock. We got them by stumbling on the nest, which contained eleven huge eggs, and was merely a bare spot in the sand, surrounded by grass two feet high; the bird lay crouched, with the neck flat on the ground. When we accidentally came across the nest the cock was on it, and I failed to get him as he ran. The next day we returned, and dismounted before we reached the near neighborhood of the nest. Then I advanced, cautiously, my rifle at the ready. It seemed impossible that so huge a bird could lie hidden in such scanty cover, but not a sign did we see until, when we were sixty yards off, the hen, which this time was on the nest, rose, and I killed her at sixty yards. Even this did not make the cock desert the nest; and on a subsequent day I returned, and after missing him badly, I killed him at eighty-five yards; and glad I was to see the huge black-and-white bird tumble in the dust. He weighed two hundred and sixty-three pounds and was in fine plumage. The hen weighed two hundred and forty pounds. Her stomach and gizzard, in addition to small, white quartz pebbles, contained a mass of vegetable substance; the bright-green leaves and twig tips of a shrub, a kind of rush with jointed stem and tuberous root, bean pods from different kinds of thorn-trees, and the leaves and especially the seed vessels of a bush, the seed vessels being enclosed in cases or pods so thorny that they pricked our fingers, and made us wonder at the bird's palate. Cock and hen brood the eggs alternately. We found the heart and liver of the ostrich excellent eating; the eggs were very good also. As the cock died it uttered a kind of loud, long-drawn grunting boom that was almost a roar. Its beautiful white wing plumes were almost unworn. A full-grown wild ostrich is too wary to fall into the clutches of a lion or leopard, save by accident, and it will master any of the lesser carnivora; but the chicks are preyed on by jackals and wild cats, and of course by the larger beasts of prey also; and the eggs are eagerly sought by furred and feathered foes alike. Seemingly trustworthy settlers have assured me that vultures break

the tough shells with stones. The cock and hen will try to draw their more formidable foes away from the nest of the chicks by lingering so near as to lure them into pursuit; and anything up to the size of a hyena they will attack and drive away, or even kill. The terrific downward stroke of an ostrich's leg is as dangerous as the kick of a horse; the thump will break a rib or backbone of any ordinary animal, and in addition to the force of the blow itself the big nails may make a ghastly rip. Both cock and hen lead about the young brood and care for it. The two ostriches I shot were swarming with active parasitic flies, a little like those that were on the lions I shot in the Sotik. Later the porters brought us in several ostrich chicks. They also brought two genet kittens, which I tried to raise, but failed. They were much like ordinary kittens, with larger ears, sharper noses, and longer tails, and loved to perch on my shoulder or sit on my lap while I stroked them. They made dear little pets, and I was very sorry when they died.

On the day that I shot the cock ostrich I also shot a giraffe. The country in which we were hunting marks the southern limit of the "reticulated" giraffe, a form or species entirely distinct from the giraffe we had already obtained in the country south of Kenia. The southern giraffe is blotched with dark on a light ground, whereas this northern or north-eastern form is of a uniform dark color on the back and sides, with a net-work or reticulation of white lines placed in a large pattern on this dark background. The naturalists were very anxious to obtain a specimen of this form from its southern limit of distribution, to see if there was any intergradation with the southern form, of which we had already shot specimens near its northern, or at least north-eastern, limit. The distinction proved sharp.

On the day in question we breakfasted at six in the morning, and were off immediately afterward; and we did not eat anything again until supper at quarter to ten in the evening. In a hot climate a hunter does not need lunch; and though in a cold climate a simple lunch is permissible, anything like an elaborate or luxurious lunch is utterly out of place if the man is more than a parlor or drawing-room sportsman. We saw no sign of giraffe until late in the

afternoon. Hour after hour we plodded across the plain, now walking, now riding, in the burning heat. The withered grass was as dry as a bone, for the country had been many months without rain; yet the oryx, zebra, and gazelle evidently thrived on the harsh pasturage. There were innumerable game trails leading hither and thither, and, after the fashion of game trails, usually fading out after a few hundred yards. But there were certain trails which did not fade out. These were the ones which led to water. One such we followed. It led across stretches of grassland, through thin bush, thorny and almost leafless, over tracts of rotten soil, cracked and crumbling, and over other tracts where the unshod horses picked their way gingerly among the masses of sharp-edged volcanic stones. Other trails joined in, and it grew more deeply marked. At last it led to a bend in a little river, where flat shelves of limestone bordered a kind of pool in the current where there were beds of green rushes and a fringe of trees and thorn thickets. This was evidently a favorite drinking place. Many trails converged toward it, and for a long distance round the ground was worn completely bare by the hoofs of the countless herds of thirsty game that had travelled thither from time immemorial. Sleek, handsome, long-horned oryx, with switching tails, were loitering in the vicinity, and at the water hole itself we surprised a band of gazelles not fifty yards off; they fled panic-struck in every direction. Men and horses drank their fill; and we returned to the sunny plains and the endless reaches of withered, rustling grass.

At last, an hour or two before sunset, when the heat had begun a little to abate, we spied half a dozen giraffes scattered a mile and a half ahead of us, feeding on the tops of the few widely separated thorn-trees. Cuninghame and I started toward them on foot, but they saw us when we were a mile away, and after gazing a short while, turned and went off at their usual rocking-horse canter, twisting and screwing their tails. We mounted and rode after them. I was on my zebra-shaped brown horse, which was hardy and with a fair turn of speed, and which by this time I had trained to be a good hunting horse. On the right were two giraffe which eventually turned out to be a big cow followed by a nearly full-

grown young one; but Cuninghame, scanning them through his glasses, and misled by the dark coloration, pronounced them a bull and cow; and after the big one I went. By good luck we were on one of the rare pieces of the country which was fitted for galloping. I rode at an angle to the giraffe's line of flight, thus gaining considerably; and when it finally turned and went straight away I followed it at a fast run, and before it was fully awake to the danger I was but a hundred yards behind. We were now getting into bad country, and jumping off I opened fire and crippled the great beast. Mounting, I overtook it again in a quarter of a mile and killed it.

In half an hour the skinners and porters came up—one of the troubles of hunting as a naturalist is that it necessitates the presence of a long tail of men to take off and carry in the big skins, in order that they may ultimately appear in museums. In an hour and a half the giraffe's skin, with the head and the leg bones, was slung on two poles; eight porters bore it, while the others took for their own use all the meat they could carry. They were in high good-humor, for an abundant supply of fresh meat always means a season of rejoicing, and they started campwards singing loudly under their heavy burdens. While the giraffe was being skinned we had seen a rhinoceros feeding near our line of march campwards, and had watched it until the light grew dim. By the time the skin was ready night had fallen, and we started under the brilliant moon. It lit up the entire landscape; but moonlight is not sunlight, and there was the chance of our stumbling on the rhino unawares, and of its charging; so I rode at the head of the column with full-jacketed bullets in my rifle. However, we never saw the rhino, nor had we any other adventure; and the ride through the moonlight which softened all the harshness, and gave a touch of magic and mystery to the landscape, was so pleasant that I was sorry when we caught the gleam of the camp-fires.

Next day we sent our porters to bring in the rest of the giraffe meat and the ostrich eggs. The giraffe's heart was good eating. There were many ticks on the giraffe, as on all the game hereabouts, and they annoyed us a little also, although very far from being the plague they were on the Athi plain.

Among the flies which at times tormented the horses and hung around the game, were big gadflies with long wings folded longitudinally down the back, not in the ordinary fly fashion; they were akin to the tsetse flies, one species of which is fatal to domestic animals, and another, the sleeping-sickness fly, to man himself. They produce death by means of the fatal microbes introduced into the blood by their bite; whereas another African fly, the seroot, found more to the north, in the Nile countries, is a scourge to man and beast merely because of its vicious bite, and where it swarms may drive the tribes that own herds entirely out of certain districts.

One afternoon, while leading my horse because the ground was a litter of sharp-edged stones, I came out on a plain which was crawling with zebra. In every direction there were herds of scores or of hundreds. They were all of the common or small kind, except three individuals of the big kangani, and were tame, letting me walk by within easy shot. Other game was mixed in with them. Soon, walking over a little ridge of rocks, we saw a rhino sixty yards off. To walk forward would give it our wind; I did not wish to kill it; and I was beginning to feel, about rhino, the way Alice did in Looking Glass country, when the elephants "did bother so." Having spied us the beast at once cocked its ears and tail, and assumed its usual absurd resemblance to a huge and exceedingly alert and interested pig. But with a rhino tragedy sometimes treads on the heels of comedy, and I watched it sharply, my rifle cocked, while I had all the men shout in unison to scare it away. The noise puzzled it much; with tail erect and head tossing and twisting, it made little rushes hither and thither, but finally drew off. Next day, in shifting camp, Cuninghame and I were twice obliged to dismount and keep guard over the safari while it marched by within a hundred yards of a highly puzzled rhino, which trotted to and fro in the bush, evidently uncertain whether or not to let its bewilderment turn into indignation.

The camp to which we thus shifted was on the banks of the Guaso Nyero, on the edge of an open glade in a shady grove of giant mimosas. It was a beautiful camp, and in the soft tropic nights I would sit outside my tent and watch the full moon rising

through and above the tree-tops. There was absolutely no dew at night, by the way. The Guaso Nyero runs across and along the equator, through a desert country, eastward into the dismal Lorian swamp, where it disappears, save in very wet seasons, when it continues to the Tana. At our camp it was a broad, rapid, muddy stream infested with crocodiles. Along its banks grew groves of ivory-nut palms, their fronds fan-shaped, their tall trunks forked twenty or thirty feet from the ground, each stem again forking—something like the antlers of a black-tail buck. In the frond of a small palm of this kind we found a pale-colored, very long-tailed tree mouse in its nest, which was a ball of chopped straw. Spurfowl and francolin abounded, their grating cries being heard everywhere; I shot a few as well as one or two sandgrouse; and with the rifle I knocked off the heads of two guinea fowls. The last feat sounds better in the narration than it was in the performance; for I wasted nearly a beltful of cartridges in achieving it, as the guineas were shy and ran rapidly through the tall grass. I also expended a large number of cartridges before securing a couple of gerunuk; the queer, long-legged, long-necked antelope were wary, and as soon as they caught a glimpse of me off they would go at a stealthy trot or canter through the bushes, with neck outstretched. They had a curious habit of rising on their hind legs to browse among the bushes; I do not remember seeing any other antelope act in this manner. There were water-buck along the river banks, and I shot a couple of good bulls; they belonged to the southern and eastern species, which has a light-colored ring around the rump; whereas the western form, which I saw at Naivasha, has the whole rump light-colored. They like the neighborhood of lakes and rivers. I have seen parties of them resting in the open plains during the day, under trees which yielded little more shade than telegraph poles. The handsome, shaggy-coated water-buck has not the high withers which mark the oryx, wildebeeste, and hartebeeste, and he carries his head and neck more like a stag or a wapiti bull.

One day we went back from the river after giraffe. It must have been a year since any rain had fallen. The surface of the baked soil was bare and cracked, the sparse tussocks of grass were brittle straw,

and the trees and bushes were leafless; but instead of leaves they almost all carried thorns, the worst being those of the wait-a-bit, which tore our clothes, hands, and faces. We found the giraffe three or four miles away from the river, in an absolutely waterless region, densely covered with these leafless wait-a-bit thorn bushes. Hanging among the bare bushes, by the way, we roused two or three of the queer, diurnal, golden-winged, slate-colored bats; they flew freely in the glare of the sunlight, minding it as little as they did the furnace-like heat. We found the really dense wait-a-bit thorn thickets quite impenetrable, whereas the giraffe moved through them with utter unconcern. But the giraffe's indifference to thorns is commonplace compared to its indifference to water. These particular giraffe were not drinking either at the river or at the one or two streams which were running into it; and in certain places giraffe will subsist for months without drinking at all. How the waste and evaporation of moisture from their huge bodies is supplied is one of the riddles of biology.

We could not get a bull giraffe, and it was only a bull that I wanted. I was much interested, however, in coming up to a cow asleep. She stood with her neck drooping slightly forward, occasionally stamping or twitching an ear, like a horse when asleep standing. I saw her legs first, through the bushes, and finally walked directly up to her in the open, until I stood facing her at thirty yards. When she at last suddenly saw me, she came nearer to the execution of a gambol than any other giraffe I have ever seen.

Another day we went after the buffalo. We left camp before sunrise, riding along parallel to the river to find the spoor of a herd which had drunk and was returning to the haunts, away from the river, in which they here habitually spent the day. Two or three hours passed before we found what we sought; and we at once began to follow the trail. It was in open thorn bush, and the animals were evidently feeding. Before we had followed the spoor half an hour we ran across a rhinoceros. As the spoor led above wind, and as we did not wish to leave it for fear of losing it, Cuninghame stayed where he was, and I moved round to within fifty yards of the rhino, and, with my rifle ready, began shouting, trying to keep the



A mixed herd of Grévy's and Burchell's zebras.—Page 28.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

just mean as regards noise, so as to scare him, and yet not yell so loudly as to reach the buffalo if they happened to be near by. At last I succeeded, and he trotted sullenly off, tacking and veering, and not going far. On we went, and in another half-hour came on our quarry. I was the first to catch a glimpse of the line of bulky black forms, picked out with white where the sun glinted on the horn bosses. It was ten o'clock, a hot, windless morning on the equator, with the sun shining from a cloudless sky; yet these buffalo were feeding in the open, miles from water or dense cover. They were greedily cropping the few tufts of coarse herbage that grew among the sparse thorn bushes, which here were not more than two feet high. In many places buffalo are purely nocturnal feeders, and do not come into the hot, bare plains in the scorching glare of daylight; and our experience with this herd illustrates afresh the need of caution in generalizing about the habits of game.

We crept toward them on all-fours, having left the porters hidden from sight. At last we were within rather long range—a buffalo's eyesight is good, and cannot be trifled with as if he were a rhino or

elephant—and cautiously scrutinized the herd through our glasses. There were only cows and perhaps one or two young bulls with horns no bigger than those of cows. I would have liked another good bull's head for myself; but I also wished another cow for the museum. Before I could shoot, however, a loud yelling was heard from among the porters in our rear; and away went the buffalo. Full of wrath, we walked back to inquire. We found that one porter had lost his knife, and had started back to look for it, accompanied by two of his fellows, which was absolutely against orders. They had come across a rhino, probably the one I had frightened from our path, and had endeavored to avoid him; but he had charged them, whereupon they scattered. He overtook one and tossed him, goring him in the thigh; whereupon they came back, the two unwounded ones supporting the other, and all howling like lost souls. I had some crystals of permanganate, an antiseptic, and some cotton in my saddle pocket; Cuninghame tore some of the lining out of his sleeve for a bandage; and we fixed the man up and left him with one companion, while we sent another in to camp to fetch out a dozen men with a



The Guaso Nyero.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

ground-sheet and some poles, to make a litter in which the wounded man could be carried. While we were engaged in this field surgery another rhino was in sight half a mile off.

Then on we went on the trail of the herd. It led straight across the open, under the blazing sun; and the heat was now terrific. At last, almost exactly at noon, Cuninghame, who was leading, stopped short. He had seen the buffalo, which had halted, made a half-bend backwards on their tracks, and stood for their noonday rest among some scattered, stunted thorn-trees, leafless and yielding practically no shade whatever. A cautious stalk brought me to within a hundred and fifty yards. I merely wounded the one I first shot at, but killed another as the herd started to run. Leaving the skinners to take care of the dead animal, a fine cow, Cuninghame and I started after the herd, to see if the wounded one had fallen out. After a mile the trail

led into some scant cover. Here the first thing we did was to run into another rhinoceros. It was about seventy yards away, behind a thorn-tree, and began to move jerkily and abruptly to and fro, gazing toward us. "Oh, you malevolent old idiot," I muttered, facing it with rifle cocked; then, as it did not charge, I added to Cuninghame, "Well, I guess it will let us by, all right." And let us by it did. We were anxious not to shoot it, both because in a country with no settlers a rhino rarely does harm, and I object to anything like needless butchery, and furthermore because we desired to avoid alarming the buffalo. Half a mile farther on we came on the latter, apparently past their fright. We looked them carefully over with our glasses; the wounded one was evidently not much hurt, and therefore I did not wish to kill her, for I did not need another cow;

and there was no adult bull. So we did not molest them; and after a while they got our wind and went off at a lumbering gallop. Returning to the dead cow, we found the skin ready and marched back to camp, reaching it just as the moon rose, at seven; we had been away thirteen hours, with nothing to eat and only the tepid water in our canteens to drink.

We were in the country of the Samburu, and several of their old men and warriors visited us at this camp. They are cattle-owning nomads like the Masai; but in addition to cattle, sheep, and goats they own herds of camels, which they milk but do not use as beasts of burden. In features they are more like Somalis than negroes.

Near this camp was the remains of the boma or home camp of Arthur Neuman, once the most famous elephant hunter between the Tana and Lake Rudolf. Neuman, whose native name was Nyama Yango, was a strange, moody man who

died by his own hand. He was a mighty hunter, of bold and adventure-loving temper. With whites he was unsocial, living in this far-off region exactly like a native, and all alone among the natives; living in some respects too much like a native. But, from the native stand-point, and without making any effort to turn the natives into anything except what they were, he did them good, and left a deep impression on their minds. They talked to us often about him, in many different places; they would not believe that he was dead; and when assured it was so they showed real grief. At Meru Boma, when we saw the Meru tribesmen dance, one of the songs they sung was: "Since Nyama Yango came, our sheep graze untouched by the Samburu," and, rather curiously, the Samburu sing a similar song reciting how he saved them from the fear of having their herds raided by the nomads farther north.

After leaving this camp we journeyed up the Guaso Nyero for several days. The current was rapid and muddy, and there were beds of reeds and of the tall, graceful papyrus. The country roundabout was a mass of stony, broken hills, and the river wound down among these, occasionally cutting its way through deep gorges, and its course being continually broken by rapids. Whenever on our hunts we had to cross it, we shouted and splashed and even fired shots, to scare the crocodiles. I shot one on a sandbar in the river. The man the rhino had wounded was carried along on a litter with the safari.

Sometimes I left camp with my sais and gunbearer before dawn, starting in the light of the waning moon, and riding four or five hours before halting to wait for the safari; on the way I had usually shot something for the table—a water-buck, impalla, or gazelle.



Ivory-nut palms on the Guaso Nyero.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

On another occasion Cuninghame and I spent the day hunting in the waterless country, back of the river, where the heat at mid-day was terrific. We might not reach camp until after nightfall. Once, as we came to it in the dark, it seemed as if ghostly arms stretched above it; for the tents were under trees up which huge rubber vines had climbed, and their massive dead-white trunks and branches glimmered pale and ghostly in the darkness.

Twice my gunbearers tried to show me a cheetah; but my eyes were too slow to catch the animal before it bounded off in safety among the bushes. Another time, after an excellent bit of tracking, the gunbearers brought me up to a buffalo bull, standing for his noonday rest in the leafless thorns a mile from the river. I thought I held the heavy Holland straight for his shoulder, but I must have fired high; for though he fell to the shot he recovered at once. We followed the blood spoor for an



Camp in thorn grove by Guaso Nyero —Page 23.

From a photograph by R. J. Cunningham.

hour, the last part of the time when the trail wandered among and through the heavy thickets under the trees on the river banks; here I walked beside the tracker with my rifle at full cock, for we could not tell what instant we might be charged. But his trail finally crossed the river, and as he was going stronger and stronger we had to abandon the chase. In the waterless country, away from the river, we found

little except herds of zebra, of both kinds, occasional oryx and eland, and a few giraffe. A stallion of the big kangani zebra which I shot stood fourteen hands high at the withers and weighed about eight hundred and thirty pounds, according to the Seton beam. I shot another kangani just at nightfall, a mile or so from camp, as it drank in a wild, tree-clad gorge of the river.

I was alone, strolling quietly through the dusk, along the margin of the high banks by the stream, and saw a mixed herd of zebras coming down to a well-worn drinking-place, evidently much used by game, on the opposite side of the river. They were alert and nervous, evidently on the lookout for both lions and crocodiles. I singled out the largest, the leader of the troop, and shot it across the stream; I have rarely taken a shot among more picturesque surroundings.



A Masai donkey, loaded with their worldly goods.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Dressing the porter who was tossed by the rhino.—Page 25.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

At our final camp on the river, before leaving it on our week's steady trek southward to Neri, we found a spot in which game abounded. It was about ten miles back from the river, a stretch of plains sparsely covered with thorn-trees, broken by koppies, and bounded by chains of low, jagged mountains, with an occasional bold, isolated peak. The crags and cliff walls were fantastically carved and channelled by the weathering of ages in that dry climate. It was a harsh, unlovely spot in the glare of the hot daylight; but at sunset it was very lovely, with a wild and stern beauty.

Here the game abounded, and was not wary. Before starting out on our week's

steady marching I wished to give the safari a good feed; and one day I shot them five zebra and an oryx bull, together with a couple of gazelle for ourselves and our immediate attendants—enough of the game being hallalled to provide for the Mohammedans in the safari. I also shot an old bull giraffe of the northern form, after an uneventful stalk which culminated in a shot with the Winchester at a hundred and seventy yards. In most places this particular stretch of country was not suitable for galloping, the ground being rotten, filled with holes, and covered with tall, coarse grass. One evening we saw two lions half a mile away; I tried to ride them, but my horse fell twice in the first hundred and fifty



Pool in gorge —Page 33.
From a photograph from R. J. Cuninghame

yards and I could not even keep them in sight. Another day we got a glimpse of two lions, quarter of a mile off, gliding away among the thorns. They went straight to the river and swam across it. More surprising was the fact that a monkey, which lost its head when we surprised it in a tree by the river, actually sprang plump into the stream, and swam, easily and strongly, across it.

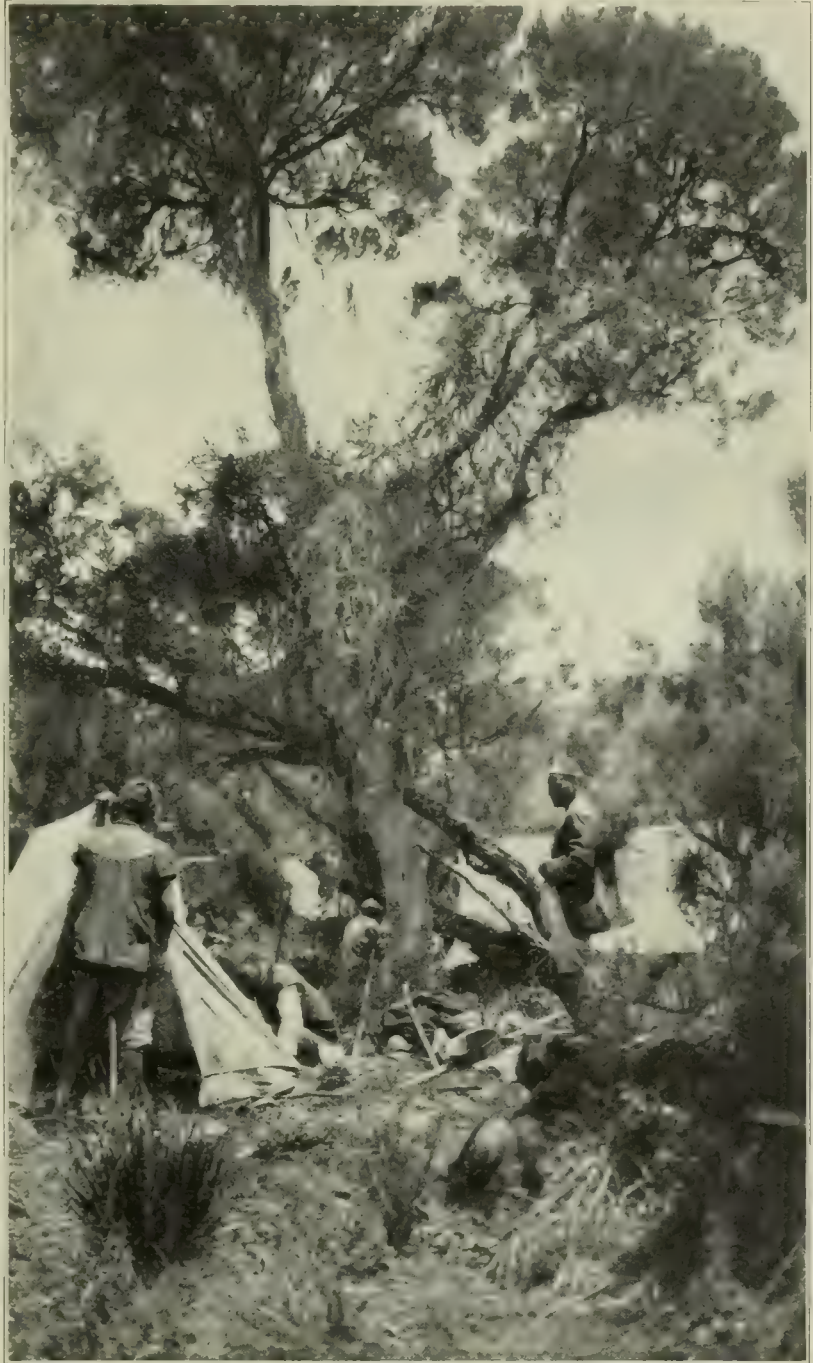
One day we had a most interesting experience with a cow giraffe. We saw her a

long way off and stalked to within a couple of hundred yards before we could make out her sex. She was standing under some thorn-trees, occasionally shifting her position for a few yards, and then again standing motionless with her head thrust in among the branches. She was indulging in a series of noon naps. At last, when she stood and went to sleep again, I walked up to her, Cuninghame and our two gunbearers, Bakhari and Kongoni, following a hundred yards behind. When I was within

forty yards, in plain sight, away from cover, she opened her eyes and looked drowsily at me; but I stood motionless and she dozed off again. This time I walked up to within ten feet of her. Nearer I did not care to venture, as giraffe strike and kick very hard with their hooves, and, moreover, occasionally strike with the head, the blow seemingly not being delivered with the knobby, skin-covered horns, but with the front teeth of the lower jaw. She waked, looked at me, and then, rearing slightly, struck at me with her left fore leg, the blow, of course, falling short. I laughed and leaped back, and the other men ran up shouting. But the giraffe would not run away. She stood within twenty feet of us, looking at us peevishly, and occasionally moving her lips at us, as if she were making a face. We kept close to the tree, so as to dodge round it, under the branches, if she came at us; for we would have been most reluctant to shoot her. I threw a stick at her, hitting her in the side, but she paid no attention; and when Bakhari came behind her with a stick she turned sharply on him and he made a prompt retreat. We were laughing and talking all the time. Then we pelted her with sticks and clods of earth, and, after having thus stood within twenty feet of us for three or four minutes, she cantered slowly off for fifty yards, and then walked away with leisurely unconcern. She was apparently in the best of health and in perfect condition. She did not get our wind, but her utter indif-

ference to the close presence of four men is inexplicable.*

On each of the two days we hunted this little district we left camp at sunrise, and did not return until eight or nine in the



Giant heather on Aberdares.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

evening, fairly well tired, and not a little torn by the thorns into which we blundered dur-

* After writing the above account I read it over to Mr. Cuninghame so as to be sure that it was accurate in all its details. All the game was tame in this locality, even the giraffe; but no other giraffe allowed us to get within two hundred yards, and most of them ran long before that distance was reached, even when we were stalking carefully.



A blue bull eland.

From a photograph by Theodore Roosevelt.

ing the final two hours' walk in the darkness. It was hot, and we neither had nor wished for food, and the tepid water in the canteens lasted us through. The day I shot the giraffe the porters carrying the skin fell behind, and never got in until next morning. Coming back in the late twilight a party of the big zebra, their forms shadowy and dim, trotted up to us, evidently attracted by the horses, and accompanied us for some rods; and a hedgehog, directly in our path, kept bleating loudly, like an antelope kid.

The day we spent in taking care of the giraffe skin we, of course, made no hunt. However, in the afternoon I sauntered upstream a couple of miles to look for crocodiles. I saw none, but I was much interested in some zebra and water-buck. The zebra were on the opposite side of the river, standing among some thorns, and at three, mid-afternoon, they came down to drink; up to this time I had generally found zebra drinking in the evening or at night. Then I saw some water-buck, also on the opposite bank, working their way toward the

river, and seeing a well-marked drinking-place ahead I hastened toward it, and sat down in the middle of the broad game trail leading down to the water on my side. I sat perfectly still, and my clothes were just the color of the ground, and the water-buck never noticed me, though I was in plain view when they drank, just opposite me, and only about fifty yards off. There were four cows and a bull. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The cows came first, one by one, and were very alert and suspicious, each continually stopped and stood motionless, or looked in every direction, and gave little false starts of alarm. When they reached the green grass by the water's edge each cropped a few mouthfuls, between times nervously raising its head and looking in every direction, nostrils and ears twitching. They were not looking for crocodiles, but for land foes, lions or leopards. Each in turn drank, skipping up to the top of the bank after a few mouthfuls, and then returning to the water. The bull followed with rather less caution, and before he had finished drinking the cows scurried hur-

riedly back to the thorn-trees and the open country. We had plenty of meat in camp, and I had completed my series of this species of water-buck for the museum; and I was glad there was no need to molest them.

The porters were enjoying the rest and the abundance of meat. They were lying about camp or were scattered up and down stream fishing. When, walking back, I came to the outskirts of camp, I was attracted by the buzzing and twanging of the harp; there was the harper and two friends, all three singing to his accompaniment. I called "Yambo" (greeting), and they grinned and stood up, shouting "Yambo" in return. In camp a dozen men were still at work at the giraffe skin, and they were all singing loudly, under the lead of my gun-bearer, Gouvimarli, who always acted as shanty man, or improvisatore, on such occasions.

For a week we now trekked steadily south, across the equator, heel and toe marching, to Neri. Our first day's journey took us to a gorge riven in the dry mountain. Half-way up it, in a side pocket, was a deep pool, at the foot of a sloping sheet of rock, down which a broad, shallow dent showed where the torrents swept during the rains. In the trees around the pool black drongo shrikes called in bell-like tones, and pied hornbills flirted their long tails as they bleated and croaked. The water was foul, but in a dry country one grows gratefully to accept as water anything that is next. Klipspringers and baboons were in the sheer hills around; and among the rocks were hyraxes, looking like our Rocky Mountain conies or Little Chief hares, queer diurnal rats, and bright, blue-green lizards with orange heads. Rhinos drank at this pool; we frequently saw them on our journey, but always managed to avoid wounding their susceptibilities, and so escaped an encounter. Each day we endeavored to camp a couple of hours before sundown so as to give the men plenty of chance to get firewood, pitch the tents, and put everything in order. Sometimes we would make an early start; in which case we would breakfast in the open while in the east the crescent of the

dying moon hung over the glow that heralded the sunrise.

As we reached the high, rolling downs the weather grew cooler, and many flowers appeared; those of the aloes were bright red, standing on high stalks above the clump of fleshy, spined leaves, which were handsomely mottled, like a snake's back. As I rode at the head of the safari I usually, in the course of the day, shot a buck of some kind for the table; I had not time to stalk, but simply took the shots as they came, generally at long range. One day I shot an eland, an old blue bull. We needed the skin for the museum, and as there was water near by we camped where we were; I had already shot a water-buck, and this and the eland together gave the entire safari a feast of meat.

On another occasion an eland herd afforded me fun, although no profit. I was mounted on Brownie, the zebra-shaped pony. Brownie would still occasionally run off when I dismounted to shoot (a habit that had cost me an eland bull); but he loved to gallop after game. We came on a herd of eland in an open plain; they were directly in our path. We were in the country where the ordinary, or Livingstone's eland, grades into the Patterson's; and I knew that the naturalists wished an additional bull's head for the museum. So I galloped toward the herd; and for the next fifteen or twenty minutes I felt as if I had renewed my youth and was in the cow camps of the West, a quarter of a century ago. Eland are no faster than range cattle. Twice I rounded up the herd—just as once in the Yellowstone Park I rounded up a herd of wapiti for John Burroughs to look at—and three times I cut out of the herd a big animal, which, however, in each case, proved to be a cow. There were no big bulls, only cows and young stock; but I enjoyed the gallop.

From Neri we marched through mist and rain across the cold Aberdare table-lands; and in the forenoon of October 20 we saw from the top of the second Aberdare escarpment the blue waters of beautiful Lake Naivasha. On the next day we reached Nairobi.



THE TURNING POINT

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



NOT far from the village of Bonny Eagle, on the west bank of the Saco, stood two little low-roofed farmhouses; the only two that had survived among all those that had once dotted the green brink of the river.

Long years before, in 1795 or thereabouts, there had been a cluster of log houses on this very spot, known then as the Dalton Right Settlement, and these in turn had been succeeded at a later date by the more comfortable frame-roof farmhouses of the period. In the old days, before the sound of the axe for the first time disturbed the stillness of the forest, the otter swam in the shadowy coves near the shore and the beaver built his huts near by. The red deer came down to dip his antlers and cool his flanks in the still shallows. The speckled

grouse sat on her nest in the low pine boughs, while her mate perched on the mossy logs by the riverside unmolested.

The Sokokis built their bark wigwams here and there on the bank, paddling their birch canoes over the river's smooth surface, or threading the foamy torrents farther down its course.

Here was the wonderful spring that fed, and still feeds, Aunt Judy's Brook, the most turbulent little stream in the county. Many a moccasin track has been made in the soft earth round the never-failing fountain, and many the wooden bucket lowered into its crystal depths by the Dalton Righters when in their turn they possessed the land.

The day of the Indian was over now, and the day of the farmer who succeeded him was over, too. The crash of the loom and the whirr of the spinning-wheel were heard

no longer, but Amanda Dalton, spinster—descendant of the original Tristram Dalton, to whom the claim belonged—sat on alone in her house, and not far away sat Caleb Kimball, sole living heir of the original Caleb, himself a Dalton Righter, and contemporary of Tristram Dalton.

Neither of these personages took any interest in pedigree or genealogy. They knew that their ancestors had lived and died on the same acres now possessed by them, but the acres had dwindled sadly, and the ancestors had seemingly left little for which to be grateful. Indeed, in Caleb's case they had been a distinct disadvantage, since the local sense of humor, proverbially strong in York County, had always preserved a set of Kimball stories among its most cherished possessions. Some of them might have been forgotten in the century and a half that had elapsed, if the Caleb of our story had not been the inheritor of certain family traits famous in their day and generation.

Caleb the first, had been the "cuss" of his fellow farmers, because in coming from Scarboro to join the Dalton Righters he had brought whiteweed with the bundle of hay for his cattle when he was clearing the land. The soil of this particular region

must have been especially greedy for, and adapted to, this obnoxious grass-killer, for it flourished as in no other part of the county; flourishes yet, indeed—though, if one could forget that its presence means no feed for cattle where might be a crop of juicy hay, the blossoming fields of the old Dalton Settlement look, in early June, the loveliest, most ethereal, in New England. There a million million feathery daisies sway and dance in the breeze, lifting their snowy wheels to the blue June sky. There they grow and thrive, the slender green stalks tossing their pearly disks among sister groves of buttercups till the eye is fairly dazzled with the symphony of white and gold. The back-aching farmers of the original Dalton Settlement had indeed tried to root out the lovely pests, but little did our Caleb care! If he had ever trod his ancestral acres either for pleasure or profit he might in time have "stomped out" the whiteweed, so the neighbors said, for he had the family foot, the size of an anvil; but he much preferred a sedentary life, and the whiteweed went on seeding itself from year to year.

Caleb was tall, loose-jointed, and black as a thunder cloud, the swarthy skin, like the big foot, having been bequeathed to him



Hour after hour he sat on the side steps.—Page 36.

by the original Caleb, whose long-legged, shaggy-haired sons had been known as "Caleb's colts." Tall and black, all of them, the "colts," so black that the village wits said the Kimball children must have eaten smut and soot and drunk cinder tea during the years their parents were clearing the land. Tall and black also were all the Kimball daughters, so tall that it was their boast to be able to look out over the tops of the window curtains; and proud enough of their height to cry with rage when any rival Amazon came into the neighborhood.

Whatever else they were or were not, however, the Kimballs had always been industrious and frugal. It had remained for the last scion of the old stock to furnish a by-word for slackness. In a village where stories of outlandish, ungodly, or supernatural laziness were sacredly preserved from year to year, Caleb Kimball's indolence easily took the palm. His hay commonly went to seed in the field. His cow yielded her morning's milk about noon, and her evening "mess" was taken from her (when she was lucky) by the light of a lantern. He was a bachelor of forty-five, dwelt alone, had no visitors, and made his living, such as it was, off the farm, with the help of a rack-o'-bones horse. He had fifty acres of timber land, and when his easy-going methods of farming found him without money he simply sold a few trees.

The house and barn were gradually falling into ruins; the farm implements stood in the yard all winter, and the sleigh all summer. The gate flapped on its hinges, the fences were broken down, and the stone walls were full of gaps. His pipe, and a snarling rough-haired dog, were his only companions. Hour after hour he sat on the side steps looking across the sloping meadows that separated his place from Amanda Dalton's; hour after hour he puffed his pipe and gazed on the distant hills and the sparkling river; gazed and gazed—whether he saw anything or thought anything, remembered anything, or even dreamed anything, nobody could guess, not even Amanda Dalton, who was good at guessing, having very few other mental recreations to keep her mother wit alive.

Caleb Kimball, as seen on his doorstep from Amanda Dalton's sink window, was but a speck to be sure, but he was her nearest neighbor; if a person whose thresh-

old you never cross, and who never crosses yours, can be called a neighbor. There were seldom or never meetings or greetings between the two, yet each unconsciously was very much alive to the existence of the other, for in days or evenings of solitude one can make neighbors of very curious things.

The smoke of Amanda's morning fire cried "shame" to Caleb's when it issued languidly from his kitchen chimney an hour later. Amanda's smoke was like herself, and betokened the brisk fire she would be likely to build; Caleb's showed wet wood, poor draught, a fallen brick in the chimney.

Later on in the morning Caleb's dog would sometimes saunter down the road and have a brief conversation with Amanda's cat. They were neither friends nor enemies, but merely enlivened a deadly dull existence with a few casual remarks on current topics.

Once Caleb had possessed a flock of hens, but in the course of a few years they had dwindled to one lonely rooster, who stalked gloomily through the wilderness of misplaced objects in the Kimball yard, and wondered why he had been born.

Amanda pitied him, and flung him a surreptitious handful of corn from her apron pocket when she met him walking dejectedly in the road half way between the two houses. So encouraged he extended his rambles, and one afternoon Amanda, looking out of her window, saw him stop at her gate and hold a *tête-à-tête* with one of her Plymouth Rock hens. The interview was brief but effective. In a twinkling he had told her of his miserable life and his abject need of sympathy. "There are times," he said, "when I give you my word, I would rather be stewed for dinner than lead my present existence! It is weak for me to trouble you with my difficulties, but you have always understood me from the first."

"Say no more," she replied. "I am a woman and pity is akin to love. The fowls of Amanda Dalton's flock do not need me as you do. Eleven eggs a day are laid here regularly, and I will go where my egg will be a daily source of pleasure and profit."

"The coop is draughty and the corn scarce," confessed the rooster, doing his best to be noble.



Amanda had nobody to consider but the cat.

"I am of the sex created especially to supply companionship," returned the hen, "therefore I will accompany you regardless of personal inconvenience."

Amanda saw the departure of the eloping couple and pursued them not.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed, "if any male thing hereabouts has sprawl enough to go courtin' I'm willin' to encourage 'em. She'll miss her clean house and good food, I guess, but I ain't sure. She's women folks after all, and I shouldn't wonder a mite but she'd take real comfort in makin' things pleasanter up there for that pindlin' God-forsaken old rooster! She'll have her hands full, but there, I know what 'tis to get along with empty ones!"

There were not many such romances or comedies as these to enliven Amanda's mornings. Then afternoon would slip into twilight, darkness would creep over the landscape, and Amanda's light—clear, steady, bright, serene—would gleam from its place on the sink shelf through the

kitchen window, over the meadow, "up to Kimball's." It was such a light as would stream from a well-trimmed lamp with a crystal clean chimney, but it met with small response from its neighbor's light during many months of the year. In late autumn and winter there would be a fugitive candle gleam up-stairs in the Kimball house, and on stormy evenings a dull, smoky light in the living-room.

From the illumination in the Dalton sink window Caleb thought Amanda sat in the kitchen evenings, but she didn't. She said she kept the second light there because she could afford it, and because the cat liked it. The cat enjoyed the black haircloth sofa in the sitting-room, afternoons, but he greatly preferred the kitchen for evening use; it made a change and the high-backed cushioned rocker was then vacant. Amanda had nobody to consider but the cat, so she naturally deferred to him in every possible way. It was bad for the cat's character, but at least it kept Amanda from committing suicide, so what would

you? Here was a woman of insistent, unflagging, unending activity. Amanda Dalton had energy enough to attend to a husband and six children—cook, wash, iron, churn, sew, nurse—and she lived alone with a cat. The village was a mile, and her nearest female neighbor, the Widow Thatcher, a half mile away. She had buried her only sister in Lewiston years before, and she had not a relation in the world. All her irrepressible zeal went into the conduct of her house and plot of ground. Day after day, week after week, year after year, the established routine was carried through. First the washing of the breakfast dishes and the putting to rights of the kitchen, which was radiantly clean before she began upon it. Next her bedroom; the stirring up of the cornhusk mattress, the shaking of the bed of live geese feathers, the replacing of cotton sheets, homespun blankets, and blue and white counterpane. Next the sitting-room with its tall, red, flag-bottomed chairs, its two-leaved table, its light stand that held the Bible and work-basket and lamp. The chest of drawers and tall clock were piously dusted, and the frames of the family register, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and "Maidens Welcoming Washington in the Streets of Alexandria," were carefully wiped off. Once a week the parlor was cleaned, the tarlatan was lifted from the two plaster Samuels on the mantelpiece, their kneeling forms were cleaned with a damp cloth, the tarlatan replaced, and the parlor closed again reverently. There was kindling to chop, wood to bring in, the modest cooking, washing, ironing, and sewing to do, the flower beds to weed, and the little vegetable garden to keep in order. But Amanda had a quick foot, a neat hand, and light touch, and a peculiar faculty of "turning off" work so that it simply would not last through the day. Why did she never think of going to the nearest city and linking her powers with those of some one who would put them to larger uses? Simply because no one did that sort of thing in Bonny Eagle in those days. Girls crowded out of home by poverty sought employment here and there, but that a woman of forty, with a good home and ten acres of land—to say nothing of coupon bonds that yielded a hundred dollars a year in cash—that such a one should seek a larger field in a strange

place would have been thought flying in the face of Providence as well as custom.

Outside Bonny Eagle, in the roar and din and clamor of cities, were all sorts of wrongs that needed righting, wounds that cried out to be healed. There were motherless children, there were helpless sufferers moaning for the sight of a green field; but the superfluous females of Amanda Dalton's day had not awakened to any sense of responsibility with regard to their unknown brothers and sisters. Amanda was a large-hearted woman. She would have shared her soda biscuit, her bean soup, her dandelion greens, her hogshead cheese, her boiled dinner, her custard pie, with any hungry mortal, but no one in Bonny Eagle needed bite nor sup. Therefore she feather-stitched her dish-towels, piled her kindling in a wheel pattern in the shed, named her hens and made friends of them, put fourteen tucks in her unbleached cotton petticoats, and fried a pancake every Saturday for her cat.

"It's either that or blow your brains out, if you've got a busy mind!" she said grimly to Susan Benson, her best friend, who was passing a Saturday afternoon with her. It was chilly and they liked the cheerful warmth of the Saturday fire that was baking the beans and steaming the brown bread.

Susan unrolled her patchwork and, giving a flip to the cat with her thimble finger, settled herself comfortably in the kitchen rocker.

The cat leaped down and went into the next room with an air of offended majesty, as much as to say: "Of all the manners I ever saw, that woman has the worst! She must pass by three empty chairs and choose the one I chance to be occupying!"

"You wouldn't be so lonesome if you could see a bit of life from your house, Mandy," said Mrs. Benson. "William and I were saying last night you'd ought to move into the village winters, though nothing could be handsomer than the view from your sink window this minute. Daisies, daisies everywhere! How do you manage to keep 'em out o' your place, Mandy, when they're so thick on Caleb Kimball's?"

"I just root and root, and keep on rooting," Amanda responded cheerfully, "though I don't take a mite o' pride out of

it, for the better my place looks the worse his does, by comparison."

"It is a sight!" said Mrs. Benson, standing for a moment by the sink and looking up to Kimball's.

"I went up there one night after dark, when I knew Caleb 'd gone to Hiram, and I patched up some o' the holes in his stone wall, thinkin' his whiteweed seeds wouldn't blow through quite so thick!" and Amanda joined Mrs. Benson at the window. "I'd 'a' done a day's work on his side o' the wall as lief as not, only I knew folks would talk if they saw me."

"Land, no they wouldn't, Mandy. Everybody knows you wouldn't take him if he was the last man on earth, and as for Caleb, I guess he wouldn't marry any woman above ground, not if she was a seraphim. I used to think he'd spunk up some time or other, when he got over his mother's death; but it's too late now, I'm afraid."

"Caleb set great store by his mother; that's one good thing about him," said Amanda.

"He did for certain," agreed Mrs. Benson. "If that girl he was engaged to hadn't 'a' spoken disrespectful to her in his hearing there'd 'a' been a wife and children up there now and the place would 'a' looked different."

"Not so very different! He didn't lose much in Eliza Johnson. I guess he knows that by now!" remarked Amanda severely; "though I 'spose 'twas quarrellin' with her that set him runnin' down hill all the same."

"I never thought he cared anything about her. She was determined to have him, and he was too lazy to say no, but you see in the end she only got her labor for her pains. The Kimball boys never had any luck with

their love affairs. When Caleb and his mother was left alone she was terrible anxious for him to marry. She was allers findin' girls for him, but part of 'em wouldn't look at him, and he wouldn't make up to any of 'em."

"I was living at Lewiston those years," said Amanda.

"I remember you was. Well, when old Mrs. Kimball broke her arm, Charles, the youngest son, that was a stage driver, determined he'd get somebody for Caleb, for his own wife wouldn't leave home, nor lift her finger to help 'bout the house. He saw a girl up to Steep Falls that he kind o' liked the looks of, and he offered her a ride down to his mother's to spend the day, thinkin' if the family liked her she might do for Caleb. However, her eyes was weak and she didn't know how to milk, so they thought she'd better go home by train. That would 'a' been right enough for both parties, but when

Charles drove her to the station he charged her fifteen cents, and it made an awful sight o' talk. She had a hot temper, and she kind o' resented it!"

"I dare say 'twas so," commented Amanda; "but everybody's dead that could deny it, except Caleb, and he wouldn't take the trouble."

"It's one of the days when he's real drove; ain't it?" asked Susan sarcastically, as she looked across the field to the woodpile where a gray-shirted figure sat motionless. "If ever a man needed a wife to patch the seat of his pants, it's Caleb Kimball! I guess it's the only part of his clothes he ever wears out. He wa'n't like that before his mother died; the wheels seemed to stop in him then and there. He was queer and strange and shy, but I never



The Widow Thatcher.

used to think he'd develop into a reg'lar hermit. She'd turn in her grave, Mis' Kimball would, to see him look as he does. I don't 'spose he gets any proper nourishment. The smartest man in the world won't take the trouble to make pie for himself, yet he'll eat it 's long 's he can stan' up! Caleb's mother was a great pie baker. I can see her now, shovellin' 'em in and out o' the oven Saturdays, with her three great black lanky boys standin' round waitin' for 'em to cool off.—'Only *one*, mother?' Caleb used to say, kind o' wheedlin'ly, while she laughed up at him leaning against the door-frame.—'What's *one blueb'ry pie amongst me?*'"

"He must 'a' had some fun in him once," smiled Amanda.

"They say women folks ain't got no sense o' humor," remarked Mrs. Benson, with a twitch of her thread. "I notice the men that live *without* 'em don't seem to have any! We may not amount to much, but we're something to laugh *at*."

"Why don't you bake him a pie now and then, and send it up, Susan?" asked Amanda.

"Well, there, I don't feel I hardly know him well enough, though William does. I dare say he wouldn't like it, and he'd never think to return the plate, so far away.—Besides there never *is* an extry pie in a house where there's a man and three boys; which reminds me I've got to go home and make one for breakfast, with nothing to make it out of."

"I could lend you a handful o' dried plums."

"Thank you; I'll take 'em and much obliged. I declare it seems to me, now the rhubarb's 'bout gone, as if the apples on the trees never would fill out enough to drop off. There does come a time in the early summer, after you're sick of mince, 'n' squash, 'n' punkin, 'n' cranberry, 'n' rhubarb, 'n' custard; 'n' 'tain't time for currant, or green apple, or strawb'ry, or raspb'ry, or blackb'ry—there does come a time when it seems as if Providence might 'a' had a little more ingenuity in plannin' pie fillin'!—You might bake a pie for Caleb now and then yourself, Mandy; you're so near."

"Mrs. Thatcher lives half a mile away," replied Amanda; "but I couldn't carry Caleb Kimball a pie without her know-

in' it and makin' remarks. I'd bake one and willin' if William 'd take it to him; but there, 'twould only make him want another. He's made his bed and he's got to lie on it."

"He *lays* on his bed sure enough, and most o' the time probably—but do you believe he ever makes it?"

Amanda shuddered. "I don't know, Susan; it's one o' the things that haunts me; whether he makes it or whether he don't."

"Do you ever see any wash hung out?" Mrs. Benson's needle stopped in mid air while she waited for Amanda's answer.

"Ye-es; now and then."

"What kind?"

"Sheets; once a gray blanket; underclothes; but naturally I don't look when they're hung 'out. He generally puts 'em on the grass, anyway."

"Well, it's a sin for a man to live so in a Christian country, and the kindest thing to say about him is that he's crazy. Some o' the men folks over to the store declare he *is* crazy; but William declares he ain't. He says he's asleep. William kind o' likes him. Does he ever pass the time o' day with you?"

"Hardly ever. I meet him once or twice a year, may be, in the road. He bows when I go past on an errand and holds on to his dog when he tries to run out and bite me."

"That's real kind o' gentlemanly," observed Susan.

"I never thought of it that way," said Amanda absently; "but perhaps it is. All I can say is, Caleb Kimball's a regular thorn in my flesh. I can't do anything for him, and I can't forget him, right under foot as he is—his land joinin' mine. Mornin', noon, and night for years I've wanted to get into that man's house and make it decent for him; wanted to milk the cow the right time o' day; feed the horse; weed the garden; scrub the floor; wash the windows; black the stove."

"How you do go on, Mandy!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson. "What diff'rence does it make to you how dirty he is, so long's you're clean?"

"It does make a diff'rence, and it always will. I hate to see the daisies growin' so thick, knowin' how he needs hay. I want to root 'em out same's I did mine, after I'd



"I meet him once or twice a year, maybe, in the road."—Page 40

been away three years in Lewiston. I hate to take my pot o' beans out o' the oven Saturday nights and know he ain't had gumption enough to get himself a Christian meal. Livin' alone's I do, Susan, things 'bulk up' in my mind bigger'n they'd ought to."

"They do so," agreed Susan; "and you mustn't let 'em. You must come over to our house oftener. You know William loves to have you, and so do the boys. The Bible may insinuate we are our brother's keeper, but we can't none of us help it if he won't *be* kept!—There, I must be gettin' home. I've had considerable many reminders the last half hour that it's about time! It's none o' my business, Mandy, but you do spoil that cat, and the time's not far off when he won't be a mite o' comfort to you. Of course, I'm too intimate here to take offence, but if the minister should happen to set in this chair when he calls, and see that cat promenade round and round the rockers and then rustle off into the settin'-room as mad as Cuffy, he'd

certainly take notice and think he wa'n't a welcome visitor."

"Like mistress, like cat!" sighed Amanda. "Tristram and I get awful set in our ways."

"Kind o' queer, Mandy, namin' a cat for your grandfather," Mrs. Benson observed anxiously as she opened the door. "William an' me don't want you to get queer."

"I ain't got anything better to name for him," said poor Amanda, in a tone that set her friend Susan thinking as she walked homeward.

The summer wore along and there came a certain Tuesday different from all the other Tuesdays in that year, or in all the forty years that had gone before—a Tuesday when the Kimball side door was not opened in the morning. No smoke issued from the chimney all day. The rooster and his kidnapped hen flew up from the steps and pecked at the door panels vigorously. Seven o'clock in the evening came, then eight, and no light to be seen anywhere.

The dog howled; the horse neighed; the cow lowed ominously in the closed barn. At nine o'clock Amanda took a lantern and sped across the field, found a pail in the shed, slipped into the barn, milked the cow, gave the beasts hay and water, and leaving the pail of milk on the steps, went quietly home again, anxious lest she had done too much, anxious also lest she had not done enough.

Next morning she stationed herself at her kitchen window and took account of the signs. The milk-pail was overturned on the steps, the rooster and hen were perching on the rim, but there was no smoke coming from the chimney. She thought quickly as she did everything else. She waited long enough to make a cup of coffee, then she slipped out of her door and up to Kimball's. Her apron was full of kindling, and on her arm she carried a basket with a package of herbs, a tiny bottle of brandy, one of cologne, some arrowroot and matches, a cake of hard soap and a clean towel, some bones for the dog, and corn for the hen. Caleb's door was unlocked. The dog came out of the shed evincing no desire to bark or bite. The kitchen was empty, and—she thanked the Lord silently, as she gave a hasty glance about—not as dreadful as she had anticipated. Untidy beyond words, bare, dreary, cheerless, but not repulsively dirty. She stole softly through the lower part of the house, and then with a beating heart went up the uncarpeted stairs. At the head was an open door that showed her all she expected and feared to find. The sun streamed in at the dusty, uncurtained window over the motionless body of Caleb Kimball, who lay in a strange, deep sleep, unconscious, on the bed. His

hair looked raven black against the pillow and the lashes on his cheeks were more'n a yard long, Amanda told Susan Benson. (She afterward confessed that this was a slight exaggeration due to extreme agitation.) She spoke his name three times, but he did not stir. She must get the doctor and send for William Benson, that was clear; but first she must try her hand at improving the immediate situation.

Stealing down-stairs she tied on her apron and lighted a fire in the kitchen stove, with the view of making things respectable before gossipy neighbors came in. Her sister used to say that the minute Amanda tied on her apron things began to move and take a turn for the better, and it was so now. She poured a few drops of cologne into a basin of water, and putting the towel over her arm went up-stairs to Caleb's bedside.

"I've done him wrong," she thought remorsefully as she noted his decent night clothing and bedding. "He ain't lost his self-respect in all these

years, and every soul in Bonny Eagle thought he was living like an animal!"

She bathed his face and throat and hands, then moistened and smoothed his hair without provoking a movement or a sound. He seemed in a profound stupor, but there was no stertorous breathing. Straightening the bedclothes and giving a hasty wipe to the tops of the pine bureau and table, she opened the window and closed the blinds. At this moment she spied one of the Thatcher boys going along the road, and ran down to the gate to ask him to send William Benson and the doctor as soon as possible.

"Tell them Miss Dalton says please to



At nine o'clock Amanda took a lantern . . . milked the cow.

come quick; Caleb Kimball's very sick," she said.

"Don't you need mother, too?" asked the boy. "She's wanted to git into that house for years, and she'd do most anything for the chance."

"No, thank you," said Amanda pitilessly. "I can do everything for the present, and Mr. Benson will probably want his wife, if anybody."

"All right," said the boy as he started off on a dog trot. News was rare in Bonny Eagle, and Caleb Kimball was a distinguished and interesting figure in village gossip.

Amanda Dalton had never had to hurry in her life. That was one of her crosses, for there probably never was a woman who could do more in less time. It was an hour and a half before William Benson came, and in those ninety minutes she had swept the kitchen and poured a pail or two of hot soap-suds over the floor—that may have felt a mop, but certainly had not known a scrubbing brush, for years. She tore down the fly-specked, tattered, buff shades, and washed the three windows; blackened the stove; fed the dog and horse; milked

the cow; strained the milk and carried it down cellar; making three trips upstairs in the meantime to find no change in the patient. His lids stayed down as though they were weighted with lead, his long arms lay motionless on the counterpane.

Amanda's blood coursed through her veins like lightning. Here was work to her hand; blessed, healing work for days, perhaps weeks to come. In these first moments of emotional excitement I fear she hoped it would be a long case of helpless invalidism, during which it would be her Christian duty to clean the lower part of the house and perhaps make some impression on the shed; but this tempting thought was quickly banished as she reflected that Caleb Kimball was a bachelor, and the Widow Thatcher the person marked out by an unscrupulous Providence for sick-nurse and housekeeper.

"She shan't come!" thought Amanda passionately. "I'll make the doctor ask me to take charge. William Benson shall stay here nights and Susan will run in now and then daytimes, or I'll get little Abby Thatcher to do the rough work and



keep me company; then her mother won't make talk."

"I don't know exactly what's the matter with the man," confessed the doctor, when he came. "There's a mark and a swelling on the back of his head as if he might have fallen somewhere. He hasn't got any pulse and he's all skin and bone. He's starved out, I guess, and his machinery has just stopped. He wants nursing and feeding and all the things a woman can do for him. The Lord never intended men folks to live alone!"

"If they ain't got wit enough to find that out for themselves it ain't likely any woman'll take the trouble to tell 'em!" exclaimed Amanda with some spirit.

"Don't get stuffy, Amanda! Just be a good Christian and take hold here for a few days till we see whether we've got to have a nurse from Portland. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; may be Caleb 'll come to his senses before he gets over this sickness."

"I wonder if he ever had any senses?" said Amanda.

"Plenty," the doctor answered as he prepared the medicines; "but he hasn't used them for twenty years.—I'll come back in an hour and fetch Bill Benson with me. Then I'll stay till I can bring Caleb back to consciousness. We shall have to get him downstairs as soon as he can be moved; it will be much easier to take care of him there."

The details of Caleb Kimball's illness would be such as fill a nurse's bedside record book. The mainspring of life had been snapped and the machinery refused to move for a long time. When he recovered consciousness his solemn black eyes followed Amanda Dalton's movements as if fascinated, but he spoke no word save a faltering phrase or two at night to William Benson.

Meantime much had been happening below stairs, where Amanda Dalton reigned supreme, with Susan Benson and Abby Thatcher taking turns in housework or nursing. William Benson was a painter by trade, and Amanda's ingenious idea was to persuade him to paint and paper the Kimball kitchen before Caleb was moved downstairs.

This struck William as a most extraordinary and unnecessary performance.

"Israel in Egypt!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you women? I never heard o' such goin's on in my life! I might lay abed a thousand years and nobody'd paint my premises. Let Caleb git his strength back and then use a little elbow grease on his own house—you can't teach an old dog new tricks, Susan!"

"'Pends on how old the dog is, and what kind o' tricks you want to teach him," Susan replied. "It'd be a queer dog that wouldn't take to a clean kennel, or three good meals a day 'stead o' starvation vittles. Amanda says it may be a kind of a turnin' point in Caleb's life, and she thinks we'd ought to encourage him a little."

"Ain't I encouragin' him by sleepin' on his settin'-room lunge every night and givin' him medicine every two hours by the alarm clock? I've got my own day's work to do; when would I paint his kitchen, I'd like to know?"

"We thought probably you'd like to do it nights," suggested his wife timidly.

"Saul in Tarsus! Don't that beat the devil?" ejaculated William. "Caleb Kimball ain't done a good day's work for years, and I'm to set up nights paintin' his kitchen!" Nevertheless the magnificent impertinence of the idea so paralyzed his will that he ended by putting on twelve single rolls of fawn-colored paper and painting the woodwork yellow to match, working from eight to twelve several nights and swearing freely at his own foolishness.

By this time Amanda had made the down-stairs chamber all tidy and comfortable for the patient. She had contributed a window shade and dimity curtains; Susan a braided rug and a chair cushion. The chamber (the one in which Caleb's mother had died) opened from the kitchen and commanded an enticing view of the fresh yellow walls and shining cook-stove. On the day before Caleb's removal Amanda sat on the foot of the waiting bed and looked through the doorway with silent joy, going to and fro to move a bright tin dipper into plainer view or retire a drying dish-cloth to greater privacy.

Even Abby Thatcher was by this time a trifle exhilarated. She did not understand the situation very well, being of a sternly practical nature herself, but she caught the enthusiasm of the two women and scrubbed the kitchen floor faithfully

every morning in order to remove the stains of years of neglect.

"You wouldn't think Caleb's hen'd be such an old fool, Miss Dalton," she said; "but I kind o' surmised the reason she's been missin', and I found her to-day in a corner o' the haymow settin' on five eggs. Now, wouldn't you s'pose at her age she'd know better than to try and raise chickens in October?"

"I'm afraid they'll die if it should be a cold fall, with nobody to look after 'em; but maybe I can take 'em home to my shed and lend Mr. Kimball another hen. I never like to break up a hen's nest, somehow; it seems as if they must have feelin's like other folks."

"I wouldn't mind her *feelin's*; I'd take her off quicker'n scat, and keep takin' her off, till she got some sense," said Abby, with the Chinese cruelty of youth.

"Well, you let her be till Mr. Kimball gets well enough to ask; and I think, Abby, you might clean up the dooryard just a little mite this morning," suggested

Amanda. "If you could straighten up the fence and find a couple of old hinges to hang the gate with, it would kind of put new heart into Mr. Kimball when he's sitting up and looking out the window."

"Why didn't he put heart into hisself by hangin' his *own* gate, before he took sick?" grumbled Abby, reducing Amanda to momentary silence by her pitiless logic.

"Why didn't he, indeed?" echoed her heart gloomily, receiving nothing in the way of answer from her limited experience of men.

Caleb had spoken more frequently the last few days. When by the combined exertions of the Bensons and the doctor he had been brought down into his mother's old room, Amanda closed the kitchen door, thinking one experience at a time was enough for a man in his weak and ex-

hausted condition. William Benson couldn't see any sense in this precaution, but he never did see much sense in what women folks did. He wanted to show Caleb the new paint and paper immediately, and remark casually that he had done all the work while he was "night nursin'."

The next morning Amanda had seized a good opportunity to open the door between the two rooms, straightway retiring to the side entry to await developments. In a few moments she heard Caleb moving, and going in found him half sitting up in bed, leaning on his elbow.

"What's the matter with the kitchen?" he asked feebly, staring with wide-open eyes at the unaccustomed prospect.

"Only fresh paint and paper; that's William's work."

"O God, I ain't worth it! I ain't worth it!" the man groaned and hid his face in the pillow.

"Have you been here all the time?" he asked Amanda when she brought him his gruel later in the day.

"Yes, off and on, when I could get away from my own work."

"Who found me?"

"I did. I knew by the looks something was wrong up here."

"Something wrong, sure enough, and always was!" Amanda heard him mutter as he turned his face to the wall.

The next day he opened his eyes suddenly as she was passing through the room.

"Did you make that pie William Benson brought me last month?"

"What made you think I did?"

"Oh, I don' know; it looked, and it tasted like one o' yours," he said, closing his eyes again. "If you know a woman, you know her pie, somehow!"

When had Caleb Kimball ever tasted any of her cooking? A mysterious remark, but everything he said sounded a trifle light-headed.



This struck William as a most extraordinary and unnecessary performance.—Page 44.

His questions came back to her when she was waiting for William Benson at twilight that same day.

Caleb had been sleeping quietly for an hour or more. Amanda was standing at the stove stirring his arrowroot gruel. The kitchen was still.

A smothered "*miaow*" and the scratching of claws on wood arrested her attention, and she went hurriedly to the door.

"Tristram Dalton; what *are* you up here for, away from your own home?" she exclaimed.

Tristram vouchsafed no explanation of his appearance, but his demeanor spoke louder than words to Amanda's guilty conscience, as he walked in.

"No shelter for me at home but the shed these days!" he seemed to say. "Instead of well-served meals a cup of milk set here or there!"

He made the circuit of the strange kitchen discontentedly and finding nothing to his taste went into the adjoining room, and after walking over the full length of Caleb's prostrate form curled himself up in a hollow at the foot of the bed.

"I've neglected him!" thought Amanda; "but his turn'll come again soon enough;" and she bent her eyes on the gruel.

The blue bowl sat in the pan of hot water on the stove, and she stirred and stirred, slowly, regularly, continuously, in order that the arrowroot should be of a velvety smoothness.

The days were drawing in, and the October sun was setting very yellow, sending a flood of light over her head and shoulders. She wore her afternoon dress of alpaca, with a worked muslin collar and cuffs and a white apron tied round her trim waist. She was one of your wholesome shining women and her bright brown hair glistened like satin.

Caleb's black eyes looked yearningly at her as she stood there all unconscious, doing one of her innumerable neighborly kindnesses for him.

She made a picture of sweet, strong, steady womanliness although she did not realize it. Caleb knew something extraordinary was going on inside of him, but under what impulse he was too puzzled and inexperienced to say.

"Amanda."

Amanda turned sharply at the sound of

his voice as she was lifting the steaming arrowroot out of the water.

"Whose cat is this?"

"Mine.—Come off that bed, Tristram!"

"Don't disturb him; I like to have him there.—Where's Abby Thatcher?"

"She's gone home for the milk; she'll be back in fifteen minutes now."

"Where's William?"

"It's only five o'clock. He don't come till six. What can I get for you? Have you had a good sleep?"

She set the gruel on the back of the stove and went in to his bedside.

"I don't sleep much; I just lie an' think . . . Amanda, . . . now, they're all away, . . . if I get over this spell, . . . and take a year to straighten up and get hold of things like other folks, . . . do you think . . . you'd risk . . . marrying me?"

There was a moment's dead silence; then Amanda said, turning pale: "Are you in your right mind, Caleb Kimball?"

"I am, but I don't wonder at your asking," said the man humbly. "I've kind o' fancied you for years; but you've always been way down there across the fields, out o' reach!"

"I'm too amazed to think it out," faltered Amanda.

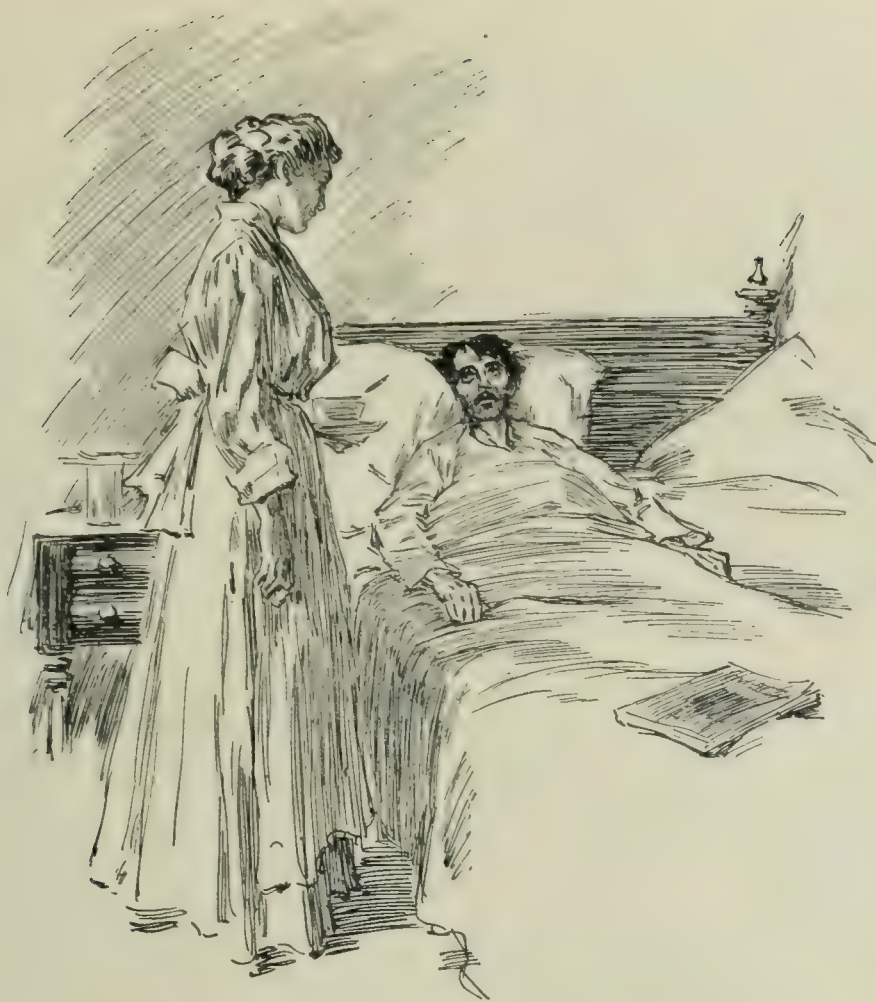
"Don't you think it out, for God's sake, or you'll never do it!" He caught at her hand as if it had been a life line—her kind, smooth hand, the helpful hand with the bit of white cambric bound round a finger burned in his service.

"It was the kitchen that put the courage into me," he went on feverishly. "I laid here and thought: 'If she can make a house look so different in a week, what could she do with a man?'"

"I ain't afraid but I could," stammered Amanda; "if the man would help—not hinder."

"Just try me, Amanda. I wouldn't need a year—honest, I wouldn't—I could show you in three months!"

Caleb's strength was waning now. His head dropped forward and Amanda caught it on her breast. She put one arm around his shoulders to keep him from falling back, while her other hand supported his head. His cheek was wet and as she felt the tears on her palm, mutely calling to her strength, all the woman in her gathered itself together and rushed to meet the man's need.



"Have you been here all the time? he asked.—Page 45.

"If only . . . you could take me . . . now . . . right off," he faltered; "before anything happens . . . to prevent! I'd be good to you . . . till the day I die!"

"I ain't afraid to risk it, Caleb," said Amanda with as little reflection as if she had been asked to subscribe to the minister's salary. "I'll take you now when you need me the most. We'll just put our two forlorn houses together and see if we can make 'em into a home!"

Caleb gave one choking sob of content and gratitude. His hand relaxed its clasp of Amanda's; his head dropped and he fainted.

William Benson came in just then.

"What's the matter?" he cried, coming quickly toward the bed. "Has he had a spell? He was so much better last night I expected to see him settin' up!"

"He'll come to in a minute," said Amanda. "Give me the palm-leaf fan. We're going to be married to-morrow, and he got kind of excited talkin' it over."

"Moses in the bulrushes!" ejaculated William Benson, sitting down heavily in the nearest chair.

William Benson was not a sentimental or imaginative person, and he confessed he couldn't make head nor tail out o' the affair; said it was the queerest and beatinest weddin' that ever took place in Bonny Eagle; didn't know when they fixed it up, nor how, nor why, if you come to that. Amanda Dalton had never had a beau, but she was the likeliest woman in the village, spite o' that, and Caleb Kimball was the onlikeliest man. Amanda was the smartest woman, and Caleb the laziest man. He kind o' thought Amanda'd married Caleb so't she could clean house for him; but it seemed an awful high price to pay for a job. He guessed she couldn't bear to have his everlastin' whiteweed seedin' itself into her hayfield, and the only way she could stop it was to marry him and weed it out. He thought, too, that Caleb had kind o' got int' the habit of watchin' Mandy flyin'

about down to her place. There's nothing so fascinatin' as to set still and see other folks work. The critter was so busy, and so diff'rent from him, mebbe it kind o' tantalized him.

The Widow Thatcher was convinced that Mandy must have gone for Caleb hammer 'n' tongs when he was too weak to hold out against her. No woman in her sober senses would paper a man's kitchen for him unless she intended to get some use out of it herself. "We don't know what the disciples would 'a' done," she said, "nor the apostles, nor the saints, nor the archangels; we only know what women folks would 'a' done, and there ain't one above ground that would 'a' cleaned Caleb Kimball's house without she expected to live in it."

Susan Benson had a vague instinct with regard to the real facts of the case, but even she mustered up courage to ask Amanda once how the wonderful matter came about.

Amanda looked at Mrs. Benson with some embarrassment, for she was not good at confidences.

"Susan, you and I've been brought up together, gone to school together, experienced religion and joined the church together, and I stood up with you and William when you was married, so't I'd speak out freer to you than I would to most."

"I hope so, I'm sure."

"Though I wouldn't want you to repeat anything, Susan."

"'Tain't likely I would, Mandy."

"Well, I'd no sooner got Caleb into a clean bed and a clean room and begun to feed him good food than I begun to like him. There's things in human hearts that I ain't wise enough to explain, Susan, and I ain't goin' to try. Caleb Kimball seemed to me like a man that was drownin', all because there wa'n't anybody near to put a hand under his chin and keep his head out o' water. I didn't suspicion he'd let me do it! I thought he'd just lie there and drown, but it didn't turn out that way."

"Well, it does kind o' seem as if you'd gone through the woods o' life to pick up a crooked stick at last," sighed Susan; "though I will say, now I've been under Caleb Kimball's roof, he's an awful sight nicer man close to than he is fur off. So, take it all in all, life and men folks bein' so uncertain, and old age a creepin' on first thing you know, perhaps it's for the best; an' I do hope you'll make out to be happy, Mandy."

There was a quiver of real feeling in Susan Benson's voice, though she made no movement to touch her friend's hand.

"I'm goin' to be happy!" said Amanda cheerfully. "I always did like plenty to do, and now I've got it for the rest o' my life!"

"I only hope you can stan' his ways, Amandy," and Susan's voice was still doubtful. "That's all I'm afraid of; that you're so diff'rent you can't never stan' his ways."

"He won't have so many ways when we've been married a spell," said Amanda.





Drawn by F. Hopkinson Smith

A PRIVATE ENTRANCE.



The white dome of Santa Maria della Salute —Page 52

VENICE—A SKETCH

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

I SUPPOSE Venice is the one place in the world that does not change. Except for the *vaporetti* (little steamers) darting up and down the Grand Canal the place looked exactly the same as it did years ago when I first saw it, a beautiful fairy city rising out of the sea, all its domes and white marble palaces glistening in the moonlight. We arrived, too, this time at night, coming straight from Rome. We had had a long, tiring day and a very full train. The station at Venice was noisy and crowded with porters, hotel men, and baggage; just what one sees in any station in any large city. We followed the crowd down the long platform to the *uscita* (way out), and the transformation was instantaneous when we emerged on the other side. Before us a large sheet of water,

hardly lighted, dozens of gondolas—a black mass—at the steps, the silver lions on the arms of the seats shining out of the darkness. Our hostess had sent a servant to meet us, who took us to the boat, where two gondoliers, in dark blue with silver badges on their sleeves, were waiting. Our small luggage (bags and wraps) was put into the boat behind us, and with some difficulty we made our way out from the crowd of gondolas into the open canal, the little waves making that curious bumping sound against the boat peculiar to gondolas. They are so long they never ride over the waves like ordinary boats. One never sees them pitching, they seem to glide over the top of the water. As it was decidedly chilly I had put on my fur coat. The *felza* (closed top) was on, and it was a curious sensation to be shut up in the little black box, just seeing, through the glass door,

the tall figure of the gondolier swaying backward and forward.

We turned almost at once out of the Grand Canal, and then began a mysterious progress through numbers of *rios* (small canals) to our destination. I had forgotten how extraordinarily unmodern and weird it was—very dark, some of the canals so narrow one wondered what would happen if we met another gondola. No lights in any of the palaces we passed. Not a sound except the swish of the water over marble steps, and a hoarse cry occasionally from our gondolier when we turned a corner. Once or twice we heard a cry, one sharp note from behind, and a gondola passed us—a long, black object disappearing in the darkness. It was such a wonderful change from the busy, bustling, crowded station we had just left into the darkness and stillness of the fantastic waterway we were following that I thought I must be dreaming, and would wake up in crowded streets with the rumble of carriages, the bells of the tramways, and flaring lights everywhere. We turned a last corner, the gondolier sounding his warning note rather vigorously, as we were coming back to the Grand Canal, where there is always a certain movement; the steamers run until midnight.

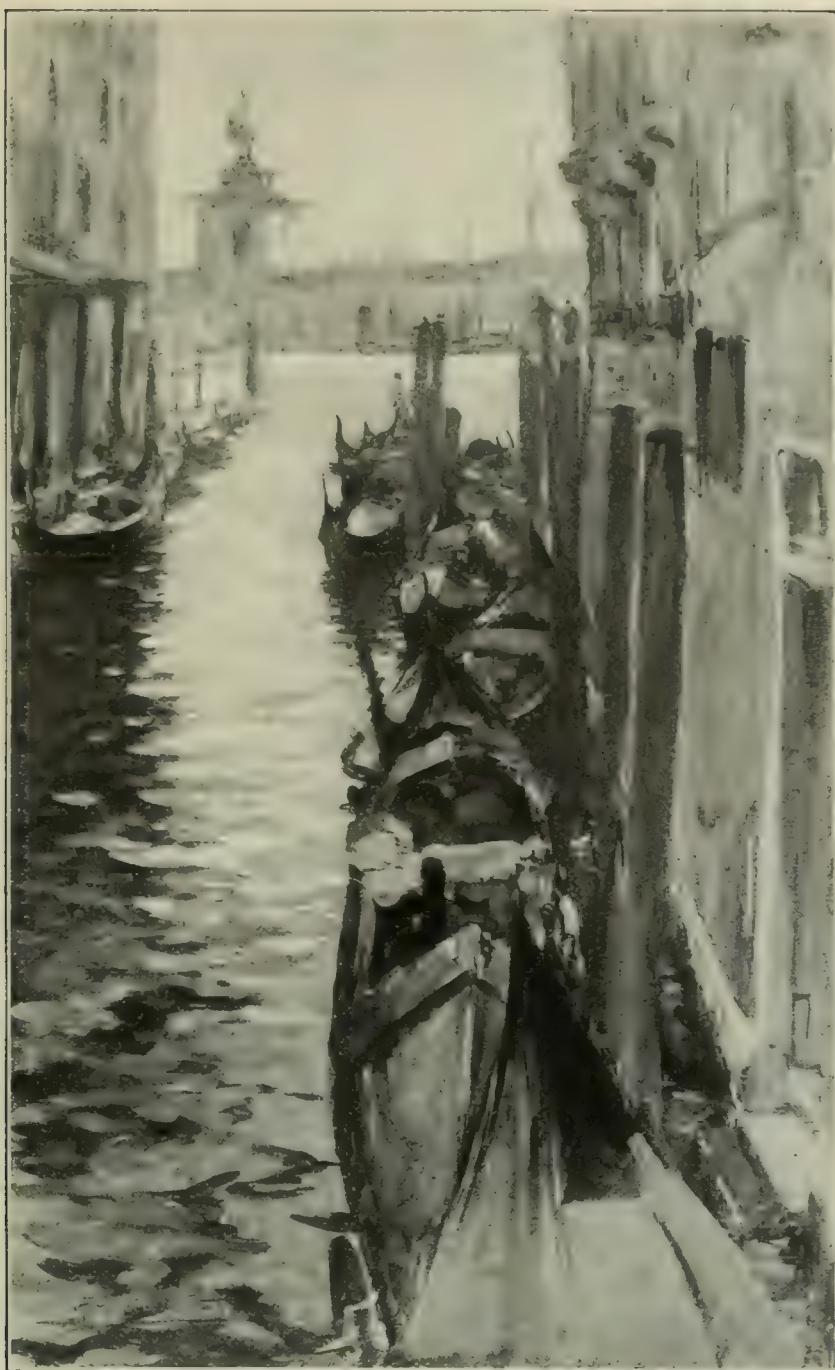
We found ourselves opposite a fine large palace, brilliantly lighted, with high pointed windows and overhanging balconies. Several gondolas were waiting at the steps. An entertainment was evidently going on. The men brought us most skilfully around and inside the poles which one always sees in front of the Venetian palaces. They are painted the colors of the family, and the gondolas are fastened to them. Nothing in the shape of a boat-house exists in Venice; the gondolas lie in the canals tied to the poles. The doors were open, two or three servants and a nice English maid were waiting in the hall. We crossed a broad vestibule with a *brasero* (brazier) in the middle, and went up a flight of steps into a fine high hall. The mistress of the house came to meet us, saying it was her reception evening and she had a few friends; thought we would prefer going straight to our rooms as it was late—10.30; which, of course, we were very glad to do, being tired after our long journey. We have charming rooms, communicating, upstairs, looking out on the Grand Canal. The maid brought us

some supper. We told her to open the curtains and wooden shutters that we might look out and realize our surroundings. The canal is very broad in front of the palace, quite like an arm of the sea, with a decided ripple on its surface. There was very little light or movement at the steamboat landing opposite. One small lantern was hanging over the steps.

The steamer came along while we were looking out, so quietly one hardly heard it. Up and down as far as we could see there were rows of palaces; in the dim light one could just distinguish their white marble façades. Some gondolas passed, all with their black cabins moving noiselessly along—the gondolier a shadowy figure against the dark background.

The next morning was beautiful, a bright sun and blue, dancing water. Dressing was difficult, as the windows offered distractions of all kinds. Some of the palaces opposite were charming, but one was so black and dilapidated that it didn't seem possible as a residence from an outside view. However, there were curtains in the windows of the first floor (*piano nobile*), as they call it in Italy, and a gondola tied to the poles, which were painted rather a bright blue or white. Boats of all sizes were passing—gondolas. Some coming from the station filled with travellers, their luggage piled high in the open space behind the seats. *Sandolos* also, a narrow, pointed boat not so heavy as the gondola. Market boats, broad and flat-bottomed, filled with vegetables, looking temptingly fresh and green. Steam launches, one or two evidently from yachts, with very trim-looking sailors on board. Directly opposite to our palace, close to the poles, a painter was established in a gondola with his easel and canvas. I fancy this house is painted very often. It is one of the finest in Venice, and must look charming later in the season when all the flowers and creepers on the walls and gallery are in bloom.

About 11 o'clock we started for *the Piazza*, our hostess telling us to keep the gondola, which would take us wherever we wanted to go and bring us back for luncheon at 1 o'clock. We crossed the Grand Canal and followed the usual winding way of small ones. A great many gondolas were apparently doing the same thing, and it seemed impossible that we



One realizes how many tragedies have happened in those dark, narrow canals: so easy to drop in an inconvenient rival in love or politics.—Page 53.

should not bump up against them, but we never did once. As we came up to the Campo San Moisè, with its ugly, very ornamented church—quite the heaviest and most overdone Renaissance—so many people were walking about and getting out of their gondolas, we thought it must be a back entrance of the Piazza, and were preparing to get out, but the gondoliers shook their heads, and a few more strokes of the paddle brought us back to the Grand Canal with the wide sweep of the lagoon before us, the Guidecca on one side, the Piazza San

Marco and the Riva degli Schiavoni with its long line of hotels on the other. An old man, with a badge on his arm, standing on the broad steps, helped us to land. These men are quite a feature of Venice. They are all old gondoliers—a certain number allowed by the city. They are not at all necessary, as the gondoliers can perfectly well bring their boats to the steps, but no one grudges them the few sous they earn, and in the tourist season they make a fair sum, as strangers generally give more than the two sous which is the regular tariff in Venice.

We wandered about the Piazza for an hour; went into the Church of San Marco (I had forgotten how *low* it stands looking from the opposite end of the Piazza), a gorgeous mass of color and gilding. Saw the pigeons all assembling in the middle of the Square waiting to be fed. Walked about under the Colonnades, past the clock tower and the well-known Café Florian. When we were first in Venice, in 1866, the Austrian rule was just coming to an end. All the Austrian garrison had left; there were only three or four belated white-coated officers who were taking their coffee at Florian's, scowled at by the entire population; and everywhere, in all the streets and canals, boys and girls, any one who could sing, were shouting, as loudly and as aggressively as possible, the Garibaldi hymn, *A basso il giallo et nero, viva il tricolor* ("Down with the black and yellow [Austrian colors], and hurrah for the tricolor"). They had only dared sing it before in cellars or behind barred windows.

We got back to the palace for luncheon and had our coffee in a charming veranda, shut in with glass and filled with flowers, directly over the canal. Then began a suc-

cession of enchanting days. Hours in the gondola, floating lazily along with nothing to do but to live and enjoy the passing moment. Some of the evenings, with the bright sunset clouds making a glorious background for the white dome of Santa Maria della Salute and a glimpse of the snow mountains in the distance, were too beautiful. One had always the sense of something unreal that would suddenly collapse, and we would find ourselves back again in the ordinary workaday world.

We had two or three cold, wintry days, once a heavy rain falling and the fog so thick when I got up in the morning that I could not see the palaces opposite. However, B. and I went down to the Piazza in a closed gondola, in which we were as well protected as in a shut carriage. Our umbrellas almost blew away when we crossed the Piazza, which was one large pond, it had rained so hard. We went over the Ducal Palace, which is not very interesting. The rooms are large and high, with some splendid ceilings of Paul Veronese and his school. I found my way at once to the corner of the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, which has a frieze of portraits of doges all around it,



We wandered about the Piazza for an hour.

where a black panel replaces the portrait of Marino Faliero, beheaded while doge. It made a great impression upon me in my youthful days. I always remembered the black corner. I asked a very distinguished Italian professor, who was dining at the Palace one night, what Marino Faliero had done to deserve such a hard fate. I had rather forgotten my Venetian history. Was he a *traditore* (traitor)? No, he said, only an *innovatore* (reformer), which was quite as bad in those days.

When we came out of the Palace it was still raining hard, and the Piazza with its gray, wet pavement looked exactly like the water beyond. There seemed nothing but gray water and gray sky before us. We had intended walking home by the back streets. We are getting quite accustomed to them now and can find our way very well, but we had recollections of having seen people struggling with open umbrellas in the very narrow alleys, becoming at last hopelessly entangled, the points of the umbrellas in each other's eyes, and thought it would be wiser to call a gondola. As we got to the steps the old man emerged from a refuge somewhere on the Piazza (which was absolutely deserted, not a creature visible anywhere), and helped us into the gondola. We were glad to creep into the little black cabin, which was dry and warm.

We went out again in the afternoon. The rain had stopped, but there was still a very high wind, and the lagoon looked gray and stormy—plenty of white horses. There were not many gondolas outside. We had thought we might go out a little toward the Lido, but the gondoliers remonstrated. They could make no headway against such a strong wind and tide. So we made for one of the small canals and had some difficulty in getting around the corners, there were such sudden gusts of wind. The water streets are most interesting. It is so amusing to meet everything we are accustomed to see in carts and vans being transported by boats, and not very big ones. They must be narrow or they could not pass in the small canals. One day we saw the post-gondola being loaded—heavy leathern sacks thrown in from the steps; also furniture being moved—a piano and very fair-sized chest of drawers; in other boats pictures and mirrors, a block of marble, barrels, nets, bales of stuffs;

one day, a boat filled with birds in cages—parrots, I should think. We threaded our way in and out of the long procession of boats in the most extraordinary manner. The gondoliers, smiling and skilful, always finding room to pass in what seemed to us an impossible narrow passage.

We see a great many people in this most hospitable house, where the life is absolutely different from the one the ordinary tourist leads in Venice. There are always people coming and going. The house is filled with beautiful things, pictures and furniture from all parts of Europe; the whole arranged with all the comfort and luxury of an English house. I am always fascinated by the sight when we come in from walking in the back streets. One emerges from narrow, dark alleys into a fine broad vestibule; at one end the gondoliers' quarters; the other, with big doors—always open—directly on the Canal, the little waves washing over the marble steps. I often sat on the steps, my feet just out of the water, looking at everything that passed and, when nothing passed, at the great, gloomy palaces opposite, and trying to imagine the lives that had been lived behind those marble walls.

There is always an undercurrent of sadness in Venice, in spite of the pleasure-loving summer city, with its gondolas filled with women in bright dresses and flowers in their hands (I wonder where they come from, there are so few gardens in Venice), and sounds of music and laughter floating over the lagoons. One realizes how many tragedies have happened in those dark, narrow canals: so easy to drop in an inconvenient rival in love or politics. A tidal current from the lagoon changes the water every day, and the sea tells no tales.

The walks in the little back streets are a source of unending interest to me. There were pictures at every turn. Sometimes only a small fruit stall, with oranges, apples, bananas, and figs piled up in heaps and spread out on a board just outside a quaint, curiously carved doorway, and presided over by an old woman with bright black eyes and the inevitable black shawl on her shoulders. They are peculiar to Venice, those shawls; there are hundreds of them hanging up in the shops on the Rialto and in the Merceria, of all sizes and prices. The most expensive ones are all silk with a long,

heavy silk fringe. The ordinary ones are a mixture of silk and wool, but all with a silk fringe; the length and thickness of the fringe marking the value of the shawl. B. bought a very pretty one. I do not know how it will look out of Venice, over a modern Paris costume, but she saw possibilities of adaptation.

We were strolling one morning behind the palace, rather doubtful as to our whereabouts. We could always find our way back to the Rialto from the Piazza, but once we had crossed the bridge and the market place, a quantity of small streets and squares, all exactly alike, opened out before us, and it was not easy to know which turning to take. We ventured into one narrow opening—it could hardly be called a street—in the direction of the Grand Canal. In one corner just in front of us, where two streets met, a small, elaborately carved balcony stood out from the walls of an old black house. In the window behind it sat an old man, with a long, white beard flowing down over a robe of black velvet, a crimson skull-cap on his head. He looked as if he had just stepped out of one of Titian's pictures. He was looking down into the street, much interested in all that was passing, calling out occasionally to the children who were running under the window. Sometimes the shrines (of which there are a great number in Venice) guided us, one particularly, just at the angle of two small streets directly behind the palace. It had been empty for some time, so Lady L. gave a Madonna and Child she had modelled herself. There were always flowers, generally white ones, in front of it, which made a light spot on the dark walls and guided our wandering feet.

There is quite a party staying in the house, and always people coming and going. Every one goes his own way, and the dinners and evenings are pleasant, all the party telling their experiences. Some are sketching and painting. One can always find a new corner or new effect of light in Venice, whether in the streets or on the lagoons. A nephew of our hostess, working for Cambridge, was learning to row, and what looks very simple in the practised gondolier as he stands steadily and gracefully in his boat, is *very* difficult for the novice, as the oar is long and not easy to manage. A false movement has

been known to precipitate the rower into the water.

One lovely bright afternoon, when we were out in the gondola, the young man thought he would like to have a little practice. The lagoon was perfectly smooth, not a ripple on it, and we were out of the track of the steamers. It was amusing to see the face of the young gondolier, on a broad grin, as he gave up his place and sat down close to the young fellow, ready to catch him or his oar should he lose his balance. The gondola zigzagged a little, which so terrified B., who is always nervous in a boat—even a great ocean liner—that she begged to be landed somewhere while we continued our *giro* (turn). We deposited her at the first convenient place—the steps of San Giorgio—and she said she would look at the church while we finished our row.

An interesting man dined one night who could neither share nor understand our delight in Venice. He was not a Venetian, and had lived a great deal in Bologna, where there is a famous university and a very learned and distinguished literary society. He said it was the most monotonous, unhealthy existence one could imagine; very few intellectual circles; the Venetians generally indolent and pleasure-loving; no exercise possible. When he had been sitting all day at his table at his work, and wanted a little air and exercise, he was obliged to go out in a boat. It was anything but a pleasure to walk in the dirty back streets, and one could hardly ask a rational man to walk round and round the Piazza San Marco. "Oh, for the sight of a meadow and green trees!" I wonder if one would miss the trees and the fields if one lived here. Just now life in a gondola on those broad lagoons, with the sea breeze coming over from the Adriatic and the complete absence of noise and dust, seems ideal.

At dusk one begins to hear the bells, so beautiful in Venice; at first sounding far off from the islands, then coming nearer and nearer, till all ring out together, with never a harsh jangle or strident note. The nights are enchanting; not a sound except the incessant swish of the little waves on the marble steps.

Our friend told us we ought to go one day to the Campo San Bartolomeo, where

the girls from the islands—generally Friulians—come over to Venice to get places as servants. They arrive on a certain day of the week, in the afternoon, with no special certificates as cook or laundress or any definite service; bring merely a note from the parish priest, saying they are honest and hardworking. They find places always. He told us they were quite a different type from the Venetians—fair-haired, round-faced, and of rather a stouter build. We passed through the Campo (one of the smallest in Venice) one afternoon, and could not imagine at first what had happened. It was filled with people, all talking and gesticulating, and there were heads at every window; some wonderful ones, with masses of thick, black, coarse hair elaborately arranged, with curls and puffs held up by a high comb, long gold or coral ear-rings, and always the black shawl over their shoulders. There were old men, too, with black or red caps on their heads, with very ragged white beards and eyebrows, all taking a most lively interest in the proceedings. We recognized the Friulians at once, standing apart in groups. They wore short, dark skirts and bodices; here and there was a white chemisette, a little fichu embroidered in bright colors on their shoulders, rather like what some of the Tyrolean girls wear in some of the cafés at Marienbad; not one had the black shawl. They looked very smiling, did not mix with the crowd; a few Venetians—rather older women—were talking to some of them. I saw one girl, about eighteen, evidently making her conditions with a man. She showed him her papers; there was a little talk, and she walked off behind him, carrying her bundle, and looking very contented and placid. It seems they are all good workers, quiet, and respectable. They generally marry and remain in Venice, and the majority never go back to their island again, though it is only a few hours off.

The *Piazza* always means the Piazza San Marco. The others are called *Campi*. The one we knew best was the Campo San Polo, the third largest in Venice. We always crossed one end of it coming and going from the Rialto. It is rather a fine square, with some handsome palaces, and a fountain of carved stone or marble in the middle, which one sees in all the squares. We went to see some Roman friends, one

day, who have an apartment in one of the palaces. The sun was shining in through all the windows, and the rooms were large and high, with plenty of light and air coming in from the Campo, but one does not like a city square in Venice. Bricks and mortar are out of place and seem incongruous in the sea-girt city. The Grand Canal and the sweep of the lagoons, and even the half-dilapidated palaces on the small canals, with the greater part of their façades black and falling off, and their marble steps worn and broken, are more fitted to the surroundings.

One day as we turned toward the Campo San Polo it looked extraordinary from a distance, as if a thick white mist had settled upon the Piazza, about half-way up the houses. As we got nearer we saw that there were hundreds of lines stretched across the Piazza, with clothes and household linen hanging on them, all white. It seems that on certain days the population of the quarter is allowed to make its *lessive* (I do not know the English term—general wash, I suppose) in the Campo. The people hire so many yards of rope, and a most curious collection of garments and linen was suspended in the air. A space was left around the Square, so that people could get across.

Our days were so full that we never seemed to find time for any excursions to the islands or places of interest near Venice. We did go one afternoon to the Lido, but that was an illusion gone—the place absolutely vulgarized. I remember a long, narrow strip of land, a little stubby grass growing on the top, and a most tiring, uncomfortable walk through deep sand to the beach—really a desolate stretch of shore and sea, rather melancholy, but attractive in its way; the solitude and barrenness and the perfectly calm, almost tideless sea, not blue like the Mediterranean, but gray, with a green shade every now and then. The row out from Venice, too, was charming, passing close to many small islands, under the walls of the Armenian Convent, alongside a long strip of sand, apparently in the middle of the lagoon, which looked almost as if one could walk across to the Lido.

This time we went in a steamer. I suppose the gondolas could have gone, in spite of the very high wind, but it would have

been long. The crossing in the steamer was about half an hour from the Piazza, and not very pleasant. A beautiful bright sun, the snow mountains looking grand against the blue sky, but the wind very disagreeable, blowing our hats and coats about in the most fantastic manner.

I could not believe it was the Lido when we arrived. Hotels and cafés, with polyglot waiters, opposite the landing, and a steam tramway that took us across to the sea, where an enormous new Excelsior Hotel is being built. We made our way with some difficulty to the terrace, where the noise of the wind and waves was quite extraordinary. The Adriatic looked gray and wild and was thundering big waves along the shore. How Venice has escaped being submerged a thousand times seems a mystery. The sea looked a cruel, irresistible force to-day, and one felt how slight the barrier was that kept it from sweeping over the low sand-bank into the lagoons. The wind had moderated a little when we turned back, and we walked down to the landing. Hotels, pensions, and villas are scattered all along the road. Bands of tourists—many Germans—were walking about buying cheap little bead ornaments and vases of colored glass, and having coffee at some of the various restaurants. Anything so unlike the Lido of our day—with its low ridges of sand and stunted bushes and the glamour of romance thrown over it by Lord Byron's solitary rides—cannot be imagined.

I cannot quite understand why our nineteenth century has developed such levelling influences. We all seem exactly alike, lead the same lives, read the same books, travel over the same beaten tracks. Individuals hardly exist any more. The inheritors of great names who have played a part in history seem quite content to live quietly, ride and shoot and yacht and spend money. The person who counts most is the person who has the most to spend. It is the same all over the world with very few exceptions. There are no strong personalities left.

The Préfet of Venice dined the other night, and I was much interested in all he said about the King of Italy—"So very simple and domestic." What he likes best is a quiet country life with his wife and children. He hates any state or ceremony. When he comes to Venice he will never have

an official reception nor receive the city authorities. Consequently very few people really know him or get a chance to speak to him, and no one ever sees the Queen or the children. It was not at all my impression of the fighting *Maison de Savoie*. Simple, rough soldiers they have always appeared in history, but never very domestic. It is a pity the King and Queen do not stay more in Venice. A royal progress down the Grand Canal, with the gondoliers in gala dress and the boats gay with flags and flowers, would be a grand sight for the Venetians. I am sure all the palaces would be hung with red and gold draperies, which would recall the glorious days of Venice when the Doge went forth in state in his galley to wed the Adriatic.

I think what I really liked best in Venice was sitting on Lady L.'s steps. I seemed to drift there naturally whenever I came into the hall. All the life of the city passed before my eyes, and even the dead, for one morning when I was sitting there a funeral passed. The coffin, covered with a black pall, was in the middle of the gondola (it looked rather like the *felze*, except for the flowers and wreaths that half hid it). Two boys, in their white skirts and black *soutanes*, were holding lighted tapers, and the priest, with his open book, was standing at the head of the coffin. It was really a curious sight—the black procession (three or four gondolas were following)—in the midst of the color and traffic of the morning in Venice.

One afternoon, while we were waiting on the steps for our hostess to come and join us in the gondola, we saw a lady on the steamboat pier just opposite making signs to us. It proved to be Miss D., a niece of Lady L., who wanted to be put across—*buttato* (thrown) is the term. There were no gondolas on her side and ours had not yet come in, but in a few minutes a "rover" appeared around the corner, and we sent him over. He brought Miss D. back for the modest sum of two sous. We often hailed a passing gondola and were put across (following a succession of small streets and canals), with many turns and twists and most picturesque corners of old Venice, coming suddenly upon most unexpected bits: an old doorway, wonderful carved balconies with half the ornaments broken off, and once or twice a beautiful



Dragon by F. Hopkinson Smith.

A beautiful little palace, with façade quite intact, in the midst of the most sordid surroundings.—Page 56.

little palace, with façade quite intact, in the midst of most sordid surroundings, dark, low shops with most unwholesome-looking fruits and vegetables, and cook shops, with rows of fried fish spread out on boards, which one smelt before coming into the Campo; bridges over such narrow canals that a man with ordinary legs could jump across, and every now and then a glimpse of the lagoon; finally emerging into the busy, crowded Piazza, where all the modern life of Venice is concentrated.

We made a charming excursion one afternoon with Lady L. to her hospital—half gondola, half steamer, and a little walking. It was interesting walking along the quays of the Giudecca, as we saw boats from all parts of the world. One or two were unloading very leisurely and with a great deal of conversation between the men on the boats and everybody who passed either on the quay or in a gondola.

The hospital is very well situated on a fairly broad canal, close to the lagoon; a garden, one of the few in Venice, opposite. The matron, an Englishwoman, most attractive and capable (she had been through the Boer war), showed us all over the building. There is quite a large garden. An invalid was stretched out on a sofa in the sun, an awning shielding her from the direct rays. The wards were beautifully clean and bright and the private rooms most inviting, so fresh and pretty. We had tea with the matron in her sitting-room, opening on a terrace, with an enchanting view over Venice and the lagoons. One would think the quiet and beautiful air would cure any malady. We went into the garden when we came out, walking over the bridge. It was too early in the season to see it in all its beauty, but there were borders of daffodils and hyacinths, and rose trees and creepers all over.

There is a solid sea-wall on the side of the lagoon, and leaning on it, looking out on the extent of water, the fishing-boats in the distance with their deep orange and red sails, smaller craft flying backward and forward, the low shore of the Lido, and the domes and roofs of the buildings on the islands half veiled in the evening light, we had again the impression of something unreal, as if the curtain would fall and the wonderful fairy scene of shifting lights and dancing water would disappear. I think

it must be the absence of noise which gives one always that curious feeling of being out of the world.

We have not been inside many of the palaces. The exterior is always the same—high, pointed windows, carved balconies, marble steps with the water always rippling over them. I cannot even say *splashing*, that would mean too much life. The little waves just *bathe* the steps. We had tea one afternoon at the Palazzo Barbaro on the Grand Canal, where B.'s daughter was born. As the child was born on Palm Sunday, she was called Palma. It belongs now to an American lady, who has made it most livable and comfortable. There is a fine stone staircase in the courtyard, very high and very steep, most elaborately carved, which makes a very picturesque corner. We passed through a very wide, high hall, running, as they all do here, straight through the house from the canal to the courtyard, with rooms opening out on each side, into a pretty, comfortable, modern *salon* with books, arm-chairs, and a wood fire, where we had tea. After tea the hostess showed us the other rooms, which are charming, so well arranged. The ballroom, or big drawing-room, is quite unique of its kind; three sides of the walls are covered with frescoes wonderfully well preserved, the colors really extraordinary when one thinks how long they had been there, and probably never cared for at all until the present owner lived in the house. When B. lived there, more than thirty years ago, the big room was not furnished, and was used as a *débarras* to put in trunks, boxes, etc. It is arranged with a great deal of taste, with pictures and furniture which harmonize perfectly with the very marked style of the period. Modern furniture against those old frescoed walls would be impossible.

We walked home—at least to the steamboat pier opposite the palace—thinking that, as it was late, the gondola would probably be there and come to get us; but there were no signs of it. We waited some little time, then tried to persuade the gondoliers of a private gondola, who were waiting at the landing, to put us across; but they would not be bribed. They were very smart-looking, dressed in blue, crimson sashes with heavy gold fringe, and crimson cords on their hats. The etiquette of the

private gondola is carefully regulated. When it goes out in the morning shopping, sightseeing, or to the station, *one* gondolier in ordinary livery goes with the boat; in the afternoon for the Grand Canal or visits there are *two* in full-dress livery. We were getting decidedly impatient, as no "rover" was in sight. At last the man of the pier came to our assistance. He called loudly for *poppe* (the gondolier is called *poppa*, from the part of the boat where he stands rowing). His cry was instantly answered; a gondola appeared and put us across. The man was rather sorry that we did not want to make a longer turn and suggested various short excursions.

We walked almost every morning either to or from the Piazza, and I am ashamed to say how often I lost my way and had to be escorted home by a small boy. There seemed to be dozens always waiting at the corners of the streets, smiling and willing and *talkative*. They show one the way and give a great deal of information for a few sous. I thought I was quite sure of my direction one day, and rang at the door of a passage which looked exactly like the one leading to the Palazzo Capelli. I did not ring very vigorously, but the bell-rope almost came off in my hand, and there was a wild, jangling peal of a long-disused bell which brought all the heads out of all the windows in the neighboring houses, with such a torrent of explanations and directions, everybody speaking, or rather screaming, at the same time, that I thought I was in Bedlam, and fled around a corner and down another narrow street pursued by cries of *a destra, a sinistra, dieci passi* (right, left, ten steps). However, I was brought up short by a stone wall, my street apparently leading nowhere, and had to retrace my steps, very glad to find one of the small boys of the Campo to show me my way. He, too, said *dieci passi*, and he was right—a few steps brought me to the door of our entrance. He knew the Palazzo Capelli well, as does everybody in Venice. It is one of the finest in the city, filled with beautiful things and well known to all tourists and art lovers. Lady L. is most amiable about showing it, and certainly when one has such beautiful pictures it would be a shame not to let them be seen.

The evenings at home are very pleasant. There is always some one to dine, or in the

evening. The small drawing-room, where we usually sit after dinner, is charming on a cold night (and our evenings *have* been cold), when the heavy red satin curtains are drawn and the wood fire sends little flickering lights over the pictures and dull gold of the frames and mirrors. There is a spot of light in one corner where Lady L. has her table and lamp. Some of the ladies are always working, and the mistress of the house has *des doigts de fée*—can do anything she likes. She is making a wonderful catalogue of her pictures. On each page is a small vignette, charmingly painted, of the picture which is described on the next page, and which tells you who was the painter, when and where the picture was bought, and what it cost. When one knows what a Tintoretto or a Bellini would cost now, some of the figures seem impossible.

Sir H. L. had lived abroad all his life—at school as a boy, later as a most distinguished traveller and diplomatist, finishing his career as ambassador in Constantinople. He had, of course, numerous opportunities of finding and collecting art treasures of every kind. His autobiography is most interesting; reads like a novel. His account of his school-days in France, particularly where the unreasoning animosity of the French, both scholars and masters, made the English boy's life intolerable, seems incredible. I give part of it in his own words:

"The feeling of hatred and contempt which the long wars of Napoleon had engendered between the French and English had not yet been removed by the peace. It extended to the rising generation, and being an English boy I was a victim of it. Both my nationality and my religion were hateful to my fellow pupils and, I doubt not, to my masters, who always gave me a double share of punishment. There was no abuse that was not heaped upon me. I was denounced as a Protestant and a heretic. A popular amusement in the college was to make a cross with white chalk upon the filthy floor, and then to endeavor to force me to kiss it. When I resisted with all my might I was held down by main force and beaten on the head and elsewhere with the wooden shoes, or sabots, which many of the boys, even at that time, wore."

My lazy fingers usually remained idle. It is pleasant to do nothing sometimes. B.

learned to make some lace like what Lady L. was doing, and some of the other ladies were making bags and chains of Venetian beads, which are very pretty and make a great effect; some of the white ones twisted in ropes look like pearls. I enjoyed the general talk, half English, half Italian, very much. We were talking one evening about books—how everything that was worth reading was translated into all languages. Mr. M., son of the great London publisher, told us his father had seen a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" in Chinese, with John Bunyan depicted as a Chinaman with a pigtail. We had no bridge, which was a pleasure, as that craze has put an end to all conversation. We had music one night, Mrs. H., an American, half artist, half amateur, singing charmingly. The hall looked most attractive and *signorile*, with the grand piano standing out in the middle and all the party scattered about. It was so cold that at intervals we all, including the singer, retired to the small drawing-room and sat *in* the fires. It is very difficult to warm the big palaces. The Venetian stoves (brought originally by the Austrians) are insufficient, and they do not dare put furnaces or hot-water pipes in these old walls. Lady L. lives upstairs when the snow on the mountains makes Venice cold and damp. She has a charming boudoir, or rather *atelier* (she is always painting or doing enamel work or embroidery), on the corner of the two canals, and has floods of sunshine when it is fine.

One evening we had a Royal Princess with her husband (not a Prince) and lady-in-waiting at dinner. They came in an open gondola from their hotel some little distance off, and were nearly frozen when they arrived, in spite of rugs and furs. She was a gracious, stately figure; one would never have imagined from her expression that she had had a tragedy in her life.

The town is filling up now with tourists; there were very few when we first arrived. We saw a pretty sight this morning in the Piazza. Two English babies, dressed in white, were sitting in the sun in the middle of the enormous square, a basket of bread between them. The nurse was standing behind, and hundreds of pigeons were hopping about close to them and fluttering over their heads, a crowd of people making a circle around them. The babies, quite un-

conscious, were gleefully giving bread to the pigeons and laughing out loud with delight when there was a scramble for a big piece, not in the least frightened when the birds came too near. I said to the nurse, "I don't think you ought to let your children sit down on the stones." "Oh, it won't hurt them, madame; the stones are quite warm with the sun, and the children are very warmly dressed; they don't *sit* all the time, only stoop down." I was sorry I hadn't a paint brush or a kodak. The children were about three and four years old—little white bundles—and would have made a charming picture.

We heard a great noise of guns as we turned out of the Piazza. We asked what it was, and a policeman told us it was the Port of Venice saluting the *Hohenzollern*, the German Emperor's yacht, which had just come to await His Majesty's arrival. We saw her quite well when we were out in the gondola in the afternoon. She is a big, white boat, not very graceful in her outlines; looks more like a strong sea boat than a yacht. Two other German boats, a cruiser and a small steamer, were anchored near her, and several gondolas and steam-launches were alongside. A little later we crossed a steam-launch flying the German colors, with some very smart-looking officers in uniform. I should like to see the Emperor, but our visit is drawing to a close, and he does not come for some days yet.

We have done some last sightseeing, and went the other day to the Academia. I wanted to see Titian's "Presentation in the Temple" again, and wondered if I should have the same impression as when I last saw it,—not perhaps exactly expressed as it was by my small nephew who was with us, and who was much astonished at our admiration of the picture. "That ugly little girl going upstairs! Do you really think that's pretty, Grandma?" The Virgin's face and figure are certainly not very idealized. The face is square, nothing spiritual; more like the Dutch Madonnas one sees, who are often red-cheeked, chubby little maidens. The rest of the picture is beautiful; such splendid coloring and picturesque old men; B. was very anxious to see a picture by Paul Veronese, which she thought was in Venice, of a beautiful, fair-haired woman, dressed in white satin, her hands full of roses, which she was throwing down

from a balcony; but though we saw scores of beautiful women by Veronese and all his school, that particular one was not there. What splendid pictures they painted! I know many of the art critics say Veronese could not draw, his proportions were all wrong. His arms and legs looked all right to me, the women graceful and the men straight and tall, and the colors quite gorgeous.

We made our last turn in the Merceria this morning, passing under the clock tower and following the crowd—a long, hurrying, motley line—to the Rialto. There is not much to buy except beads and pearls, which make pretty, fancy chains. I imagine one might find some bargains in the way of real pearls in some of the little, dark shops, but it would be dangerous to buy without an expert. Our last day was beautiful—warm and bright.

Lady L. and I lunched with Prince and Princess Bülow, who were staying at one of the hotels on the Grand Canal, with a lovely terrace directly on the water. We were not a very large party—one or two secretaries; the captain of the *Hohenzollern*, in uniform; some Italians; Donna Laura Minghetti (mother of Princess Bülow), with the same beautiful eyes and smile I remembered twenty-five years ago, and even longer; and the Countess M., a beautiful Venetian. The conversation was interesting, though a little bewildering, four different languages being spoken around the table—French, Italian, English, and German. The Chancellor seemed equally at home in all: spoke French with me, English with Lady L., discussed Italian politics and the last Roman elections in Italian, with the Conte X., an Italian friend. Some one remarked casually from one end of the table, *Tous les princes romains sont Socialistes* (all the Roman princes are Socialists), which statement, partially true, made a very lively argument.

I was delighted to see Bülow again, and found him looking very well, not in the least tired or careworn. Certainly the cares of state sit lightly upon him, for he has had some difficult moments and a tremendous responsibility. However, as I told him, if politics were not difficult they would not be interesting; when there is no fight, there are no fighters; any one can do the routine work. He told me nothing rested him like

Italy; Venice, particularly, with its wonderful stillness.

After breakfast the band of the *Hohenzollern* played in the garden; they were very numerous, over fifty, and played remarkably well; never too loud. All the people staying in the hotel were grouped at one end of the terrace. The light dresses of the women and the quantities of flowers on their hats made a pretty effect of color. The musicians in uniform were in the middle; the leader had a fine string of medals on his breast, and many of the men had several. It seems that the Emperor takes great pride in his music and encourages the men very much. They looked very smiling, quite pleased to play. Princess Bülow thanked them very graciously when the concert was over.

After breakfast B. and I walked to the Riva degli Schiavoni and took a steamer to the Public Gardens, the pride of Venice. The sun was so hot we were glad to sit down on a bench in the shade. I did not find the gardens very interesting. There are some big trees, of course, but it looked like any garden in any large city, except the view over the lagoon, with the fishing-boats drifting slowly along, their sails flapping against the masts, and far off beyond the islands; little puffs of smoke from steamers coming and going. One hates the commonplace in Venice. Except for the steamers on the Grand Canal the city is absolutely unchanged, and has quite kept its extraordinary fantastic, poetical charm, with always a sense of sadness and of past greatness that can never come back. Of course, some of the palaces on the Grand Canal have been repaired, façades and balconies cleaned and mended, but they hardly count with the hundreds that are left apparently just as they were in the old days when the Queen of the Adriatic sent her galleys all over the world.

I see no building anywhere, nothing that looks like the enlargement of the city, nothing new except the Campanile in the Piazza San Marco, which is being built upon exactly the same lines as the old one. It is more than half finished and does not look too appallingly new. They have been able to give a mellow tint to the stones.

I think one should go about in some of the small canals at night to understand what the life of old Venice was. One passes

hundreds of palaces black with age; bits of marble broken off; the windows with no panes of glass, clothes and rags stuffed in the openings and hanging down over the façade; marble steps cracked and broken; poles rotting as they stand in the water; and yet the effect is extraordinary. One glides noiselessly along between the rows of palaces, quite dark. Sometimes a little dim light high up at the top; sometimes a dull lantern hung over the door to guide the uncertain steps of the inmates and prevent them from stumbling over the broken pavement and falling into the water. The stillness is absolute. There is no sound, no life, no light; nothing that belongs to the busy outside world. In the dim light the balconies jutting out over the water seem grand fantastic monuments, and as one leans back on the cushions of the gondola, half dreaming with the swaying motion, there seems no reason why one should not

glide on forever and lead a ghostly life with the phantoms of the Past.

I am very sorry to go. Our stay at the Palace has been delightful, and I have seen quite a different Venice from the one I remember when I came as a tourist and stayed at the Danieli. I had vague recollections of walking to the Rialto bridge and in the Colonnade of San Marco, but I had no idea of the wonderful, dark, twisting streets and alleys at the back of the palaces, with every now and then a glimpse of the Grand Canal; nor the curious little *Campi*, shut in on all sides with fine old palaces, quite dilapidated, crumbling away; shops downstairs, and various degrees of poverty and squalor in what had been the *piano nobile* and fine apartments in bygone days. I don't know exactly what the charm is, but it exists. One feels the sea everywhere, and I understand the gondolier's phrase, *Il mare ci chiama* (the sea is calling us).

THE CAMPAIGN TROUT

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN



JOSEF and I were lifting our canoe into Lac Lumière from the Dammed Little River when we saw paddles flash up the lake. The "garçons," Blanc and Zoétique, the brace of younger guides, had been out to the club for mail; as that happened only once in ten days we hustled.

I ought to mention that the Dammed Little River is not so named entirely for love of blasphemy, but because it is little and is dammed—it was over that dam that we lifted the canoe. I'll grant you, however, that it may add a tang to the harmless stream to call it by the fierce name, and also it makes you feel pleasantly like a perfect devil to swear that way without sin. Anyhow that's where we were that September afternoon, Josef and I, just back from a two days' hunting trip to Lac Sauvage country. I'd missed a moose, and I knew I was going to get jeered when I got

back to camp and told my brother Walter, who never leaves much to reproach himself with when there's an opening for jeerings. But I might as well face the music, and besides, there was the first mail for ten days a mile ahead between two glints of sunlight coming and going—the paddles. So we hustled, as aforesaid.

But Blanc and Zoétique paddling the home stretch are hard to beat, and they had landed minutes before we got there, and were making oration with Walter on the porch. He detached himself with difficulty to greet me.

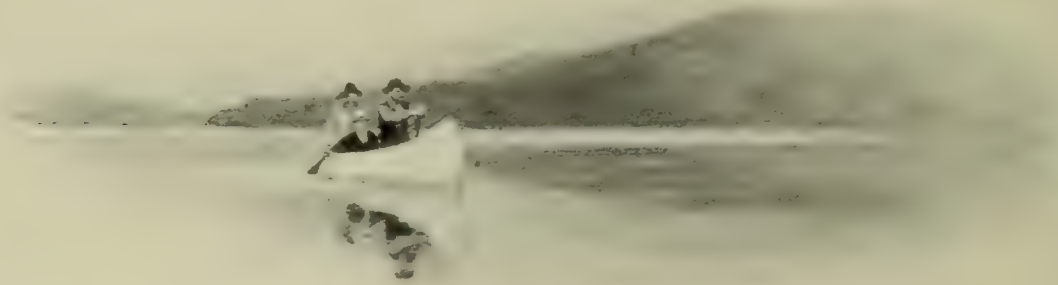
"Hello, Bob," he threw at me, and "*Bon jour*, Josef. Glad to see you. Any luck? Wait a moment and I'll talk to you."

I sat myself on a bench and stretched my hunting boots over the landscape and waited per order. It's good for the soul to hear Walter talk French. He was enthroned in the one store chair, a red rocker, in the middle of the big camp porch, and I'll tell

how he looked, for local color's sake. He's a lot older than I to begin with—over forty, while I'm only at Yale—and they made him a judge the minute he cut his teeth—the youngest in the State. Well, he sat there looking pretty prosperous, with his nice beefy color, and his dark gray clothes, and his dark gray hair, for his honors have gone to the outside of his head only. He's a trifle too embonpointish around the hips, but great men often have a rush of dignity to the waist-line, I notice. The light splashed on his spectacles so they were all

He's keen for fishing. He'd rather fish than be President—rather than shoot the biggest bull moose on record. He had the package of letters in his hands, the first in ten days; around him were piled rolls of newspapers, and he hadn't heard a new in all that time—but nothing mattered. Nothing but Zoétique's fish story.

When Zoétique's crisp, rippling sort of low voice stopped, Walter leaned forward and got ready with anxious care to talk. To talk French was a necessity, for the men didn't understand English, and I could see



you could see of his eyes, but the glasses looked full of earnestness, and there was a deep line in the middle of his forehead which comes when he's most awfully serious. He was this time. I'd have bet on it, when I saw his pipe sitting on his knee like an interrogation point upside down.

Before him stood Zoétique and Blanc, dressed in odds and ends; trousers under their armpits, multiple suspenders, slouch hats, a red bandanna, an axe in Zoétique's belt, and a caribou-skin knife sheath with buckskin fringe in Blanc's. Rum-mage sale effects. For all that Zoétique's got a figure which any athlete might envy, deep-shouldered, small-waisted, muscled—and Blanc moves like a greyhound, all steel springs and lightness. They stood respectfully in front of the red rocking-chair, and behind them two miles of lake stretched from the camp porch to the everlasting hills. In musical, incorrect French, with the nice polite manner all these habitants have, Zoétique was getting to the end of a story, as I gathered, about a fish. That made it clear why Walter's soul depths were bubbling and he couldn't pay attention to me.

him working his intellect. He usually helps himself to the French dictionary and kicks it, and calls that conversation, but this was different. This was about a fish—it was important to be understood.

"Si je comprene, Zoétique. Comme celà. Vous l'avez view sortir à le Remous Doré, yune gros poison—gros grosse—vous disons celà?"

I yelped a short yelp. The guides canvassed the sentence with perfect gravity. I could see them guessing. "View" they recognized as "*vu*," I was sure; and "*yune poison*," was a fish, "*un poisson*"; these transformations they'd run up against before. But "*sortir*," stumped them a minute. They looked at each other trying to remember if they'd seen a big fish go out—*sortir*. Then Blanc got it—it was "*jump*"—"sauter."

"But, yes, Monsieur, it is true that one saw a big fish jump—at the Golden Pool—as one passed. A very big one—*b'en gros—gros de même*"—and the knotty hands of Blanc measured a hearty three feet.

"Great Scott!" gasped Walter excitedly, taking it all verbatim as he does a fish

story; "Holy Moses! it's a six-pounder, at least!"

And with that the French language was batted through a game. A Parisian would have sobbed. But Walter got his questions out of his system, and I pulled him from one or two sad holes by the boots. And then the *garçons raconté-d* over again for me how they had been passing the Golden Pool—the *Remous Doré*—on their way up from the club with the mail and provisions, and had been brought to a dead stop by an enormous splash in the water. Zoétique specified that it was "*épouvantable*," and Blanc, with gestures of hands and shoulders, told how he was so scared blue that he spilled into a two-foot hole, and the pack slid off him. Then the trout came up again, and concerning that appearance they gave measurements. They had him half the length of a canoe, and ten pounds heavy, by egging each other on a little, and Walter didn't doubt a syllable; he didn't want to.

"*Je vous dites ce que nous faisait*," he addressed them enthusiastically.

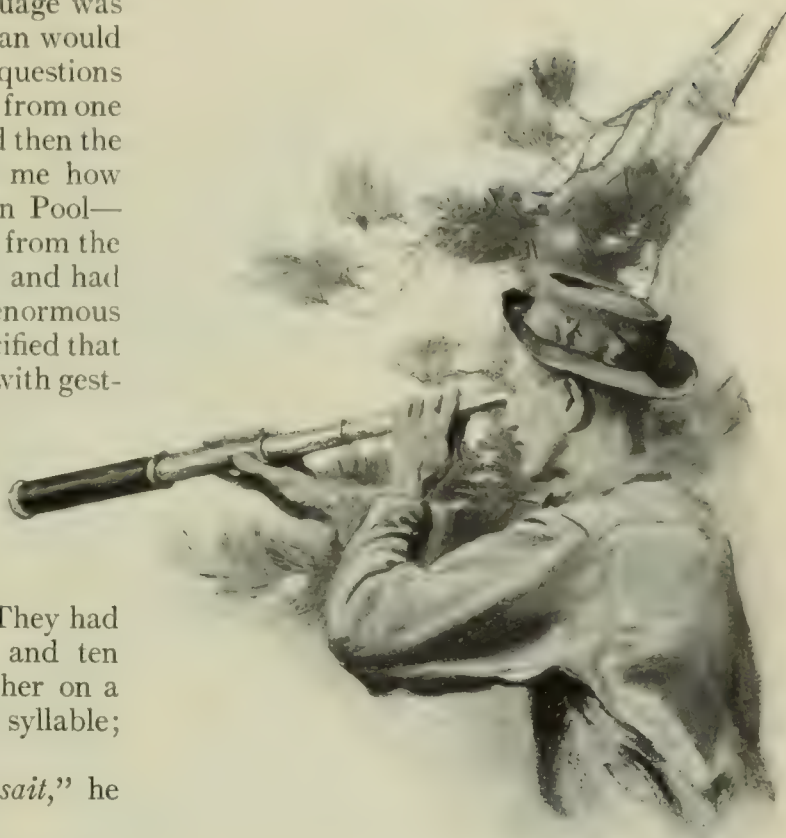
Then he arranged, with further language, that the three, he and Blanc and Zoétique, should go down to the Golden Pool the next afternoon and collar that fish. Then he let the men loose, and they dissolved into the woods toward their own camp, and Walter glared at me joyfully through his goggles.

"Bob, it's a sockdologer; it's the one that nibbled at my fly two weeks ago, and I couldn't get him on. But it was hot, then, and low water, and lots of flies for the fish to fill up on. Now it's cold, and they're gathering in the deep holes, and the flies are frozen out—I'll get him."

"Please the pigs, you will," agreed I. "Sounds like an old he-one, doesn't it? And Zoétique never does lie as well as the rest. Give me my letters, won't you?" and with that he came too.

"Well, Bobby, I haven't heard about your trip. Did you have a good time? How was the water on Lac à l'Isles? Have the beaver raised it? And did you see anything? Get a shot?"

My time was come, so I unbosomed my sorrow, and Walter was decent at first and said we all knew what it was to miss, and likely the sights of my rifle were wrong, as Josef suggested, and shooting from a



It's, a, straw, hat! "—Page 65.

canoe was hell anyhow, and these Frenchmen couldn't hold a boat still—and all such things. When you shoot crooked there are just so many excuses from which your friends will choose comfort to offer up to you, and you knew beforehand which. But the feeling left is the same. If you've missed, you've missed, and nothing alters that fundamental grief and the yearning for blood and one more shot, which remains. And conversely, if you've hit you don't give a button how easy the shot was, or how many times you pumped your gun to do it. There's a profound peace in the pit of your being that religion is powerless to bestow.

So as Walter ran over the reasons why I couldn't possibly have hit I appreciated his courtesy, and rejoiced to be let off, but I was sore all the same. Besides, there was a gleam behind the spectacles which gave me a good hunch that I wouldn't be let off forever. A moose—to miss an old bull moose the size of a barn! I couldn't for-



Yanked him landward, but in the enthusiasm of salvage his eyeglasses jumped him.—Page 65.

give myself, whatever Walter said, and even if the rifle was gone queer, which it was. I'll mention in passing that not long after I killed one bigger than the first, but that's quite another story. I told about my trip, and began on my letters, and Walter took to the newspapers. I heard him laughing in a few minutes, and I looked at him.

"What's up?"

He glanced at me over a paper, grinning sheepishly. "They're talking about me for Governor."

"Hey!" I hurled at him, for I was surprised. "You!" And I got up and kicked before him a little. "You! Hooray! Glory has come upon us. And me associating with you just as free—!" Then I sat down. "Tell me what it says," said I.

Walter read some paragraphs from different papers, and it sure did appear like a promising young boom.

"Why, look here, Walter," I gasped. "What's the likes of you doing in the wilderness? Oughtn't you to be down there

fussing? Why don't you beat it for the settlements to-morrow—oughtn't we to go home?"

But Walter frowned evilly. "Go home? Not much. I'm going to take that fish at the Golden Pool to-morrow," he snapped at me. "Besides, if they need me they'll let me know. Whatever happens, I mean to get my fish to-morrow."

Then I addressed him. "That's too ridiclis," said I. "An afternoon's fishing—and us candidates for Governor! Why, you make me laugh. I'm in charge of you, my good man——"

"Oh, are you?" he inquired sarcastically.

"I am that. See?" So I punched him about a bit till he yelled for mercy. I can handle him since he got his embonpoint. I'm in training, and he isn't.

"Don't—don't," he howled; and then, as I slowed down, "I do dislike physical demonstration," said Walter. And I gave him a dig that rounded his sentence up with a squeal.

"That's all," I stated. "Just wanted to put you in your place. Am I in charge?"

"Yes, yes—leave me alone, Bob," he threw at me hurriedly, and just at that second I happened to look out at the lake.

I stood petrified. There was a canoe on it. Now our own guides and canoes were all in camp, and we're away beyond everybody's passing. Nobody comes to Lac Lumière unless they come to see us. Who under heaven could be coming to see us? It was 5.30 in the afternoon, and nobody from another camp would arrive at that hour, for it would be too late to get back anywhere. One doesn't walk portages after dark in Canada. So I was petrified. It was a canoe all right, however, and the paddles were flashing fast; it would be at our dock in five minutes.

"What the devil does that mean?" Walter growled, and I lit into the camp and brought out my telescope, and in half a minute it was on the canoe.

"Two guides—don't know 'em," I reported. And then I shrieked in agony, "For cat's sake—for cat's sake!"

Walter got excited. "Who is it—what is it?" he threw at me.

"That's what I say," answered I. "What is it? what is it? It's, a, straw, hat!"

"A straw hat?" Walter repeated, dazed like.

For you see nature may abhor a vacuum, but I'm willing to bet she doesn't abhor it a patch on the way she does a stiff hat. And there it sat in the middle of nature, the lake gurgling around; dingy, regulation guides dipping paddles bow and stern; outraged mountains rising up green and sanctified at the horizon; and in the centre of the stage, a shiny straw hat. It was too much. I dropped the glass and doubled with too-muchness. And Walter glued an eye to the lookout.

"It's a straw hat," he admitted, and reserved judgment, and went down to the dock, me following in all maidenly modesty.

In five minutes more the canoe's nose ran up the bank to our feet. We "*bon jour*-ed" the guides, and then the hat was lifted respectfully and a lanky figure of a man arose to his feet and stood wobbling. The guides tried to keep the boat steady, but he lurched at the dock and slopped over. His forefoot went into some quite wet lake which we kept there—Canadian canoes aren't

meant for doing the barn dance. Walter and I snatched as one man at him, and yanked him landward, but in the enthusiasm of salvage his eyeglasses jumped him, and according to the law of gravity made for a crack in the dock. And somebody—said to be me—knocked off his lid. It took to the deep and bobbed away riding a wave, and Auguste, the guide, had to *depêche* like sin to fish it in with a paddle. It was an eventful landing for that sandy-haired youth as we discovered him to be on the escape of the hat. He squashed water sorrowfully out of the yellowest low shoes I ever saw, and you couldn't cheer him even when I set his crown back on him and picked up his glasses. He just pulled off his hat promptly and gazed at it like an anxious mother and squashed more lake out of his yellow foot, and clucked softly—I don't know how to spell the noise, but it was a kind of a regretful cluck. Finally he got his glasses rubbed and his hat wiped, and Walter and I volubly offered him dozens of shoes, though I knew we'd have to short-come on the color. With the most exquisite courtesy we walked him upstairs over the muddy little precipice of a trail to the camp, and sat him in the red rocker, and offered him whiskey. But he wouldn't. Heavings, Maud! No. Not him. So we fed him Jamaica ginger and hot water, which I prefer myself, if there's sugar in it. And behold! he smiled like a split in a potato and arrived at the next station.

"I beg you will pardon me, Judge Morgan. I have been disturbed a little by these unfortunate accidents. I have forgotten to explain my presence in your hospitable camp. My name is Spafford. I am head clerk in the office of Bush, Engelhardt & Clarkson. I come from Mr. Engelhardt, Judge Morgan."

"Huh!" grunted Walter in a sweet way he has, like a cross codfish.

The sandy one looked bewildered. "Mr. Engelhardt," he emphasized, "the Chairman of the State Committee, I mean, *that* Mr. Engelhardt," and he paused to give Walter a chance to whoop for joy. Walter not whooping, he trotted along glibly: "The convention which is to nominate the candidate for Governor is on the eighteenth, and Mr. Engelhardt decided yesterday that it would be best that you

should be there. You know, of course, Judge, that you are likely to be nominated?"

"Huh!" remarked Walter again, making awful faces, biting his cigar.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Spafford answered that sound with firm politeness. "Mr. Engelhardt thinks it best." And that to Mr. Spafford seemed to be final. "To-day is the 14th. If you take the train with me from the club to-morrow night at eight, leaving from Quebec the next morning, we will reach headquarters on the 17th, the day before the convention. Mr. Engelhardt and I planned it out," and he smiled that split-rock smile again.

For the third time Walter said that insulting "Huh!" And then in a flash there spread over his face a thick layer of a peculiar sirupy smile which I knew to mean an attack of pig-headedness.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to join you on the journey, Mr. Spafford," he cooed.

Mr. Spafford looked flabbergasted. He simply didn't know the repartee. That anybody should disobey Mr. Engelhardt seemed one form of insanity. But here was a human being playing fast and loose with the nomination for Governor—that was a form even more awful. His pale eyes popped till you could have knocked them off with a stick.

"Are you ill, sir?" he exploded finally.

"Oh, no—not ill, Mr. Spafford," Walter answered gently. "But I'm going fishing."

The cigar which Walter had fed him dropped splib on the floor, and the lower half of his mouth nearly joined it. "Fishing!" he gasped. "Fishing! But—but," hope dawned. Maybe Walter was absent-minded or deaf or something—he surely hadn't understood. "Judge Morgan," he began in a first-reader effect, "it—is—the—nomination—for—GOVERNOR." He got into capitals at that point. "Mr. Engelhardt—the Chairman—of—the—State——"

Walter headed him off. "I know—I grasp," he interrupted softly. "I would like to be nominated for Governor very much, but there's a big trout, Mr. Spafford—are you a fisherman, Mr. Spafford?" he interrupted himself in dulcet tones.

"No." The stunned one stared.

"Ah! then you can't really quite understand. I'm so sorry to disappoint Mr.

Engelhardt if he wants me, but you see it's this way." He proceeded to explain elaborately, as if in court, the situation to that dumfounded youth. Walter showed him carefully how the fish wouldn't bite of a morning, and so the first time he could take this one would be the next afternoon. He pointed out that he'd been after this fish off and on all summer, and how big he was, and how one could see that it would be out of the question to leave before he killed him. This and more—details about flies and low water and such things.

When he got through, the head clerk of Bush, Engelhardt & Clarkson didn't know what he possibly could be talking about. Then a bright idea struck him. Walter was a practical joker, and with that we got the privilege of hearing Mr. Spafford laugh. It wasn't dead merry laughter; it sounded like a rapid-fire Christmas horn gone rusty. "I see," he arrested the flow of it to explain. "You are jesting." And with that I butted in.

"Not on your life, he isn't," I stated. "But it's too blamed bad. Walter, don't go and do such a perfectly rotten—" and at that point Walter's eyes flashed fire, and I stopped hurriedly.

But I didn't give in for all that. I can get him to do things sometimes when most people can't, and I was bound to try this time. So that night, after we'd tucked up the Spafford blossom in his downy guest-tent—and he was horrid nervous about beasts and spiders—I went into Walter's camp and reasoned with the Judge. I pointed out things which are obvious to the intelligence of a frog, and after a while I got him to shed his sirupy smile and talk sense.

"I'm not keen about being at the convention, Bob," he explained. "If the nomination comes of itself I'll be delighted, but I'm not the build to roll logs and keep my dignity. And I don't care to be led down on a leash by that young fool. I don't know what Engelhardt means by sending me such an infernal puppy."

"Ought not to talk that way before a boy like me, Walter," I remonstrated. And then reminded him that Mr. Spafford meant awfully well, and that it was his proud boast that he'd been sent because of his reputation for persistence.

"Persistent—heavenly powers!" Walter groaned. "I should say he was persistent.

Like a terrier this whole evening. Made camp a hell. I'm so relieved to get him to bed that I could yell for joy."

Back I went to the point. I saw he was only reluctant to go out, not dead set against it, and I thought Mr. Engelhardt could likely judge better than he could. I asked him, and he said yes, likely, and that it was no harm to be there for the convention, only—he didn't feel like it. And he felt amazingly like taking that trout. Well, I managed a compromise. It was agreed that we should break camp next morning, and go down ahead of the guides early in the afternoon to the Golden Pool, he and I and Mr. Spafford, and there Walter should fish till it was time to go on to the club to catch the train. If he could corral the sockdologer before that psychological moment, well and good. If not—well, he wouldn't promise, but I had a hunch that if we were all packed up he'd go on. Anyhow it was the best I could do. So I took Mr. Spafford aside next morning and stated the case, with a rosy glow over possibilities; and I warned him politely not to nag at Walter or he'd break for the North Pole, and never be Governor or anything else but a frozen corpse.

Next morning we were busy little housewives, bundling our earthly alls into the big canvas mail-bags which are our camp trunks. The guides were flying back and forth, and everybody was bubbling French, and lots doing. And in the middle of it the poor Spafford waif clung to the red rocking-chair, with the straw hat on his head, lost in wonder. He couldn't comprehend why people who might live in houses with rugs on the floor, and lace curtains and upholstered chairs should choose to do this. I saw him stare at a three-inch hole in my left trouser, where my complexion showed through, and then lift his wondering eyes to my gray flannel shirt, with much mountain wiped upon it, and a red cotton bandanna decorating the neck of it—he couldn't see through the game. You have to be born to it, or you can't.

We got off about two, Walter and I paddling, and Spiff in the middle, in the hat. We left all the guides to shut up camp and bring on the "*butin*." We paddled two miles down the lake, and then into the river among the rocks—it was low water and you had to know the channel. We shot a little

rapids, and the flower of civilization was scared blue, but we made the portage, and there I flopped the canoe on my head and walked off, and Walter guided the steps of the stranger. It's only a mile down the portage to the Pool, so we got there an hour after leaving camp, and Walter at once paid no more attention to anybody. He began to put up his Leonard rod as if it were a religious ceremony; he does it that way. He had his leader ready, and I saw him meditate on the flies, and then open his fly-box and look it over thoughtfully to see if there was anything more seductive to the troutly mind. I remember that cast; it was a Jock Scott for hand-fly, a Silver Doctor in the middle, and a Montreal tail-fly. That's the way he started. Afterward he changed the Silver Doctor for a brown hackle—it was a brightish day. The minute he began to string the rod, it came to me that we'd forgotten the landing-net. That was ghastly when we were out for big fish, but it was much too far to go back, and I knew the guides would have it, and so I hoped the giant wouldn't get on, and Walter wouldn't notice about the net till the guides got there. And I kept mum, not to fuss the fisherman.

The Golden Pool was named that because it is. In September, when we fish there most, the leaves around it have turned yellow, and yellow only, for we're too far north for red foliage, and it's all in a bath of gold light. It's a widening in the river about a hundred yards across, and a lot of it is shallow, so, of a bright afternoon, the tawny colored sand-bars show through. And all around the shore are tall birches, which lean over, and their thin leaves are gold-shot, and the sun glitters through them. There are alders close to the water, and these are frost-touched too, and the stream rushes in over a steep rapids at a gorge between alder walls. It tumbles flashing around rocks in tier on tier of champagne whiteness, with sherry-colored slides of smooth water, and in the deep holes it's the gold-brown of brandy. Flecks of foam whirl all over the surface, and under the bushes at the edge lie feathery hunks of it like piles of whipped cream a foot square. As you get to the place from the shadow and quiet of the woods, you seem to have come into a shower of glancing light and movement and excitement.

You breathe in autumn and energy sharply. Yet it's all as still and remote as the big shadows on the mountains. That's the Golden Pool, and that's where we got, the afternoon of September 15, when my brother squatted on the rocks, and put up and strung his rod.

The reel sang as the first line ran, and the snells fell stiff and curly—but not over the hole—trust Walter not to stir up that hole till he was ready for business. In two or three casts the snells were wet, and the flies spun out on the brown, foam-spotted water. And then Walter cast carefully at the edge of the real fishing ground. Along the left-hand side of the Pool the bottom is all big rocks, and in between are deep, cold holes, and there the big trout lie—never many, yet every year two or three good ones are taken by the few who know the secret, from a place about twenty feet square. It's ticklish fishing, for there are sharp edges to the rocks for an educated fish to dodge under, and more than once a leader has been cut in two by a jerk from a fish that knew his business; and many's the fly yanked off around those edges. So it's skill against skill, man with his clumsy inventions against trout with his exquisite instinct—human brains out of their element against trout cleverness in its stronghold. That's the way it is when you go fishing in the Golden Pool.

Walter cast his prettiest from the first, and that's very pretty casting indeed. The dim-colored Jock Scott danced delicately toward us as he lifted the tip of the rod, hardly touching the surface; the Silver Doctor just wet its bluish, silverish wings, and the Montreal, with its streak of purple-red, dragged a bit in the water; big trout are more likely to take a fly underneath than to jump for it. It was all done in regulation form, slow recover, wrist motion only, sidewise jiggle as the flies came in, a lengthening line covering the hole slowly from side to side. Close back of us was the forest, with just a few yards of big rocks and low bushes for clear space; the recover, you'll see, was a critical business. It was mighty easy to catch a fly in one of those alders or on a fringe of tree, but Walter didn't catch once. He's a shark at the job. However, it was too early; the sun was too strong; nothing doing. So, after half an hour of exhibition casting:

"Take me across, Bob," said Walter, his eyes still fast on the Pool.

So I slid the canoe in, away off one side, awfully cautiously so no ripple would disturb the sacred and holy twenty feet square. And Walter stepped in the bow, and I slid the paddle into the water without a splash, and in two or three careful strokes I had him over at the farther side of the pond, well away, but yet within casting distance of the hole. "Zip" went the reel, with the businesslike, sharp, soft sound which means it's well oiled and well wound and well managed. It's a joy to hear Walter's reel. Out flew the nine-foot line of light which was the leader, and over the brown water danced three spots of color which were the flies. And then I saw Walter's fist jerk back about two inches, hard, and my eyes jumped to the leader, and the hand fly was taut, and there was a bunch of white foam where it should have been, and a great bubbling of water, and the Silver Doctor and the Montreal were floating loose, and the kicking and bubbling and struggling were stronger each second. A fish was on the Jock Scott, and Walter had hooked him. I watched about thirty seconds with my heart in my mouth, and then I knew it wasn't what we were after. And with that Walter gave his pretty grunt.

"Huh!" he said, and began to reel in, casual-like.

"Smoll feesh?" I asked, as Blanc talks English.

"Yes, the little cuss," Walter murmured, and yanked up alongside the boat a three-pound trout.

"Want to keep him?"

"Heavens, no!" said Walter with contempt.

So I laid the paddle in the boat, and wet my hands in the stream, because if you don't do that your touch will take off the overcoat of slime that's necessary to a fish's life, and he'll die. If I'd wanted to keep that fish I couldn't have landed him without a net. He was hooked by just a thread in the upper part of the mouth. But I got the hook out gingerly, and presented him with the freedom of the pool, and he slid off with no remarks. He lived all right. Then big brother proceeded to disgust himself and me by taking rapidly, one after another, five half and quarter pounders. I threw them all in, and seeing we were too

popular with the small game, we moseyed back to the rocks.

Meanwhile, all this time the outcast from civilization was sitting on my sweater on a rock gazing in wonder at the lunatics. If it hadn't been for the infallible Mr. Engelhardt, I'll bet he'd have shaken Walter as no fit thing for Governor, but as Mr. Engelhardt said he was, why he was. Somehow, because the Chairman of the State Committee ruled the cosmos, and said so, Walter had to be nominated. So he sat, and just wondered. I thought I'd try to open a dark side of life to his vision—be a missionary, as it were. Walter had brought the rod-case, and I dug out an old fly-rod and strung it, and put on a leader and three flamboyant flies—a Scarlet Ibis, and a Grisly King, and a White Moth—regular flag effect. Then I charmed him with kind words to follow me down the pool a way, and he followed, lamentably complaining. He fell into holes. At last I got him where he couldn't hurt the fishing, and I showed him how not to hook the tree-tops, and how to work the automatic reel, and then I put the rod in his virgin hands and said "Fire away."

For about three casts he was doing it to oblige me. Then an infant trout, out of an asylum for feeble-minded orphan fish, jumped at the Ibis and hooked himself enthusiastically. And I took it off and showed it to Mr. Spafford—his first trout! And you wouldn't believe what a hurry he was in to cast again. It sure was funny. But that's the magic of the game. The primmest of humans aren't proof against the lure of fishing when they take something. So he took another, and he was a figure of fun, standing on a rock in that wild place in his store clothes, gleaming at head and foot with [brightness of straw and leather, prancing with excitement, and casting very fast. I showed him points, and he began to catch on, but he threw a fit when he hooked the Grisly King to a spruce tree, and I had to climb for it.

"If you could go faster, Mr. Morgan, I'd be obliged," he panted. "There's a large trout in the pool which I can see, and I want to catch it." And then a frank groan: "Oh, mercy, *do* hurry!"

So I yanked the fly off the branch and slid, and he was casting before I struck *terra cotta*.

About then I began to be conscious that time was passing. I looked, and it was 4.30; the guides might be along any minute and we'd have to go on our winding way in half an hour if we caught the train. I glanced across at Walter. He was changing a fly. He put a Brown Hackle in place of the Silver Doctor. He sent two or three short casts, letting out line, and the reel whirred sharp above the gurgling of the rapids. Then he loosed a reckless handful of line on the butt, and his wrist went back, and the flies sailed high and forward and floated out over the pool and touched without a sound—the Montreal under water, the Hackle skimming, the Jock Scott an inch over the surface. A corking cast, over sixty feet, I reckon.

Suddenly there was a swirl, and the Montreal went under deep, with a steady old he-pull. No mistaking that taking of the fly—it was a big trout. Sometimes a huge catfish will make you think he's a trout, but you can't ever mix a trout of large calibre with a catfish. It isn't done.

I saw the swirl and pull, and I leaped into the woods and heard my scholar fisherman wailing as I fled. I knew that Walter had on the whale, and the thought of the landing-net minus made me sick. I crashed through till I got back of Walter; then I called just a word:

"Go slow till I get the net," and up the trail I bolted to meet the guides.

Right where the Green Velvet Brook comes in I met them; we call it that because there are yards of flat rocks each side of solid emerald-colored moss. Zoétique was prostrate on his lungs with his face in the drink; Blanc was dipping it up in his hat; the others were lighting pipes; my eyes lit on the four-foot handle of the net, and with that I lit on it. I grabbed it without breaking the stride, and was loping back down the trail, and not a word said. Those men were surprised—the tail of my eye saw that. I took the portage at a hand gallop, and slowed down twenty feet behind the pool, and crawled out over the rocks to Walter.

"The net is here," I gasped at him, and Walter didn't throw me a syllable, but I knew he heard and would be civil when he got time. The brute was sulking. Down in the rocks—blamed dangerous trick. It was all uneven on the bottom, and the rocks were big, and there were deepish holes, and

if he could get the leader across a rough edge and yank, or if Walter pulled a bit too hard, he could cut the leader and be off in a second. He knew it too—he was an educated person, that trout. Wherefore it behooved Walter to fish like an archangel.

He didn't look the part, being screwed into a wuzzle behind his gleaming glasses, but if pretty is as pretty does, he was a beauty. He held Mr. Sockdologer on a short line, just feeling him, and giving him a tiny lift now and then to keep the game going. Exactly the right amount, that's why fishing is hard; you have to do it right to a hair's breadth, which is instinct. You acquire it by patient years of losing fish. So the candidate for governor, huddled in a brown lump, sat on an inconvenient-shaped rock and held himself there by one boot planted in the water, and didn't give a hang for the governorship or the discomfort—those qualifications also go with a fisherman.

I lay along a chosen log six feet back, and watched the battle. And pretty soon I was aware of shapes that melted out of the trees, and it was the guides. They slid together back of me like a group of fauns or other woods creatures only half human, in the shadows, and there wasn't a sound from them, but a wreath of blue air floated forward in a minute, and I got the dim odor of Canadian tobacco. That odor always seems to me just one remove from leaf-mould and growing ferns and spruce-needles and other forest-speaking smells. So there we all watched, while Walter fought the fight.

And around the corner of the pool, out of mischief, Mr. Spafford, mad with excitement, fished his first fish with squeals of rapture and of agony. I couldn't see him, but I could follow the plot by the noises he made, and I had to chuckle, in spite of the real job on hand. First there'd be an "Oh!" high and sharp, of excitement and hope—a trout was on; then an "O—O—Oh!" deep and mournful—he'd lost him. Then he'd adjure them.

"Come, little fishy," said he; "nice fly—jump for fly, little fishy," as unconscious as a kitten, and as lost in the game. And pretty soon I heard the men behind me giggling softly, and as I squinted up they were shaking *en masse*, and trying to see the débutant Izaak Walton around the trees.

About then, out of the hidden deeps the whale suddenly rose right at the rod, coming with a smooth velocity that was terrific. The tip went up, and the reel ate line; the line kept taut. But it was a miracle that did it, and if the beast had got an inch of slack he'd have shaken loose; he knew his job, the trout. And the next second the reel screamed, and off he went like a cannon-ball, out and out and out, tearing down the stream, and Walter had the rod straight forward, lowered almost to the water, giving him line by the yard. It was a tremendous rush, and I tell you I was proud of Walter. That minute and the next two or three were the most superb fishing show I ever had the luck to be in at. For no sooner had the beast run like mad for sixty feet straight from us, than he whirled as chain lightning, and scooted for us, lickety-split. I thought that settled it; no human could manage line at that angle, I thought. I heard Zoétique gasp softly back of me:

"*Mais, bon Dieu, c'est fini!*"

But it wasn't "fini." Up flew the tip of the rod; Walter was turning the reel rapidly, and the line was ripping in without a sag, without a jerk—I never saw the equal of it. That, if you please, sir, is fishing. Also it was lightning. Quick! Heavings! It discouraged old man whale. Down he went into the rocks again, sulking, and I knew Walter would rather have him do rushes than that, for there's nothing so anxious in all fishery. You can't ever tell what minute's going to be an earthquake, and you don't know what jagged edges he's got down there to jerk himself across, and you don't dare pull him, and you don't dare hold him easy. It's all guesswork, and mighty dangerous. Moreover, for a hole, the hole was shallow, and you had less leeway with the line, and a mistake in gauging the depths would be fatal quicker than in deep water. So Walter had a handful and a brainful.

Into that breathless situation reverberated a roar. "Oh, Mr. Morgan! Oh, Judge! Oh, Mr. Morgan—come and get ME. I—want—to—go! It's five o'clock! Come, and get ME! It's five o'——"

And about there Walter looked up and frowned vaguely, and I arose and hesitated as to how to kill quickest. Walter's eyes strayed back to the brown pool with the white bubbles doing waltzes and two-steps

across it, and with that, as I stood reflecting, I was aware that Mr. Spafford was trying to come alone. All of two hundred yards—the dare-devil. I knew it by a crash as of a bull moose, and a howl following. He'd gone into a hole the first thing. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" I heard him moan, and then more crashing, and the guides splashed suppressed laughter all over me, but Walter didn't hear. His soul was at the end of the thread that dipped out of knowledge at a point of the dark water.

And in a second we were all intent on that same point, for the trout opened up hostilities once more. Without warning he gave an enormous pull and rose to the top and shook himself, and broke water, and beat with his tail, and tossed, and jerked, and rolled, and raised the most dangerous Cain ever, and Walter's wrist followed the ins and outs of it faster than any mind could possibly think. If your subliminal consciousness doesn't understand fishing you might as well give up when a trout gets to that act, for no up-stairs thinking machine ever could follow. However, Walter's sub-qualities rose to the strain and saw him through, and the whale went down again visibly tired from the struggle.

And out of the woods burst our guest. So sad and bad and mad he was that I crouched before him. "Judge Morgan," he fired at Walter, who paid no more attention than if a puppy was barking: "Judge Morgan, I'll say nothing about the condition of my clothes." So I took notice, and there was a six-inch square tear in the right knee of them clothes, and the piece flopped.

"Too bad," I murmured, and he glanced at me sarcastically as who should say he knew well enough I'd put that stick to catch him, so I needn't be hypocritical. He further addressed the court:

"Judge Morgan, I'll suppose that my discomfort has not been caused intentionally—I'll suppose that."

Walter lifted the tip of the rod the least gingerly bit, and promptly lowered it; he was there.

"Judge Morgan, I'll not further mention myself, but for Heaven's sake, for reason's sake, for Mr. Engelhardt's sake, stop catching that fish and come and catch the train. I adjure you, do not throw away the prize of your career, the Governorship," and that was shrieked in large capitals.

His voice trembled with emotion. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and halted a mere second; then he pulled out of that pocket as he went on—I couldn't believe my eyes—he pulled out of that trousers pocket a small, slimy, dead trout, and cast it from him, and pulled out another, and up to six, and discarded them on the rocks contemptuously. And I gasped, and the guides lay down and rolled, choking, but his voice went on in great exhortation: "The Governorship! For a fish! Come, Judge Morgan. Be sane. There's time, but not more than time. We must start this instant—we must hurry—but we can make the train. Judge Morgan, I entreat you—come!"

And that "come" was a howl that penetrated even Walter. When he's annoyed he's likely to take his glasses off. He did that now, pulling them away hurriedly with one hand, and staring up at the exhorter near-sightedly, like a troubled bat. "What's all this?" he growled, and threw me an appealing, irritated glance. "I'm not going anywhere till I kill this fish—you ought to know that, Bob!" and then he put his glasses on and threw one surprised glance at the little dead fishes on the rocks, and settled back to his rod, and I think plain forgot Spafford and me and everything else.

I realized that the universe, barring the trout, had been put up to me, so I took the wheel. "Mr. Spafford, I'm sorry; but it's no use. Derricks couldn't stir him. If you want to go on, you can take two guides and make the train all right. I'm awfully sorry, but my brother wouldn't drop his rod, as things stand, to be made Czar; we might as well give up."

"But it's insanity! It's—it's criminal! It's——"

I just agreed. "All of that," said I. "Only it's Walter. He's that way, and I can't change it. It's pretty selfish of course"—and I looked sidewise to see if the criminal was taking in things, but not an eyelash quivered.

The outraged Mr. Spafford held out a disgusted hand in answer to mine. "I shall tell Mr. Engelhardt, and he will believe me, but he will not understand. No reasonable person *could* understand that a sane man would throw away the Governorship for a fish. Good-by."

At that Walter looked up with the nice beaming smile which makes him so popular and said pleasantly, "Good-by, Mr. Spafford. Sorry you have to go. It would be nice to be Governor, Mr. Spafford, but it's necessary to finish the job I'm on." And in two minutes more the dumfounded youth was in a canoe between Henri and Godin, and the paddles were flashing down stream beyond the Golden Pool.

Walter played the trout twenty minutes more—forty-five minutes in all. There were more rushes, and more sulking, but the runs were shorter each time, and the brute was plainly getting tired. At last the battle was practically over, and the huge fish was swimming near the surface, rolling on its side and flapping its fins helplessly, and Walter drew it this way and that, waiting to land it till the psychological moment when it should be too tired to shy at the net and break loose, as happens often after a great fight. Zoétique knelt by him on the rocks, intent and excited, but responsible, and dipped the net softly in the stream to make it pliable, and then held its mouth toward the moving fish, following its course, ready every second for Walter's signal.

"Now," said Walter, and the net swept toward the trout, and the trout, with a last effort, splashed, tore, ran—Zoétique had missed him.

We all gasped in unison. Then for two or three minutes more the fish was played gently, carefully, back and forth, near the surface always now, and then suddenly Walter's chin lifted, and Zoétique, half in the water himself, brought the net around and up with a splendid sweep, and in it, high in air, flapping and splashing spray over us, was the great trout! And when the net was lowered, and Zoétique got out his big dirk to finish the beast with a rap on the skull, *v'là!* he fell off the fly into the net. Lightly hooked as that, and Walter had saved him! It sure was a mighty fish fight!

My! you ought to have heard Walter sigh. And one minute later you ought to have seen him grin. It was an hour of glory. Then the guides were given cigars and drinks, as is seemly at a great killing, and then the scales were dug out. Six and seven-eighths, just short of seven, the record in the club for the *Salmo-Fontinalis* on a fly. Of course, they're taken up to nine pounds

in our waters in spring, but that's trolling, and no credit to anybody. The whale of the Golden Pool holds the record, to this writing, for sporting fishing.

And here ends the first chapter. Walter claims that here ends the story, and that the sequel is a detached incident. But I am now come to man's estate, and I happen to have a perfectly able hunch of my own about that. It's the sequel—I give it. We went back to camp that night, and by careful observations my brother hadn't a regret in the world, and crowns and principalities and governorships weren't on his mind, which was set up by a huge gloat over his fish. He was the most deeply satisfied man I ever saw, that night, after he'd "thrown away the Governorship"—see Spafford as above. We trotted along back and unpacked our "*butin*," and settled down, much like that Emperor of Russia and his thirty thousand men who drew their swords and put them up again. We stayed a week, and not an uneasy glance did I surprise in Walter, but once and again an amused one with a chuckle on to it, as something recalled the Spafford episode. We got no mail and he seemed not to care. At length we broke camp definitely, and paddled down the lake in the sunshine of a glorious cold September morning, looking back longingly to where our long, low, log palace, barred and empty, blinked blind, reproachful windows at us through the trees. We did hate to leave—we always do.

We got to the club-house at five in the afternoon, and everything was dead quiet; not even Demerse the steward, was in sight. So we wandered up through the birches to the big house and stood a moment on the veranda to watch the guides bring up the *pacquetons*. Walter was bossing it, so I just stared at the last wild woods picture I'd see for a year. Around the cup of *Lac à la Croix* in front of us were two sets of mountains: one stretched calm miles of greenness and sunshine into the horizon; its double dipped deep in water upside down, and the wind zig-zagged wet silver across the submerged spruce spires. With that, out of the spruce spires as it appeared, leaped Demerse panting before us, excited, much-grinning.

"*Bon jour*, Demerse," said Walter cheerfully, and shook hands and went on bossing



Philip R. Goodwin.
1910.

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

"Now," said Walter, and the net swept toward the trout.—Page 72.

the guides. "Godin, *je veux que vous faisait*," he began. But Demerse wasn't to be coked that way. Not much.

"*Bon jour, M'sieur le Gouverneur*," he burst forth. "*Mes félicitations à votre Excellence. On est b'en content de ces nouvelles, M'sieur le Gouverneur*," and he grinned and panted more.

"What the devil are you talking about?" remarked Walter impolitely, and instantly translated, with that friendly comic grin of his which nobody seems to resist. "*Quaw le diable est-ce que vous disez, Demerse?*" he said. With that Demerse burst into the club-house and brought forth bunches of papers. It was so. They'd nominated the old rascal, whether he would or not. We read that first, and Walter was interested enough and pleased enough to satisfy even Mr. Spafford. Then I lit on a headline in huge letters, which read:

"Consider the Contrast. Candidates of Different Calibre. Holloway Leaves Sick Child to Make Speeches. Morgan Says'"—and then I yelped, and joy got in my legs, and I threw down the paper and leaped a leap in mid-air.

"Read it, Cub; read it, you young cuss," Walter fired at me, and I read:

"Morgan says: "It would be nice to

be Governor, but it's necessary to finish the job I'm on."'"

In small type below was the story about the fish. All straight, too. Spafford in deep disgust had told it to Mr. Engelhardt, and the Chairman had been quick to see how to use it as a campaign catch. Holloway, Walter's rival, had left his small boy, about to be operated on, to get to the convention, and was awfully criticised for it; so the picture of immovable old Walter sticking to his fishing made a grand set-off to Holloway's nervousness.

We found it in paper after paper. Mr. Engelhardt said afterward that the simple account of Spafford's despair and Walter's solid rock-front of determination to get that trout first, and then attend to the Governorship, but to get the trout first anyhow—that the account of that did more for the nomination than Walter's presence could have done. It seemed to tickle the people to have him look after the job on hand, and be impervious to everything else till he put that through—and that's the way the old chap is. Single-minded. I brought him up rather well, if I do say it, and I only hope this governor job—for he's elected now, you see—isn't going to spoil our camping trip next summer. So does Walter.

WHERE LOVE IS

By Amelia Josephine Burr

By the rosy cliffs of Devon, on a green hill's crest,
I would build me a house as a swallow builds her nest;
I would curtain it with roses and the wind should breathe to me
The sweetness of the roses and the saltness of the sea.

Where the Tuscan olives whiten in the hot blue day,
I would hide me from the heat in a little hut of gray,
While the singing of the husbandmen should scale my lattice green
From the golden rows of barley that the poppies blaze between.

Narrow is the street, Dear, and dingy are the walls
Wherein I wait your coming as the twilight falls.
All day with dreams I gild the grime till at your step I start—
Ah Love, my country in your arms—my home upon your heart!



To recall the villas of Capri.—Page 76.

ITALY IN CALIFORNIA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



WHO that knows the Mediterranean country could fail to note the tie that binds the Latin lands to the hill-slopes facing the channel of Santa Barbara?

The soft breeze, fanning the face like a caress; the limpid air—the *cielo sereno* dear to every Italian heart—the scent of the orange blossoms wafted from the terraces; the shimmering olives backed by dark oaks; the suave lines of the coast reaching from the headlands of Miramar and Montecito down toward the bluffs of Ventura; the lazy blue sea sending its subdued rumble to the ear; the islands floating like mirages upon its bosom, evoke the noble panoramas of Camaldoli, of Positano, of Nervi, of Bordighera. Even the laborers, ploughing between the lemon trees, chatter the liquid note of Italy's language, and toward evening, when nature is stilled in the hush which comes with twilight, from the cottage behind our house, come the soft notes of the

romanzas of Posilippo sung by the gardeners and their families.

Such for a general impression. And even when you look more closely, the comparison holds. In the gardens the gorgeous hybiscus blooms beside the agapanthus, the heliotrope, and hedges of strawberry guava; the bougainvillea transforms prosaic cottages into Sicilian villas, and row upon row of pink amaryllis balance their shapely heads along the pathways, their lily-like flowers undefiled by any leaf.

The finely drawn mountains, with infinitely broken surfaces, fold on fold along the sea, ashen in the white light of mid-day, rosy in the flush of evening, clothe their lower slopes with pungent thickets of southernwood and wild lilac where canaries nest and bluebirds whose azure wings flash in the sunlight, and the canon-wren whose song at daybreak awakens one with a thrill of pleasure.

The choicer homes, too, affect the Latin type, and, when not frankly Spanish, are

built to recall the villas of Capri or Sorrento. Such a one, for instance, is the large mansion that caps a rounded hill beyond Miramar, a veritable *castello a mare*—low, turreted, towered, blank and square facing the sea, and so well planned in ensemble that I hesitated to approach it for fear of dispelling the agreeable impression. Such another is a certain home in Montecito, a snow-white villa with grilled windows and pottery roofs, set in dark, cypress-grown gardens laid out on steep terraces, whose staircases and gleaming walls are reflected in long basins of silent water, and decorated with cacti in earthenware pots.

But Southern California has often enough been called "Our Italy," and it is not so much my purpose to follow these reconstructions of Italy in California as to seek out the veritable bits of the motherland that are to be found within its borders. For there *are* real bits of Italy in California—colonies that retain their traditions intact, living the picturesque life of the old country, cultivating their patches of *basilico* for the *minestra*, drying their strings of

garlic on the roof-tops, or mending their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea.

And besides these simple folk, one may chance to meet all sorts of interesting people in the colony (at the present writing the grandsons of two of Italy's most distinguished patriots), for California has always been a lure, a synonym for wealth, a land of gold to the Italian—a bit of his own Latin land, and an adventurer's land too—so much so, in fact, that an unruly son who threatened to disgrace his family would often be told "to go to California" much as we would mention a rather warmer place.

The grapes were just ripening, and I had heard that up in the Napa Valley there was to be a vintage festival. Knowing how many foreigners dwell in the three valleys that form the last dimples of the northern coast range, I dreamed of some such sort of Bacchic revel as I had seen in Dalmatia, or in the Piedmontese Hills.

So one late afternoon found me at St. Helena under the shadow of the mountain of the same name—known to all lovers of



An Italian grapepicker.



A snow-white villa, set in dark, cypress-grown gardens —Page 76.

Stevenson as the home of the Silverado Squatters. Here a big auto was waiting and sped off in the gloaming up toward the mountains. Evening closed in, and the great eyes of the car, stronger far than the orbs of Jupiter, lit up, at each turn of the road, weird pictures succeeding each other with the bewildering rapidity of some phantasmagoria—reversing the truths of nature and, as in imaginative scenery, making light objects dark and dark objects light; flattening everything in their shadeless light; disclosing now a farm-house leaping

from the darkness, now trembling aspens hung with heavy festoons of wild grapevine, bordering a Styx-like rivulet; now solitary oaks of giant size, blocking the whole horizon, their great branches soaring aloft only to fall low again in pendant boughs—then, in a moment, darkness, the stars overhead, and the white winding road.

The festival, from my point of view, was not a great success. There were, to be sure, some pretty grapepickers' costumes, and a country dance followed by a big dinner, with the first wine-press of the valley used

as the piece de resistance in the decoration. Speeches were made deprecating the use of fiery liquors, but extolling the juice of the grape—nectar of the gods—and the temperate drinking of healthy wines that stimulate, but so seldom inebriate.

From another point of view, however, the festival to me was a great success, for at it I chanced to meet one of the two men who

upon acres of vineyard spread out in the sunshine, drawn up in regiments and brigades, climbing the hummocks and descending the other side; clothing the valleys with their battalions in close array, their vanguards even attacking the surrounding hills and, foot by foot, forcing back the natural growth of madrones and oaks to their fastnesses upon the hill-tops.



Mending their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea.—Page 76.

have done more, perhaps, than any others for the cultivation of the vine in California.

A day or two later I was visiting his vineyards just over the mountain, named for the township in Piedmont that produces the most renowned of Italian sparkling wine—the Asti spumante.

Situated on one of the upper reaches of the Russian River, in a wide and comely valley, surrounded by partially wooded hills, with the tall shafts of redwoods, last remains of the northern woods, punctuating their crests from time to time, Asti recalls the foothills of the Bergamesque Alps, or the lower slopes of the Apennines.

While visiting here, I veritably passed my time in Italy, for every one I met and everything I saw was Italian.

My host, with the true Latin courtesy, spent all his time in driving me about through miles of vineyards, each named for some township in the motherland, and producing the various well-known Italian wines: the barolo and barbera and the chiantis, white and red.

We topped a rounded hillock, at one point in our drive, dominating the whole valley, and from it, as a general commands his field of operation, surveyed these acres

And the vicissitudes of this twenty-eight-year campaign have been many and varying. Started with an acre of mission grapes (and a bad start too, for the original strong Spanish stock has never produced fine wines), many a setback has been encountered. The dreaded phylloxera has been fought and conquered; the inroads of sheep in a night have destroyed armies of tender shoots, while clouds of locusts have accomplished similar destruction. But here, as a reward to the general for his years of effort, now lie these acres of well-grown vines, bearing their tons of grapes; here live his countrymen and their families, thriving and content.

As we drove on we met the pickers in the vineyards—whole families of them, the babies asleep in empty crates, while men, women, and children filled pile after pile of boxes with great clusters of luscious grapes. Every once in awhile a big wagon drawn by four mules (substitutes for the oxen in the old Chianti country), with long red *focchi* dangling at their ears, would come along and load up, then drive off to the great winery in the valley below near the railroad and the bank of the Russian River.

Here for once Italian methods have been



Entrance to the Villa Pompeii, Asti.

abandoned. Instead of the primitive fashion of crushing the grapes in vats with the bare feet that still prevails in most parts of Italy, the enormous yield of these Asti vintages is crushed in modern fashion by machinery. The grapes are dumped from the boxes on to an endless chain that hoists them to a sort of pent-house at the very apex of the winery roof. Here the grape crusher, run by electricity, grinds and stems them at a single operation, then throws them into troughs that lead down into the fermenting vats below.

What a sight you see as you look down from this crusher onto the tops of the open tanks—row upon row of them, each holding several thousand gallons—standing in dusky aisles with shots of light at intervals illuminating the seething mass within, touching its myriad bubbles with magic, changing them to emeralds, rubies, topazes, diamonds!

About ten years ago the capacity of even these enormous vats became so overtaxed that in six weeks' time a cement cistern, with a capacity of half a million gallons, had to be constructed adjoining the winery. I said half a million gallons, and I meant it. It is a pride with these Italians to tell you that when the cistern was emptied after the first vintage they held a dance within it for a hundred couples, the floor well washed, but the walls still stained with that wonderful *lie du vin*—the royal purple residue of the crushed grape.

Of economic conditions here at Asti I make no pretence to judge, but to the casual observer the colony seems happy and prosperous. It is entirely sufficient unto itself having its own general store, its smithy, its bakery (many a family has its own oven besides), its dairy, its quaint church—la Madonna del Carmine, where they sing Gregorian chants on Sundays—its school-

house and post-office, and a cooperage, one of its most picturesque features, down by the railroad—a bit of the infernal regions this, with its red-hot braziers heating the barrels to bend the staves, while half-naked men hop round them, demon-like, madly beating the hoops into place.

The families live in scattered houses, but the single men occupy dormitories near the Colony House, as it is called, the official residence of the superintendent. Any one who thinks of the Italian as a small, dark, and weakly looking man should see this native of Verona, six feet in his stockings and broad in proportion, deep-chested, with clear blue eyes, blond hair and bristling moustache, bestriding his fiery young stallion—Arno—like one of the king's *corazzieri*. The colony has its diversions also, and on fête days you may find them fishing by the river with the little square nets of the old country, or under the trees at evening playing home-made reeds and pipes.

I spent most of one afternoon playing *giuochi di bocci* in the fine hard court down at my host's villa. Some years ago a visit to Pompeii suggested to him a country house modelled after the Casa dei Vettii and a charming idea it was. The villa is set in a grove of palms and orange trees. The atrium greets you with the familiar "salve" in the mosaic pavement; the peristyle, of highly pictorial effect, invites to quiet and repose with its long colonnades, its prim privet hedges, its cool fountain capped with a *tempietto*; its Janus-heads and green-bronze *putti*, and its panelled walls of Pompeian red framed in black and gold.

Two giant oaks, centuries old, form a majestic background, separating the garden from the river, whose winter wash threatens its very existence. Just behind the peristyle and to the right, a group of hammocks swing in the cool recess of a large grotto made of parti-colored rocks, and so truly Italian in taste that one marvels until told that it was built stone upon stone by a *contadino*, a simple peasant workman, after his own design. The gardens, full of quaint conceits and unexpected features, contain a number of those *giuochi d'acqua*, so familiar to all lovers of less formal Italian gardens, such as the Pallavicini, near Genoa. As you admire the goldfish in a basin or search in vain for a wondernest in a trellised arbor,

suddenly the pressure of your foot upon a trap concealed in the gravel path, or under the fallen leaves, turns a spigot and sprays your face with water; or should you be thirsty and turn a faucet, the water gushes from a jet above as you start back, amazed and spluttering.

Some years ago, when the Duke of the Abruzzi first came to California as a simple ensign on a man-of-war, he visited this Villa Pompeii for several days. He was accompanied by six of his brother officers, among them one who was the practical joker of the party—a sort of court jester as it were. It was a warm day when they arrived, and this young nobleman, spying the hammocks in the cool grotto, incontinently threw himself into one, only to bob up, aghast and bewildered, as a heavy shower of water sprayed down upon him. His companions, delighted at his discomfiture, at the joker joked, went into gales of laughter, and the Duke, in his amusement, backed into a tree only to receive a heavier shower in the back of his royal neck!

The Asti colony, though perhaps the most important and most thoroughly Italian, is by no means the only one in California. At Madeira, in the San Joaquin Valley, and in the broad fields of the Sacramento, there are important though more scattered groups of Italians, while in the gardens of Visitation Valley, flecked with the whirling shadows of scores of windmills, men cultivate the terraces as in Lombardy, weeding on all-fours in the vegetable patches, drying garlic on the shanty roofs, and rearing their numerous progeny.

The Italian population of San Francisco has always affected the district under the shelter of Telegraph Hill. I remember when I was a boy the fascinations of Dupont Street, as it then was called, and its succession of wonder-shops where Bologna sausages encased in tinfoil hung in dazzling clusters from the ceiling; where tinned eels from Commacchio, and confetti in brilliant wrappers lay side by side in the showcases; where ponderous millstones rolled the dough in macaroni factories, while presses ground out yards of tagliarini and tortellini, lasagne and reginnini. To-day conditions are quite the same, for on this same street, now Grant Avenue, China-Bisleri and Ferret-Branca and Florio's Marsala tempt



Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco.

from the windows; big crescents and the hard nubs of bread that every traveller in Italy has sighed over are sold in the bake-shops; gay calicoes flaunt in the doorways, and at the back of the wineshops they still press out with the feet that execrable *vin d'uva* so dear to the fisherman's heart—his own wine that he offers with such pride to his honored guest.

Montgomery Avenue, one of the few streets in San Francisco that consents to run at any other angle than a rectangle (how happy I should be if there were more like it),

acts as a gateway to the Quarter. It houses the larger industries: the steamship offices, La Veloce and the Florio Rubattino—how familiar they do sound—the Banca Popolare and La Voce del Popolo, the mouth-piece of the colony. It houses, too, the most important bookstore, whose long windows are always stocked with the latest illustrated books and papers—the caustic "Asino" and "Mulo," beside the more commonplace "Corriera della Sera," the songs and barcaroles that one hears in Venice and Naples, beside pretty picture

postcards of the motherland; the paper-bound "Storia dei Paladini di Francia," beside the "Cavalier di Malta" and other lurid melodramatic tales, among them "Il Processo Thaw."

At the intersection of Broadway, the only other wide street of the quarter, you will find the principal restaurants, bona fide *trattorie* like the *Trovatore* and the *Fior d'Italia*, where white-aproned waiters serve

the programme you can have anything you like, from "Fedora" and "Camille" to "Giosué'il Guardacoste," "an emotional drama," as the poster tells you, with acts labelled, "One who sells his honor," "Twenty years after," "The portfolio and reward," and so forth; or, on other nights, if you prefer, as I do, the *zarzuela*, or vaudeville, combined with one-act farces. These latter are my special favorites.



La Madonna del Carmine, Asti.

minestra and *fritto misto*, breaded cutlets and *zabajone*, while a *piccolo* brings bottles of wine from a counter tucked under the stairs.

Near them the marionettes used to hold forth, and there have I often heard Orlando recount his fiery love, and seen the Palladins of Charlemagne slay Turk and Saracen in true Sicilian fashion. Now, alas, the blatant nickelodeons and moving-picture shows have drawn away the patrons, and the last expounder of the doughty deeds of Orlando Furioso is driven to make his final stand in a small Sicilian colony in the Mission.

A few blocks further up The Avenue, as it is familiarly called, and you come to Washington Square, whose rows of venerable cedars have sheltered generations of Italian children just as the elms of Washington Square in New York have long sheltered the Italian denizens of the Bleeker Street quarter.

Here the Italian Theatre thrives—a large structure, clean and up-to-date. Except upon festival nights, it is a ten-cent show, but, I assure you, a good one. If you watch

Modelled after the manner of Goldoni's comedies, simple, childlike in their naïveté, they are full of Italian character, and appeal strongly to the simple emotions of the fisherfolk and tradespeople in front of the footlights. To give an example: a young modiste is discovered trimming her bonnets; to her appear in turn three suitors: a decrepit but proud marquis, with monocle and rheumatic legs, then an overdressed but handsome young city chap, and finally Stentorello, the country clown, dressed after the old tradition in a sort of Watteau-esque motley, with spiked wig, long velvet waistcoat, small clothes, and beribboned knees. He is fond of cracking vulgar jokes, but with all has a certain peasant craftiness, getting the best of everybody, and, finally, of course, outwitting his rivals and winning the pretty milliner.

The Italian quarter was practically wiped out by the great fire three years ago, so little of its outward picturesqueness remains. It was, however, one of the first districts to be rebuilt—thereby showing the thrift of its population, but its new buildings evince but little Italian influence, excepting in the back



San Francisco Bay from Sausalito.

yards where tomatoes lie drying, or fishermen sit mending their nets, and on the rooftops, where a vast space is always reserved for lines of clothes flapping in rows like scarecrows against the clear blue sky. Its double character, half American, half Italian, may best be summed up I think in a sign I saw advertising apartments to rent, and concluding with the mixed information "la chiave al janitor in rear!"

Fisherman's Wharf still remains, however, to delight the lover of the picturesque.

In a rectangular basin, with but a single

exit to the Bay, lie the lateen-sailed fishing smacks, blue, green, or striped with red and yellow, with their warm brown sails shading groups of fishermen gathered round their demijohns of wine. Long lines of tawny nets hang drying along the wharves, while men in gum-boots mend their broken strands, or readjust their corks and leaden weights, working, on rainy days, in a big shed near by, whose sombre interior presents great possibilities for the painter, with its Rembrandtesque effects of light disclosing the heavy nets suspended from the

rafters, while dark figures in picturesque garb move about, or work in the scant patches of light. Adjoining this shed is the boat-builder's house full of flying chips, of bent timbers, and bits of spars and rigging. Most of the fisherfolk are Ligurians, and still count in soldi, awaiting the day when, with a tidy sum, they may return to the old country to settle themselves in some tiny villa in the olive groves above the sea. Many such a one have I encountered, passing his old age in the safe harbors of Sestri or Chiavari—men who have fished for years the far waters of San Francisco Bay.

But from their gayly painted houses above the Ligurian Gulf they command no fairer

prospect than the views surrounding Fisherman's Wharf. To the westward the dark mass of Fort Mason shades the narrow orifice of the Golden Gate shut between the bluffs of Fort Point and the Point Lobos Hills, which terminate in the volcanic silhouette of Tamalpais with Sausalito's safe haven, and its tall-masted ships lying beneath. To the eastward the pink hills of Contra Costa—the Opposite Coast—reflect the setting sun, while between spread the broad waters of the bay, flecked by the western trades, and dotted with shipping and with islands, Alcatraz, low, buttressed, grimly fortified, sailing like some grim dreadnought in the nearer distance.



The gardens of Visitation Valley.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

By Calvin H. Luther

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON



HE desert is not inhospitable; its doors swing all unbarred. It welcomes the guest with rich feasts of color and form, pouring the high wines of the air into his cup, regaling him with strange flavors. He lies down beneath an incomparable starlight, and the music of utter silence plays about his couch.

But the desert is inflexible; to abide in it one must accept its will and its law. And the God of the desert—is he not the God of the ancient Israelites?

Herr Seifert came to Arizona in June, when the desert is at its best and its worst. He bore letters from a German university, and a brief but pointed introduction to the Indian agents of the Painted Desert region, signed by one of the Committee on Indian Affairs. It appeared that he was a scientist of note and an authority on seismic and volcanic phenomena.

He was a spare man, near-sighted, black of beard, unemotional, and a sceptic in all things. Once, being challenged to name the Twelve Apostles, he began with Galileo and ended with Kant. His monograph on the Duality of Things was regarded as a triumph of agnosticism.

Using Winslow as a base, he traversed the lava-flows of the Mesa de Malpais, note-book in hand. Indians will not cross this plain; Mexicans will not even approach the region. Herr Seifert penetrated to the black heart of it, lunched in the Kettle of the Devil, and returned unimpressed.

Next, the professor visited Canyon Diablo and the Meteorite Mountain. He found a crater which was not a crater, rock fragments struck off by celestial hammers, flakes of a star. He did not quote from Genesis, as the pious do, nor even exclaim, after the usual manner of scientists. He merely remarked:

“So! It might have happened.”

Then Herr Seifert came to Flagstaff. This town is to the desert what Gloucester is to the sea.

Though a barrier of pineland intervenes upon the north, Flagstaff does not smell of the pine; though a principal railway station, Flagstaff is not aware of the fact. It faces toward the desert; it savors only of the desert. There is a suggestive sandiness in alley and yard; Mexican bayonet advances into the back streets; neglected gardens are overcome with sage. The people are burned in the face; eyes squint, brows frown, against the sun. The speech continually refers to the desert, to rain and the hope of rain. Showers are measured in fractions of an inch, as diamonds are weighed in carats. Sand-storms, cloud-bursts, bombardments of lightning come from the desert; visitors arrive by way of the desert; evil-doers retreat into the desert; men stray into the desert and are lost.

For the Atlantic north-easter, here is the sand-storm; for the corroding saltiness, here is burning sunshine; for drowning, here is dying by thirst—death from the other end of the weapon! Sea and desert alike persist in savagery to the very doors of men's homes, are unimpressible, absolute—environments which do not reflect, but are reflected.

Flagstaff may expand a little, extending soft gardens, pier-shaped, into the wilderness. This is called “reclaiming the desert.” But as the sea has endured, so shall the desert; some time it may reclaim Flagstaff!

Herr Seifert inspected the town, finding it raw and unlovely; examined the Navajo blankets, which seemed to him garish and of coarse texture; watched the play of colors at sunset, remembering that they were due to suspended dust; listened to the oracles of the barroom with impassive distaste, and finally went to bed.

Next morning he rose up from his pipe and called for horses and a guide to take

him to the Navajo Mountain country. He explained that he wished to see something of the desert, and would return in ten days.

The landlord protested. Navajo Mountain was at the other side of everything, up against the Utah line—a hundred and fifty miles by trail. Nor was this the season for desert travelling—most of the springs were dry, there was little grass even at the water-holes, the heat was beyond description. It would require three weeks at least, with long days in the saddle and danger from thirst. As to Navajo Mountain, it was the roughest country in Arizona; nobody went there, nobody wanted to go. He could supply four horses, with a buckboard to carry feed and water; but he strongly advised against the attempt.

Herr Siefert misunderstood, thought this a plausible argument in favor of a large and expensive outfit. He calmly replied that he required three horses only; would carry no feed or water; and that, if the landlord did not care to furnish the outfit, he would go elsewhere for it.

"It's tempting Providence!" asserted the landlord.

"I am my own Providence," replied his guest. "I know of no other."

The landlord, being of philosophic temperament, merely stared and withdrew. Later he introduced a man named Ellison, as lean and swarthy as the professor himself, though lacking his serenity of manner. Ellison, he said, was the only guide in Flagstaff who knew the country beyond Red Lake.

The guide, using the frontier idiom garnished with many oaths, warned Herr Siefert of the danger of entering with so slender an outfit, but said that other horses and supplies could be bought at Tuba. He added that he was not afraid to go—the desert had never got one of his family yet! But he wanted it understood that he was not to be held responsible for anything that might happen. Herr Siefert, assenting, waved him away and sat down by the door.

Leaning against a post of the wooden awning was an Indian—a Navajo, moccasined, dressed out in high colors, with heavy ornaments of silver, and a red scarf about his head. Herr Siefert studied him calmly, looking upon the barbaric dress as artful make-up, the cloak of a beggar. The Indian looked at Herr Siefert as the Sphinx

might look at a dancing-girl from the Soudan. Suddenly his eye lighted; he spoke in harsh, deep gutturals, motioning with hands and body. Herr Siefert recognized the sign-language of the plains. But the landlord intervened.

"Get out!" he ordered roughly.

The Navajo backed a little way, then stood still, his narrow eyes shifting from the professor's face to the ring he wore, to his heavy fob and chain. Then he pointed to the rude silver buckle of his own belt and back to the ring and chain.

"He wants to make a trade," explained the landlord. "Hey, Charley! What brave is this?"

"He's from 'way up; come in with two mountain-lion skins this mornin'; I never see him afore," replied the trader, crossing over to the hotel.

The Navajo turned, his face alight with eagerness.

"He wants the ring," interpreted the trader. "He says he'll give his belt and blanket for it. He thinks it's your medicine; he don't know the value of it. Indians like things that glitter."

Herr Siefert drew forth his note-book; here was interesting material! The Navajo made a sudden exclamation, drawing the blanket over his face.

"He thinks you're makin' a charm. He's talkin' bad. Hey, clear out!" The trader motioned away the Indian, who slouched a few steps down the walk and turned. He eyed the ring and the chain, held out a hand; then, with a last grunt, he crossed the street and sat down in the shade, pulling the blanket over his head.

Within an hour the guide clattered up to the door with two saddle-horses and a pack-animal. Forthwith the professor mounted and, cantering up the little street to the north-east, they entered the wilderness.

The landlord withdrew to the barroom; the trader loafed along to his own door, where he sat smoking. At length something called him inside. When he came out again, the Navajo was gone, the yellow pony was gone, and a little cloud of dust rose from the north-east trail. He shook his head thoughtfully, shrugged his shoulders, and went about his business.

Ellison, a voluble, good-humored man, rode forward in high spirits, introducing

Herr Seifert to the wilderness. This was the loco weed; this the quinine bush; that other a prickly pear. He could lather his face with the yucca root; the Indian women used cactus thorns for sewing; that was a piñon tree—he wished he had some nuts. He discoursed upon his most private affairs, regretted that he could not leave the cards alone, told of a certain Spanish woman. The professor interrupted.

to right and left along the aisles of the forest—all without emotion.

In this manner they travelled to the base of the mountains and rested at noon. Here was thin grass, but no water. Ellison maintained a resentful silence. The professor, occupied with his note-book, placidly ignored his companion.

By nightfall, riding through interminable stretches of forest, they came to Cedar



"What are you going to do about it?" snarled Ellison.—Page 88.

"There is too much talk. I wish now to be quiet!"

Ellison's face glowed beneath the tan; his eyes narrowed; then he spurred forward and rode alone, driving the pack-horse with short curses.

They followed a sage-gray trail by walls of yellow pine, through washes swept clean by the wind, with the Franciscan peaks rising before. Dull-plumaged birds flitted among the cedars; hares skimmed down the arroyos ahead of them; a mangy coyote followed curiously for a while. Always the land rose, always the sun shone, always the breeze held fresh from the south.

These things were duly entered in Herr Seifert's note-book as he rode. He sketched the ragged sky-line of the peaks, calculated the height of the pines, gazed searchingly

and camped below a slim trickle on the hillside. They supped on bacon, beans, and coffee. Ellison hobbled the horses, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and finally lay quiet, gazing up at the Milky Way. At last he broke the silence.

"This is God's own country!" he murmured, half to himself.

"It is certainly a very desolate region," rejoined Herr Seifert, puffing at his briar. Ellison did not reply.

In the morning the horses had wandered far in search of grass. Ellison followed them for miles, returning with them at mid-forenoon, warm and weary. This delay was most irritating; the professor was at no pains to conceal his displeasure at what he felt to be inexcusable carelessness. His words were native to the class-room or the



A Navajo brave, . . . mounted on a yellow pony and slowly followed

servants' hall, but full of cold venom to a plainsman. Ellison eyed him darkly for a moment, hands on hip; then strolled away, rolling a cigarette.

As they mounted, he curtly said that they would camp at Willow Spring that night; that Herr Seifert would be wise to save the water in his canteen—wetting his lips only, not drinking—since the spring could not be depended upon. The professor hardly listened, made no reply whatever. His thoughts were busy with the outline of a monograph on meteoric showers, commenced the night before.

On this day they forced the horses, lunched meagrely in the saddle, and came to the northern skirts of the forest late in the afternoon. But Willow Spring was dry! They camped in an arroyo as bare as a bone, overlooking a wide belt of chapparal and the desert beyond—a gray coast and a yellow sea.

The horses were very restless, and Ellison hobbled them with care, making camp between them and the back trail. Also, he fed them the contents of a can of tomatoes, poured into his hat. Herr Seifert was surprised. Ellison shortly informed him that tomatoes were good for thirst. This was carefully noted, for Herr Seifert knew that even the most serious of reports lost nothing by occasional glints of humor.

The guide, preparing to make coffee, took up Herr Seifert's canteen; it was

empty! He dropped it and stood up, glaring at the professor.

"You damn fool!" he exploded.

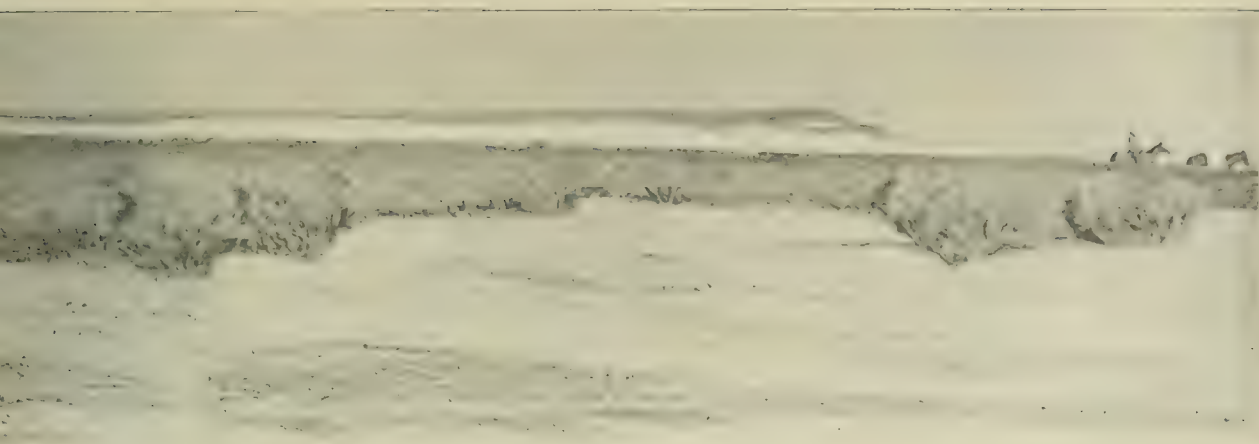
Herr Seifert was amazed, then furious. "Be silent! You shall not speak so!" he thundered.

"What are you going to do about it?" snarled Ellison, advancing a step.

The professor, by no means afraid, was hot with anger; but the sudden shifting of his horizon left him speechless. He had not been aware of this man, except as a servant, and was guiltless of any intent to offend him. He ate his bacon and beans in silence, smoked, and rolled himself in his blanket, without a glance at Ellison.

The guide, having so far transgressed, planned other violations of the code. He would refuse to go farther—would ride back in the morning, leaving Herr Seifert to find the trail if he could; better still—he would lead on to the Little Colorado without relieving the professor's thirst for a night and a day! He convinced himself that there was justice in this.

Three times that night the horses stumbled past them, remembering the little pool at Cedar; and at last the guide staked them out with lariats, cursing sorrowfully—for he loved horses. Twice more he rose up, sniffing, his chambered forty-five in hand. To Herr Seifert's brief question he made a brief reply: there were hydrophobia-skunks about the camp! In the



them, keeping a short distance to the right of the trail.

gray of early morning he shot one, aiming directly across Herr Seifert's body.

The professor sprang to his feet, dazed and alarmed; but he glanced at the guide and asked no question. The drawn weapon, still smoking; the lean, vindictive face; the sombreness of the hour and the surroundings—these were not without effect upon Herr Seifert. He lighted his pipe, kindled a little fire of squaw-bush, and sat before it till daybreak. Meantime, Ellison rode away in the half-light, seeking the pack-horse, which had broken its lariat and escaped.

In an hour the guide returned with the missing horse and they made a hurried breakfast without coffee. The professor was thirsty to the marrow of his bones, and longed for Ellison's canteen; but he did not risk an encounter.

The desert, in certain aspects, is malevolent, bitterly vindictive. At such times, men who abide in it either cling the closer, combining against it; or they draw apart in contagious hate. As Ellison threw on the saddles and drew up the cinches, he glowered at the professor; Herr Seifert, riding away, pulled savagely at his beard, planning to hire another guide at Tuba. In this manner they departed, following a zig-zag trail through dense chapparal leading down to the desert itself.

As they emerged from the arroyo, a Navajo brave, his hair bound by a red scarf, mounted a yellow pony and slowly

followed them, keeping a short distance to the right of the trail.

The horses lagged, heads drooping; barbs of the cactus, harsh twigs of mesquite, tore at man and beast; hoofs sank deep in yellow sand; and the implacable sun kept them company. The professor hardly glanced at the high blooms of the yucca and the vivid cardinal flowers. Lizards darted everywhere; ominous rustlings sounded in the brush; carrion birds swung low above the sage; but he made no entry in his note-book, asked no questions—only rode and rode, in a bitter jungle of thorns and sand, worn, thirsty, scowling. Far ahead plodded Ellison, sombrero tilted against the sun, cursing the horses, the trail, and the desert. Back of them the south wind played with the light soil, unfolding yellow banners of dust, launching sand-whirls abroad to left and right.

Insensibly, by delicate gradations—as a man leaves behind him the green of his youth—they entered the desert. Far to the south extended the ragged wall of the forest; the outpost of the piñons grovelled in the dust of the lower slope; only the sage and the yucca, struggling in parched arroyos, broke the eternal sweep of the sands.

The forest had been savage; the desert was fiercely malignant. Herr Seifert had traversed many wastes, by railway or caravan; he had studied and written of desert vegetation and desert geography. But

never had he encountered such blistering sunshine, such overwhelming heat; never had he suffered such choking thirst. He called to the guide.

"Let us rest." Then—"Have you any water?"

Ellison turned in the saddle without halting.

"Come on; we can't rest here! We shall reach the ford by night." Then he held up the canteen. "There is a little water here, but you can't have it."

He couldn't have it! Herr Seifert spurred forward.

"Give me the water!"

The guide reined in, facing him. His eyes seemed to reflect something of the desert glare; his face was not pleasant to see.

"I told you not to drink—only to wet your lips; but you knew better. You're smart—you think you know everything! Look at that!"

He pointed to the pack-horse, whose tongue protruded; then he dismounted. He forced open the mouths of the animals, pouring a little water upon their tongues; he saturated his red bandanna and swabbed out their mouths again. Then he struck the professor's horse with the empty canteen.

"Go on, damn you!" he shouted.

In the desert, it seemed, a man might defy his master, insult him, curse him as he pleased. But the professor made no note of this—only clung to the pommel of his saddle, raging in silence. He could no longer sit upright. His throat was swollen. He closed his eyes against the glare.

Had either man looked behind, the dust raised by the yellow horse of the Navajo might easily have been seen, drifting lightly off to the north from the broken ridges near the trail.

Suddenly the horses lifted their heads, one by one breaking into a painful canter. A wandering gust had brought them news of the Little Colorado. But Herr Seifert was fainting; in a few moments he reeled and fell upon the sands. The guide, with remorseful curses, laid him in the shadow of a rock, where he soon revived.

"Hell! I didn't know it was as bad as that!" he mourned, looking down upon the professor. "Can't you hang on—can't you ride?"

Herr Seifert shook his head.

"Well," said Ellison, "it's only a few miles to the river. I'll take the horses and be back in a few hours with all the water you can drink. But you've got to hang on to yourself. Just lie still; don't move."

He placed a blanket under the professor's head, removed the coat, opened the flannel shirt, and spread his own handkerchief, still moist, over the professor's face. Then he rode away, spurring his horse, driving the other animals before him with loud shouts.

"Don't move, old man; I won't be long!" he called back.

A certain rough gentleness in the touch, a note of real sympathy in the familiar address, cooled Herr Seifert's anger at once. He had plainly misjudged this man—had been too careful of his own dignity. But he would apologize, would reward him generously. He thought of a wonderful bridle in the store where Navajo blankets were sold; that would be a fine gift for such a man! Weak, giddy, and racked with thirst, something of a smile came over his face.

Meantime, the little dust-cloud fluttered along the ridge, growing as it neared. The head and shoulders of the Navajo appeared for an instant upon the hillside and vanished. There was a long stillness. Then the Indian rose up from behind the rock and peered over it. Herr Seifert lay so that the ring and the heavy gold chain showed plainly from above. The Navajo could not repress a movement of eagerness. The professor stirred; then sat up, listening.

"Back already?" he called. There was no answer—only the whisper of wind upon the sands. He lay down.

The Navajo withdrew, trotted softly to the summit of the ridge, gazed long down the trail toward the Little Colorado. Then he trotted softly back, knife in hand.

Herr Seifert gazed at the sky, thinking of his old mother, of their green home on the Louisen Strasse, at Bonn. How dark the Rhine flowed there—so much verdure, so many brooks among the hills! He would soon be back, telling the students of this desert, of the heat and thirst. But first he would reward the guide; surely, the man would not refuse it, after an apology.

He turned over, exposing his side. There was a flash of bright steel in the sunshine, a little noise of struggling—then silence.

A half-hour passed, the strip of shade narrowing as high noon drew on. Lizards darted up and down the face of the rock, a great vulture circled above it. Herr Seifert stirred, moaned, opened his eyes, struggled to his feet, and reeled out upon the sands, calling weakly. Half crazed with pain, half blinded by the glare, he travelled as water runs, continually seeking lower levels. This carried him away from the trail, westward, into a shallow wash which runs to the lava plains of Black Mesa. He left a sharp trail in the sands; indeed, he could have been traced from a distance by the dust-swirls which followed and careered about him. But the hot south wind filled in the tracks again; the pillars of dust subsided, or growing as they moved, marched out to the northern horizon. Before he had staggered past the first angle of the wash, the desert wore its accustomed look; the lizards were back upon the rock, and the vulture had wheeled away to the red cliffs of Coconino.

Herr Seifert came to himself at the bottom of a stifling arroyo, into which he had rolled or plunged from the sands above. He looked about him, bewildered. Then he became aware of his hurt, of his thirst. Suddenly, as a man recalls an event of which he was but a spectator, he remembered what had happened. A dark face framed in black hair; a lean brown arm; a knife which glittered in the sun—this vision seemed burned in his eyes, confronting him wherever he looked. He shuddered fearfully and swooned once more.

The cold pain in his side pierced his stupor and awoke him. There was a stain below his heart, slowly growing larger. He was half unclothed; red lacerations covered his hands and feet; his finger bled where the Navajo had torn the ring away. So much blood, so many bruises, nauseated him. But he clenched his teeth, summoning all his will, determined not to faint again.

As his mind cleared, he became amazed that this thing should have happened—it seemed like a lurid passage from a romance. He speculated as to his chances—whether he should die of this or that, or be saved in the end. Finally, with the clear reasoning

which had distinguished him at Bonn, he marvelled at his body—at his own tenacity of life.

Afterward he fell asleep again, or rather sank into a fevered stupor, whither the heat and thirst and pain of his wound accompanied him. For hours he tossed in wretchedness, instinctively but vainly seeking relief from his tortures, shifting constantly about on the sharp edges of the talus. Once, a faint call floated down the wind; later, a succession of pistol shots. But Herr Seifert did not hear; he was at Bonn, worrying among the fires and fumes of his laboratory.

Reviving, he opened his eyes to the shine of white stars. The rocks had cooled; a chill wind moaned in the arroyo. He tried to rise, but fell back, groaning; tried repeatedly, at length succeeding. His body was a furnace of pain, his tongue so swollen that it seemed to fill his throat. This forced him to swallow constantly, though each effort was a separate torture.

But the night wind, which is from the mountains, carries a little moisture. Gradually he strengthened, though his sufferings grew the more acute; gradually he forced himself to think clearly, though the horror of his situation grew with thinking. He decided at any expense to escape from the arroyo to the plains above, where a signal could be seen from a distance.

Somehow he got upon his knees and climbed a little way among the perplexing shadows, each movement a fearful task. But his little strength was soon expended. The rattle of stones falling into the bed of the arroyo brought a coyote to the brink. For an instant the sharp muzzle and pointed ears were silhouetted against the sky, then disappeared. A long howl, ending in shrill laughter, insane chattering—and Herr Seifert lay alone with the stars again.

Fatigue sharpens into torture, subdues itself, then benumbs. Suffering is a message which may grow too shrill to be heard. Utter dejection of the flesh may loosen the bonds of the soul.

Herr Seifert rested high above his pain, gazing almost placidly into the sky, awaiting death, inviting it. He had emptied the cup—what other bitterness could pass his lips? He submitted, thankful for the stars—glad to die in coolness, away from the sun.



Drawn by Maynard Dixon.

But always he rose again.—Page 93.

In this dry air the stars were very beautiful, brighter than at home. If the little mother could only see them! His first lessons in science had been from her, on those evenings when they sat beside the hedge. Ah, the tales she told—to her they were not stars, merely! How well he remembered everything——

“‘When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,’” murmured Herr Seifert, nestling in the rocks, as though upon the lap of the little mother.

What a marvellous thing Copernicus had done—to chart the heavens, to find order in that disorder! Herschel—a master mind; Flammarion—too fanciful, perhaps, a scientist, yet a novelist! What was the rest of that verse?—yes——

“‘—what is man, that thou art mindful of him?’”

Herr Seifert sat up, vaguely terrified, as though a ram’s horn had sounded in the wilderness. A dry sob was in his throat—the sob of a child alone in the dark. He strained his inflamed eyes into the night sky, panting. Texts, phrases long forgotten, swept in upon the freed currents of his memory. Sombre passages, read over and over by the gloomy Calvinists of Bonn, rang high above the drone of wind among the rocks.

“‘My strength is dried up . . . my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death . . . I may tell all my bones . . . they part my garments among them.’” With thick lips Herr Seifert mumbled over the words, fingers plucking at the rags of his shirt. God! they were written for him—they were prophecies!

“‘Ich habe gesündigt!’” he whispered—“‘I have sinned!’” And for a long time he lay quiet, weeping.

The deep blue of the heavens shaded into turquoise; uprose the morning star and the constellation of Mo-mo-bi, the Lizard, whereby the desert people foretell the dawn. A pallor crept into the eastern sky; high in the west a little cloud blushed suddenly; the shadows in the arroyo faded; the wind ceased.

Herr Seifert rose upon his elbow, facing the transfiguration of the dawn. Gray turned to opal before him; bands of lavender and purple spread tremulously, vanished again—chromatic harmonies dying to

silence. A shaft of rose darted to the zenith, flickered and fell. High walls and spires, upraised from golden slopes, showed through mists of gold. Then a great billow of crimson submerged the lower sky; subsided, leaving pools of carmine; swelled again; advanced. The farther summits, the crowding pinnacles of the mist, caught the glow and flamed together. The heavens were encompassed in a conflagration! Gray rocks reflected it; the parched shingle of the arroyo lay purple and ruby beneath it.

There came a sudden peace, a quieting of the tide; the high flames cooled; the drifting fumes of amber vanished. Uprose a single shaft of gold—then another—leaping to the high dome, wavering, shimmering, gleaming brighter and brighter till scarlet and carmine faded before the radiance—till east and west shone with the glory of it!

Herr Seifert, trembling, stood up; wavered to and fro, his worn eyes alight, his face drawn with something not fatigue, not fear. He moved forward as in a dream, outstretching torn hands to the east.

“‘The wings of the morning!’” he muttered, thickly. Then the full strain rose to his lips.

“‘If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there—even there——’”

Thus, as a bruised child comes stumbling home, Herr Seifert advanced to meet the sunrise. The desert bared its fangs, black jaws of the lava opened before him, again and again he fell; but always he rose again, facing eastward. The golden wings of the morning trembled a little, drooped, lay folded in the bosom of the east. The white sun leaped high; a furnace blast crackled across the plain. Staggering to the crest of a yellow dune, he fell and lay still.

What chance, infinitely remote—what triumph of unconscious reasoning—guided Herr Seifert thus to the trail again, almost to the rock where the guide lay encamped? What gentleness descended upon him, what meekness crowned him, during the long days of his illness? Can any good thing come out of the desert? Is there anything in the wilderness that is not in the laboratory?

Perhaps, after all, the God of the desert is the God of the burning bush!

SANTA FELICITA

By Anita Stewart

LAST night I dreamed a dream, in which there passed
Through all the land a maiden crowned and stoled,
Her eyes aflame with a great light that told
Of joy celestial. Silent through the vast
Sad world she took her way; a shell impearled
Is not so fair as the small face of her;
So white and sudden is the grace of her,
A shaft of silver in a midnight world,
Or a pure flame to guide us through the night
That all our doubt and fear about us weaves;
Her slender feet that go bright-shod in light
Are flowers dancing 'neath the gentle wind.
The sweetest of God's saints—her passing leaves
The golden hush of perfect joy behind.

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK IV—(Continued)

IV



RS. JOHN CHEVENIX, a young and lively woman with ash-colored hair, audacious nose, and a clear complexion, was devoted to her husband's family, and especially tender to our young friend and Sanchia's, with whom she had a strong alliance. Her husband had a sense of humor, which he indulged for the most part in silence. He spoke rarely, swallowed his laughter, and yet was good company. You felt his sympathy, found yourself depending on it. You gauged his relish by a twinkle, by a deeper shade of purple in his cheeks, by a twitching ear. The Stock Exchange gave him a sufficiency, and his wife, with her taste for dinner-parties, saw to it that it gave him no more. "Let's bleed old Jack," was Bill Chevenix's pleasant way of suggesting an

escapade which might run into hundreds. "It will do him good," Mrs. John used to say; and John Chevenix would chuckle internally, and say, "Go it, you two." On these terms they were all very happy.

Bill Chevenix had told his sister-in-law as much about Sanchia as he thought fitting. To begin with, he took all responsibility upon himself for the opening scene of her wild adventure. He had introduced "the chap" into the Percival household, and it was he, too, who had *not* introduced the fact of his unhappy marriage. "Took it all for granted—thought they knew it—forgot they didn't belong to that gang—your gang, my gang, Nevile's gang. Rotten of me, my dear, but there you are." Mrs. John understood him to feel more contrite than he appeared. And next he lauded Sanchia, after his own manner. As thus: "A queer young fish. You can't judge her by the rules of the game. She shows her strength

by breaking 'em. She'd break anything, and anybody. Oh, she's as deep as the Dogger. But mighty pleasant with it, you know. Fine, quiet style of her own. And a Beauty. My word, but she's like a rose." Then his eyes met hers confidentially. A wink passed. "No. We're great friends. That's all there is to it, on my honor. But you can't leave a girl like that stranded, can you now? Especially when you've run her aground yourself—in a way. So I thought of old Aunt Wenman in a minute. In fact, I've seen her about it, and, by George, she hit on a phrase in a trice. 'Unfortunate attachment.' She's perfectly happy with that, and rather keen. Now all you have to do is to give a party and I'll ask Sancier."

Mrs. Jack thought that was too casual. "You mustn't treat her like a dancing man," she told him. "I shall call on her, and you can tell her I'm coming. We'll do the thing in form."

All this had been done. Sancier's still serenity, seen through the rosy mist of her momentary confusion, pleased Mrs. Jack. The invitation was made and accepted in parting. "Do come. We shan't have many people, you know; but I won't let you be dull. And Bill will be there, of course—and you rather like Bill—and a queer old aunt of ours who knows everybody. So I hope you won't mind."

"I'm sure I shan't," Sancier said, and then they shook hands.

Bill Chevenix, who had been present, waved his ally away from the doorstep. "By-by, my dear," he said. "You've done bravely by me. Isn't she splendid?"

"I like her," said Mrs. Jack. "But she's rather unapproachable."

Bill chuckled. "That's her little way. She don't kiss easily."

Mrs. Jack said that he ought to know.

The party was anything but dull. Lady Maria dined, with seven other people—the best that could be mustered on short notice—and Sancier came in at ten o'clock, when the drawing-room was full. She came with an elderly friend, a Mrs. Quantock, whose acquaintance she had made in an omnibus, and renewed at the British Museum. Mrs. Quantock was an authoress by profession, a poetess by temperament. Her emotions, not always under control, consorted oddly with her broad and placid face. She knew Lady Maria Wenman,

and it was she who actually performed the introduction, Mrs. Jack being fast at her stair-head.

"I particularly want you to know my dear friend—Miss Sancier Percival—Lady Maria Wenman. A great heart, Lady Maria—in a frame of steel."

"Oh, indeed," said Lady Maria, who knew something about these materials. Then, "Come and sit with me, my dear; I've heard about you. But I hope you've left your steels at home."

"If I had a trumpet," said good Mrs. Quantock, "instead of a penny whistle, all the world should hear what I think of Sancier."

"Then it's a very good thing you haven't," said Lady Maria. "The less young ladies are trumpeted in public the better!"

Sancier, during this interchange, had stood smiling and self-possessed; but she was a little fluttered, and looked none the worse for that. Without a word she obeyed the twinkling and puckered old lady, sat by her on the sofa and awaited, her hands folded in her lap, what might be in store for her. She liked the looks of Lady Maria, and had no disrelish for her sharp tongue, nor fear of what might fall to her share when Mrs. Quantock took herself off. She liked the little deep-set, dark-gray eyes, the beaked nose, like the prow of a trireme, and the drawn-in mouth, which seemed to be victim of the astringencies it was driven to utter. And then she liked the signs of race, the disregard of opinion, the keen look which lit on a man or woman and saw him negligible and left him in the road. She had herself an artist's eye for style, and saw in Lady Maria the grand manner. The praise or blame of such as she would be worth having: awaiting either, she felt herself braced. She could envisage the past, collect it, display it in her lap without fear. "Here's my life's work, so far as it has gone. Now beat me if you will; I'm not afraid of honest blows." She knew there would be no sham outcries from this high-looking old dame.

Lady Maria Wenman was rich, imperious, whimsical, and afraid only of boredom. By birth a daughter of Lord Starcross, by fate the widow of a judge, she was strongly of opinion that she could do as she pleased. It was not so clear to her that other people could also; but the reason of that was that

other people, not immediately about her, were not themselves clear. She once said of a prime minister, "My dear, he seemed to me a very good sort of man"; and that was her attitude all the world over towards those not connected with her by blood or the affections. Marks of race she had, but not pride of it. She was her own fountain of honor, and were you omnibus-tout or commander-in-chief, if she liked you, you were in being, if not, you didn't exist. One curious consequence of this was that she hated nobody, and was offended at nothing. The vices or crimes of a non-existent world were mere shadows, naturally; those of her circle of cognizance she had a way, very much her own, of accounting for. A trick of hers, which had become inveterate, was to explain states of being by phrases. These not only explained, they seemed to condone, and to her, there's no doubt, they accounted for everything. Mr. William Chevenix, much aware of her foible, did not scruple to turn it to his ends when putting before her Sanchia's case. "You see, aunt, one rather admires her loyalty to the chap. He was precious miserable, and she pitied him. Well, we know what comes of that, don't we? It turns to liking, and gratitude and all those swimmy feelings; and then they swim together, all in a flux, eh? And there you are." To which, when Lady Maria had nodded her head of kindly vulture sagely, and mused aloud, "I see: an unfortunate attachment. Very common, I believe, and quite sad"—he knew that he had scored a point. When she had added, "We must do what we can, of course. I'll see her. I've nobody with me just now," he presumed that he had won the rubber.

Apart from the comfortable *cliché* in which she was seen enfolded, Sanchia pleased the eye. Her father, in league with her throughout, had "stood" her a frock, the cunningest that Madame Fréluche could supply, and would have added pearls for her hair and neck, if she had not tenderly refused them. She took his counsels in the general—that she was to show them what was what, "for the honor of the Percival girls"—and her own for the particular; would have no ornaments at all. By an entirely right instinct she chose to wear black. It set her off as dazzlingly fair, as more delicate than she was. Her eyes, from her pale brows and faintly tinted

cheeks, gleamed intensely, burningly blue. Her strength appeared in her shut lips and firm chin—subtle, and, as Mrs. Quantock said, like that of steel wire.

She did not talk much, but what she said was simple and direct. She seemed to be reticent about herself, not by any means from shame, but because her acts and intentions appeared too obvious to be worth rehearsing. Once or twice her laugh, low and musical, showed that she relished a joke. Lady Maria occasionally made jokes. Here was a girl who understood them.

To the old gentlewoman, who never beat about bushes, but mostly walked through them, Sanchia's bluntness made immediate appeal. Her reply, for instance, to the inquiry, What had induced her to go on with the affair? was a counter-question. "What else could I do?" she had asked, with pencilled brows arched. "I thought it made no difference. I wanted to, you see. What you do is nothing compared with what you want to do."

"Then why do it, my dear?" said Lady Maria. Sanchia did not blink the answer, "Nevile wanted me. He was very unhappy."

"Well," said the old woman. "What is he now?" This time Sanchia did not reply.

Lady Maria drew her lips in until her mouth looked like a dimple in her face. "Oho! That's it, is it? He's neglected you, and now you don't care."

"I care for some things very much," said Sanchia. "I want to please papa, and Vicky, my sister, you know—and I think I want to put myself right with the world. But——"

"But you don't care two pins about him?"

Sanchia shook her head sadly. Her brows were arched to her hair. "No," she said, "I don't care one pin."

Lady Maria was no fool. She saw exactly what was going to happen, and no reason why she should not declare it. She had formed already a high enough opinion of Sanchia—which is to say that she liked her—to be sure that it would not influence her conduct. "I'll tell you what the end of this will be," she said. "You'll have him on the floor, kissing your toes. He'll be mad to have you—and you'll marry him. Then he'll be your slave for life. And they tell me that's the happiest state a woman

can live in. I have some reason for believing it. I and the judge got along admirably, though the poor man bored me to extinction. Oh, you'll do very well. But don't make him jealous."

Sanchia considered this. "I don't think he would be jealous," she decided; "but we are rather premature, aren't we?" And then she related, as if they were an anecdote, the circumstances of her departure from Wanless.

Lady Maria listened carefully, nodding a dispassionate head at details which would have raised Philippa's hair, and depilated Mrs. Percival. "I think he's a human being, if you'll allow me to say so," was the conclusion she came to. "It was no affair of the gardener's that I can see; and to be battered in your own drive by your own servant, even you must allow to be provoking."

"Oh," Sanchia assured her, "I didn't at all mind his being vexed. But he accused me of—all sorts of things."

"Of course he did, my dear," cried Lady Maria. "He was in a towering rage. How was he to know that you hadn't egged on the gardener?"

"By what he knew of me already," said Sanchia with spirit.

Lady Maria twinkled; but her scrutiny was keen. "I don't think you have explained the gardener," she told her. Sanchia blushed.

"He's a boy," was her suggested explanation; but Lady Maria's comment was, "And a bruiser, it seems."

Sanchia smiled gently. "Poor Struan. He was very difficult. He made me furiously angry. What he did was outrageous. But I am sure he's a genius."

"What!" cried her ladyship. "A genius for gardening? Or for thrashing gentlemen?"

Sanchia said simply, "It's extraordinary what he can do with plants. He's certainly a genius there. He's like a plant himself. He never goes to bed, but walks about the garden all night, talking to them."

"Like a burglar," said Lady Maria. "Pray, what does he talk to them about? Growing?"

"Sometimes, I think. I don't know what he says to them. But he talks about all sorts of things."

"You, for instance?" Lady Maria asked, suddenly; and Sanchia blushed

again, and presently looked at Lady Maria. "He's—always nice to me," she said mildly.

"I think," her ladyship resumed, "I think I like to think of him best in prison;" and then washed him out of her memory as she faced more serious topics.

"It will be much better for you to come to me," she told Sanchia. "I'm an old woman, and an old tyrant, I dare say, but I'm somebody, you know. And I'm pretty lonely, and happen to want company just now. It will be good that you have a foothold to your name when your Nevile Ingram comes after you. I shall bring him to reason quicker than most people, I don't doubt. Your quarrel is absurd; you can't afford to be picky with your bread and cheese. You've your father, you'll say; but my answer is that it's not very decent to live upon your father when you've got yourself kicked out of his house. I quite see your point of view, mind you. These things will happen, and in theory you're perfectly in the right. It's your practice that won't do. All for love and the world well lost—very fine indeed. But so long as we're in the world, you see, we *can't* lose it. There it is! Now you've had your kisses, and can afford to settle down; but you must do it in the world's way if you want peace and quietness; and I'm very ready to help you. Really, I don't see anything better for you—short of your own home."

"I shall never go there again," Sanchia told her directly.

"Very right, my dear," said the old lady. "Then you had better come to me."

Sanchia said, "I should like that," and Lady Maria, taking her by the chin, patted her cheek.

"And so should I, my dear," she said—and the thing was settled.

Mrs. John, released from her stair-head, came up presently; Bill Chevenix was with her. "Dear Aunt Wenman," she said, "I haven't had a word with you since you came; but I'm sure you've been happy."

"Miss Sanchia and I have been swearing eternal friendship," said Lady Maria.

"Exchanging drops of blood, eh, aunt?" chirped the cheerful youth. "Nothing like it."

"I have no blood to spare, William," she replied, "and if I had, Miss Sanchia has too much. Now you can take her away while

I talk to Helen. Good-by, my dear," she bade Sanchia.

"Good-by, Lady Maria," the girl replied with deeply sincere eyes. "You've been very kind to me."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Lady Maria, "I like you. Now run away, the pair of you."

"Right, aunt," said Chevenix, and crooked his arm.

After a decent interval, in which we may suppose formal visits exchanged between Charles Street and Great Cumberland Place, Sanchia set up her rest in the former haven. The time was full June.

V

THE string of episodes which discovered before the autumn was over the heart of Mr. Cyrus Worthington at her feet hardly deserve record in her history but for the spring which they gave to her spirits. Tribute is tribute, and Mr. Worthington was a warrantable gentleman. The tarnish she had discerned upon her armor, the foxmarks upon her fair page, dispersed under his ardent breath; she realized herself desirable and lovable; she arose from the thicket in which she cowered with the light of triumph prophetic in her eyes, the flush of victory after victory prophetic in her cheeks. Therefore Mr. Worthington's career in the Charles Street lists shall be chronicled.

He was a portly widower, a banker, a father, who made his bow to Lady Maria some three times a year when he dined in Charles Street. In return, he received her ladyship once during a summer at his mansion of Fallowlea, Walton-on-Thames. On such occasions the Misses Worthington and their cousins, the Strensham girls, who lived at Esher, would enact a pastoral play in the shrubberies with various entangled curates, with young Sam Worthington from Oxford and friends of his. Mr. Worthington himself, master of the difficult art of declaiming verse as if it were encumbered prose, rehearsed the Prologue and Epilogue, in a master's gown and mortarboard, which he would retain for the rest of the afternoon. It was in that guise that, his caution deserting him, he allowed himself to dwell upon Sanchia's beauty.

Lady Maria had taken her down to Walton in mid-July; she had chanced to meet

Melusine there, and the two had embraced as sisters should. It is to be owned that her adoption by Charles Street had restored her credit with her family more certainly than any white sheet and taper which she could have supported could have done. Her mother was highly gratified, though she affected a shrug when good Mr. Percival, in the simplicity of his heart, overflowed with the joy of it. "Sancie in Berkeley Square—where Lord Rosebery lives: think of that, my dear!" And Mrs. Percival, who knew where Lord Rosebery lived as well as anybody, would reply, "These things will be balanced hereafter. Neither you nor I, Welbore, are Assessing Angels, I believe. I pray to God that she has made her peace with our Church." "Chapel Royal," said Mr. Percival, "will be her ladyship's ticket—or St. James's, Piccadilly. They tell me that the great world go there now in the evenings, dressed for dinner." Privately he vowed that, should his Sancie be one of those immaculate worshippers, she should not fail in toilet. And he had not missed the point so far as you might think. Philippa Tompsett-King, who had been present when these things were discussing, had lifted an inflamed face over the dinner-table. "I only know," she had said, "that I would rather live in Bloomsbury than have her conscience. Cynicism has always seemed to me the Sin against the Holy Ghost." But Melusine Scales, the gentle creature, had written meekly of her joy; and Vicky Sinclair said to her husband, the captain—"Sancie always tumbles on her feet. She always did—like a sweet cat." Shrewd and affectionate at once; she alone had discerned the god's prerogative immanent in the youngest daughter of Thomas Welbore Percival.

Now the picture of Sanchia and Melusine, two fair girls, standing together embraced under the cedarn shade, had smitten deep into the heart of Cyrus Worthington. He had come upon them at a pretty moment, when Melusine the willowy and tall, having opened her arms to the dear truant, one arm still about her, with her free hand touched her cheek that lips might meet lips. "Darling, I'm so glad—so very glad," she was whispering, and Sanchia, with the same light laughing in her eyes, "Dear old Melot—how sweet you are to me." Mr. Worth-

ington pushed back his mortarboard and revealed the crimson chevron which it had bitten into his bald brow. "A charming scene—two charming young ladies. Mrs. Gerald Scales, and her sister, I think. Lady Maria's adoption—charming, charming." A right instinct sent him tiptoe over his lawn, another made him doff his mortarboard.

"Mrs. Scales, we begin. The hunt is up. Poesy calls, 'Follow, follow, follow!' Your sister, I think?"

Sanchia played the rogue. "Oh, Mr. Worthington, have you forgotten already? Lady Maria explained me half an hour ago. Must Melusine introduce me again?"

"Not for the world, Miss Percival, not for the world!" the banker protested. "I was, in a sense, explaining myself. Pray do not suppose that I could forget either you or my manners so completely. No, no. But I am a little near-sighted, I fear; there is a little difficulty of focussing: nothing organic. No loss of function." He cleared his throat, and to give himself assurance, jingled half-crowns with his plunged hand. "No loss of function whatever." He took the thing a little more seriously than he need, was in danger of laboring it. Melusine turned the talk. He invited them to the play, as "master of the revels," and walked between them, looking a very decent figure of a don on a college lawn, substantial, serene, and with an air of displaying his possessions: *Parva sed apta mihi: Deus nobis haec otia fecit*. He still possessed the rags of his Latin. "This little bay-tree will interest you, Miss Percival. It was planted many years ago, by the late Lord Meeke—the uncle of the present peer. We had had some business relations; they were happily cemented into something more intimate by this little fellow." He touched it tenderly. "A sturdy growth! Like my friendship for my noble but departed friend. Dear me! 'Labuntur anni, indeed!'" His fig-tree, which some one else had planted, his laburnum—a slip from one at Rickmansworth, the seat of the late Lord Mayor Burgess—a catalpa seedling from Panshanger, which the late Lady Cowper did him the honor to present with her own hands: as Sanchia said afterwards to Melot, his garden was rather like a cemetery of dead friendships. . . .

Then they sat to witness the revels. San-

chia's fancy, uplifted by her contentment, played with the play, and suggested flights undreamed of for many a year. She sat by Melusine and her husband, and Mr. Worthington watched her in the long intervals of his duty. Charming indeed, and most high-bred: now where did old Welbore Percival, whom he met daily in Throgmorton Street, fetch up such a strain of blood? His wife, too, Kitty Blount, as she had been—what had Kitty Blount been but a high-colored, bouncing romp of a girl when they had all been paddling together at Broadstairs? Extraordinary! And now here was one of his girls sister-in-law of a county baronet—none of your city titles, mind you, and the other, with the lift of a princess and the clear sight which is hers by title. Extraordinary!

And there was another thing: where had old Welbore and Kitty Blount kept her all this time? And why wasn't she married, a girl like that? She came next to Mrs. Scales, he supposed. Well, but there was another, younger still, married only the other day—to an army man. He remembered Welbore chirping about it at a Board meeting. What was that in the Bible—what was it? Ha!—"But thou hast kept the good wine until now." By George, he must remember that for old Welbore. And now he came to think of it, old Jack Etherington had come in one morning full of Percival's daughter—"A lovely gal"—he had said, old Jack—"Color of a Mildred Grant—quiet as the truth."

Such were the ruminations of Cyrus Worthington at his own garden-party, and he pursued them at favored moments—with his glass of port at dessert, with his last cigar, with his whiskey night-cap. In the city next day, he rallied Thomas Welbore, who betrayed unlimited relish for the diversion; and within a few days he left a card in Charles Street and took a late train to Walton-on-Thames. Asked in due course to dinner, he handed Sanchia to the table, and spent the evening by her side. He begged her better acquaintance with his daughters, made the most of that which he had with Melusine Scales, and ended a successful adventure by winning Lady Maria's acceptance "for herself and her young friend," of a banquet at the Coopers' Company of which he was warden. The occasion was a great one—a foreign potentate, the

Prime Minister, Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. The Coopers were to distinguish themselves, or be extinguished. He could promise them of the best. Sanchia, new to courtship, was quietly elated, and her amusement did nothing to diminish her elation. She had never, she thought, been wooed before: there had been nothing of the kind in those shuddering days when she and Ingram, trembling in each other's sight, had mutely cried across the waste of London for balm upon their wounds. The flattery of attentions had never been hers, nor the high credit of admiration so respectful as the good merchant's. Had she forgotten Senhouse, who had loved her so much that he fled? I think that indeed she had at this moment; it must be owned that Mr. Worthington filled the scene. He esteemed her the fairest of women, was as timid as a boy in her company, gasped like a fish and grew unmannerly hot: I defy a young woman to be anything but gratified. Miranda shunned Caliban; but had she not rather he had been there to be shunned?

Thus, under Lady Maria's watchful eye, the thing proceeded, and Mr. Worthington, within an ace of committing himself, scared his family. The climax was reached at Kissingen, whither the infatuated gentleman had followed his charmer.

She was very kind to him, but perfectly clear that she could not, and would not, make him the happiest of men. She said that she was flattered, which I believe to have been true, though he deprecated the phrase. "My dear young lady—ha! I must really be allowed—I assure you that you overwhelm me. Flattered—oh, Lord!" He limped the conclusion, and left for England that night.

She felt the thing to have been rather ridiculous, and yet she was pleased. She was gently elated, and had a kindly eye for herself as she dressed before her glass. Power lay with her; she could choose and weigh, accept or refuse. She was love-worthy yet. In spite of her disaster, a man had sought her; others would, moved by what had moved him. Shining eyes, body's form, softness, roundness—she had hardly thought of these things before, nor looked at them with an eye to their value. Mr. Worthington's ardent glances had illuminated her own, and by and by she found, oddly enough, that they threw a backward

beam, and illuminated others. She found herself smiling tenderly as she thought of Jack Senhouse, repeating some of his poetry which he had poured literally into her lap. It was so long ago! But when she remembered how much it had puzzled her, she now found that she was not puzzled by it at all.

'Your eyes are twin mountain lakes, and the
lashes of them
Like the swishing sedge
That hideth the water's edge.' . . .

Were her eyes, then, so fair? Mr. Worthington had found them so. Others would—others had.

"Thy face drinketh the light"—he had written that of her—and now she knew that he had believed it. Had Neville felt these things? Could Neville—as she knew him? Her lip curved back. If she could not think of herself without thinking of Neville—who wanted to mangle her—better take the veil.

But she felt a strange reality behind that wild and adoring passion of Jack Senhouse's, which had made him so incalculable a mixture. He had advised her, and adored, he had received her confidences, and emptied verses out of his heart into her lap. And she had had nothing to give him, who had given her all!

There was his last letter—a despairing cry from Chanctonbury, written when she was Neville's shadow, or he hers. She felt stabbed to the heart to remember how perfunctorily she had read that. How did it go? What had he said? She could not recall the words, but their sense beat upon her. Oh, he had set her too high! He had called her Artemis—the chaste, the bright. Artemis the Bright had been one of his names for her—and Queen Mab another. He had set her too high! And how far had she fallen! She bowed her burning head, and even as she did so, remembered another phrase of his, sent with flowers—a line from the Anthology, begging her to grant his rose "the grace of a fair breast." No longer fair, no longer fair—except to Neville, who craved it—and to a Mr. Worthington.

The bravest gentleman, a poet, a thinker, a man like a beacon-fire, had loved her, and cried her aloud as a goddess out of his reach. "Farewell, Sanchia, too dear for

my possessing!" She had the words. And she had passed him by for Neville, who made her a housekeeper, and loved her when he wanted solace. What more had Jack said? What, indeed, had he not said? That her mere act of living, her mere daily conduct, was like the scent of bean-flowers over a hedgerow—a fragrance to be caught in passing by wayfarers, whereby men and women might thank God for a fair sight who had chanced upon her in the street. Praise indeed! But he had loved her, and saw her so—and all that was gone for ever. He had left her because he dared not do otherwise, and now he was happy without her. Her elation was like to die in self-pity. It required more than the complacency inspired by Mr. Worthington to clear her eyes.

Thus were the flowers laid up for her by an honest merchant changed for a wreath of rue as she was reminded of his better—his better, and hers, alas! A wave of desire to catch back at far-off things played her a trick. She found herself yearning for her childhood, found herself crying for her innocence, for the sweet scent of opening life. Even as she longed and strained, she knew herself vain. But the temptation for the semblance of what was gone was strong and took a subtle form. If she could not have the thing, she would have the thing's name; if she could not be innocent again, she would ape innuendo. Prodigal of Pity as she had been, she could say to Senhouse's ghost, I am no more worthy of thee; and from that to being worthy was but a short step. The rest of her sojourn abroad was preparation for what was to be done on her return home.

Her treasure lay hidden in a desk in her room. Three portly packets of letters, tied with ribbon, and labelled "Jack to Me." Stained and yellow sheets, she now turned over the pages, and inhaled the faint, sweet scent of them—a scent as of lavender and tears. Her eyes filled, her heart beat; but she read on and on. Impossible praises! Love beyond reason, without bounds—immeasurable homage! So presently she was caught up into a kind of heaven of wonder, and spent a night with the past. . . . From that she arose clear-eyed to meet the future. If she had been so loved, so served, by a man so generous and so fine, the rest of her

life might well be spent in testimony. Her single aim now should be to recover herself, to be what he had seen her. And for all this high remembrance and high hope—thanks to Mr. Cyrus Worthington.

Lady Maria, as the weeks went by, watched her carefully, and marked the change. Sanchia was very subdued, and now went to church. This to the old lady, who did not, was remarkable. She was not aware, naturally, of a passage in a letter which pictured her in church—with her "dear obsequious head bowed in a fair place to a fair emblem." She could not have understood, if she had had it explained, that the girl, conscious of her stiff neck, was teaching herself obsequiousness for the sake of him who had seen her so and found her dear. None of these things were for Lady Maria's comprehension; but she reflected aloud upon church-going, and got her young friend to explanations.

"Yes," Sanchia said, "I do go to church. For a long time, you see, I couldn't—but now I feel that I can. We were all brought up to go to church."

"So was I," said Lady Maria, "and that, I take it, is why I don't go now. I was taught to take it as physic."

Sanchia's explanation, which she yielded on pressure, of why she had stopped, was very artless. "I wanted to do something that they thought wicked, but which I thought quite good. If I went to confession, I should have been told that I was wicked. So I couldn't go. It was a difference of opinion, you see."

"Beg pardon," said Lady Maria, "but I don't see. What you mean is that, if you'd told your priest you were going off with Ingram, he'd have said Don't, and put you under the necessity of disobeying him." This was owned to. And then she owned to something more. If the difficult choice came before her again, she would think twice. "I can't see, even now, that I was wrong in what I did. I am sure it must be right, somehow, to follow your own conscience. But I do see that it's a pity to break rules. Yes, I see that."

"I didn't suppose myself religious," Lady Maria had replied, "but if that is what your religion tells you, I agree with it. It's common sense. What's a heart or two compared with peace and quietness? And how,

pray, is a child of eighteen to know what her conscience is worth?"

"It is all she has to go upon," said Sanchia; but the old lady retorted, "Nothing of the kind. She's got the experience of all nature behind her, from the poultry-yard to the House of Lords. You'll find that the Ten Commandments are rigidly enforced among the cocks and hens. If a member of the zenana breaks bounds there, she rues it. How else do you suppose this world is to be peopled? Read the history of marriage, my dear. You'll find that the more primitive your man the more complicated his marriage laws. Why, bless my soul, I don't need the Church to tell me that I mustn't run away with a married man. I can learn that from the pigeons in the piazza at Venice. But I suppose I'm an old pagan. Now, you run away to your priest and make a clean breast of it."

Perhaps Lady Maria was fanciful, but she put down this return to the Church's knees to the fact that Mr. Worthington had gone upon his. "The child finds that she's a valuable article," she said to herself; "so she locks herself up in a cupboard, like the best china." Sanchia's resolution persisted, and enthusiasm followed its growth. She frequented the churches early in the mornings, and one fine day presented herself in the vestry of one of them. Upon her knees, but with unbent head, she rehearsed her tale from the beginning, neither faltering nor losing countenance. What followed upon that was not communicated to her protectress, nor do I care to pry. I imagine that she had always said her prayers, but that now she was answering them.

That is, when one thinks upon it, the first office of prayer.

VI

LADY MARIA WENMAN grew to be extremely fond of Sanchia, really as fond of her as she was capable of becoming of anybody. She had been good to travel with, and was good to live with. She found her so reasonable, she said. One could discuss anything without shocking her, or without fear of being made uncomfortable by seeing her discomfort. Lady Maria, in fact, being entirely without prejudice, experienced the little luxury of being able to express herself without trampling.

On her side, Sanchia sincerely liked her

old protectress, and found Charles Street agree with her. There was a primordial air about it—which made habits seem like laws of nature; an absence of fuss which soothed her nerves, and did much better than slay her monsters for her, when it exposed them for no monsters at all, but simple, every-day, rather tiresome concomitants of our make-shift existence.

"You will, of course, marry Nevile Ingram"—thus Lady Maria disposed of the most dread of all her monsters—"because it is, on the whole, more agreeable to avoid scandal, and because it is certainly more decent to pay one's bills. Long credit is a mistake, but you found it a convenience, I suppose; and now you are in funds, you will, of course, get out of debt. If only that you may run into it again at need, you will write a cheque. Now, you had eight years of it at Wanless, you tell me? Very well, my dear, that must be written off society's books. Meanwhile, the more you see of amusing, emancipated people like Alexis Morosine the better."

This man was understood to be a Pole in exile, though his title to that distinction could only have been on the side of the distaff, since his father's descent from a ducal family of Venice was not denied; but neither nationality nor expatriation was very obvious upon him. At first sight you would have supposed him a sallow Englishman, spare of flesh and too narrow in the chest; you might have put down his dead complexion and his leanness to India or Jamaica, and been inclined to attribute his dry cynicism to the same super-fervent experience. But presently you would be alive to his hungry mind, to his hungry, ranging air, his restless habit and large way of looking at circumstance—as if by no possibility could it be any concern of his. And then the trick he had of considering our people as Europeans, of dividing the races of the world by continents rather than kingdoms; and that other of judging all cases, including yours and his own, upon their bare merits—such traits, to an experienced mind, would have established him for a foreigner, one of a people who had had too much elbowing for breath to have time or space for prejudice or minute classification. Superficially, to be sure, he was English enough—from his speech to his tailoring; and his phlegm (of which we boast) was unassail-

able. Nobody knew much of his history: Bill Chevenix used to say that he was born whole, and thirty, out of an egg dropped upon our coasts by a migratory roc; that he stepped out, exquisitely dressed, and ordered a whiskey and Apollinaris at the nearest buffet. This, said Chevenix, was his ordinary breakfast. When Sanchia objected that he might have stepped out in the afternoon, he replied that it also formed his usual tea, and, so far as he knew, was the staple of all his meals. "And cigarettes," he added. "But he would have had those with him. I bet you what you like he came out smoking."

It was certain that he had been to Eton and to Oxford, and was member of two good clubs. He was extremely rich, and he was by profession, said Chevenix, a prince. He had no territory, and was not apparently scheming to get any, either of his own or other people's. Nobody at the Foreign Office believed that he corresponded with any intransigent; he used to go there often and exchange urbane gossip with under-secretaries. He lodged in Duke Street, gave dinner-parties at the Bachelors, had a large visiting-list, and was, as they say, always "about." One saw him everywhere—in the city, in Mayfair drawing-rooms, at Kensington tea-parties, and at Lambeth Palace. Chevenix swore that he had met him at a Church Congress—and the only answer to that was that if Chevenix had truly been there to see, Morosine might well have been there to be seen. But this catholicity of experience was characteristic of the man; his attraction to the nice observer lay precisely in that, that he was a nomad, unappeased and unappeasable, ranging hungrily. There was a probability, too, that below a surface exquisitely calm there lurked corrosive tooth and claw. Here are sufficient elements of danger to draw any woman: so Sanchia found herself drawn presently.

He came to Charles Street one evening late in November, to what Lady Maria called a little party. There was an autumn session that year, and London full. To her little party, then, came a solid wedge of three hundred people into rooms capable of holding with comfort fifty.

Chevenix was by his fair friend at the top of the stair, chatting pleasantly about every

new-comer, when he suddenly stopped. "Hulloa," he said. "Here's Morosine, as smooth as a glass stiletto. He'll amuse you. I'll introduce him."

Sanchia followed the leading of his eyes. She saw a tall and slim young man, inordinately thin, slightly bald, with a mustache like a rake, and heavy-browed, mournful eyes, pushing his way slowly upstairs. Without effort, his hands behind his back, working from the shoulders, he made room for himself, but so quietly that nobody seemed to observe how aggressively he was at work. Occasionally some ousted dowager turned redly upon him, or it might be some pushing gentleman smothered an oath as he faced the attack. But Morosine's mournful eyes gazed calmly their fill, seemed to be communing beyond the surging guests, beyond the wall, with the eternal stars, and, without faltering, the narrow frame glided forward into the space which indignation had cleared. Sanchia, above him, and out of the game, was highly amused.

"He's very selfish, your friend. He takes care of himself; but no one seems to know it."

Chevenix chuckled. "That's the beauty of Alexis. But, as he asks, whom else should he take care of? It's not queer if the Poles have learned that lesson."

"Oh," said Sanchia. "Is he a Pole?" Jack Senhouse had been in Poland.

"Half of him is hungry Pole. The other part is bad Italian—pampered Italian, fed for generations on oil and polenta. He's always dining out, but he eats nothing because the Pole is feeding on the Venetian all day." Then he told her about the miraculous birth, the whiskey and Apollinaris, and concluded, "Oh, he'll amuse you vastly. Stay where you are. I'll net him at the top."

Presently after she saw the process. It consisted in violent effort on Chevenix's part, languid attention from the other. Morosine dreamed over the speaker as if he were a lost soul. Then, his consideration being caught, he looked about him, and presently fixed upon her his melancholy eyes. She felt a little shiver, the sensation of goose-flesh in the spine—not unpleasantly. It was as if a light wind had ruffled her blood. Shortly afterwards Morosine was bowing before her. In this,

perhaps, he betrayed himself; his hat covered his heart, he inclined from the hips, and his head bent with his body. An Englishman bows with the head only.

He began to talk quietly and at once, and maintained a perfectly even flow of comment, reflection, anecdote, reminiscence, and sudden, flashing turns of inference. He seemed always to be searching after general principles, cosmic laws, and to be always jumping at them, testing them, finding them not comprehensive enough, and letting them drift behind him as he pursued his search. She remarked on this afterwards to Lady Maria, who said that principles were the last thing to interest Morosine. He had none at all, said Lady Maria, unless his own immediate gratification was a principle; and perhaps with men you might almost say that it was.

Chevenix remained, chuckling and interjecting here and there an exclamation, just (as he told her later) to "start the chap on his meander," and presently betook himself elsewhere. It was then to be observed that Morosine allowed himself to drift into the discussion of matters not usually subjects of ordinary conversation; but he did so without consciousness, and therefore without offence. Sanchia neither disapproved nor felt uncomfortable. They were, moreover, interesting, and rather material.

It began with Poland, a country which, the less it existed politically, he said, was the better to live in, and be of. We live by our emotions, the beasts by their appetites—a material distinction. Now, the condition of the Poles was perfectly adapted to the quickening of the emotional parts. Shorten time, you make love a precious ecstasy; restrict liberty, freedom is a lust—none the worse for being lawful. No Pole knows how long he may have to live: Russia or phthisis will have him late or soon. What he pursues, then, must be fleeting—imagine with what rapture he takes it to his breast, with what frenzy he guards it; never knowing when it will be required of him again. Feverish? (This was upon a remark from her.) Yes, and why not? Are not dreams more vivid than waking life? Can you gallop your material horse as your courser of the mind? Better to burn than to rust. That's the secret of life—which all the laws of bureau-

crats are directed to destroy. The establishments want to see us as fixed as themselves. They are tentacled, stationary creatures, feeding at ease. They would have us easy of access, falsely secure, so that they can fasten on us one by one and suck our juices. But the world is changing, thrones and churches are slackening in their hold. Men are discovering how short a time they have to live, and that eternity is more than questionable. A mild Epicureanism is gaining ground. Instincts founded on the patriarchal system must give way to that. "Have you ever considered," he asked abruptly, "how that the flocks and herds of the Semitic patriarch are the sole cause of the moral code which we still profess? Thou shalt not steal. Why not? Because you injure the Patriarch. Not murder? You might attack one of his family. You have the habit in England of tracing prejudices to the Feudal System: believe me, there is hardly anything in Europe so modern. I should date at 4000 B. C. nearly all our present conventions, from the British Sunday to the law of conspiracy. So long as you say that property is sacred, you uplift the Patriarch and lose sight of the man."

Sanchia, reminded of Senhouse—a Senhouse with his tongue dipped in vinegar—objected that society may have demanded some of these laws in defiance of an engrossing patriarch; but Morosine shook his head. "Society is the Patriarch's weapon. Society is a Syndicate of Patriarchs who cannot live unless all men are enslaved. Man is not by nature gregarious; he's solitary, like all the nobler beasts. Wolves and dogs hunt in herds; but not the great cats; oxen and buffaloes, but not elephants; rooks, but not eagles; bream, never salmon. And the time is not so very far when man will discover why it is that he is herded and marshalled hither and thither by police, legislatures, and monstrous assemblies called armies or fleets. He has but to know it to abolish these things; they will fade like dreams in the morning. But hitherto everything has been banded to make his sleep secure—his religion, his cupidity, his timidity, his affections. Religion tells him it is wrong to love without the church, patriotism that it is glorious to bleed in making other men bleed, timidity that property keeps the wolf from the door,

appetite that under cover of the law you may devour your neighbor and fear no indigestion. Finally, there are the affections of a man which have been so guided that they see the aged more venerable than the young, the old thing more sacred than the new. 'Woodman, spare that tree,' they cry. 'It dates from at least 2000 B. C.' Because old wine is good, they argue, old laws must needs be. As well might a man say, Because I relish old wine, I will love only old women. And so we go on!" He shrugged and broke off—to talk shrewdly of books. They got to Leopardi, from him to Dante; he heard of her studies at the British Museum, and hoped he might meet her there. She read there often? Mostly in the afternoons? The light was bad; he usually devoted his mornings to what work he had there. He was studying Persian, he said, but fitfully, as the mood took him.

So far he had scarcely looked at her, but had talked out his monologue as if he had been alone, clasping one thin ankle, staring wide-eyed over the heads of guests, occasionally, when he was vehement, throwing his head up, shooting his words at the ceiling, as if they had been Greek fire. Now, as he got up to leave her, his eyes dwelt earnestly on her. "It will be a pleasure, to which I shall aspire—that of meeting you again. There or elsewhere."

She thanked him as she gave him her hand. Excitement made her eyes bright, mantled her cheeks. She felt that she was communing with Senhouse at third hand.

"Then—it is understood—we meet again," he concluded. He bowed over her hand, on a second thought kissed her fingers, then left her immediately and went downstairs. He paid no farewell to Lady Maria, was ascertained to have left the house at once.

VII

MOROSINE had been called emancipated by Lady Maria, who presently found it proper to explain that he was by no means so free from chains as he appeared. Sanchia, she thought, was seeing a good deal of him. "He's the victim, like the rest of us, of his constitution. His, as you may see, is deplorable. Weak heart, they say—but it may be lungs. I never heard of a Pole who could live in any climate, least

of any his own. As for his mind, that follows his wasted body: it's hectic. He affects a detachment which he will never have. It's a pose. He is exceedingly sentimental, has an imagination which—if you could follow it—might alarm you. I have no doubt at all but that, in imagination, he has you safe in some island of Cythera or another, and has slain every other male inhabitant of it, lest some one of them should happen to look at your footprints in the sand. Jealous! He would sicken at the word—not because he would be ashamed, but because it would conjure up the vision of some satyr-shape, and haunt him day and night. He has no need to study Persian poetry, I assure you. He has Rose-gardens enough and to spare; for, if you are inclined to be flattered at my suggestion of Cythera, I hasten to assure you that yours is not the only island of his dominion. Bless you, he'll have an archipelago. But I have no fear for you; you can afford a sentimental education."

Sanchia did not tell her old friend how far that education was proceeding—not because she was afraid, still less because she was ashamed, but in obedience to her nature, which was extremely reserved. She spoke of herself and her affairs with difficulty—never unless she was forced. But it had become a custom just now—in the dull days on either side of Christmas—to look for Morosine in the reading-room about noon, to stroll the galleries for half an hour, to receive and to agree to a lightly offered proposition that they should lunch together, and (it might well be) to accept his escort afterwards. This, I say, had become the rule of three days in the week, more or less. And it's not to be supposed that so clear-sighted a young lady could see so much of so keen-sighted a man without a good deal of self-communing.

Her capacity for silent meditation, during which she would sit before her fire, gazing far, smiling at her thoughts, into the glowing coals, had never left her. But there was a slight difference to be noted. She could not think of Ingram—the past, the present, or any future Ingram—without contraction of the brows. Smooth-browed she thought of Morosine.

He interested her greatly; she was conscious of anxiety to learn his opinion, of a wave of warm feeling when she awaited

it. She credited him with insight, had a notion, for instance, that she could discuss her own affairs without any preliminary apology. He took so much for granted—surely he would take her youth into full account. She had never said him a word of herself as yet; but there had been times when she had felt near it—had seen herself rowing a boat, as it were, within range of a weir, been conscious of effort to keep a straight course, and of the fruitlessness of effort. There had been moments when she had been tempted to throw down her oars with a sigh—by no means of despair. Morosine seemed to her so extraordinarily reasonable, so ready, with well-known laws, to account for unheard-of vagaries, that it would have been real luxury to her to find herself and her escapade the mere creatures of some such law. To be discovered normal: what a relief from strain!

Lady Maria, it seems, charged him with oriental aptitudes. Sanchia gave that judgment careful attention, studied her friend in the light of it, weighed every word of his to her, watched him closely in company when he could not be aware of it. She decided against the opinion. His manners with women were his manners with men, those of urbane indifference to sex. To sex! To much more than that. He was, in fact, outwardly polite to the point of formality; but his attitude of mind towards the person he happened to be with seemed to her—when she examined it closely—to be sublimely insulting. No created thing, with the passions and affections common to his kind, ought to take up such a position with his fellow-creature—that which says, "I infer your existence from my sensations: apart from them, I cannot bring myself to believe in it." She was aware that he must needs regard her from this stand-point; and the knowledge piqued her. If she did not exist for him, why did he seek her out? If she did, why did he pretend she did not? Or was Lady Maria right? Were his sensations awake, and had they fired his imagination, to carry her to Cythera, and keep her hidden there? These questions amused her, and she made no attempt to answer them. Amusement might cease that way: she indulged herself and left her questions open. One thing may be added. Morosine no more reminded her of Senhouse. Quite otherwise

—for of Senhouse just now she dared not think.

Her friend Bill Chevenix gave her no warnings. Even when she sounded for them, he gave none. "I like Alexis," he said once. "He's not so original as he makes out, but there's enough to give him a relish. A handy chap, too, in a dozen ways—he'll model you in wax, or draw you in pastels, or sing about you on the guitar, or whistle you off on the piano; but he's not strong, isn't Alexis. The one thing he can do—no, there are two—he can ride anything, and he can use a revolver. I saw him empty the ten of hearts once; very pretty. I dare say, if he was put to it, he could use an iron to some purpose; but we don't stick each other here, so he'd be out of practice. I rather wish we did, you know. It's far more gentlemanly than laying for a chap outside his club with a hunting-crop, and getting summonsed for assault at Vine Street. Not a bit more vicious, barring the Ten Commandments."

"Prince Morosine doesn't believe in them," Sanchia said. "He's vowed to abolish them."

"So he may tell you, my dear. Don't you believe it. So long as they are good form they will be Alexis's form. He'd sooner die than covet his neighbor's wife." She reserved this for consideration. Meantime she saw more of Morosine than of any other man, and got through January very well by his help.

She particularly liked his company in galleries, because, though he never allowed himself raptures—of which she, too, was incapable—he was always seeking the roots of rapture. Sanchia had a fund of enthusiasm for art all the richer, perhaps, for being denied expression. It was comfortable to have that securely based.

"Did you ever consider," he asked her once, when they stood before the great group of the pediment, "why it is that these things are so beautiful; why, although they are bare of color and all that stands for life to us in art, they are more than life? It's because they point to a state of being exquisitely conform to the laws of being. Such a perfect conformity soothes us into believing that while we witness it we are of it—ourselves conforming. These splendid creatures here, so superbly static—idle, you

might say (only they wouldn't understand you), indulging their strength—are strong and able precisely because they have submitted themselves——”

“Unlike the Poles?” She reminded him of their first conversation, and saw that he remembered it. He bowed to her.

“Let me finish. These existences, emanations, essences, what you will, are submissive, not to man but to nature. They are as passive as earth herself, and as immune. They derive their strength from her. That's our only reasonable service.” Whether he intended it or not, the effect of this kind of talk was to make her view submission to the world's voice as a reasonable service.

It was not so odd as it may seem that her intimates had always been men. That reticence of hers which repelled her own sex was precisely that in her which attracted, by provoking, the other. After her dumb childhood, to which she never looked back, came her opening girlhood, and on the threshold of that stood Jack Senhouse, the loyal servitor, the one man who had loved her without an ounce of self-seeking. Then came Nevile Ingram and swallowed her up for a while, and when he had tired of her she was once more without a friend. To Chevenix, afterwards, rather than to Mrs. Devereux, she had struggled to utter herself. That cry of distress, “he wants me—to mangle me,” would never have been made by her to a woman. She would have died of it sooner. And now came the Pole, Morosine, and by taking for granted (as even Lady Maria could not have done) much that could not have been explained, put her at her ease. She found him a Jack without the spirit—without the divine spark. She could never have loved him, though she liked him well, and she had no idea that he thought of nothing but the greatness of his reward when, after patient toiling, she might fall into his arms. Every nerve in her body was now strung up to obedience to Jack's idea of her. She saw, as clearly as if it was printed, her fate before her. She was to put herself under the law. Jack should not have loved in vain her “dear obsequious head.” Nevile would come back, and require her. For Jack's sake, who had seen her too noble to be touched by sin, she would dip herself deep in sin.

Morosine, who frankly desired her to be

the wife of a man she did not love that she might the more easily find consolation in himself—afterwards, had the wit to see that she needed some of his sophistry, though not enough to know exactly why. It was perfectly true. Her church-going was an ointment. It could soothe but not heal her. Sanchia had a mind. To do wrong by the world because it had seemed right to her, was not to be remedied by doing a right by it now which to her reasoning would glare before her as a monstrous sin. She forgot that Senhouse had also taught her that the great sin of all was insincerity. She could not have afforded to remember that. All her present desire was to be, as nearly as she might, what she had been when Jack had seen her first, what he had found excellent and lovable. Pious, bowing her head in a fair place, obsequious, obedient to the law. He had loved her, of course, whatever she did—outraging the law as well as keeping it, loving Nevile, letting himself go away. She could not remember that. He had loved her meek; she would be meek. That was what her heart told her; and Morosine, to serve his own ends, lulled her head with his sophistical anodynes—and sent her brain to sleep.

That he should know her story, as he obviously did, was not so disconcerting to her as it would have been to most young women. Taciturn as she was, it was not by reason of timidity, but rather that her own motives seemed too clear to her to be worth stating. She was rather given to assume her prerogative right to be different. Her first thought, therefore, was that she was saved the trouble of explaining herself, and her second that it was satisfactory to have a friend who understood her without.

As for Morosine, he may or may not have felt that he had broken the ice; he pushed forward, at any rate, as if he had clear water in front of him. Sanchia felt, when she next met him, that their acquaintance had entered on a new phase.

Then, suddenly, before she knew where she was, her fate was upon her.

It was in the park on a fine Sunday forenoon in February. She was with Lady Maria, and had met with Melusine and Gerald Scales. Morosine, also, seeing her and meeting her eyes, instantly left his companion and came to greet her, hat in hand. He addressed himself to her exclusively,

having saluted Lady Maria; but she named her sister, and he saluted her too. Gerald Scales, bronzed, plump, and very full in the eye, having looked the new-comer over, decided against him and gave him a shoulder. "Foreign beggar," was the conclusion he came to, which does credit to his perspicacity, because the Pole had a very English appearance, and Scales himself the look of a Jew.

When they turned to walk, Morosine took the side next Sanchia, and though he talked to both ladies, so contrived that she should read more in what he said than her sister. He did it deftly, but continuously. Sanchia was entertained, slightly excited, and ended by taking part in the game of skill. It is impossible to say by how much this sort of thing increased the intimacy already established between the pair. It was by so much, at least, that when Melusine joined her husband by dropping behind and waiting for him to come up with the old lady, it came as no sort of shock to her that he took up the talk where he had ended it in the gallery.

"You have been to church, I see. But you are not a Christian?" He did not look at her.

Nor did she turn her head to reply. "I don't know. Nominally, at least—fitfully, at the most."

"That must be the outside of it," he continued. "The thing is the antithesis of the Hellenic ideal—which is yours. Your seemingly passive martyr is really in an ecstasy. He aims at outraging nature; begins by despising and ends by dreading it. Nature, however, has ways of revenging herself."

"Yes, indeed," said Sanchia soberly.

They walked on together, she by this time very much absorbed. She was not conscious of the shifting crowd, the lifting of hats, the chatter, the yapping dogs that ran in and out of women's skirts.

Presently he spoke again. "You believe that you failed?"

Her voice came low. "I know that I failed."

Then he looked at her, and spoke with vehemence. "And what is that to you? What is failure—in such a cause—to such as you?" But she could not meet his face, kept hers rigidly to the front.

"The cause," Morosine told her, "is everything, the aim, the loyalty, the great surrender. Beside this failure is nothing at all. Do you say that the sapling fails that springs out of a cleft rock and towers—seeking, as we all seek, the sun, the light in heaven? A gale gathers it up and tears it out; over it goes, and lies shattered. Is that failure? How can it be, when nothing dies?"

Sanchia, very pale, turned her face to his at last. Her mouth was drawn down at the corners, to the tragic droop. She almost whispered the words. "Something did die."

His intuition worked like a woman's, in flashes. He knew immediately what she meant.

"I know, I know," he said. "You were mistaken. But you never faltered. You followed a call."

"You tell me," she said, "that there was none."

"I do."

"But," she argued, "that with which I began failed me. I was entirely certain—at the time—I could not possibly have hesitated. And then—it died." Her eyes loomed large. "It is quite dead now; and I feel that I have betrayed myself—broken faith with myself."

He shook his head. "You could not break faith. You are the soul of truth."

This praise she accepted. "I don't tell lies, I hope—and I don't shirk things. But you see that I can stultify my own acts. I believed, and acted on my belief; and then I ceased to believe, and acted on that. I cannot trust myself—I ought to be ashamed to say so, but I hope I am."

Morosine met her eyes again, and held them. "I can never believe that you would fail. I tell you that you have not failed. It is that you have been failed. You cannot give if what you give is not taken. Failed—you! Ah, no, you have succeeded, I think."

She bent her brows as she faced resolutely forward. "I must take the consequences of what I have done. I see that."

"Ah," said Morosine, "that is a question of courage. Courage you have."

"I need it," she said in a hush, and stopped dead. Ingram stood before her, and took off his hat.

"Well, Sanchia," he said. "Here I am."

(To be continued.)



Drawn by Frank Craig.

"Well, Sanchia," he said. "Here I am."—Page 108.

AN UNFINISHED CRIME

By Paul van Dyke



THE Greeks made a mistake when they represented the Muse of History as a very reasonable-looking woman. She should rather have caprice in her eyes and a mouth touched with the trace of a malicious smile. For sometimes she does not put down the memorable thing, and often she records what might be forgotten. She leaves uncertain the word of a great leader when he led his men into the fight that saved a nation, and she keeps for a dozen generations a whispered wicked thought. Let me describe one of her capricious indiscretions.

Catherine de' Medici has been falsely accused of a score of crimes. And those accusations have grown out of one prodigious wickedness for which she was responsible. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the Huguenots who had gone up to her daughter's wedding were slaughtered at night in hundreds, some of them by the guards of the king in the very palace where they were sleeping as his guests, was intensely disliked by all who knew the truth about it, had not profited by it, or were not blinded by bigotry to the principles of honor. Even the gay chronicler of the Valois Court, whose writings show he had little religion and less morality and who thought blood feuds perfectly natural, called it "a very dirty massacre." That single act of fierce hate suddenly let loose by fear and ambition, showed a nature so free from moral restraint as to be capable of anything. And there gathered in the hearts of the friends of the dead a hatred so intense that the most violent words of passionate calumny could not give it vent. Therefore, during the rest of her life, her enemies found pleasure in laying at her door every death that could by any possibility be supposed to profit her, and these wild accusations of hate have become part of the popular idea of Catherine de' Medici. The truth is that, aside from the great killing of August, 1572, which she thought a stroke of statecraft needed to keep her power, there is no evidence that would warrant a

judge in even holding her on a criminal charge. But, in her youth, when all the world thought her a clever little woman, patient under the wrongs of a husband she adored, Catherine planned a crime which, had it been known, might have warned the world of the passions that made the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The news of this unfinished crime is three hundred and fifty years old, but it is still fresh, for, considering the strange way I found it out, it seems reasonably certain, gentle reader, that not half a dozen persons have heard of it before you.

Catherine's strongest passion was the desire to rule. During the lifetime of her husband, Henry II, she had no opportunity to satisfy it. She had for him a strong and rather humble affection which endured long after his death, but his passionate devotion belonged to Diana, Duchess of Valentinois, an imperious woman, to whom he gave great riches and power. The Court, from the highest officers of State to the humblest hangers-on, surrounded the royal mistress with flattery and sought her favor. Doubtless Diana smiled indulgently at the whispered word that the queen was only "a merchant's daughter" with a fair-sized *dot*, whom the king had unfortunately married before he became, by his brother's death, heir apparent. Catherine, wounded in her affections as a woman and in her pride as the first of a burgher family to achieve a crown, played her part at banquets, rode to the hunt with the stoutest, and joked with the merriest, as if the hate she kept down with a strong will were not seething in her heart. But she almost let it slip her control, and an odd chance enables me to show a crime which never became more than an "almost."

In order to understand, it is necessary to know the historical incident behind the letter which is the centre of three documents connected with the record of that unfinished crime.

When, on the sudden death of her husband, her son, Francis II, succeeded to the throne at fifteen, Catherine still found her



Catherine de' Medici.

From a photograph by Braun & Co. of a painting by Clouet, in the Czartoryski Collection.

desire to rule balked. She held an illustrious position at Court, but she had little power in the State. It is true she was able to drive away the Duchess of Valentinois, to strip her of her great wealth, and get back from her the crown jewels. But the young king loved his wife, Mary Queen of Scots, more than his mother. Mary despised her mother-in-law, and Mary's uncles, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, governed France; to the great disgust of the Princes of the Blood and the ancient House of Montmorency, the first gentlemen of the realm, who thought the Guises upstarts, whose father had come into France only fifty years before, a younger son, seeking his fortune.

But when Francis II died of an abscess in the ear after seventeen months' reign, Catherine's turn came. She took posses-

sion of her son the King Charles IX, then about thirteen, and caused the boy to proclaim her acting head of the State. When murmurs over this violation of an ancient custom grew loud, she associated with her in the government Henry of Bourbon, King of Navarre, first Prince of the Blood royal, but framed such rules for the conduct of affairs as to make it impossible for him or the royal council to do anything without her knowledge and consent. To defend herself against the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, whom she cordially detested, she surrounded the throne with their enemies, the houses of Bourbon and Montmorency. The younger members of these houses and a large number of the gentry of France of the old stock were strongly inclined to the heresy of their countryman, John Calvin, city preacher of Geneva,



Monsieur le Duc de Nemours.

From a rare contemporary print in the collection of Mr. Junius Morgan.

some from conviction, some from scepticism because the new religion seemed less of a strain on faith than the old, and some because of the stalwart orthodoxy of the hated house of Guise. It came to pass, therefore, that heresy became fashionable at Court. The laws against it were relaxed and, throughout great parts of France, crowds blatantly chanted the Psalms in French on the public squares or marched sword on thigh to hear preaching in the fields. Hope stirred in Geneva, fear smote hearts at Rome, that France was to follow the example of England—establish a national church and renounce the Roman obedience. Philip II of Spain became anxious for the Netherlands. The Duke of

Savoy feared lest his rebellious subjects of Geneva should become his masters. The Pope trembled at the thought that the oldest daughter of the Church might be led astray by heresy. Nay, as the Cardinal of Lorraine put it: "If France should join Germany, the Baltic lands, Scotland, England, the infected Netherlands, the heretic cantons of Switzerland, how could Spain, Italy, or any of the Christian provinces escape being overwhelmed by the current of destruction?" So a plot was formed to steal away the third son of Catherine, the heir-apparent to the throne, then about eleven years old, and carry him off, either to his aunt, the Duchess of Savoy, or to his sister, the Duchess of Lorraine. Once



Diane de Poitiers.

From a rare engraving of an original painting, supposed to be by Primaticcio, in the collection of Earl Spencer.

across the border, this heir of a king inclined to heresy might be brought up as a strict Roman Catholic. Or perhaps those who planned his abduction hoped to make him head of the party for a civil war for the defence of universal religion, backed by the arms of Spain and Savoy and the blessing of the Pope.

Of course the agent of this daring attempt was not acting solely of his own accord. A politician of his experience would never have tried to do a thing so dangerous under conditions which would have made success useless. He was undoubtedly backed or instigated by others, but who the others were, Catherine, in spite of all her efforts, could never discover. The

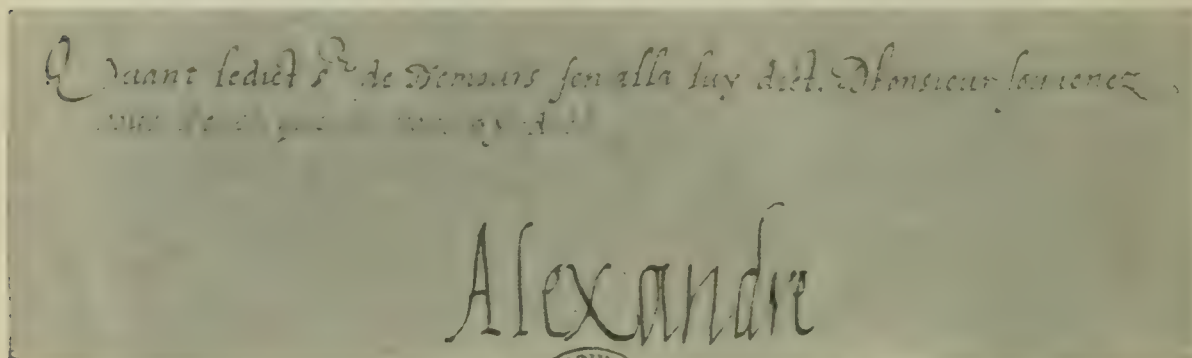
House of Guise probably knew of it, but the reports proving their complicity distributed in print over France by the opposite faction, which have been accepted by historians as true, are false. No proof exists which enabled Catherine to accuse the Guises of knowing anything about the affair. If Spain or Savoy or Rome were cognizant of the attempted abduction, the secret is in documents that have perished or are buried beneath the dust of some archives. We only know the actions of the puppet. We cannot trace the wires that moved him.

The man who was to get the boy across the French border was the Duke of Nemours. Jacques de Savoie, Duke of Nemours, was descended of the younger

branch of the House of Savoy, a race of soldiers. A captain at fifteen, he had fought through all the wars of Henry II, but he was no mere swordsman.

Before the gout crippled him, France knew no more graceful and elegant gentleman. He set the fashion at court, and his success with the ladies was proverbial. He

boy to another part of the room, apparently because he observed that there was some one behind the tapestry near by, Nemours said: "I see many troubles in this kingdom and you are not safe in it, because the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé want to make themselves kings and want to kill you. If you will come I will



Quant ledit R. de Nemours son alla luy dit. Monsieur le prince
 Alexandre

The little duke's signature.

invented a stroke at tennis. He danced, rode, and fenced to perfection, and it was a saying among the courtiers of his older days that "he who had not seen Monsieur de Nemours in his gay years had not seen anything."

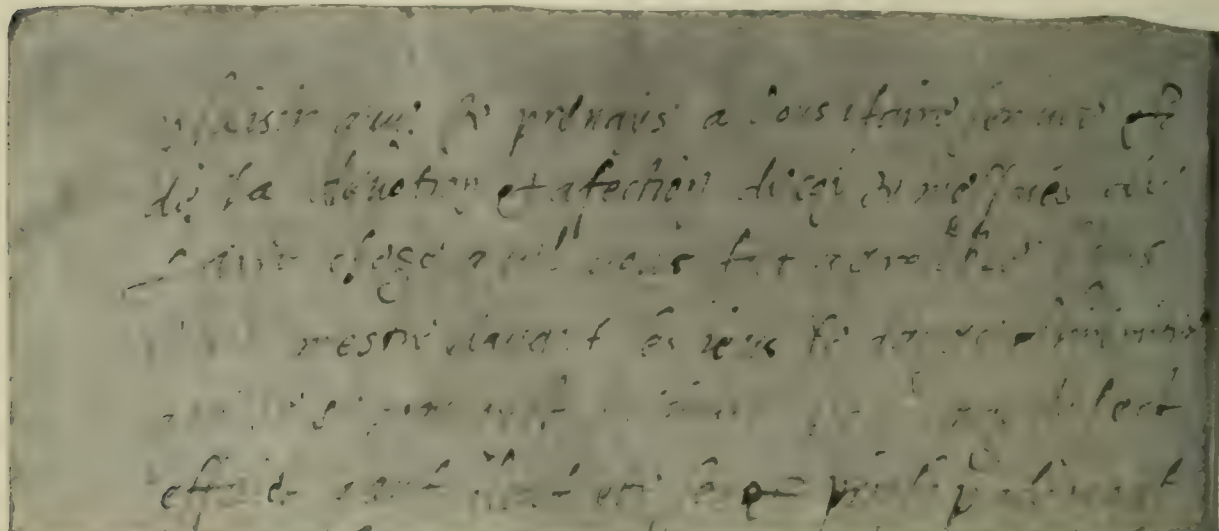
But, in spite of the brilliant agent, the plot failed completely. The little boy was very fond of the splendid captain and courtier, but he refused to go away with him. This is how it happened: Nemours took him apart, near a big chest in the king's room, and asked him what religion he was of and if he was a Huguenot? The little prince answered, that he was of the religion of his mother. Then, leading the

take you to Lorraine or Savoy and you will be very happy."

The boy answered, that he did not want to leave the king nor his mother, the queen.

Nemours said also: "Remember, monsieur, when Monsieur de Guise goes away, to say to him, 'My cousin, when I need you I beg you to come, if you cannot take me away now.'"

Nemours also said to him that he must not tell the queen, and asked him if he trusted in Carnavalet and Villequier. And when he answered yes, said, "You must not say anything about this to them, and if they ask what I have been talking to you about, say it was the comedies." And, just before



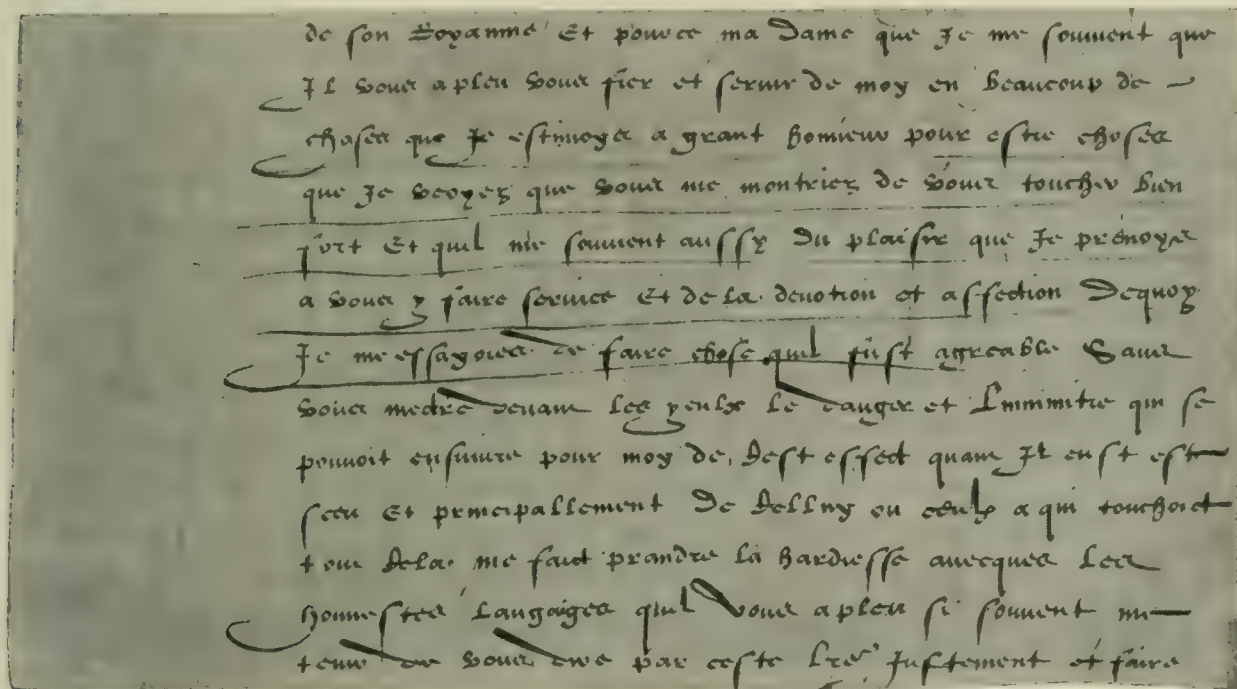
Je suis au: Je prends a tous deux pour un
 de la sanction et affection de ce de mesmes
 l'avis de ce qui est fait pour le bien
 mesme d'aller en l'air de la religion
 de la religion et de la religion de la religion
 de la religion de la religion de la religion
 de la religion de la religion de la religion

Upper part of a sheet of Nemours's letter to Catherine.

going away, Nemours said to him, "Mon-sieur, remember what I have said to you." When the attempt had thus failed, the duke left the Court at once and went to join the Guises at Nanteuil.

A waiting-woman named Denise, who sang beautifully (that's all we know about her) had been behind the tapestry when Nemours began to talk to the little prince. It was, probably, this woman who told the queen. The lad was carried before the Royal Council, repeated the tale given above, and signed his testimony in very

chive searching which enables me to read, as those who saw Catherine daily in her husband's Court could not, a wicked thought in that crafty heart, which was at once so cold and so passionate. Here is the English which represents the clumsy French of Nemours: "I recollect that you were pleased to trust me and use me in many things which I thought a great honor because they were things of great consequence to you. I remember also the pleasure I took to do you service in them, and the devotion and service with which I gave myself



The lower half of a sheet of the copy of Nemours's letter sent to Spain.

The bottom line shows the cut that took off the margin.

careful, big, round letters—Alexandre. Before this, Catherine ordered the arrest of Nemours. But a warning from his friends at Court reached him in the night. He mounted and rode from house to house of the Guises, finding food and guides and fresh horses ready for him, until he was safe across the border. From his hiding-place he wrote two letters to Catherine, denying his guilt, imploring her pardon, and reminding her of his devotion to her interests, even in the days before her husband's death when she had few faithful servitors. It is in connection with one of these letters that the crime they had plotted years before was recorded. Let me describe, as clearly as I can in brief, the curious and somewhat complicated bit of lucky adventure in ar-

to do a thing which was agreeable, without reminding you of the danger and the enmity which might follow for me from such an action if it should become known, and chiefly, from him, or those whom it concerned." A similar allusion, vaguely definite, had struck my attention in the other letter from Nemours, which I had found in a different volume of manuscript. Its interpretation seemed impossible. But an accident had preserved, along with this second appeal to pity through memory, the key to the mysterious allusion.

The letter was in a volume, made some time after the middle of the eighteenth century, to contain a collection of documents about this attempt to carry off the young Duke of Orleans. The man who arranged

the documents in the volume added to many of them a copy, probably because his employer could not easily read the beautiful old hand of the royal secretary or the attempts of the Duke of Nemours to write the modern hand coming into vogue in his day. After reading the original letter, I was carelessly turning over the pages of the copy of it, when my eye was caught by the underscoring of some lines in the text. As no lines were underscored in the original, I looked more closely and read this note, written on the broad margin by the copyist: "In the original copy sent to Monsieur de Limoges (he was Ambassador to Spain) there is, at the end of the underscored lines, a reference to a foot-note at the bottom of the page, and here at the bottom of the letter."* The copyist precedes his record of the lost foot-note with these words: "Note in the hand of Claude de l'Aubespine" (Claude de

*To show how nearly the passage escaped, let me say that in still another volume of the vast collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, I stumbled, by a lucky chance, across the very copy of Nemours's letter sent to the Ambassador in order that he might try to find out if Spain was concerned in the affair which is here spoken of.

l'Aubespine was one of Catherine's secretaries, whose unofficial hand cannot be mistaken by any one who has wrestled with its difficulties). Here is the copy of Claude de l'Aubespine's confidential note hastily scribbled at the bottom of a page of his engrossed despatch to the Ambassador of Spain, who was his older brother:

"The queen laughed heartily when she saw in the letter of Monsieur de Nemours the lines marked, and recalled that she wanted to use him, when she was so angered against Madame de Valentinois, to throw a strong distilled water in her face as if in sport, which would have disfigured her for life. And so she had thought to get back the king, her husband; but, on further reflection, she decided not to do it. *Please burn this letter after you read it.*"

And three hundred and fifty years later it is printed in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The underscoring described is there, as appears in the photograph on page 115. But the mark of the knife or scissors shows where some one has cut off the note at the bottom of the page since the modern copyist saw it. If, therefore, he had not preserved it for us, this article could not have been written.

EXIT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

For what we owe to other days,
Before we poisoned him with praise,
May we who shrank to find him weak
Remember that he cannot speak.

For envy that we may recall,
And for our faith before the fall,
May we who are alive be slow
To tell what we shall never know.

For penance he would not confess,
And for the fateful emptiness
Of early triumph undermined,
May we now venture to be kind.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE GROWTH OF THE GERMAN NAVY

By Elmer Roberts



GERMANY has philosophers and lovers of mankind who, believing in the unity of the race, would that nations should arrange a permanent peace and accept in a spirit of fair-play decisions of umpires when governments do not interpret alike the principles of international justice. The idea of war, because the military organization of the country directly affects every home and family, is more distressing in Germany probably than in the United States or in Great Britain. England has not been invaded in force during eight and a half centuries. Merely the historic memory of Napoleon's preparations for invasion causes a feeling of relief and thankfulness that they failed. Germany has had a different and a terrible national experience, which is ever in the background of consciousness when war and policies pertaining to war are discussed. The child in school cannot avoid learning from the primer history that the population during the Thirty Years' War sank from 22,000,000 to 6,000,000. From times that were remote when Columbus discovered America, war has swept Germany during nearly every generation excepting the periods following the military revival of Prussia, which contributed to the overthrow of Napoleon, and during the thirty-nine years of peace since the end of the French war and the unity of the German states. German cities have been sacked within a century.

Grimmelshausen's classic "Simplicius Simplicissimus," a romantic narrative of the Thirty Years' War, of the brutalities, insensate cruelties, plunderings, and ravishings of the period, has sunk into German sensibilities as deeply as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into the feelings of the North before the Civil War. The Germans of today bear a weight of armaments to escape the vivid terrors of the past and to feel that fine sense of security unknown to their ancestors. The thought and the immense

labors bestowed upon preparedness for war are reactions from the sufferings of the past.

Preparations for war, in the spirit in which the German looks upon them, grow in what seems a human and a reasonable manner from a body of political thinking derived from the national experience, and not essentially different in regard to the use of force from that of other great civilized peoples.

Emperor William decided during the period following the Kruger telegram that Germany ought to have a navy of evident power if the country were to be secure from foreign resentment and threats out of proportion in the German view to the cause of offence. It is not necessary to determine the political wisdom of the Kruger telegram or whether the reception of it in England was justified by its contents. It does seem essential, however, to understand in outline an event in which is to be found the seed of the great efforts Germany has put forth to create a navy and which she continues to put forth.

The German Foreign Office on the eve of the Jameson raid had received a petition by cable from German residents in Pretoria for a guard from a German war-ship at Delagoa Bay to be sent to Pretoria for their protection. President Kruger some time previously had asked German promises for aid against Great Britain should there be war and he had been refused, although unquestionably the German people took the Boer side of the controversy. The news that the Transvaal Government had engaged and defeated the Jameson raiders gave the Emperor occasion to send President Kruger the subjoined despatch published in *The Imperial Gazette* of January 3, 1897:

"I express to you my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly powers, you and your people have succeeded in repelling with your own forces the armed bands which have broken into your country, and in maintaining the inde-

pendence of your country against foreign aggression."

The Times correspondent, in telegraphing the news, said:

"This telegram must not, however, be taken as merely an expression of the Emperor's personal feeling. It was drawn up at the Chancellor's palace where the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Baron von Marschall, the Secretary of the Imperial Navy Admiral Hollman, and others had been summoned by Prince Hohenlohe to confer with the Emperor. It assumes, therefore, the character of a State document of the highest importance, the more so as it contains an unqualified recognition of the independence of the South African Republic."

The publication of the telegram moved the people of Great Britain far more deeply than did the Venezuelan message of President Cleveland a few weeks earlier. The British Government began instant preparations for war. *The Times* of January 8 published under triple head-lines—an unusual device in those days—nearly a column announcement beginning as follows:

"NAVAL PREPARATIONS

A FLYING SQUADRON FORMED

SHIPS ORDERED TO DELAGOA BAY

"Orders have been sent to Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham for the immediate commissioning of six ships to form a flying squadron, and it is understood that the captains to command these ships have already been chosen. The object of this move is obviously to have an additional squadron ready to go anywhere which may either re-inforce a fleet already in commission, if thought desirable, or may constitute a separate force to be sent in any direction where danger may exist."

The Times began a column editorial on the subject with "The country will learn with satisfaction that the augmented naval preparations which we advocated yesterday have been taken in hand with vigor and promptitude." The editorial concluded with a reference to the "pretension of the German Emperor to tear up our treaties at his pleasure." *The Times* on the following day announced that special preparations were in progress for mobilizing a portion of the Reserve Fleet, and that pressing orders

had been issued to hurry the refitting of other ships. Emergency military preparations also had been ordered by the government. Commenting on explanations and the avowals in Berlin that no unfriendly act had been meant by the Kruger telegram *The Times* said:

"The official and semi-official press of Germany, which a week ago could not find language picturesque enough to reach the height of its great resolves, is now roaring as gently as any sucking dove."

The British Government's naval preparations continued. A special flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers for service with the Channel and flying squadrons had been placed in commission. Two thousand men were working extra time at Portsmouth, and the activity in the Chatham dockyards was described as "unprecedented."

The foregoing gives something of the British Government's dispositions to resent by arms the action of the German Government, or, if that were not designed, to impress upon Germans their helplessness on the sea in the presence of British hostility. The attitude of the German Government within twenty-four hours after the Kruger telegram was to explain to England and the world that no offence had been meant. Such explanations were conveyed officially and elaborated upon in the German press. The British preparations were regarded with considerable astonishment, then with apprehension, and finally with a sense of abasement. The British Admiralty's activity continued for some days after Mr. Balfour had announced in the House of Commons on January 16 that no foreign power disputed the British view of the relations with the Transvaal.

The conviction in Germany was that the British Government had taken an opportunity to humiliate the German sovereign and the German people. The naval preparations were regarded as in no other light than a threatening demonstration out of proportion to the significance of the telegram sent to Kruger. Had good-will been applied to the interpretation of the despatch it might have been taken as an ill-judged, though harmless, expression of sympathy. The German feeling was that, had Germany been a sea power and in a position to engage Great Britain—even on unequal terms—the British way of receiving

the telegram would have been different, and that, instead of flying squadrons and special flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers for service with the Flying and the Channel squadrons, there would have been an acceptance of German assurance that no ill-will had been intended. Germany had in that year something more than 1,500,000 tons of ocean-going shipping. Her investments abroad amounted to \$3,000,000,000. Her trade extended to most parts of the world, and her ambition for an expansion of her foreign commerce and her dividends from undertakings in foreign countries was limitless. The government saw all this fabric of foreign enterprise exposed to destruction. Political writers in Germany had treated of Germany's need for a navy since the empire had been formed. The strategists in the general staff had prepared theoretical studies of the correlation of land and sea forces in war. In a war with Russia—the great neighbor whose immense potentialities rested heavily upon the imagination of the Germans until the Russo-Japanese War—the fleet could be employed with advantage in closing the Russian Baltic ports, in landing troops in great force either near St. Petersburg or at any intermediate point whereby operations threatening the rear of Russian armies on the German frontier could be executed.

The Emperor had read and had been impressed by Captain Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power on History." A naval officer of distinction has told me that Captain Mahan's book had as much to do with the building of the German navy as any other single influence. Certainly it was evident that the power of Germany could not be used beyond where German troops could march unless a navy of considerable strength existed. The exposed position of German commerce, the problem studies of the co-operation of the land and sea forces in war, the Emperor's personal convictions on the subject of a navy were the latent forces released into full activity by the consequences in England of the Kruger telegram. The United States, Italy, and France had begun from five to fifteen years earlier to expand their navies.

The first German naval programme was ready by November 10 of the following year, 1897, and was adopted by the Reichstag the next spring. The strategists, how-

ever, were convinced that a small navy was scarcely better than no navy, that any navy must be sufficiently large to be taken into account by Great Britain or any other power as a serious adversary, were war to take place.

While these discussions were going on the German mail steamer *Bundesrath* was seized by a British cruiser off the East African coast on suspicion of carrying contraband. The seizure caused high feeling in Germany and was the occasion of a good deal of arrogant talk in England, where German sympathy for the Boers was resented. The *Bundesrath* was presently released. The incident and the feeling it provoked on both sides of the North Sea gave the second push to the German navy. The programme of 1900—the present one—was resolved upon. The key idea as set forth in the preamble is that "Germany must possess a battle fleet so strong that a war with her would, even for the greatest naval power, be accompanied with such dangers as would render that power's position doubtful."

While the German naval promoters have never planned for a navy equal to that of Great Britain, they do work for a navy that would make the British Government hesitate to attack Germany under avoidable circumstances and that would suggest a civil attitude should the two governments have different policies upon a subject of mutual interest. German naval plans leave to Britain superiority on the sea, but not such a superiority as leaves German shipping, the sprinkling of German colonies, and immense German investments in other countries defenceless. Instead of a proportion of seven to one, which represented the ratio of naval strength on the morning the Kruger telegram was sent, the proportion when the German projects are completed is likely to be about three to two in favor of Great Britain. Although the British position on the sea is immensely changed thereby, the security of the British Islands can hardly be endangered. Should Great Britain consider that the national security requires more ships she will probably build them. She cannot retain an overwhelming superiority upon the sea without building ships. The weakness of the suggestions for limitation by agreement made in England is, that they always imply that

Great Britain would be willing to enter into an arrangement with Germany on the permanent principle of British naval policy that Great Britain shall have a navy as large as any two other powers, with a margin of ten per cent. more for good measure. Englishmen ask that Germany should undertake to confirm by treaty Britain's supreme position on the sea. The impossibility of a nationally young, growing, ardent, self-confident people such as the Germans entering into an agreement of that kind makes the suggestion seem queer when looked at from the Continent. No British statesman has ever mentioned a willingness to consider a limitation of armaments except upon the fundamental idea that Britain retain her vast preponderance on the sea. The discussion of limitation upon that basis does not seem a futility in England; in Germany it is regarded as verging upon impudence.

The elder Pitt in the middle of the eighteenth century laid down the principle that the safety and prestige of Great Britain lay in a balance of power on the Continent, that England could not suffer any power to become predominant on the mainland. Therefore France, the great military power on the Continent, was the enemy of England. Pitt made headway against France by alliances on the Continent, crippled her through the aid of Frederick of Prussia on the land, defeated her at sea, and added the French colonies in India and North America to her own. France was again the enemy of England when Napoleon rose to military supremacy on the Continent. For a century and a half the first aim of British foreign policy has been to promote an equilibrium on the Continent so that contentions there should leave her free in other parts of the world and should keep all powers in Europe seeking for the favor of England. Since the reduction of the Russian position in the Japanese war, Germany has become the predominant military State on the Continent. The aim of the British Government has been to arrange a system of ententes and alliances sufficient to hold Germany in check. Doubtful success has resulted. The endeavor to give Morocco to France failed. The joint British and Russian efforts against Germany and Austria in the Bosnian-Herzegovinian annexations failed. Great Britain is being gradually

excluded from influence on the Continent. If Germany had never built a ship nor sold a yard of cloth abroad, the political genius of British statesmen would have singled her out as the enemy of England because of her immense and growing position on the Continent. The political policies of Great Britain are the ones that drive her into hostility against Germany. Added to these are the trade competition, usually much exaggerated, and the rise of the German navy. Relatively British trade has not expanded so fast as that of Germany, but it is good and profitable, making the financial position of the United Kingdom still the first in Europe.

The German navy is serious for Great Britain, not because the safety of the British Isles is endangered nor because Germany has any aggressive policy against her, but because the British political position throughout the world will be reduced by reason of the existence of the navy. That position has already been greatly changed by the rise of Japan in the Far East, of the United States in the Western hemisphere, of Germany on the continent of Europe. The British fleets in the East, on both shores of North and South America and in the Mediterranean have been lessened to strengthen the fleets in home waters. The British naval forces will become further concentrated in ratio to the German construction. The prevailing strategical doctrine will require Great Britain to have at home a naval power sufficient to engage on more than equal terms a fleet of thirty-eight battle-ships and twenty large cruisers within one day's sail of her coasts.

The "relations" between Great Britain and Germany are in continuous discussion that rises to a certain intensity when the British naval budget is debated in Parliament or when some European question bubbles. These "relations" are likely to sharpen in international importance until the German navy reaches its programme developments, which will be between 1916-18. I venture into the difficult field of conjecture as to the probable course of events. Ethical considerations will prevent the small war party in Great Britain from provoking war while the German navy is weak. When the German navy has reached its programme maximum and nothing happens, because Germany will not throw her

inferior navy against Britain, a long peace will probably follow in which suspicions and animosities will diminish. The British people will become accustomed to a certain diminution of their international posi-

tion, but with an immense place in the world, a place constantly maintained, perhaps constantly increased, through their spiritual and intellectual contributions to mankind.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

ONCE upon a time—just before the year 1000 A.D.—people were terribly frightened because they were sure that the world was coming to an end. Often they have awaited in consternation the arrival of Antichrist, who was to bring about the spiritual destruction of Christendom. Mankind is periodically terror-stricken, now by some comet, apparently breaking the fixed laws of nature, now by the emergence of the witch, with the foul fiend's own power in her hand. I remember reading somewhere, I think in the *Outlook*, that, at the time of our war with Spain, many of the mountaineers of Tennessee were in a state of great alarm because of the Spanish fleet, afraid lest some of "them flyin' squadrons" should light upon the mountains. Now that we are facing the tremendous scare lest woman shall come to an end in 1915 or thereabouts, it behooves us to see if there is any ground for reassurance; fear doubtless has its uses, but history would seem to suggest that it is sometimes unfounded.

As regards women, there are plenty of signs and portents of dreadful change; and it is hardly necessary to enumerate the various things that they are doing which they used not to do. From college corridor and from lecture platform come echoes of their plans and aspirations; from pulpit, editorial office, club, come deep masculine thunderings in bass protest—would another spelling for bass carry any truth in its suggestion? Thin and high between the loudly stated programme of woman-kind, and the growling denunciation of man-kind, come the wails of the "womanly women," who point the finger of scorn at their sex, and assert, in print or upon the platform, that *they* would not think of doing things that would attract attention in any way. We are in a parlous state, when both critics and criticised bid

fair to lose in much speaking the little time that life grants for achievement.

The more timid among us may well find cause for alarm in listening to some of our young girls as they plan out their lives. It is my duty and my privilege to associate much with those who are going through college. Honored, at times, by their confidences, I secure for myself an immortality of youth under graying hair, and am thus, in a fashion, become my own daughter, aware of the feeling of posterity in many grave matters. Even at the risk of adding to the hue and cry when the barking is already too loud, I cannot resist the temptation to tell of one earnest daughter of young America who lately burst into loud remonstrance when a friend confessed that she was going to be married. "Aren't you going to do anything for the world?" demanded the listener, and I fancy that the culprit confessed that she was not. I wonder which of the extinct species of prehistoric time first assumed this attitude. Did lady mastodon or spinster megatherium start out on a mission to "do something for the world?" Alas, they did the only thing they could do for the world, died off the face of it. For those who can take this kind of thing seriously, this is the time to groan that the modern woman is a *cul-de-sac*; but who can take it seriously? I have heard young girls vow that they will never marry; I have heard smaller girls vow that they will never, in all their lives, eat another bit of bread and butter; I heard one, who had missed some festivity that came late at night remark, with vehement stamping of her foot, that in future she would never go to sleep. I can remember taking, myself, at the age of six, a sacred oath never to have my face washed again. Let those who listen in fear to the assertions of our modern vestals reflect that promises characteristic of extreme youth are frequently made

by individuals of both sexes with small effect on after life. Would it be any comfort to the anxious onlookers to know that the proportion of maidens who make this rash vow not to marry is very small, smaller than it was a decade or two ago?

There has been a deal of talk lately, in foreign and in American journals, carried on by frightened men, about this new portent, the latest hobgoblin: why should we not call the spectre they have conjured up the "Anti-woman"? According to them, motherhood has gone out of fashion, especially in America; two parasitic feminine growths, the frivolous and the learned, are sapping the life of the sex; women are invading man's occupations, discovering his secret sins, upsetting the social order, and the devil is to pay. Would it be going too far to say, as regards the criticisms of American women, that many of these writers build on singularly slight foundations of experience and information? Frenchman, German, or Englishman, they stay a few weeks in the country; they catch a glimpse of a multi-millionairess or two speeding past in a motor, but surely multi-millionairesses are not numerous enough to cause real consternation; they are entertained, probably by the very wealthy, for several days, and they go home to Germany, or France, or England, to say that American women are rolling in idleness and luxury, or else working too hard in positions which men ought to fill. Is there no suiting them either way? If we may neither be busy nor idle, what course is left open? I suppose that one would hardly dare use the word superficiality in regard to any of these observations of the sterner sex, but, certainly they seem based on insufficient information. For my part, I should not want to build up a history of contemporary civilization on newspaper jokes and gibes, and a few days' observations made by a tired traveller.

As regards the sympathy of these spectators with the much-abused American man, husband of the American woman, who disports herself abroad while he is toiling in his office, I can say only that the American man, who has an immense sense of humor, is smiling up his sleeve. He knows that endless work, however hard it may be, is not so hard as endless play, and he takes his ease in his office, with old friends and a pipe, while wife and daughter put in twenty-hour days in travelling, toiling up mountains and down gorges in the delusion that it all means rest and recreation. What-

ever the American woman may be, she is what the American man has made her, whether or no she belong to this small leisure class which our visitors mistake for the whole. It is in his hands to change her if he will; those who pity him do not realize what a singularly capable individual he is. Meanwhile, if the butterfly lady fails to see her husband's dry smile, denoting that he has the best of it, why should the foreigner protest?

As regards the indictment of the American mother, I say to these critics, English, French, German, wait until you know her before you pronounce against her. She is not obviously sentimental; she does not publicly gloat over her children; but feeling is perhaps none the less deep for not being worn upon the sleeve. The patience, courage, self-denial that I have seen among American mothers of all classes are entirely worthy of those Puritan great-grandmothers who wore their lives out at the spinning-wheel that their sons might grace the pulpit or professor's chair. If there are mothers who, in faith and devotion, can surpass thousands of American women, none the less great of soul because they are unnoticed by the casual tourist, I would I knew where to find them.

AS for those women who are invading the professions, entering business, taking care of themselves in a hundred energetic ways, many of them have been drawn into this kind of life by the tragedy of death, or by desertion of son or husband, or, perhaps by mere failure to meet the special person who could make home, home; and one ought to give thanks for the high-hearted way in which they accept their destiny rather than grumble at them. If, tragedy aside, a woman undertakes some large task because she has a gift for it, who is wise enough in the purposes of the Creator to say her nay? There is an appallingly large number of unmarried women in Massachusetts, says the alarmist; yes, but there are eighty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts. What would you have? To the courage, cheerfulness, pluck of the women with careers whom I have known, I pay deep homage. From many of them the instinct of motherhood, through no fault of their own failing to find its natural channels, flows out in lovely ways, in mothering the needy young. Childless, they win the undying love and gratitude of children actually or spiritually motherless,

"This, too,
Will Pass"

and spend their lives in maternal service which makes you realize that experience does not always depend on mere fact.

If one only knew how to soothe the frightened gentlemen who are voicing their fear so loudly! We must be calm always in the face of signs and portents. It has been discovered, you will remember, that even comets have their orbits, obeying laws too far-reaching and subtle for the ordinary observer, mediæval or other, to make out. It may be that even the meteoric ladies trailing across the lecture platform have their regular orbits, subject to mysterious laws, undiscoverable by either your intellect or mine. Freaks we have always among us—I have not observed that the other sex is free from them—and yet the race goes rather sanely on.

So I listen to the growling of mankind; the piping of the "womanly women"—for the life of me, when I hear them expatiating in public on their womanliness, I cannot help remembering Becky Sharp, and little Rawdon's unfinished shirt; I listen, loving this best of all, to the plans of the intellectual young, what they are going to do, the ways in which they will give their lives to ideal aims, and I gently chuckle. I live in a fine, secluded corner for chuckling. What are these fears, scorns, admirations? They speak, one and all, as if motherhood were of yesterday—the profoundest, as the earliest, fact of human life, the deepest thing in it. Can a passing fashion, can an abstract cause, rob life of that which goes farthest down and farthest back? I am shocked that wise men should have so little faith, so little real insight. There is a disheartening shallowness about their whole contention. They talk as if the maternal instinct were an outside something, like a fashion in hats, and as if it were now making manifestations which they do not like and would correct by "reason." When did "reason" ever have anything to do with it? Could you reason with the law of gravitation because you thought it was not living up to its privileges and obligations? Women will follow the law of their natures, not because masculine or "womanly" arguments convince them, but because it was there before they were; they can no more help it than they can stop their hearts from beating; they have no more choice in the matter than they have in regard to having hands and feet, nor as much. Our ambitious youngsters, who hope to "do so much for the world" in the way of abstract causes, bow like grass before the winds of God,

when the winds of God begin to blow. And if, as sometimes happens, for them they do not blow, these workers, for the most part, carry out their tasks sweetly and courageously, finding their places, and necessary places, in this great commonwealth of humanity. Quite as amenable to the underlying laws of life are the older and sterner members of womankind who chatter on platforms about women's rights. When this kind fall, they fall like Lucifer. I have even observed, though I realize that it will take several aeons before men find this out, that the strongest-minded women are usually the ones capable of the strongest affections; the most apparently unsexed often, in the deepest sense, the most womanly. How can we blame men for not discovering this, when often, through some oversight of blundering Dame Nature—who seems to make as many mistakes as do other feminine creatures—the women do not suspect it themselves?

The instinct for motherhood is the primal, indestructible fact of woman's life, and professional work, university life, even—even the ballot are not going to change it, any more than the present style in sleeves is going to change it. I have known many learned and semi-learned women; I have known but one in whom this instinct was not stronger than any other, and she was lavishing a maternal passion on a dictionary of her own creating. Fate, not perversity on her part, made her the mother of that tome, instead of granting her a son. Incidentally, it is a comfort to know that the dictionary turned out well.

As well be afraid that water will run up hill, that the Hudson will turn and travel back to the Adirondacks, as that the heart of woman, be she short-haired or long-haired, booted and spurred or clad in chiffon, shall be made any way except as it is made, and has been, from all time! Men might as well sit up nights in fear lest the moons of Jupiter should begin to move round the other way, or that the leopard should, after all, change his spots, as to worry lest woman shall change her nature; and arguments addressed to the moons of Jupiter, or to the leopard, advising them to keep on in their old course, would be quite as much to the point as all this present-day reasoning with womankind. The swallow to her nest, the river to the sea, and the heart of the woman to her child, existent or non-existent. You cannot keep the needle from pointing to the pole, and no amount of good advice will make it point there more irrevocably.

Democracy
and
Education

CANNOT one comment on current events which have become controversial without "invidia," or the suspicion of partisanship? At least, one ought not to be walking over live embers, as Horace has it, if he ventures to remark that, whether it be true or not that the principle of democracy in education was involved in a recent controversy, it is a valuable and even indispensable principle. The "poor scholar," still extant in Germany and Scotland, is understood to be extinct in England. The head of a "swell" Oxford college was quoted, at the time when the provisions of Cecil Rhodes's will were published, as saying that though its beneficiaries might possibly subsist at Oxford in term-time upon the allowance that was secured to them, he did not see how it was possible for them to get on during vacation, excepting with "private means." It may be added that the college over which the author of this sentiment presides, doubtless with dignity and amiability, is not distinguished in the academic annals of either scholarship or athletics.

If "efficiency" were the object of education, as it so clearly is in Germany, and as it so clearly ought to be here, it would be recognized at the outset that frugality was conducive to it and luxury hostile. In England, Froude said that university education fitted a man extremely well for the grade of gentleman, but for no other that he knew of. And in that Oxonian classic, "Tom Brown," we find one of the hero's heroes telling him: "Three years at Oxford, my boy, will teach you something of what rank and money count for, if they teach you nothing else." That lesson is one which, of all lessons, should in America be postponed to a post-graduate course, and not inserted, either as compulsory or as elective, in the undergraduate curriculum. Things are by no means as badly off with us yet in this respect as they are with the English. There is no American institution of learning as yet in which a Rhodes scholarship would not enable its holder to get the full benefit of the institution, socially as well as scholastically and athletically. If any American undergraduate should complain to his parent that he "could not live" on that allowance, the parent, if he had any sense at all, would promptly withdraw him from that seat of learning. The sense of humor has, among other definitions, been defined as a sense of proportion. And the sense of humor on which we pride ourselves ought to suffice to

prevent the spending by any youth, engaged in preparation for the battle of life, of more than three or four times the yearly amount that he could reasonably expect to earn in the open market after his preparation was completed and he had entered the battle. And, most certainly, it is not good that different "standards of living" depending on different amounts of "private means," should be encouraged or even tolerated by the faculty of an American university. A place of education is the last place in which there is room for a set of social distinctions based on money.

Doubtless it is difficult to obliterate such distinctions altogether. But it is at least feasible to make sure that the college itself shall not establish them or connive at them. The college may well bear in mind Jean Paul's saying, "I would not, for much money, have had much money in my youth," and govern itself and its charges accordingly. There is one perfectly democratic place of education in the United States. Nay, there are two, the Military Academy and the Naval Academy, and their withstanding of plutocratic standards by democratic standards is one of the great national services that these two schools render. "Our hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind." There are very justifiably printed, as an illustration to one of the annual reports upon West Point, two photographs, one showing the luxury of a study in one of the "swell" dormitories of Yale, and one the monastic severity of the single room which serves as the sole abode of two cadets. A fond and solvent mother has been known to address to the superintendent of the Military Academy an almost tearful remonstrance upon his cruelty in refusing to allow her offspring to receive a check for the purchase of Christmas presents. An officer of the Academy, being asked whether there was any possible manner in which a cadet who was the son of a millionaire could have an advantage over one who was the son of a laborer, made answer: "Oh, yes. He could order his white trousers cut by a fashionable tailor, in which case he would be reported for being out of uniform." These things indicate an ideal toward which it were well that all the colleges should strive. They would fail to attain it altogether. It is only under the iron discipline of a nursery of warriors that it is attainable, and attained. But it is none the less desirable that it should be cherished as an ideal, and sought to be realized, in the schools of civic training.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

MR. BARTLETT'S PEDIMENT FOR THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OF that very comprehensive rearrangement and re-decoration of the Capitol at Washington which has been in contemplation for some years the first decisive step has been taken by the completion by Paul W. Bartlett, sculptor, of his design model for the groups in the pediment of the House of Representatives wing. Through some combination of circumstances this tympanum has remained untenanted since the completion of the wing in December, 1857, while those over the state entrances of the central *corps de logis* and of the Senate have been occupied, after a fashion, for many years—the latter, since 1860-64 when Crawford's figures were executed and mounted, one by one, according to contemporary record. The sculpture in the pediment of the central portico, under the dome, consists of three figures in relief, applied in the centre of the tympanum and somewhat lonely in their isolation. These, put in place under the administration of President John Quincy Adams, are described in a letter from Bulfinch, one of the three architects of the Capitol, as representing America, Justice, and Hope, "bold, nine feet in height, and gracefully drawn by Mr. Luigi Persico, an Italian artist." Crawford's pediment, on the contrary, is filled from end to end with figures executed by Italian workmen from his designs, and variously representative of the development of the nation.

Congress has delegated all these architectural and otherwise artistic matters to the Joint Committee of the Senate and the House on the Congressional Library, the chairman of the Senate Committee being Senator George Peabody Wetmore, and that of the House Committee, Mr. Samuel W. McCall, the first from Rhode Island and the second from Massachusetts. In the latter part of the Roosevelt administration the Joint Committee resolved to provide the House pediment with worthy decoration and, with commendable intelligence, addressed a communication to the National

Sculpture Society requesting a list of ten sculptors best qualified in the opinion of their confrères for this important commission. At the head of this list, when received, some two years ago, appeared Mr. Bartlett's name, and, as he had also been favorably considered previously by the honorable committeemen themselves, he was summoned to the capital, directed to undertake the work, and the contract was signed, in February, 1909, on the delivery and acceptance of his first model.

In the first conception of this monumental sculpture he took into serious consideration a number of fundamental principles, and he was fortunate in finding that his own taste and ideals were in accord with those conservative traditions of the art which have been generally accepted and also, incidentally, with the prejudices of the distinguished law-givers, his employers. As this was to be a national work, there was no room for novel and experimental and extravagant methods; as representative of this country, free and prosperous and blessed with much sunshine, any tendency toward that dark influence in modern art which contemplates exclusively the melancholy and the sordid would be most inappropriate; as addressed to the people, it was advisable to present something familiar, native, comprehensible, and not a more imaginative and decorative symbolism inspired by alien themes. In other words, the United States equivalent, in this century, of the Panathenaic procession in the fifth, B.C. (And, in this instance, the sculptor declines to consider his commission as any less inspiring than his Grecian predecessor's.) His theory of "a suitable decoration for a legislative building" does not differ widely from that of President Adams as set forth in Bulfinch's letter: "He disclaimed the wish to exhibit triumphal cars and the emblems of victory, and all allusions to heathen mythology, and thought that the duties of the nation or its legislators should be expressed in an obvious and intelligent manner."

Carried out on these general lines, the model submitted to the Committee was promptly approved. The familiar technical problems pre-

sented by this pedimental sculpture were also considered—the necessary harmony in style with the building, which he endeavored to present in his central figure of Peace; the arrangement of the figures along a level floor so as not to disturb the horizontal line of the lower cornice; the necessity of accounting for the gradu-

of therefore being under the necessity of taking care that their feet are not too entirely cut off by their pedestal—in this case the lower cornice of the pediment, on which they stand. This apparent throwing up of the pedestal affects particularly the reclining or crouching figures in the compressed corners of the great



New Pediment for the House of

ally diminishing height of the figures, each way from the centre, by differences in position rather than in size; the avoidance of any appearance of *being forced* to this gradual diminution by the architect—this requiring a very-well-thought-out central idea ordering the whole composition; the very troublesome necessity of accommodating this central idea to a composition which must preserve the perpendicular architectural central line and therefore present two distinct halves to be fused into one harmonious whole. So concerned was Mr. Bartlett with the desirability of appearing to be quite uninfluenced by the arbitrary requirements of the architect that after he had modelled his groups he removed their confining slanting roof, and was pleased to see that they appeared to be quite naturally disposed at their respective occupations.

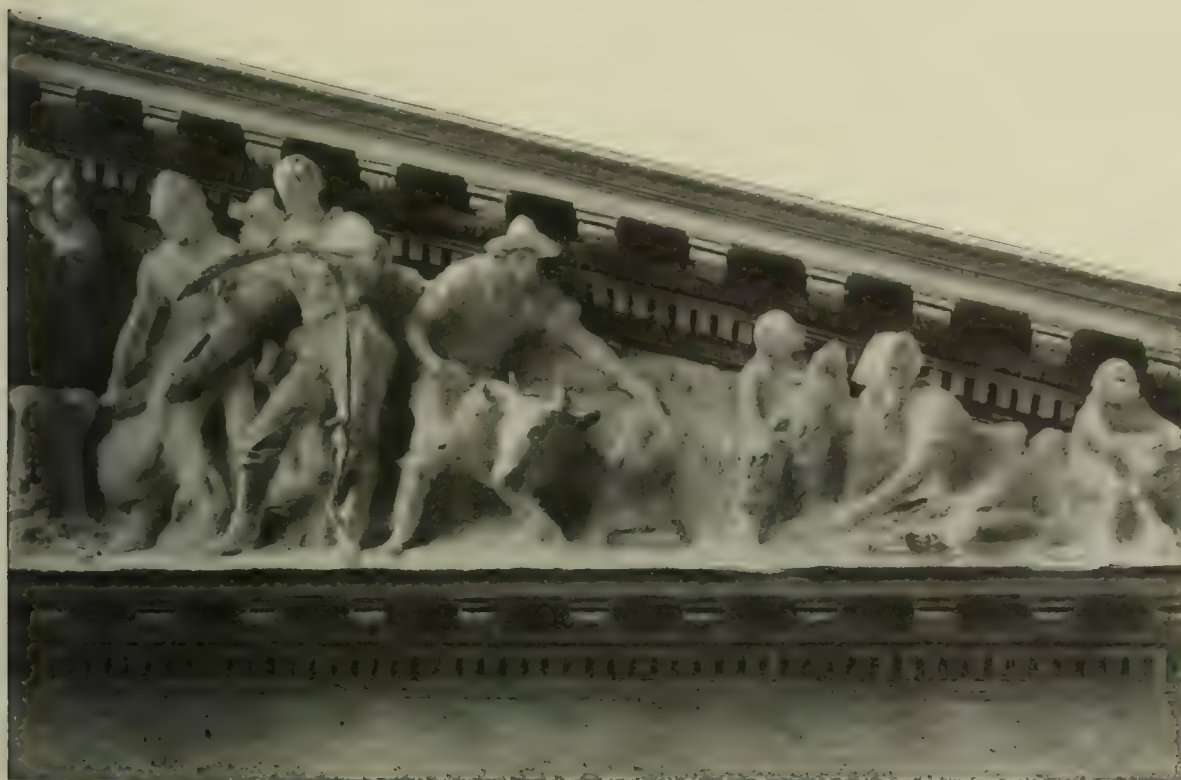
In common with all architectural sculpture these groups labor under the disadvantage of being seen from below, and at a distance, and

triangle, so that the Greeks found it necessary to arrange their dying warriors or reclining spectators—who naturally sought refuge in these corners—in such a manner that they should still be in evidence from below, and not flat on their backs and nearly invisible. In the final arrangement of this Washington pediment the extreme tips of the sculpture at these corners were cut off and abolished, thus permitting the architectural structure of the raking cornice above to be more clearly demonstrated.

The figures will probably be cut in Georgia marble which, with larger crystals, is somewhat more mellow in tone than the white Italian statuary marble. The total extreme length of this pediment is eighty feet, and of the space for the sculptured groups about sixty; the height in the centre, eleven feet, and of the central figure of Peace, nine feet and some inches. The depth of the recess of the tympanum is about three feet, so that the

foremost figures can be presented free and in the round. It is of course advisable that these large personages should not project too far over their cornice and threaten to fall on the visitors below. The horizontal cornice at the bottom is a little over sixty feet from the ground and about forty-two that distance from

head-dress serves to still further idealize her; on her left arm she carries a circular buckler for defence, her right hand, extended, holds out a branch of her olive. It is possible, in the finished work, that this olive-branch may be gilded. On her right are the Manufactures and Navigation; on her left, Hunting and Ag-



Representatives by Paul W. Bartlett.

the top of the flight of steps which leads up to the entrance. The sculptor was obliged to take into consideration the fact that, more than is usual, his work would be viewed from the sides, as well as from directly in front, and more frequently from the right, by spectators ascending the great central flight of steps of the Capitol. To meet this, he arranged his composition in such order that the planes of his figures would be sculptural and constructive from all three points of view. The present judicious spacing of the composition, so that the eye of the spectator is pleased at first glance with the evident freedom of action of the figures, their elbow-room, the lack of crowding and confusion, was secured only by much planning and shifting about.

In the centre of the tympanum rises the stately figure of Peace, presented on a somewhat larger scale than the others, more as a goddess, or a symbol, than as a living and merely human personification. Her winged

riculture. In thus limiting the field of his human activities the sculptor had in mind the more purely democratic character of the representative assembly that sits below, their more direct relations with the people. It may be seen in our reproductions that an acceptable variety is secured by giving the scenes suggested on the left a more pastoral and gracious air, something of the summer and the open air. To the left and partly behind the goddess is seen her altar, the curling smoke from which rises and mingles with her garments; beyond this, as a forerunner of the development of the country, the aboriginal hunter, the red man carrying a slain deer. Then follows the mower with his scythe, the symbol of completion, of gathering in, the harvest, and finally the labor of the fields, the husbandwoman, the cattle and sheep, and even the faithful dog.

On the right of Peace appears one of the most important of all the manufactures which she protects, that of books; and next, the pen-



dant to the scytheman on the other side, the metal-worker, leaning on his long hammer. Behind him, another pours with due care the melted metal in the mould; another rolls forward his car wheel; two youths are about to step the mast in their boat. The symbols are of the oldest, and within the comprehension of all; the art consists in rendering these familiar things with that touch of individual genius which saves. Mr. Bartlett modelled the gigantic figures on the pediment of the Stock Exchange of this city, from the designs of the elder sculptor, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward—in the very different conception and carrying out of this Washington sculpture may be seen something of the many-sidedness of good art.

And it presents also, in a rather striking manner, one of the disadvantages attending this art of monumental sculpture—the regrettable disappearance when *in situ* of so much of the sculptor's best work. Commonplace material considerations, such as the mere distance at which a work is viewed, will interfere very seriously with the due perception and appreciation of many of the most valued artistic qualities, with the intimate appeal which the artist wishes to

make to his audience. Intimacy, subtlety, charm, cannot be transmitted between mortals over a certain limited number of feet, long measure. In innumerable instances the high qualities of works of architectural sculpture are visible, and therefore available, for the birds of the air only, or for the bodiless ghosts. As has been said, the modern tourist in the

British Museum has, in some respects, better opportunities for the study of the Parthenon reliefs than the citizens of Pericles's time. But the conscientious artist puts, nevertheless, his finest instincts into these lofty and remote figures, touches, qualities, that will be known to his fellow-men only when earthquake, or the vandal destroyer, brings his statue to the ground. It may truly be said of this sculptor that, good as are his figures when seen in place, they present when viewed at a reasonable distance so many evi-

dences of that talent which, with the most commonplace of themes—"Philosophy," "Hope," "Commerce," anything—can produce that sudden surprise and charm which fills us when we see a new revelation of humanity, of beauty, or character in that which we had thought hopelessly familiar.

WILLIAM WALTON.





Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

No more 'mid low Achaean hills
Echo the flutes of Pan.

—"The Errant Pan," page 174.

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NO. 2

THE SENTIMENTALISTS

AN UNFINISHED COMEDY

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

[illegible]

THE SCENE IS A SURREY GARDEN IN EARLY SUMMER. THE PATHS ARE SHADED BY TALL BOXWOOD HEDGES. THE TIME IS SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SCENE I

Professor Spiral, Dame Dresden, Lady Oldlace, Virginia, Winifred, Swithin, and Osier. As they slowly promenaded the garden, the professor is delivering one of his exquisite orations on Woman.

Spiral. One husband! The woman consenting to marriage takes but one. For her there is no widowhood. That punctuation of the sentence called death is not the end of the chapter for her. It is the brilliant proof of her having a soul. So she exalts her sex. Above the wrangle and clamor of the passions she is a fixed star. After once recording her obedience to the laws of our common nature—that is to say, by descending once to wedlock—she passes on in sovereign disengagement—a dedicated widow.

(By this time they have disappeared from view. Homeward appears; he craftily avoids joining their party, like one who is unworthy of such noble oratory. He desires privacy and a book, but is disturbed by the arrival of Arden, who is painfully anxious to be polite to "her Uncle Homeward.")

SCENE II

Homeware, Arden.

Arden. A glorious morning, sir.

Homeware. The sun is out, sir.

Arden. I am happy in meeting you, Mr. Homeware.

Home. I can direct you to the ladies,
Mr. Arden. You will find them up yonder
avenue.

Arden. They are listening, I believe, to an oration from the mouth of Professor Spiral.

Home. On an Alpine flower which has descended to flourish on English soil. Professor Spiral calls it Nature's "dedicated widow."

Arden. "Dedicated widow?"

Home. The reference you will observe is to my niece Astræa.

Arden. She is dedicated to whom?

Home. To her dead husband! You see the reverse of Astræa, says the professor, in those world-infamous widows who marry again.

Arden. Bah!

Home. Astræa, it is decided, must re-

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main solitary, virgin cold, like the little Alpine flower. Professor Spiral has his theme.

Arden. He will make much of it. May I venture to say that I prefer my present company?

Home. It is a singular choice. I can supply you with no weapons for the sort of strife in which young men are usually engaged. You belong to the camp you are avoiding.

Arden. Achilles was not the worse warrior, sir, for his probation in petticoats.

Home. His deeds proclaim it. But Alexander was the better chieftain until he drank with Lais.

Arden. No, I do not plead guilty to Bacchus.

Home. You are confessing to the madder form of drunkenness.

Arden. How Sir, I beg?

Home. How, when a young man sees the index to himself in everything spoken!

Arden. That might have the look. I did rightly in coming to you, sir.

Home. "Her Uncle Homeware?"

Arden. You read through us all, sir.

Home. It may interest you to learn that you are the third of the gentlemen commissioned to consult the lady's Uncle Homeware.

Arden. The third.

Home. Yes, she is pursued. It could hardly be otherwise. Her attractions are acknowledged and the house is not a convent. Yet, Mr. Arden, I must remind you that all of you are upon an enterprise held to be profane by the laws of this region. Can you again forget that Astræa is a widow?

Arden. She was a wife two months; she has been a widow two years.

Home. The widow of the great and venerable Professor Towers is not to measure her widowhood by years. His, from the altar to the tomb. As it might be read, a one day's walk!

Arden. Is she, in the pride of her youth, to be sacrificed to a whimsical feminine delicacy?

Home. You have argued it with her?

Arden. I have presumed.

Home. And still she refused her hand!

Arden. She commended me to you, sir. She has a sound judgment of persons.

Home. I should put it that she passes the Commissioners of Lunacy, on the ground of her being a humorous damsel. Your predecessors had also argued it with her; and they, too, discovered their enemy in a whimsical feminine delicacy. Where is the difference between you? Evidently she cannot perceive it, and I have to seek. You will have had many conversations with Astræa?

Arden. I can say, that I am thrice the man I was before I had them.

Home. You have gained in manhood from conversations with a widow in her twenty-second year; and you want more of her.

Arden. As much as I want more wisdom.

Home. You would call her your Muse?

Arden. So prosaic a creature as I would not dare to call her that.

Home. You have the timely mantle of modesty, Mr. Arden. She has prepared you for some of the tests with her Uncle Homeware.

Arden. She warned me to be myself, without a spice of affectation.

Home. No harder task could be set a young man in modern days. Oh, the humorous damsel. You sketch me the dimple at her mouth.

Arden. Frankly, sir, I wish you to know me better; and I think I can bear inspection. Astræa sent me to hear the reasons why she refuses me a hearing.

Home. Her reason, I repeat, is this: to her idea, a second wedlock is unholy. Further it passes me to explain. The young lady lands us where we were at the beginning; such must have been her humorous intention.

Arden. What can I do?

Home. Love and war have been compared. Both require strategy and tactics, according to my recollection of the campaign.

Arden. I will take to heart what you say, sir.

Home. Take it to head. There must be occasional descent of lovers' heads from the clouds. And Professor Spiral—But here we have a belated breeze of skirts.

(The reference is to the arrival of Lyra, breathless.)

SCENE III

Homeware, Arden, Lyra.

Lyra. My own dear Uncle Homeware!

Home. But where is Pluriel?

Lyra. Where is a woman's husband when she is away from him?

Home. In Purgatory, by the proper reckoning. But hurry up the avenue, or you will be late for Professor Spiral's address.

Lyra. I know it all without hearing. Their Spiral! Ah, Mr. Arden! You have not chosen badly. The greater my experience, the more do I value my Uncle Homeware's company.

(She is affectionate to excess but has a roguish eye withal, as of one who knows that Uncle Homeware suspects all young men and most young women.)

Home. Agree with the lady promptly, my friend.

Arden. I would gladly boast of so lengthened an experience, Lady Pluriel.

Lyra. I must have a talk with Astræa, my dear uncle. Her letters breed suspicions. She writes feverishly. The last one hints at service on the West Coast of Africa.

Home. For the draining of a pestiferous land, or an enlightenment of the benighted black, we could not despatch a missionary more effective than the handsomest widow in Great Britain.

Lyra. Have you not seen signs of disturbance?

Home. A great oration may be a sedative.

Lyra. I have my suspicions.

Home. Mr. Arden, I could counsel you to throw yourself at Lady Pluriel's feet, and institute her as your confessional priest.

Arden. Madam, I am at your feet. I am devoted to the lady.

Lyra. Devoted. There cannot be an objection. It signifies that a man asks for nothing in return!

Home. Have a thought upon your words with this lady, Mr. Arden!

Arden. Devoted, I said. I am. I would give my life for her.

Lyra. Expecting it to be taken to-morrow or next day? Accept my encomiums. A male devotee is within an inch of a mira-

cle. Women had been looking for this model for ages, uncle.

Home. You are the model, Mr. Arden!

Lyra. Can you have intended to say that it is in view of marriage you are devoted to the widow of Professor Towers?

Arden. My one view.

Lyra. It is a star you are beseeching to descend.

Arden. It is.

Lyra. You disappoint me hugely. You are of the ordinary tribe after all; and your devotion craves an enormous exchange, infinitely surpassing the amount you bestow.

Arden. It does. She is rich in gifts; I am poor. But I give all I have.

Lyra. These lovers, Uncle Homeware!

Home. A honey-bag is hung up and we have them about us. They would persuade us that the chief business of the world is a march to the altar.

Arden. With the right partner, if the business of the world is to be better done.

Lyra. Which right partner has been chosen on her part by a veiled woman, who marches back from the altar to discover that she has chained herself to the skeleton of an idea, or is in charge of that devouring tyrant, an uxorious husband. Is Mr. Arden in favor with the Dame, uncle?

Home. My sister is an unsuspecting potentate, as you know. Pretenders to the hand of an inviolate widow bite like waves at a rock.

Lyra. Professor Spiral advances rapidly.

Home. Not, it would appear, when he has his audience of ladies and their satellites.

Lyra. I am sure I hear a spring-tide of enthusiasm coming.

Arden. I will see.

(He goes up the path.)

Lyra. Now! my own dear uncle, save me from Pluriel. I have given him the slip in sheer desperation; but the man is at his shrewdest when he is left to guess at my heels. Tell him I am anywhere but here. Tell him I ran away to get a sense of freshness in seeing him again. Let me have one day of liberty, or, upon my word, I shall do deeds; I shall console young Arden; I shall fly to Paris, and set my cap at presidents and foreign princes. Anything rather than be eaten up every minute, as I am.

May no woman of my acquaintance marry a man of twenty years her senior. She marries a gigantic limpet. At that period of his life a man becomes too voraciously constant.

Home. Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive parasite.

Lyra. I am in dead earnest, uncle, and I will have a respite, or else let decorum beware!

(*Arden returns.*)

Arden. The ladies are on their way.

Lyra. I must get Astræa to myself.

Home. My library is a virgin fortress, Mr. Arden. Its gates are open to you on other topics than the coupling of inebriates.

(*He enters the house—Lyra disappears in the garden—Spiral's audience reappear without him.*)

SCENE IV

Dame Dresden, Lady Oldlace, Virginia, Winifred, Arden, Swithin, Osier.

Lady Old. Such perfect rhythm!

Winifred. Such oratory!

Lady O. A master hand. I was in a trance from the first sentence to the impressive close.

Osier. Such oratory is a whole orchestral symphony.

Virginia. Such command of intonation and subject!

Swithin. That resonant voice!

Lady O. Swithin, his flow of eloquence! He launched forth!

Swithin. Like an eagle from a cliff.

Osier. The measure of the words was like a beat of wings.

Swithin. He makes poets of us.

Dame D. Spiral achieved his pinnacle to-day!

Virginia. How treacherous is our memory when we have most the longing to recall great sayings.

Osier. True, I conceive that my notes will be precious.

Wini. You could take notes!

Lady O. It seems a device for missing the quintessential.

Swithin. Scraps of the body to the loss of the soul of it. We can allow that our friend performed good menial service.

Wini. I could not have done the thing.

Swithin. In truth, it does remind one of the mess of pottage.

Lady O. One hardly felt one breathed.

Virginia. I confess it moved me to tears.

Swithin. There is a pathos for us in the display of perfection. Such subtle contrast with our individual poverty affects us.

Wini. Surely there were passages of a distinct and most exquisite pathos.

Lady O. As in all great oratory! The key of it is the pathos.

Virginia. In great oratory, great poetry, great fiction; you try it by the pathos. All our critics agree in stipulating for the pathos. My tears were no feminine weakness, I could not be a discordant instrument.

Swithin. I must make confession. He played on me too.

Osier. We shall be sensible for long of that vibration from the touch of a master hand.

Arden. An accomplished player can make a toy-shop fiddle sound you a Stradivarius.

Dame D. Have you a right to a remark, Mr. Arden? What could have detained you?

Arden. Ah, Dame. It may have been a warning that I am a discordant instrument. I do not readily vibrate.

Dame D. A discordant instrument is out of place in any civil society. You have lost what cannot be recovered.

Arden. There are the notes.

Osier. Yes, the notes!

Swithin. You can be satisfied with the dog's feast at the table, Mr. Arden!

Osier. Ha!

Virginia. Never have I seen Astræa look sublimer in her beauty than with her eyes uplifted to the impassioned speaker, reflecting every variation of his tones.

Arden. Astræa!

Lady O. She was entranced when he spoke of woman descending from her ideal to the gross reality of man.

Osier. Yes, yes. I have the words (*reads*): "Woman is to the front of man, holding the vestal flower of a purer civilization. I see," he says, "the little taper in her hands transparent round the light, against rough winds."

Dame D. And of Astræa herself, what were the words? "Nature's dedicated widow."

Swithin. Vestal widow, was it not?

Virginia. Maiden widow, I think.

Dame D. We decide for "dedicated."

Wini. Spiral paid his most happy tribute to the memory of her late husband, the renowned Professor Towers.

Virginia. But his look was at dear Astræa.

Arden. At Astræa? Why?

Virginia. For her sanction doubtless.

Arden. Ha!

Wini. He said his pride would ever be in his being received as the successor of Professor Towers.

Arden. Successor!

Swithin. Guardian was it not?

Osier. Tutor. I think he said.

(The three gentlemen consult Osier's notes uneasily.)

Dame D. Our professor must by this time have received in full Astræa's congratulations, and Lyra is hearing from her what it is to be too late. You will join us at the luncheon table, if you do not feel yourself a discordant instrument there, Mr. Arden?

Arden (going to her). The allusion to knife and fork tunes my strings instantly, Dame.

Dame D. You must help me to-day, for the professor will be tired, though we dare not hint at it in his presence. No reference, ladies, to the great speech we have been privileged to hear; we have expressed our appreciation and he could hardly bear it.

Arden. Nothing is more distasteful to the orator!

Virginia. As with every true genius, he is driven to feel humbly human by the exultation of him.

Swithin. He breathes in a rarefied air.

Osier. I was thrilled, I caught at passing beauties. I see that here and there I have jotted down incoherencies, lines have seduced me, so that I missed the sequence—the precious part. Ladies permit me to rank him with Plato as to the equality of women and men.

Wini. It is nobly said.

Osier. And with the Stoics, in regard to celibacy.

(By this time all the ladies have gone into the house.)

Arden. Successor! Was the word successor?

(Arden, Swithin, and Osier are excitedly searching the notes when Spiral passes and strolls into the house. His air of self-satisfaction increases their uneasiness. They follow him. Astræa and Lyra come down the path.)

SCENE V

Astræa, Lyra.

Lyra. Oh! Pluriel, ask me of him! I wish I were less sure he would not be at the next corner I turn.

Astræa. You speak of your husband strangely, Lyra.

Lyra. My head is out of a sack. I managed my escape from him this morning by renouncing bath and breakfast; and what a relief, to be in the railway carriage alone!—that is, when the engine snorted. And if I set eyes on him within a week, he will hear some truths. His idea of marriage is, the taking of the woman into custody. My hat is on, and on goes Pluriel's. My foot on the stairs; I hear his foot behind me. In my boudoir I am alone one minute, and then the door opens to the inevitable. I pay a visit, he is passing the house as I leave it. He will not even affect surprise. I belong to him—I am cat's mouse. And he will look doting on me in public. And when I speak to anybody, he is that fearful picture of all smirks. Fling off a kid glove after a round of calls; feel your hand—there you have me now that I am out of him for my half a day, if for as long.

Astræa. This is one of the world's happy marriages!

Lyra. This is one of the world's choice dishes! And I have it planted under my nostrils eternally. Spare me the mention of Pluriel until he appears; that's too certain this very day. Oh! good husband! good kind of man! whatever you please; only some peace, I do pray, for the husband-haunted wife. I like him, I like him, of course, but I want to breathe. Why, an English boy perpetually bowled by a Christmas pudding would come to loathe the mess.

Astræa. His is surely the excess of a merit.

Lyra. Excess is a poison. Excess of a merit is a capital offence in morality.

It disgusts us with virtue. And you are the cunningest of fencers, tongue or foils. You lead me to talk of myself, and I hate the subject. By the way, you have practised with Mr. Arden.

Astræa. A tiresome instructor, who lets you pass his guard to compliment you on a hit.

Lyra. He rather wins me.

Astræa. He does at first.

Lyra. Begins Plurielizing, without the law to back him, does he?

Astræa. The fencing lessons are at an end.

Lyra. The duets with Mr. Swithin's violoncello continue?

Astræa. He broke through the melody.

Lyra. There were readings in poetry with Mr. Osier, I recollect.

Astræa. His own compositions became obtrusive.

Lyra. No fencing, no music, no poetry! no West Coast of Africa either, I suppose.

Astræa. Very well! I am on my defence. You at least shall not misunderstand me, Lyra. One intense regret I have: that I did not live in the time of the Amazons. They were free from this question of marriage; this babble of love. Why am I so persecuted? He will not take a refusal. There are sacred reasons. I am supported by every woman having the sense of her dignity. I am perverted, burlesqued by the fury of wrath I feel at their incessant pursuit. And I despise Mr. Osier and Mr. Swithin because they have an air of pious agreement with the Dame, and are conspirators behind their mask.

Lyra. False, false men!

Astræa. They come to me. I am complimented on being the vulnerable spot.

Lyra. The object desired is usually addressed by suitors, my poor Astræa!

Astræa. With the assumption, that as I am feminine I must necessarily be in the folds of the horrible constrictor they call love, and that I leap to the thoughts of their debasing marriage.

Lyra. One of them goes to Mr. Homeware.

Astræa. All are sent to him in turn. He can dispose of them.

Lyra. Now that is really masterly fun, my dear; most creditable to you! Love, marriage, a troop of suitors, and Uncle Homeware. No, it would not have oc-

curred to me, and I am considered to have some humor. Of course he disposes of them. He seemed to have a fairly favorable opinion of Mr. Arden.

Astræa. I do not share it. He is the least respectful of the sentiments entertained by me. Pray, spare me the mention of him, as you say of your husband. He has that pitiful conceit in men, which sets them thinking that a woman must needs be susceptible to the declaration of the mere existence of their passion. He is past argument. Impossible for him to conceive a woman's having a mind above the conditions of her sex. A woman, according to him, can have no ideal of life, except as a ball to toss in the air and catch in a cup. Put him aside. We creatures are doomed to marriage, and if we shun it, we are a kind of cripple. He is grossly earthy in his view of us. We are unable to move a step in thought or act unless we submit to have a husband. That is his reasoning. Nature! Nature! I have to hear of Nature! We must be above Nature, I tell him, or we shall be very much below. He is ranked among our clever young men; and he can be amusing. So far he passes muster; and he has a pleasant voice. I dare say he is an Uncle Homeware's good sort of boy. Girls like him. Why does he not fix his attention upon one of them? Why upon me! We waste our time in talking of him. The secret of it is, that he has no reverence. The marriage he vaunts is a mere convenient arrangement for two to live together under command of Nature. Reverence for the state of marriage is unknown to him. How explain my feeling? I am driven in to silence. Cease to speak of him. He is the dupe of his eloquence—his passion, he calls it. I have only to trust myself to him, and—I shall be one of the world's married women! Words are useless. How am I to make him see that it is I who respect the state of marriage by refusing; not he by perpetually soliciting. Once married, married forever. Widow is but a term. When women hold their own against him, as I have done, they will be more esteemed. I have resisted and conquered. I am sorry I do not share in the opinion of your favorite.

Lyra. Mine?

Astræa. You spoke warmly of him.

Lyra. Warmly, was it?

Astræa. You are not blamed, my dear: he has a winning manner.

Lyra. I take him to be a manly young fellow, smart enough; handsome too.

Astræa. Oh, he has good looks.

Lyra. And a head, by repute.

Astræa. For the world's work, yes.

Lyra. Not romantic.

Astræa. Romantic ideas are for dreamy simperers.

Lyra. Amazons repudiate them.

Astræa. Laugh at me, half my time I am laughing at myself. I should regain my pride if I could be resolved on a step. I am strong to resist; I have not strength to move.

Lyra. I see the sphinx of Egypt!

Astræa. And all the while I am a manufactory of gunpowder in this quiet old-world Sabbath circle of dear good souls, with their stereotyped interjections and orchestra of enthusiasms; their tapering delicacies; the rejoicing they have in their common agreement on all created things. To them it is restful. It spurs me to fly from rooms and chairs and beds and houses. I sleep hardly a couple of hours. Then into the early morning air, out with the birds; I know no other pleasure.

Lyra. Hospital work for a variation: civil or military. The former involves the house-surgeon; the latter the grateful lieutenant.

Astræa. Not if a woman can resist. . . . I go to it proof-armor.

Lyra. What does the Dame say?

Astræa. Sighs over me! Just a little maddening to hear.

Lyra. When we feel we have the strength of giants, and are bidden to sit and smile! You should rap out some of our old sweet-innocent garden oaths with her—"Carnation! Dame!" That used to make her dance on her seat—"But, dearest Dame, it is as natural an impulse for women to have that relief as for men; and natural will out, begonia! it will!" We ran through the book of botany for devilish ob-

jurgations. I do believe our misconduct caused us to be handed to the good man at the altar, as the right corrective. And you were the worst offender.

Astræa. Was I? I could be now, though I am so changed a creature.

Lyra. You enjoy the studies with your Spiral, come!

Astræa. Professor Spiral is the one honest gentleman here. He does homage to my principles. I have never been troubled by him; no silly hints or side-looks—you know, the dog at the forbidden bone.

Lyra. A grand orator.

Astræa. He is. You fix on the smallest of his gifts. He is intellectually and morally superior.

Lyra. Praise of that kind makes me rather incline to prefer his inferiors. He fed gobble-gobble on your puffs of incense. I coughed and scraped the gravel; quite in vain; he tapped for more and more.

Astræa. Professor Spiral is a thinker; he is a sage. He gives women their due.

Lyra. And he is a bachelor too—or consequently.

Astræa. If you like you may be as playful with me as the Lyra of our maiden days used to be. My dear, my dear, how glad I am to have you here! You remind me that I once had a heart. It will beat again with you beside me, and I shall look to you for protection. A novel request from me. From annoyance, I mean. It has entirely altered my character. Sometimes I am afraid to think of what I was, lest I should suddenly romp, and perform pirouettes and cry "Carnation!" There is the bell. We must not be late when the professor condescends to sit for meals.

Lyra. That rings healthily in the professor.

Astræa. Arm in arm, my Lyra.

Lyra. No Pluriel yet!

(*They enter house, and the time changes to evening of the same day. The scene is still the garden.*)

SCENE VI

Astræa, Arden.

Astræa. Pardon me if I do not hear you well.

Arden. I will not even think you barbarous.

Astræa. I am. I am the object of the chase.

Arden. The huntsman drags the wood, then, and not you.

Astræa. At any instant I am forced to run,
Or turn in my defence: how can I be
Other than barbarous? You are the cause.

Arden. No: heaven that made you beautiful's the cause.

Astræa. Say, earth, that gave you instincts. Bring me down
To instincts! When by chance I speak awhile
With our Professor, you appear in haste,
Full cry to sight again the missing hare.
Away ideas! All that's divinest flies!
I have to bear in mind how young you are.

Arden. You have only to look up to me four years,
Instead of forty!

Astræa. Sir?

Arden. There's my misfortune!
And worse that, young, I love as a young man.
Could I but quench the fire, I might conceal
The youthfulness offending you so much.

Astræa. I wish you would. I wish it earnestly.

Arden. Impossible. I burn.

Astræa. You should not burn.

Arden. 'Tis more than I. 'Tis fire. It masters will.
You would not say, "should not" if you knew fire.
It seizes. It devours.

Astræa. Dry wood.

Arden. Cold wit!
How cold you can be! But be cold, for sweet
You must be. And your eyes are mine: with them
I see myself: unworthy to usurp
The place I hold a moment. While I look
I have my happiness.

Astræa. You should look higher.

Arden. Through you to the highest. Only through you! Through you
The mark I may attain is visible,
And I have strength to dream of winning it.
You are the bow that speeds the arrow: you
The glass that brings the distance nigh. My world
Is luminous through you, pure heavenly,
But hangs upon the rose's outer leaf,
Not next her heart. *Astræa!* my own beloved!

Astræa. We may be excellent friends. And I have faults.

Arden. Name them: I am hungering for more to love.

Astræa. I waver very constantly: I have
No fixity of feeling or of sight.
I have no courage: I can often dream
Of daring: when I wake I am in dread.
I am inconstant as a butterfly,
And shallow as a brook with little fish!
Strange little fish, that tempt the small boy's net,
But at a touch straight dive! I am any one's,
And no one's! I am vain.
Praise of my beauty lodges in my ears.
The lark reels up with it; the nightingale
Sobs bleeding; the flowers nod; I could believe
A poet, though he praised me to my face.

Arden. Never had poet so divine a fount
To drink of!

Astræa. Have I given you more to love?

Arden. More! You have given me your inner mind,
Where conscience in the robes of Justice shoots
Light so serenely keen that in such light
Fair infants, "newly criminal of earth,"
As your friend Osier says, might show some blot.
Seraphs might! More to love? Oh! these dear faults
Lead you to me like troops of laughing girls
With garlands. All the fear is, that you trifle,
Feigning them.

Astræa. For what purpose?

Arden. Can I guess?

Astræa. I think 'tis you who have the trifler's note.
My hearing is acute, and when you speak,
Two voices ring, though you speak fervidly.
Your Osier quotation jars. Beware!
Why were you absent from our meeting place
This morning?

Arden. I was on the way, and met
Your Uncle Homeware.

Astræa. Ah!

Arden. He loves you.

Astræa. He loves me: he has never understood.
He loves me as a creature of the flock;
A little whiter than some others. Yes;
He loves me, as men love; not to uplift;
Not to have faith in; not to spiritualize.
For him I am a woman and a widow:
One of the flock, unmarked save by a brand.
He said it!—You confess it! You have learnt
To share his error, erring fatally.

Arden. By whose advice went I to him?

Astræa. By whose?
Pursuit that seemed incessant: persecution.
Besides I have changed since then: I change; I change;
It is too true I change. I could esteem
You better did you change. And had you heard
The noble words this morning from the mouth
Of our Professor, changed were you, or raised
Above love-thoughts, love-talk, and flame and flutter,
High as eternal snows. What said he else?
My Uncle Homeware?

Arden. That you were not free:
And that he counselled us to use our wits.

Astræa. But I am free! free to be ever free!
My freedom keeps me free! He counselled us?
I am not one in a conspiracy.
I scheme no discord with my present life.
Who does, I cannot look on as my friend.
Not free? You know me little. Were I chained,
For liberty I would sell liberty
To him who helped me to an hour's release.
But having perfect freedom . . .

Arden. No.

Astræa. Good sir,
You check me?

- Arden.* Perfect freedom?
- Astræa.* Perfect!
- Arden.* No!
- Astræa.* Am I awake? What blinds me?
- Arden.* Filaments
The slenderest ever woven about a brain
From the brain's mists, by the little sprite, called Fancy.
A breath would scatter them; but that one breath
Must come of animation. When the heart
Is as a frozen sea the brain spins webs.
- Astræa.* 'Tis very singular! I understand.
You translate cleverly. I hear in verse
My Uncle Homeware's prose. He has these notions
Old men presume to read us.
- Arden.* Young men may.
You gaze on an ideal reflecting you:
Need I say beautiful? Yet it reflects
Less beauty than the lady whom I love
Breathes, radiates. Look on yourself in me.
What harm in gazing? You are this flower:
You are that spirit. But the spirit fed
With substance of the flower takes all its bloom!
And where in spirits is the bloom of the flower?
- Astræa.* 'Tis very singular! You have a tone
Quite changed.
- Arden.* You wished a change. To show you, how I read you . . .
- Astræa.* Oh! no, no. It means dissection.
I never heard of reading character
That did not mean dissection. Spare me that.
I am wilful, violent, capricious, weak,
Wound in a web of my own spinning-wheel.
A star-gazer, a ribbon in the wind . . .
- Arden.* A banner in the wind! and me you lead,
And shall! At least, I follow till I win.
- Astræa.* Forbear, I do beseech you.
- Arden.* I have had
Your hand in mine.
- Astræa.* Once.
- Arden.* Once! 'twas heart alive,
Leaping to break the ice. Oh once, was aye
That laughed at frosty nay like spring's return.
Say you are terrorized: you dare not melt.
You like me; you might love me; but to dare,
Tasks more than courage. Veneration, friends,
Self-worship, which is often self-distrust,
Bar the good way to you, and make a dream
A fortress and a prison.
- Astræa.* Changed! you have changed
Indeed. When you so boldly seized my hand
It seemed a boyish freak, done boyishly.
I wondered at Professor Spiral's choice
Of you for an example, and our hope.
Now you grow dangerous. You must have thought,
And some things true you speak—save "terrorized."
It may be flattering to sweet self-love
To deem me terrorized. 'Tis my own soul,

My heart, my mind, all that I hold most sacred,
 Not fear of others, bids me walk aloof.
 Who terrorizes me? Who could? Friends? Never!
 The world? As little. Terrorized!

Arden. Forgive me.

Astræa. I might reply, respect me. If I loved,
 If I could be so faithless as to love,
 Think you I would not rather noise abroad
 My shame for penitence than let friends dwell
 Deluded by an image of one vowed
 To superhuman, who the common mock
 Of things too human has at heart become?

Arden. You would declare your love?

Astræa. I said, my shame.

*The woman that's the widow is ensnared,
 Caught in the toils! Away with widows!—Oh!
 I hear men shouting it.*

Arden. But shame there's none
 For *me* in loving: therefore I may take
 Your friends to witness? tell them that *my* pride
 Is in the love of *you*?

Astræa. 'Twill sooner bring
 The silence that should be between us two,
 And sooner give me peace.

Arden. And you consent?

Astræa. For the sake of peace and silence I consent,
 You should be warned that you will cruelly
 Disturb them. But 'tis best. You should be warned
 Your pleading will be hopeless. But 'tis best.
 You have my full consent. Weigh well your acts.
 You cannot rest where you have cast this bolt:
 Lay that to heart: and you are cherished, prized,
 Among them; they are estimable ladies,
 Warmest of friends: though you may think they soar
 Too loftily for your measure of strict sense
 (And as my Uncle Homeware's pupil, sir,
 In worldliness, you do), just minds they have:
 Once know them, and your banishment will fret.
 I would not run such risks. You will offend,
 Go near to outrage them; and perturbate
 As they have not deserved of you. But I,
 Considering I am nothing in the scales
 You balance, quite and of necessity
 Consent. When you have weighed it, let me hear.
 My Uncle Homeware steps this way in haste.
 We have been talking long, and in full view!

SCENE VII

Astræa, Arden, Homeware.

Home. Astræa, child! You, Arden, stand aside.
 Ay, if she were a maid you might speak first,
 But being a widow she must find her tongue.
 Astræa, they await you. State the fact
 As soon as you are questioned fearlessly.
 Open the battle with artillery.

Astræa. What is the matter, Uncle Homeware?

Home (*playing fox*). What?

Why, we have watched your nice preliminaries
From the windows half the evening. Now run in.
Their patience has run out, and as I said,
Unlimber and deliver fire at once.
Your aunts Virginia and Winifred,
With Lady Oldlace, are the senators,
The Dame for Dogs. They wear terrific brows,
But be not you affrighted, my sweet chick,
And tell them Uncle Homeware backs your choice,
By lawyer and by priests! By altar, fount,
And testament!

Astræa. My choice! what have I chosen?

Home. She asks? You hear her, Arden?—what and whom!

Arden. Surely sir! . . . heavens! have you . . .

Home. Surely the old fox,

In all I have read, is wiser than the young.
And if there is a game for fox to play,
Old fox plays cunningest.

Astræa. Why fox? Oh! uncle,
You make my heart beat with your mystery.
I never did love riddles. Why sit they
Awaiting me, and looking terrible?

Home. It is reported of an ancient folk
Which worshipped idols, that upon a day
Their idol pitched before them on the floor . . .

Astræa. Was ever so ridiculous a tale!

Home. To call the attendant fires to account
Their elders forthwith sat . . .

Astræa. Is there no prayer
Will move you, Uncle Homeware?

Home. God-daughter,
This gentleman for you I have proposed
As husband.

Astræa. Arden! we are lost.

Arden. Astræa!

Support him! Though I knew not his design,
It plants me in mid-heaven. Would it were
Not you but I to bear the shock. My love!
We lost, you cry; you join *me* with *you* lost!
The truth leaps from your heart; and let it shine
To light us on our brilliant battle day
And victory!

Astræa. Who betrayed me!

Home. Who betrayed?

Your voice, your eyes, your veil, your knife and fork;
Your tenfold worship of your widowhood;
As he who sees he must yield up the flag,
Hugs it oath-swearingly! straw-drowningly.
To be reasonable: you sent this gentleman
Referring him to me. . . .

Astræa. And that is false.

All's false. . You have conspired. I am disgraced.
But you will learn you have judged erroneously.
I am not the frail creature you conceive.

Between your vision of Life's aim, and theirs,
Who presently will question me, I cling
To theirs as light: and yours I deem a den
Where souls can have no growth.

Home. But when we touched
The point of hand-pressings, 'twas rightly time
To think of wedding ties?

Astræa. Arden, adieu! (*she rushes into the house*).

SCENE VIII

Arden, Homeware.

Arden. Adieu! she said. With her that word is final.

Home. Strange! how young people blowing words like clouds
On winds, now fair, now foul, and as they please,
Should still attach the Fates to them.

Arden. She's wounded:
Wounded to the quick!

Home. The quicker our success: for short
Of that, these dames, who feel for everything,
Feel nothing.

Arden. Your intention has been kind,
Dear sir, but you have ruined me.

Home. Good-night (*going*).

Arden. Yet she said, *we are lost*, in her surprise.

Home. Good-morning (*returning*).

Arden. I suppose that I am bound
(If I could see for what I should be glad!)
To thank you, sir.

Home. Look hard but give no thanks.
I found my girl descending on the road
Of breakneck coquetry, and barred her way.
Either she leaps the bar, or she must back.
That means she marries you, or says good-bye (*going again*).

Arden. Now she's among them (*looking at window*).

Home. Now she sees her mind.

Arden. It is my destiny she now decides!

Home. There's now suspense on earth and round the spheres.

Arden. She's mine now: mine! or I am doomed to go.

Home. The marriage ring, or the portmanteau now!

Arden. Laugh as you like, sir! I am not ashamed
To love and own it.

Home. So the symptoms show.
Rightly, young man, and proving a good breed.
To further it's a duty to mankind
And I have lent my push. But recollect:
Old Ilion was not conquered in a day (*he enters house*).

Arden. Ten years! If I may win her at the end!

CURTAIN

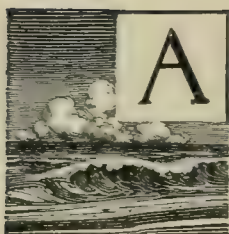
AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

XI.—A NANDI LION HUNT—UGANDA, AND THE GREAT NYANZA LAKES



AT Sergoi Lake there is a store kept by Mr. Kirke, a South African of Scotch blood. With a kind courtesy which I cannot too highly appreciate he, with the equally cordial help of another settler, Mr. Skally—also a South African, but of Irish birth—and of the District Commissioner, Mr. Corbett, had arranged for a party of Nandi warriors to come over and show me how they hunted the lion. Two Dutch farmers, Boers, from the neighborhood, had also come; they were Messrs. Mouton and Jordaan, fine fellows both, the former having served with DeWet during the war. Mr. and Mrs. Corbett—who were hospitality itself—had also come to see the sport; and so had Captain Chapman, an English army officer who was taking a rest after several years' service in Northern Nigeria.

The Nandi are a warlike pastoral tribe, close kin to the Masai in blood and tongue, in weapons and in manner of life. They have long been accustomed to kill with the spear lions which become man eaters or which molest their cattle overmuch; and the peace which British rule has imposed upon them—a peace so welcome to the weaker, so irksome to the predatory, tribes—has left lion killing one of the few pursuits in which glory can be won by a young warrior. When it was told them that if they wished they could come to hunt lions at

Sergoi eight hundred warriors volunteered, and much heartburning was caused in choosing the sixty or seventy who were allowed the privilege. They stipulated, however, that they should not be used merely as beaters, but should kill the lion themselves, and refused to come unless with this understanding.

The day before we reached Sergoi they had gone out, and had killed a lion and lioness; the beasts were put up from a small covert and despatched with the heavy throwing spears on the instant, before they offered, or indeed had the chance to offer, any resistance. The day after our arrival there was mist and cold rain, and we found no lions. Next day, November 20th, we were successful.

We started immediately after breakfast. Kirke, Skally, Mouton, Jordaan, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, Captain Chapman, and our party, were on horseback; of course we carried our rifles, but our duty was merely to round up the lion and hold him, if he went off so far in advance that even the Nandi runners could not overtake him. We intended to beat the country toward some shallow, swampy valleys twelve miles distant.

In an hour we overtook the Nandi warriors, who were advancing across the rolling, grassy plains in a long line, with intervals of six or eight yards between the men. They were splendid savages, stark naked, lithe as panthers, the muscles rippling under their smooth dark skins; all their lives they had lived on nothing but animal

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food, milk, blood, and flesh, and they were fit for any fatigue or danger. Their faces were proud, cruel, fearless; as they ran they moved with long springy strides. Their head-dresses were fantastic; they carried ox-hide shields painted with strange devices; and each bore in his right-hand the formidable war spear, used both for stabbing and for throwing at close quarters. The narrow spear heads of soft iron were burnished till they shone like silver; they were four feet long, and the point and edges were razor sharp. The wooden haft appeared for but a few inches; the long butt was also of iron, ending in a spike, so that the spear looked almost solid metal. Yet each sinewy warrior carried his heavy weapon as if it were a toy, twirling it till it glinted in the sun rays. Herds of game, red hartebeests and striped zebra and wild swine, fled right and left before the advance of the line.

It was noon before we reached a wide, shallow valley, with beds of rushes here and there in the middle, and on either side high grass and dwarfed and scattered thorn-trees. Down this we beat for a couple of miles. Then, suddenly, a maned lion rose a quarter of a mile ahead of the line and galloped off through the high grass to the right; and all of us on horseback tore after him.

He was a magnificent beast, with a black and tawny mane; in his prime, teeth and claws perfect, with mighty thews, and savage heart. He was lying near a hartebeest on which he had been feasting; his life had been one unbroken career of rapine and violence; and now the maned master of the wilderness, the terror that stalked by night, the grim lord of slaughter, was to meet his doom at the hands of the only foes who dared molest him.

It was a mile before we brought him to bay. Then the Dutch farmer, Mouton, who had not even a rifle, but who rode foremost, was almost on him; he halted and turned under a low thorn-tree, and we galloped past him to the opposite side, to hold him until the spearmen could come. It was a sore temptation to shoot him; but of course we could not break faith with our Nandi friends. We were only some sixty yards from him, and we watched him with our rifles ready, lest he should charge either us, or the first two or

three spearmen, before their companions arrived.

One by one the spearmen came up, at a run, and gradually began to form a ring round him. Each, when he came near enough, crouched behind his shield, his spear in his right hand, his fierce, eager face peering over the shield rim. As man followed man, the lion rose to his feet. His mane bristled, his tail lashed, he held his head low, the upper lip now drooping over the jaws, now drawn up so as to show the gleam of the long fangs. He faced first one way and then another, and never ceased to utter his murderous grunting roars. It was a wild sight; the ring of spearmen, intent, silent, bent on blood, and in the centre the great man-killing beast, his thunderous wrath growing ever more dangerous.

At last the tense ring was complete, and the spearmen rose and closed in. The lion looked quickly from side to side, saw where the line was thinnest, and charged at his topmost speed. The crowded moment began. With shields held steady, and quivering spears poised, the men in front braced themselves for the rush and the shock; and from either hand the warriors sprang forward to take their foe in flank. Bounding ahead of his fellows; the leader reached throwing distance, the long spear flickered and plunged; as the lion felt the wound he half turned, and then flung himself on the man in front. The warrior threw his spear; it drove deep into the life, for entering at one shoulder it came out of the opposite flank, near the thigh, a yard of steel through the great body. Rearing, the lion struck the man, bearing down the shield, his back arched; and for a moment he slaked his fury with fang and talon. But on the instant I saw another spear driven clear through his body from side to side; and as the lion turned again the bright spear blades darting toward him were flashes of white flame. The end had come. He seized another man, who stabbed him and wrenched loose. As he fell he gripped a spear head in his jaws with such tremendous force that he bent it double. Then the warriors were round and over him, stabbing and shouting, wild with furious exultation.

From the moment when he charged until his death I doubt whether ten seconds had elapsed, perhaps less; but what a ten

seconds! The first half dozen spears had done the work. Three of the spear blades had gone clear through the body, the points projecting several inches; and these, and one or two others, including the one he had seized in his jaws, had been twisted out of shape in the terrible death struggle.

We at once attended to the two wounded men. Treating their wounds with anti-septic was painful, and so, while the operation was in progress, I told them, through Kirke, that I would give each a heifer. A Nandi prizes his cattle rather more than his wives; and each sufferer smiled broadly at the news, and forgot all about the pain of his wounds.

Then the warriors, raising their shields above their heads, and chanting the deep-toned victory song, marched with a slow, dancing step around the dead body of the lion; and this savage dance of triumph ended a scene of as fierce interest and excitement as I ever hope to see.

The Nandi marched back by themselves, carrying the two wounded men on their shields. We rode to camp by a round-about way, on the chance that we might see another lion. The afternoon waned and we cast long shadows before us as we rode across the vast lonely plain. The game stared at us as we passed; a cold wind blew in our faces, and the tall grass waved ceaselessly; the sun set behind a sullen cloud bank; and then, just at nightfall, the tents glimmered white through the dusk.

When we left Nairobi it was with real regret that we said good-by to the many friends who had been so kind to us; officials, private citizens, almost every one we had met—including Sir Percy Girouard, the new governor. At Kijabe the men and women from the American Mission—and the children too—were down at the station to wish us good luck; and at Nakuru the settlers from the neighborhood gathered on the platform to give us a farewell cheer. The following morning we reached Kisumu on Lake Victoria Nyanza. It is in the Kavirondo country, where the natives, both men and women, as a rule go absolutely naked, although they are peaceable and industrious. In the native market they had brought in baskets, iron spade heads, and food, to sell to the native and Indian traders who had their booths round about; the

meat market, under the trees, was especially interesting.

At noon we embarked in a smart little steamer, to cross the lake. Twenty-four hours later we landed at Entebbe, the seat of the English Governor of Uganda. Throughout our passage the wind hardly ruffled the smooth surface of the lake. As we steamed away from the eastern shore the mountains behind us and on our right hand rose harsh and barren, yet with a kind of forbidding beauty. Dark clouds hung over the land we had left, and a rainbow stretched across their front. At nightfall, as the red sunset faded, the lonely waters of the vast inland sea stretched, ocean-like, west and south into a shoreless gloom. Then the darkness deepened, the tropic stars blazed overhead, and the light of the half moon drowned in silver the embers of the sunset.

Next morning we steamed along and across the equator; the last time we were to cross it, for thenceforth our course lay northward. We passed by many islands, green with meadow and forest, beautiful in the bright sunshine, but empty with the emptiness of death. A decade previously these islands were thronged with tribes of fisher folk; their villages studded the shores, and their long canoes, planks held together with fibre, furrowed the surface of the lake. Then, from out of the depths of the Congo forest came the dreadful scourge of the sleeping sickness, and smote the doomed people who dwelt beside the Victorian Nile, and on the coasts of the Nyanza Lakes and in the lands between. Its agent was a biting fly, brother to the tsetse whose bite is fatal to domestic animals. This fly dwells in forest, beside lakes and rivers; and wherever it dwells after the sleeping sickness came it was found that man could not live. In this country, between, and along the shores of, the great lakes, two hundred thousand people died in slow torment, before the hard-taxed wisdom and skill of medical science and governmental administration could work any betterment whatever in the situation. Men still die by thousands, and the disease is slowly spreading into fresh districts. But it has proved possible to keep it within limits in the regions already affected; yet only by absolutely abandoning certain districts, and by clearing all the forest and brush in tracts which serve as barriers to the fly, and which



The Nandi dance around the speared lion.

From a photograph by Kermitt Roosevelt.

permit passage through the infected belts. On the western shores of Victoria Nyanza, and in the islands adjacent thereto, the ravages of the pestilence were such, the mortality it caused was so appalling, that the Government was finally forced to deport all the survivors inland, to forbid all residence beside or fishing in the lake, and with this end in view to destroy the villages and the fishing fleets of the people. The teeming lake fish were formerly a main source of food supply to all who dwelt near by; but this has now been cut off, and the myriads of fish are left to themselves, to the hosts of water birds, and to the monstrous man-eating crocodiles of the lake, on whose blood the fly also feeds, and whence it is supposed by some that it draws the germs so deadly to human kind.

When we landed there was nothing in the hot, laughing, tropical beauty of the land to suggest the grisly horror that brooded so near. In green luxuriance the earth lay under a cloudless sky, yielding her increase to the sun's burning caresses, and men and women were living their lives and doing their work well and gallantly.

At Entebbe we stayed with the acting-Governor, Mr. Boyle; at Kampalla with the District Commissioner, Mr. Knowles; both of them veteran administrators, and the latter also a mighty hunter; and both of them showed us every courtesy, and treated us with all possible kindness. En-

tebbe is a pretty little town of English residents, chiefly officials; with well-kept roads, a golf course, tennis courts, and an attractive club house. The whole place is bowered in flowers, on tree, bush, and vine, of every hue—masses of lilac, purple, yellow, blue, and fiery crimson. Kampalla is the native town, where the little King of Uganda, a boy, lives, and his chiefs of state, and where the native council meets; and it is the headquarters of the missions, both Church of England and Roman Catholic.

Kampalla is an interesting place; and so is all Uganda. The first explorers who penetrated thither, half a century ago, found in this heathen state, of almost pure negroes, a veritable semi-civilization, or advanced barbarism, comparable to that of the little Arab-negro or Berber-negro sultanates strung along the southern edge of the Sahara, and contrasting sharply with the weltering savagery which surrounded it, and which stretched away without a break for many hundreds of miles in every direction. The people were industrious tillers of the soil, who owned sheep, goats, and some cattle; they wore decent clothing, and hence were styled "womanish" by the savages of the Upper Nile region, who prided themselves on the nakedness of their men as a proof of manliness; they were unusually intelligent and ceremoniously courteous; and, most singular of all, although the monarch was a cruel despot, of the

usual African (whether Mohammedan or heathen) type, there were certain excellent governmental customs, of binding observance, which in the aggregate might almost be called an unwritten constitution. Alone among the natives of tropical Africa the people of Uganda have proved very accessible to Christian teaching, so that the creed of Christianity is now dominant among them. For their good fortune, England

man's country, and the prime need is to build up a large, healthy population of true white settlers, white home makers, who shall take the land as an inheritance for their children's children. Uganda can never be this kind of white man's country; and although planters and merchants of the right type can undoubtedly do well there—to the advantage of the country as well as of themselves—it must remain es-



Mr. Roosevelt and some of the Nandi warriors.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

has established a protectorate over them. Most wisely the English Government officials, and as a rule the missionaries, have bent their energies to developing them along their own lines, in government, dress, and ways of life; constantly striving to better them and bring them forward, but not twisting them aside from their natural line of development, nor wrenching them loose from what was good in their past, by attempting the impossible task of turning an entire native population into black Englishmen at one stroke.

The problem set to the governing caste in Uganda is totally different from that which offers itself in British East Africa. The highlands of East Africa form a white

essentially a black man's country, and the chief task of the officials of the intrusive and masterful race must be to bring forward the natives, to train them, and above all to help them train themselves, so that they may advance in industry, in learning, in morality, in capacity for self-government—for it is idle to talk of "giving" a people self-government; the gift of the forms, when the inward spirit is lacking, is mere folly; all that can be done is patiently to help a people acquire the necessary qualities—social, moral, intellectual, industrial, and lastly political—and meanwhile to exercise for their benefit, with justice, sympathy, and firmness, the governing ability which as yet they themselves lack. The



The lion as it fell.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

widely spread rule of a strong European race in lands like Africa gives, as one incident thereof, the chance for nascent cultures, nascent semi-civilizations, to develop without fear of being overwhelmed in the surrounding gulfs of savagery; and this aside from the direct stimulus to development conferred by the consciously and unconsciously exercised influence of the white man, wherein there is much of evil, but much more of ultimate good. In any region of widespread savagery, the chances for the growth of each self-produced civilization are necessarily small, because each little centre of effort toward this end is always exposed to destruction from the neighboring masses of pure savagery; and therefore progress is often immensely accelerated by outside invasion and control. In Africa the control and guidance is needed as much in the things of the spirit as in the things of the body. Those who complain of or rail at missionary work in Africa, and who confine themselves to pointing out the undoubtedly too numerous errors of the missionaries and shortcomings of their flocks, would do well to consider that even if the light which has been let in is but feeble and gray it has at least dispelled a worse than Stygian darkness. As soon as native African religions—practically none



The spears that did the trick.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Kavirondo market.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Kavirondos returning from market.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Protestant or Catholic; and many thousands among them are sincerely Christian and show their Christianity in practical fashion by putting conduct above ceremonial and dogma. Most fortunately, Protestant and Catholic seem now to be growing to work in charity together, and to show rivalry only in healthy effort against the common foe; there is certainly enough evil in the world to offer a target at which all good men can direct their shafts, with-

out expending them on one another. of which have hitherto evolved any substantial ethical basis—develop beyond the most primitive stage they tend, notably in middle and western Africa, to grow into malign creeds of unspeakable cruelty and immorality, with a bestial and revolting ritual and ceremonial. Even a poorly taught and imperfectly understood Christianity, with its underlying foundation of justice and mercy, represents an immeasurable advance on such a creed.

Where, as in Uganda, the people are intelligent and the missionaries unite disinterestedness and zeal with common sense, the result is astounding. The majority of the people of Uganda are now Christian,

out expending them on one another.

We visited the Church of England Mission, where we were received by Bishop Tucker, and the two Catholic Missions, where we were received by Bishops Hanlon and Streicher; we went through the churches and saw the schools with the pupils actually at work. In all the missions we were received with American and British flags and listened to the children singing "The Star-spangled Banner." The Church of England Mission had been at work for a quarter of a century; what has been accomplished by Bishop Tucker and those associated with him makes one of the most interesting chapters in all recent

missionary history. I saw the high-school, where the sons of the chiefs are being trained in large numbers for their future duties, and I was especially struck by the admirable Medical Mission, and by the



Kavirondos going down to fill their water jars.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

handsome cathedral, built by the native Christians themselves without outside assistance in either money or labor. At dinner at Mr. Knowles's, Bishop Tucker gave us exceedingly interesting details of his past experiences in Uganda, and of the progress of the missionary work. He had been much amused by an American missionary who had urged him to visit America, saying that he would "find the latch-string outside the door"; to an American who knows the country districts well the expression seems so natural that I had never even realized that it was an Americanism.

At Bishop Hanlon's Mission, where I lunched with the bishop, there was a friend, Mother Paul, an Amer-

ican; before I left America I had promised that I would surely see her, and look into the work which she, and the sisters associated with her, were doing. It was delightful seeing her; she not merely spoke my language but my neighborhood dialect. She informed me that she had just received a message of good will for me in a letter from two of "the finest"—of course I felt at home when in mid-Africa, under the equator, I received in such fashion a message from two of the men who had served under me in the New York police.* She had been teaching her pupils to sing some lines of "The Star-spangled Banner," in English, in my especial honor; and of course had been obliged, in writing it out, to use spelling far more purely phonetic than I had ever dreamed of using. The first lines ran as follows: (Some of our word sounds have no equivalent in Uganda.)

"O se ka nyu si bai di mo nseli laiti
(O say can you see by the morn's (*sic*) early light)

Wati so pulauli wi eli adi twayi laiti
(What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
silasi giremi"
last gleaming.)

After having taught the children the first verse in this manner Mother Paul said that she stopped to avoid brain fever.

In addition to scholastic exercises Mother Paul and her associates were training

* For the benefit of those who do not live in the neighborhood of New York I may explain that all good, or typical, New Yorkers invariably speak of their police force as "the finest"; and if any one desires to know what a "good" or "typical" New Yorker is, I shall add, on the authority of either Brander Matthews or the late H. C. Bunner—I forget which—that when he isn't a Southerner or of Irish or German descent he is usually a man born out West of New England parentage.



Kavirondo bullock wagons.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Entebbe looking over lake.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

their school children in all kinds of industrial work, taking especial pains to develop those industries that were natural to them and would be of use when they returned to their own homes. Both at Bishop Hanlon's mission, and at Bishop Streicher's, the Mission of the White Fathers—originally a French organization, which has established churches and schools in almost all parts of Africa—the fathers were teaching the native men to cultivate coffee, and various fruits and vegetables.

I called on the little king, who is being well trained by his English tutor—few tutors perform more exacting or responsible duties—and whose comfortable house was furnished in English fashion. I met his native advisers, shrewd, powerful looking men; and went into the Council Chamber, where I was greeted by the council, substantial looking men, well dressed in the native fashion, and representing all the districts of the kingdom. When we visited the king it was after dark, and we were

received by smart looking black soldiers in ordinary khaki uniform, while accompanying them were other attendants dressed in the old-time native fashion; men with flaming torches, and others with the big Uganda drums which they beat to an accompaniment of wild cries. These drums are characteristic of Uganda; each chief has one, and beats upon it his own peculiar tattoo. The king, and all other people of consequence, white, Indian, or native, went round in rickshaws, one man pulling in the shafts and three others pushing behind. The rickshaw men ran well, and sang all the time, the man in the shafts serving as shanty-man, while the three behind repeated in chorus every second or two a kind of clanging note; and this went on without a break, hour after



The Indian elephant at Entebbe.

The only possession of the white man that really appals the natives, as they know the wild elephant and cannot understand any one taming it and making it obey. Even the railroad fails to compare with it. The mahout is just mounting.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

hour. The natives looked well and were dressed well; the men in long flowing garments of white, the women usually in brown cloth made in the old native style out of the bark of the bark cloth tree. The clothes of the chiefs were tastefully ornamented. All the people, gentle and simple, were very polite and ceremonious both to one another and to strangers. Now and then we met parties of Sikh soldiers, tall, bearded, fine-looking men

a riot of lush growing plants. Every day there were terrific thunder-storms. At Kampalla three men had been killed by lightning within six weeks; a year or two before our host, Knowles, had been struck by lightning and knocked senseless, a huge zigzag mark being left across his body, and the links of his gold watch chain being fused; it was many months before he completely recovered.

Knowles arranged a *situtunga* hunt for



Cow herons and Angola ox on the bank of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

with turbans; and there were Indian and Swahili and even Arab and Persian traders.

The houses had mud walls and thatched roofs. The gardens were surrounded by braided cane fences. In the gardens and along the streets were many trees; among them bark cloth trees, from which the bark is stripped every year for cloth; great incense trees, the sweet-scented gum oozing through wounds in the bark; and date palms, in the fronds of which hung the nests of the golden weaver birds, now breeding. White cow herons, tamer than barnyard fowls, accompanied the cattle, perching on their backs, or walking beside them. Beautiful Kavirondo cranes came familiarly round the houses. It was all strange and attractive. Birds sang everywhere. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers of many colors; the whole place was

us. The *situtunga* is closely related to the bushbuck but is bigger, with very long hoofs, and shaggy hair like a waterbuck. It is exclusively a beast of the marshes, making its home in the thick reed beds, where the water is deep; and it is exceedingly shy, so that very few white men have shot, or even seen, it. Its long hoofs enable it to go over the most treacherous ground, and it swims well; in many of its haunts, in the thick papyrus, the water is waist deep on a man. Through the papyrus, and the reeds and marsh grass, it makes well-beaten paths. Where it is in any danger of molestation it is never seen abroad in the daytime, venturing from the safe cover of the high reeds only at night; but fifty miles inland, in the marsh grass on the edge of a big papyrus swamp, Kermit caught a glimpse of half a dozen feeding in the open, kneedeep in water, long after

sunrise. On the hunt in question a patch of marsh was driven by a hundred natives, while the guns were strung along the likely passes which led to another patch of marsh. A fine situtunga buck came to Kermit's post, and he killed it as it bolted away. It had stolen up so quietly through the long marsh grass that he only saw it when it was directly on him. Its stomach contained not grass but the leaves and twig tips of a shrub which grows in and alongside of the marshes.

The day after this hunt our safari started on its march north-westward to Lake Albert Nyanza. We had taken with us from East Africa our gun-bearers, tent boys, and the men whom the naturalists had trained as skimmers. The porters were men of Uganda; the askaris were from the constabulary, and widely different races were represented among them, but all had been drilled into soldierly uniformity. The porters were well-clad, well-behaved, fine-looking men, and did their work better than the "shenzis," the wild Meru or Kikuyu

African porters, and in addition were cheered on the march by drum and fife; several men had fifes, and one carried nothing but one of the big Uganda drums, which he usually bore at the head of the safari, marching in company with the flag-bearer. Every hour or two the men would halt, often beside one of the queer little wicker-work booths in which native hucksters disposed of their wares by the roadside.

Along the road we often met wayfarers; once or twice bullock carts; more often men carrying rolls of hides or long bales of cotton on their heads; or a set of Bahima herdsmen, with clear-cut features, guarding their herds of huge-horned Angola cattle.

All greeted us most courteously, frequently crouching or kneeling, as is their custom when they salute a superior; and we were scrupulous to acknowledge their salutes, and to return their greetings in the native fashion, with words of courtesy and long-drawn e-h-h-s and a-a-h-s. Along

the line of march the chiefs had made preparations to receive us. Each afternoon, as we came to the spot where we were to camp for the night, we found a cleared space strewn with straw and surrounded by a plaited reed fence. Within this space cane houses, with thatched roofs of coarse grass, had been erected, some for our stores, one for a kitchen, one, which was always decked with flowers, as a rest house for ourselves; the latter with open sides, the roof upheld by cane pillars, so that it was cool and comfortable, and afforded a welcome shelter, either from the burning sun if the weather was clear, or from the pelting, driving



Mother Paul's band composed of mission boys.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

tribesmen, whom we had occasionally employed in East Africa; but they were not the equals of the regular East African porters. I think this was largely because of their inferior food, for they ate chiefly yams and plantains; in other words inferior sweet potatoes and bananas. They were quite as fond of singing as the East

tropical storms if there was rain. The moon was almost full when we left Kampalla, and night after night it lent a half unearthly beauty to the tropical landscape.

Sometimes in the evenings the mosquitoes bothered us; more often they did not; but in any event we slept well under our nettings. Usually at each camp we found



Colonel Roosevelt at Mother Paul's Mission.

Mother Paul is standing between her two native women.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

either the head chief of the district, or a sub-chief, with presents: eggs, chickens, sheep, once or twice a bullock, always pineapples and bananas. The chief was always well dressed in flowing robes, and usually welcomed us with dignity and courtesy (sometimes, however, permitting the courtesy to assume the form of servility); and we would have him in to tea, where he was sure to enjoy the bread and jam. Sometimes he came in a rickshaw, sometimes in a kind of wickerwork palanquin, sometimes on foot. When we left his territory we made him a return gift.

We avoided all old camping grounds, because of the spirillum tick. This dangerous fever tick is one of the insect scourges of Uganda, for its bite brings on a virulent spirillum fever which lasts intermittently for months, and may be accompanied by partial paralysis. It is common on old

camping grounds, and in native villages. The malarial mosquitoes also abound in places; and repeated attacks of malaria pave the way for black water fever, which is often fatal.

The first day's march from Kampalla led us through shambas, the fields of sweet potatoes and plantations of bananas being separated by hedges or by cane fences. Then for two or three days we passed over low hills and through swampy valleys, the whole landscape covered by a sea of elephant grass, the close-growing, coarse blades more than twice the height of a man on horseback. Here and there it was dotted with groves of strange trees; in these groves monkeys of various kinds—some black, some red-tailed, some auburn—chattered as they raced away among the branches; there were brilliant rollers and bee-eaters; little green and yellow parrots,



Colonel Roosevelt at the Mission of the White Fathers.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and gray parrots with red tails; and many colored butterflies. Once or twice we saw the handsome, fierce, short-tailed eagle, the bateleur eagle, and scared one from a reedbuck fawn it had killed. Among the common birds there were black drongos, and musical bush shrikes; small black magpies with brown tails; whiteheaded kites and slate-colored sparrow-hawks; palm swifts, big hornbills; blue and mottled kingfishers, which never went near the water, and had their upper mandibles red and their under ones black; barbets, with swollen, sawtoothed bills, their plumage iridescent purple above and red below; bulbuls, also dark purple above and red below, which whistled and bubbled incessantly as they hopped among the thick bushes, behaving much like our own yellow-breasted chats; and a multitude of other birds, beautiful or fantastic. There were striped squirrels too, reminding us of the big Rocky Mountain chipmunk or Say's chipmunk, but with smaller ears and a longer tail.

Christmas day we passed on the march. There is not much use in trying to celebrate Christmas unless there are small folks to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, to rush gleefully in at dawn next morning to open the stockings, and after breakfast to wait in hopping expectancy until their elders throw open the doors of the

room in which the big presents are arranged, those for each child on a separate table.

Forty miles from the coast the elephant grass began to disappear. The hills became somewhat higher, there were thorn-trees, and stately royal palms of great height, their stems swollen and bulging at the top, near the fronds. Parasitic ferns, with leaves as large as cabbage leaves, grew on the branches of the acacias. One kind of tree sent down from its branches to the ground roots which grew into thick trunks. There were wide, shallow marshes, and although the grass was tall it was no longer above a man's head. Kermit and I usually got two or three hours' hunting each day. We killed singsing waterbuck, bushbuck, and bohor reedbuck. The reedbuck differed slightly from those of East Africa; in places they were plentiful, and they were not wary. We also killed several hartebeests; a variety of the Jackson's hartebeest being more highly colored, with black markings. I killed a very handsome harnessed bushbuck ram. It was rather bigger than a good-sized whitetail buck, its brilliant red coat beautifully marked with rows of white spots, its twisted black horns sharp and polished. It seemed to stand about half way between the dark-colored bushbuck rams of East and South Africa and

the beautifully marked harnessed antelope rams of the west coast forests. The ewes and young rams showed the harness markings even more plainly; and, as with all bushbuck, were of small size compared to the old rams. These bushbuck were found in tall grass, where the ground was wet, instead of in the thick bush where their East African kinsfolk spent the daytime.

At the bushbuck camp we met a number of porters returning from the Congo, where they had been with an elephant poacher named Busherri—at least that was as near the name as we could make out. He had gone into the Congo to get ivory by shooting and trading; but the wild forest people had attacked him, and had killed him and seven of his followers, and the others were straggling homeward. In Kampalla we had met an elephant hunter named Quin who had recently lost his right arm in an encounter with a wounded tusk-er. Near one camp the head chief pointed out two places, now overgrown with jungle, where little villages had stood less than a year before.

In each case elephants had taken to feeding at night in the shambas, and had steadily grown bolder and bolder until the natives, their crops ruined by the depredations and their lives in danger, had abandoned the struggle, and shifted to some new place in the wilderness.

We were soon to meet elephant ourselves. The morning of the 28th was rainy; we struck camp rather late, and the march was long, so that it was mid-afternoon when

Kermit and I reached our new camping place. Soon afterward word was brought us that some elephants were near by; we were told that the beasts were in the habit of devastating the shambas, and were bold and truculent, having killed a man who had tried to interfere with them. Kermit and I at once started after them, just as the last of

the safari came in, accompanied by Cunningham, who could not go with us as he was recovering from a bout of fever.

In half an hour we came on fresh sign, and began to work cautiously along it. Our guide, a wild-looking savage with a blunt spear, went first, followed by my gun-bearer Kongoni, who is excellent on spoor; then I came, followed by Kermit, and by the other gun-bearers. The country was covered with tall grass, and studded with numerous patches of jungle and small forest. In a few minutes we heard the elephants, four or five of them, feeding in thick jungle where the vines that hung in tangled masses from the trees and that draped the bushes made dark caves of greenery. It was difficult to find any space clear enough to see



Johari with a Uganda kob.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

thirty yards ahead. Fortunately there was no wind whatever. We picked out the spoor of a big bull and for an hour and a half we followed it, Kongoni usually in the lead. Two or three times, as we threaded our way among the bushes, as noiselessly as possible, we caught glimpses of gray, shadowy bulks, but only for a second at a time, and never with sufficient distinctness to shoot. The elephants were feeding, tearing down the branches of a rather



Colonel Roosevelt, District Commissioner Knowles, and Mr. Heller off for the situtunga hunt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Preparing to drive the swamp—situtunga hunt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

large-leaved tree with bark like that of a scrub oak and big pods containing beans; evidently these beans were a favorite food. They fed in circles and zigzags, but toward camp, until they were not much more than half a mile from it, and the noise made by the porters in talking and gathering wood was plainly audible; but the elephants paid no heed to it, being evidently too much accustomed to the natives to have much fear of man. We continually heard them breaking branches, and making rumbling or squeaking sounds. They then fed slowly along in the opposite direction, and got into rather more open country; and we followed faster in the big footprints of the bull we had selected. Suddenly in an open glade Kongoni crouched and beckoned to me, and through a bush I caught the loom of the tusker. But at that instant he either heard us, saw us, or caught a whiff of our wind, and without a moment's hesitation he himself assumed the offensive. With his huge ears cocked at right angles to his head, and his trunk hanging down, he charged full tilt at us, coming steadily, silently, and at a great pace, his feet swishing through the long grass; and a formidable monster he looked. At forty yards I fired the right barrel of the Holland into his head, and though I missed the brain the shock dazed him and brought him to an instant halt. Immediately Kermit put a bullet from the Winchester into his head; as he wheeled I gave him the second barrel between the neck and shoulder, through his ear; and Kermit gave him three more shots before

he slewed round and disappeared. There were not many minutes of daylight left, and we followed hard on his trail, Kongoni leading. At first there was only an occasional gout of dark blood; but soon we found the splashes of red froth from the lungs; then we came to where he had fallen,



The situtunga shot by Kermit Roosevelt at Kampalla.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and then we heard him crashing among the branches in thick jungle to the right. In we went after him, through the gathering gloom, Kongoni leading and I close behind, with the rifle ready for instant action; for though his strength was evidently fast failing, he was also evidently in a savage temper, anxious to wreak his vengeance before he died. On we went, following the bloody



Rest houses at Kabula Mlerio, Uganda.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

trail through dim, cavernous windings in the dark, vine-covered jungle; we heard him smash the branches but a few yards ahead, and fall and rise; and stealing forward Kermit and I slipped up to within a dozen feet of him as he stood on the other side of some small twisted trees, hung with a mat of creepers. I put a bullet into his heart, Kermit fired; each of us fired again on the instant; the mighty bull threw up his trunk, crashed over backward, and lay dead on his side among the bushes. A fine sight he was, a sight to gladden any hunter's heart, as he lay in the twilight, a giant in death.

At once we trotted back to camp, reach-

ing it as darkness fell; and next morning all of us came out to the carcass. He was full grown, and was ten feet nine inches high. The tusks were rather short, but thick, and weighed a hundred and ten pounds the pair. Out of the trunk we made excellent soup.

Several times while following the trail of this big bull we could tell he was close by the strong elephant smell. Most game animals have a peculiar scent, often strong enough for the species to be readily recognizable before it is seen, if in forest or jungle. On the open plains, of course, one rarely gets close enough to an animal to smell it before seeing it; but I once smelled



Road through banana shambas, Uganda.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Rest house at Kikandroa, Uganda.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

a herd of hartebeest, when the wind was blowing strongly from them, although they were out of sight over a gentle rise. Water-buck have a very strong smell. Buffalo smell very much like domestic cattle, but old bulls are rank. More than once, in forest, my nostrils have warned me before my eyes that I was getting near the quarry whose spoor I was on.

After leaving the elephant camp we journeyed through country for the most part covered with an open forest growth. The trees were chiefly acacias. Among them were interspersed huge candelabra euphorbias, all in bloom, and now and then one of the brilliant red flowering trees, which

never seem to carry many leaves at the same time with their gaudy blossoms. At one place for miles the open forest was composed of the pod-bearing, thick-leaved trees on which we had found the elephants feeding; their bark and manner of growth gave them somewhat the look of jack-oaks; where they made up the forest, growing well apart from one another, it reminded us of the cross-timbers of Texas and Oklahoma. The grass was everywhere three or four feet high; here and there were patches of the cane-like elephant grass, fifteen feet high.

It was pleasant to stride along the road in the early mornings, followed by the



Elephant grass along the Uganda trail.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Natives selling posho to our porters.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

safari, and we saw many a glorious sunrise. But as noon approached it grew very hot, under the glare of the brazen equatorial sun, and we were always glad when we approached our new camp, with its grass-strewn ground, its wickerwork fence, and cool, open rest house. The local sub-chief

and his elders were usually drawn up to receive me at the gate, bowing, clapping their hands, and uttering their long-drawn e-h-h-s; and often banana saplings or branches would be stuck in the ground to form avenues of approach, and the fence and rest house might be decorated with

flowers of many kinds.

Sometimes we were met with music, on instruments of one string, of three strings, of ten strings—rudimentary fiddles and harps; and there was a much more complicated instrument, big and cumbrous, made of bars of wood placed on two banana stems, the bars being struck with a hammer, as if they were keys; its tones were deep and good. Along the road we did not see habitations or people; but continually there led away from it, twisting through the tall grass and the bush jungles, native paths, the earth beaten brown and hard by countless bare feet; and these, crossing and recrossing in a net-



Uganda women selling posho.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

work, led to plantation after plantation of bananas and sweet potatoes, and clusters of thatched huts.

In the afternoon, as the sun began to get well beyond the meridian, we usually sallied forth to hunt, under the guidance of some native who had come in to tell us where he had seen game that morning. The jungle was so thick in places and the grass was everywhere so long, that without such guidance there was little successful hunting to be done in only two or three hours. We might come back with a buck,

iridescent green and purple, which looked like our grackles, but were kin to the bulbuls; and another bird, related to the shrikes, with bristly feathers on the rump, which was colored like a red-winged blackbird, black with red shoulders. Vultures were not plentiful, but the yellow-billed kites, true camp scavengers, were common and tame, screaming as they circled overhead, and catching bits of meat which were thrown in the air for them. The shrews and mice which the naturalists trapped around each camping place were



Porters entering camp at Hoima.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

or with two or three guinea fowl, or with nothing.

There were a good many poisonous snakes; I killed a big puff-adder with thirteen eggs inside it; and we also killed a squat, short-tailed viper, beautifully mottled, not eighteen inches long, but with a wide, flat head and a girth of body out of all proportion to its length; and another very poisonous and vicious snake, apparently of colubrine type, long and slender. The birds were an unceasing pleasure. White wagtails and yellow wagtails walked familiarly about us within a few feet, wherever we halted and when we were in camp. Long-tailed, crested colys, with all four of their red toes pointed forward, clung to the sides of the big fruits at which they picked. White-headed swallows caught flies and gnats by our heads. There were large plantain eaters; and birds like small jays with yellow wattles round the eyes. There were boat-tailed birds, in color

kin to the species we had already obtained in East Africa, but in most cases there was a fairly well-marked difference; the jerbilles for instance had shorter tails, more like ordinary rats. Frogs with queer voices abounded in the marshes. Among the ants was one arboreal kind which made huge nests, shaped like beehives or rather like big gray bells, in the trees. Near the lake, by the way, there were Goliath beetles, as large as small rats.

Ten days from Kampalla we crossed the little Kafu River, the black, smooth current twisting quickly along between beds of plumed papyrus. Beyond it we entered the native kingdom of Unyoro. It is part of the British protectorate of Uganda, but is separate from the native kingdom of Uganda, though its people in ethnic type and social development seem much the same. We halted for a day at Hoima, a spread-out little native town, pleasantly situated among hills, and surrounded by

plantations of cotton, plaintains, yams, millet, and beans. It is the capital of Unyoro, where the king lives, as well as three or four English officials, and Episcopalian and Roman Catholic missionaries. The king, accompanied by his prime minister and by the English Commissioner, called on me, and I gave him five o'clock tea; he is a Christian, as are most of his

the jackals wailed with shrill woe among the gardens.

From Hoima we entered a country covered with the tall, rank elephant grass. It was traversed by papyrus-bordered streams and broken by patches of forest. The date palms grew tall, and among the trees were some with orange-red flowers like trumpet flowers, growing in grape-shaped clusters;



The dead tusker.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

chiefs and headmen, and they are sending their children to the mission schools.

A heron, about the size of our night heron but with a longer neck, and with a curiously crow-like voice, strolled about among the native houses at Hoima; and the kites almost brushed us with their wings as they swooped down for morsels of food. The cheerful, confiding little wagtails crossed the threshold of the rest house in which we sat. Black and white crows and vultures came around camp; and handsome, dark hawks, with white on their wings and tails, and with long, conspicuous crests, perched upright on the trees. There were many kinds of doves; one pretty little fellow was but six inches long. At night

and both the flowers and the seed-pods into which they turned stood straight up in rows above the leafy tops of the trees that bore them.

The first evening, as we sat in the cool, open cane rest house, word was brought us that an elephant was close at hand. We found him after ten minutes' walk; a young bull, with very small tusks, not worth shooting. For three-quarters of an hour we watched him, strolling about and feeding, just on the edge of a wall of high elephant grass. Although we were in plain sight, ninety yards off, and sometimes moved about, he never saw us; for an elephant's eyes are very bad. He was feeding on some thick, luscious grass, in the usual leisurely

elephant fashion, plucking a big tuft, waving it nonchalantly about in his trunk, and finally tucking it into his mouth; pausing to rub his side against a tree, or to sway to and fro as he stood; and continually waving his tail and half cocking his ears.

At noon on January 5th, 1910, we reached Butiaba, a sandspit and marsh on the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza. We had marched about one hundred and sixty miles from Lake Victoria. We camped on the sandy beach by the edge of the beautiful lake, looking across its waters to the mountains that walled in the opposite shore. At mid-day the whole landscape trembled in the white, glaring heat; as the afternoon waned a wind blew off the lake, and the west kindled in ruddy splendor as the sun went down.

At Butiaba we took boats to go down the Nile to the Lado country. The head of the water transportation service in Uganda, Captain Hutchinson, R.N.R., met us, having most kindly decided to take charge of our flotilla himself. Captain Hutchinson was a mighty hunter, and had met with one most extraordinary experience while elephant hunting; in Uganda the number of



A bushbuck.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

hunters who have been killed or injured by elephants and buffaloes is large. He wounded a big bull in the head, and followed it for three days. The wound was serious and on the fourth day he overtook the elephant. It charged as soon as it saw him. He hit it twice in the head with his .450 double barrel as it came on, but neither stopped nor turned it; his second rifle, a double 8 bore, failed to act; and the elephant seized him in its trunk. It brandished him to and fro in the air several times, and then planting him on the ground knelt and stabbed at him with its tusks. Grasping one of its forelegs he pulled himself between them in time to avoid the blow; and



The launch "Kenia" at Butiaba.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

as it rose he managed to seize a hind leg and clung to it. But the tusker reached round and plucked him off with its trunk, and once more brandished him high in the air, swinging him violently about. He fainted from pain and dizziness. When he came to he was lying on the ground; one of his attendants had stabbed the elephant with a spear, whereupon the animal had dropped the white man, vainly tried to catch its new assailant, and had then gone off for some three miles and died. Hutchinson was frightfully bruised and strained, and it was six months before he recovered.



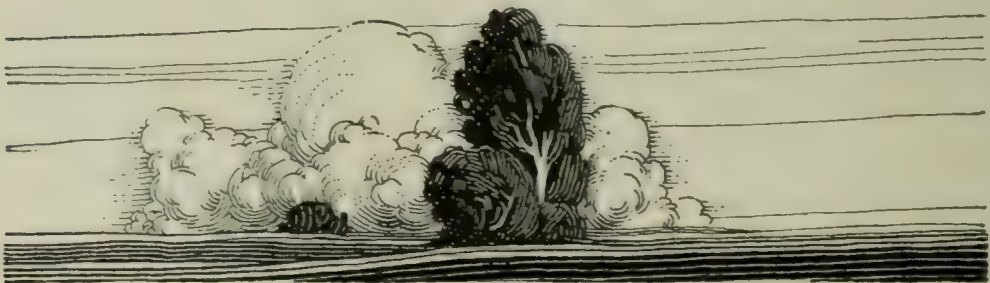
OLD BUILDERS AND NEW

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

YAWNING, they said: "What we leave incomplete
Our children do to-morrow; or, if not,
Hands will be born a hundred years from now,
Or other hundreds. Therefore hasten not,
O Brothers, for the world is very old
And men are brief as grass. But if one stone
You place upon another, do it well,
That the Unborn may know who passed this way
And built in hope these shrines to Unknown Gods
Against the time when Unknown shall be Known:
Or, if not so, at least the temple stands
To its own Beauty. Wherefore, build it well."

II

"Now hasten, Brothers, for the world decays
Beneath our fingers; so build swift and high.
Build to the stars before that other flood
Can lift its silence to our eager mouths.
The thing dreamed yesterday, that do to-day—
To-morrow is to-morrow's. After us
The deluge—well! But in this solid Now
Let the dream tower. To-morrow if it falls,
It falls with broken sunsets and dead dreams
That shone when Babylon the Great was born."





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The Pay-stage.

A QUESTION OF LATITUDE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



OF the school of earnest young writers at whom the word muckraker had been thrown in opprobrium, and by whom it had been caught up as a title of honor, Everett was among the younger and less conspicuous. But, if in his skirmishes with graft and corruption he had failed to correct the evils he attacked, from the contests he himself had always emerged with credit. His sincerity and his methods were above suspicion. No one had caught him in misstatement, or exaggeration. Even those he attacked, admitted he fought fair. For these reasons, the editors of magazines, with the fear of libel before their eyes, regarded him as a "safe" man, the public, feeling that the evils he exposed were due to its own indifference, with uncomfortable approval, and those he attacked, with impotent anger. Their anger was impotent because, in the case of Everett, the weapons used by their class in "striking back" were denied them. They could not say that for money he sold sensations, because it was known that a proud and wealthy parent supplied him with all the money he wanted. Nor in his private life could they find anything to offset his attacks upon the misconduct of others. Men had been sent to spy upon him, and women to lay traps. But the men reported that his evenings were spent at his club, and, from the women, those who sent them learned only that Everett "treats a lady, just as though she is a lady."

Accordingly, when, with much trumpeting, he departed to investigate conditions in the Congo, there were some who rejoiced.

The standard of life to which Everett was accustomed was high. In his home in Boston it had been set for him by a father and mother who, though critics rather than workers in the world, had taught him to despise what was mean and ungenerous, to write the truth and abhor a compromise. At Harvard he had interested himself

in municipal reform, and when later he moved to New York, he transferred his interest to the problems of that city. His attack upon Tammany Hall did not utterly destroy that organization, but at once brought him to the notice of the editors. By them he was invited to tilt his lance at evils in other parts of the United States, at "systems," trusts, convict camps, municipal misrule. His work had met with a measure of success that seemed to justify *Lowell's Weekly* in sending him further afield, and he now was on his way to tell the truth about the Congo. Personally, Everett was a healthy, clean-minded enthusiast. He possessed all of the advantages of youth, and all of its intolerance. He was supposed to be engaged to Florence Carey, but he was not. There was, however, between them an "understanding," which understanding, as Everett understood it, meant that until she was ready to say, "I am ready," he was to think of her, dream of her, write love-letters to her, and keep himself only for her. He loved her very dearly, and, having no choice, was content to wait. His content was fortunate, as Miss Carey seemed inclined to keep him waiting indefinitely.

Except in Europe, Everett had never travelled outside the limits of his own country. But the new land toward which he was advancing, held no terrors. As he understood it, the Congo was at the mercy of a corrupt "ring." In every part of the United States he had found a city in the clutch of a corrupt ring. The conditions would be the same, the methods he would use to get at the truth would be the same, the result for reform would be the same.

The English steamer on which he sailed for Southampton was one leased by the Independent State of the Congo, and, with a few exceptions, her passengers were subjects of King Leopold. On board, the language was French, at table the men sat according to the rank they held in the administration of the jungle, and each in his buttonhole wore the tiny silver star that

showed that for three years, to fill the storehouses of the King of the Belgians, he had gathered rubber and ivory. In the smoking-room Everett soon discovered that passengers not in the service of that king, the English and German officers and traders, held aloof from the Belgians. Their attitude toward them seemed to be one partly of contempt, partly of pity.

"Are your English protectorates on the coast, then, so much better administered?" Everett asked.

The English "Coaster," who for ten years in Nigeria had escaped fever and sudden death, laughed evasively.

"I have never been in the Congo," he said. "Only know what they tell one. But you'll see for yourself. That is," he added, "you'll see what they want you to see."

They were leaning on the rail, with their eyes turned toward the coast of Liberia, a gloomy green line against which the waves cast up fountains of foam as high as the coconut palms. As a subject of discussion, the Coaster seemed anxious to avoid the Congo.

"It was there," he said, pointing, "the *Three Castles* struck on the rocks. She was a total loss. So were her passengers," he added. "They ate them."

Everett gazed suspiciously at the unmoved face of the veteran.

"Who ate them?" he asked guardedly. "Sharks?"

"The natives that live back of that shoreline in the lagoons."

Everett laughed with the assurance of one for whom a trap had been laid and who had cleverly avoided it.

"Cannibals," he mocked. "Cannibals went out of date with pirates. But perhaps," he added apologetically, "this happened some years ago?"

"Happened last month," said the trader.

"But Liberia is a perfectly good republic," protested Everett. "The blacks there may not be as far advanced as in your colonies, but they're not cannibals."

"Monrovia is a very small part of Liberia," said the trader dryly. "And none of these protectorates, or crown colonies, on this coast pretends to control much of the Hinterland. There is Sierra Leone, for instance, about the oldest of them. Last year the governor celebrated the hundredth

anniversary of the year the British abolished slavery. They had parades and tea-fights, and all the blacks were in the street in straw hats with cricket ribbons, thanking God they were not as other men are, not slaves like their grandfathers. Well, just at the height of the jubilation, the tribes within twenty miles of the town sent in to say that they, also, were holding a palaver, and it was to mark the fact that they *never* had been slaves and never would be, and, if the governor doubted it, to send out his fighting men and they'd prove it. It cast quite a gloom over the celebration."

"Do you mean that only twenty miles from the coast—" began Everett.

"Ten miles," said the Coaster. "Wait till you see Calabar. That's our Exhibit A. The cleanest, best administrated. Everything there is model: hospitals, barracks, golf links. Last year, ten miles from Calabar, Dr. Stewart rode his bicycle into a native village. The king tortured him six days, cut him up, and sent pieces of him to fifty villages with the message: 'You eat each other. *We* eat white chop.' That was ten miles from our model barracks."

For some moments the muckraker considered the statement thoughtfully.

"You mean," he inquired, "that the atrocities are not all on the side of the white men?"

"Atrocities?" exclaimed the trader. "I wasn't talking of atrocities. Are you looking for them?"

"I'm not running away from them," laughed Everett. "*Lowell's Weekly* is sending me to the Congo to find out the truth, and to try to help put an end to them."

In his turn the trader considered the statement carefully.

"Among the natives," he explained, painstakingly picking each word, "what you call 'atrocities' are customs of warfare, forms of punishment. When they go to war they *expect* to be tortured; they *know*, if they're killed, they'll be eaten. The white man comes here and finds these customs have existed for centuries. He adopts them, because—"

"One moment!" interrupted Everett warmly. "That does not excuse *him*. The point is, that with him they have *not* existed. To him they should be against his conscience, indecent, horrible! He has a

greater knowledge, a much higher intelligence; he should lift the native, not sink to him."

The Coaster took his pipe from his mouth, and twice opened his lips to speak. Finally, he blew the smoke into the air, and shook his head.

"What's the use!" he exclaimed.

"Try," laughed Everett. "Maybe I'm not as unintelligent as I talk."

"You must get this right," protested the Coaster. "It doesn't matter a damn what a man *brings* here, what his training *was*, what *he is*. The thing is too strong for him."

"What thing?"

"That!" said the Coaster. He threw out his arm at the brooding mountains, the dark lagoons, the glaring coast-line, against which the waves shot into the air with the shock and roar of twelve-inch guns.

"The first white man came to Sierra Leone five hundred years before Christ," said the Coaster. "And, in twenty-two hundred years, he's got just twenty miles inland. The native didn't need forts, or a navy, to stop him. He had three allies: those waves, the fever, and the sun. Especially the sun. The black man goes bare-headed, and the sun lets him pass. The white man covers his head with an inch of cork, and the sun strikes through it and kills him. When Jameson came down the river from Yambuya, the natives fired on his boat. He waved his helmet at them for three minutes, to show them there was a white man in the canoe. Three minutes was all the sun wanted. Jameson died in two days. Where you are going, the sun does worse things to a man than kill him: it drives him mad. It keeps the fear of death in his heart; and *that* takes away his nerve and his sense of proportion. He flies into murderous fits, over silly, imaginary slights; he grows morbid, suspicious, he becomes a coward, and because he is a coward with authority, he becomes a bully.

"He is alone, we will suppose, at a station three hundred miles from any other white man. One morning his house-boy spills a cup of coffee on him, and in a rage he half kills the boy. He broods over that, until he discovers, or his crazy mind makes him think he has discovered, that in revenge the boy is plotting to poison him. So he punishes him again. Only, this

time he punishes him as the black man has taught him to punish, in the only way the black man seems to understand; that is, he tortures him. From that moment the fall of that man is rapid. The heat, the loneliness, the fever, the fear of the black faces, keep him on edge, rob him of sleep, rob him of his physical strength, of his moral strength. He loses shame, loses reason; becomes cruel, weak, degenerate. He invents new, bestial tortures; commits new, unspeakable 'atrocities,' until, one day, the natives turn and kill him, or he sticks his gun in his mouth and blows the top of his head off."

The Coaster smiled tolerantly at the wide-eyed, eager young man at his side.

"And you," he mocked, "think you can reform that man, and that hell above ground called the Congo, with an article in *Lowell's Weekly*?"

Undismayed, Everett grinned cheerfully.

"That's what I'm here for!" he said.

By the time Everett reached the mouth of the Congo, he had learned that in everything he must depend upon himself; that he would be accepted only as the kind of man that, at the moment, he showed himself to be. This attitude of independence was not chosen, but forced on him by the men with whom he came in contact. Associations and traditions that in every part of the United States had served as letters of introduction, and enabled strangers to identify and label him, were to the white men on the steamer and at the ports of call, without meaning or value. That he was an Everett of Boston conveyed little to those who had not heard even of Boston. That he was the correspondent of *Lowell's Weekly* meant less to those who did not know that *Lowell's Weekly* existed. And when, in confusion, he proffered his letter of credit, the very fact that it called for a thousand pounds was, in the eyes of a "Palm Oil Ruffian," sufficient evidence that it had been forged or stolen. He soon saw that solely as a white man was he accepted and made welcome. That he was respectable, few believed, and no one cared. To be taken at his face value, to be refused at the start the benefit of the doubt, was a novel sensation; and yet not unpleasant. It was a relief not to be accepted only as Everett the Muckraker, as a professional reformer, as one holier than others. It afforded his soul the same relaxation that his body re-

ceived when, in his shirt-sleeves in the sweltering smoking-room, he drank beer with a *chef de poste* who had been thrice tried for murder.

Not only to every one was he a stranger, but to him everything was strange; so strange as to appear unreal. This did not prevent him from at once recognizing those things that were not strange, such as corrupt officials, incompetence, mismanagement. He did not need the missionaries to point out to him that the Independent State of the Congo was not a colony administered for the benefit of many, but a vast rubber plantation worked by slaves to fill the pockets of one man. It was not in his work that Everett found himself confused. It was in his attitude of mind toward almost every other question.

At first, when he could not make everything fit his rule of thumb, he excused the country tolerantly as a "topsy-turvy" land. He wished to move and act quickly; to make others move quickly. He did not understand that men who had sentenced themselves to exile for the official term of three years, or for life, measured time only by the date of their release. When he learned that even a cablegram could not reach his home in less than eighteen days, that the missionaries to whom he brought letters were a three months' journey from the coast and from each other, his impatience was chastened to wonder, and, later, to awe.

His education began at Matadi, where he waited until the river steamer was ready to start for Leopoldville. Of the two places he was assured Matadi was the better, for the reason that if you still were in favor with the steward of the ship that brought you south, he might sell you a piece of ice.

Matadi was a great rock, blazing with heat. Its narrow, perpendicular paths seemed to run with burning lava. Its top, the main square of the settlement, was of baked clay, beaten hard by thousands of naked feet. Crossing it by day was an adventure. The air that swept it was the breath of a blast-furnace.

Everett found a room over the shop of a Portuguese trader. It was caked with dirt, and smelled of unnamed diseases and chloride of lime. In it was a canvas cot, a roll of evil-looking bedding, a wash-basin filled with the stumps of cigarettes. In a

corner was a tin chop-box, which Everett asked to have removed. It belonged, the landlord told him, to the man who, two nights before, had occupied the cot and who had died in it. Everett was anxious to learn of what he had died. Apparently surprised at the question, the Portuguese shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows?" he exclaimed. The next morning the English trader across the street assured Everett there was no occasion for alarm. "He didn't die of any disease," he explained. "Somebody got at him from the balcony, while he was in his cot, and knifed him."

The English trader was a young man, a cockney, named Upsher. At home he had been a steward on the Channel steamers. Everett made him his most intimate friend. He had a black wife, who spent most of her day in a four-post bed, hung with lace curtains and blue ribbon, in which she resembled a baby hippopotamus wallowing in a bank of white sand.

At first the black woman was a shock to Everett, but after Upsher dismissed her indifferently as a "good old sort," and spent one evening blubbering over a photograph of his wife and "kiddie" at home, Everett accepted her. His excuse for this was that men who knew they might die on the morrow, must not be judged by what they do to-day. The excuse did not ring sound, but he dismissed the doubt by deciding that in such heat it was not possible to take serious questions, seriously. In the fact that, to those about him, the thought of death was ever present, he found further excuse for much else that puzzled and shocked him. At home, death had been a contingency so remote, that he had put it aside as something he need not consider until he was a grandfather. At Matadi, at every moment of the day, in each trifling act, he found death must be faced, conciliated, conquered. At home, he might ask himself, "If I eat this, will it give me indigestion?" At Matadi he asked, "If I drink this, will I die?"

Upsher told him of a feud then existing between the chief of police and an Italian doctor in the State service. Interested in the outcome only as a sporting proposition, Upsher declared the odds were unfair, because the Belgian was using his black police to act as his body-guard while for

protection the Italian could depend only upon his sword-cane. Each night, with the other white exiles of Matadi, the two adversaries met in the Café Franco-Belge. There, with puzzled interest, Everett watched them sitting at separate tables, surrounded by mutual friends, excitedly playing dominoes. Outside the café, Matadi lay smothered and sweltering in a black, living darkness, and, save for the rush of the river, in a silence that continued unbroken across a jungle as wide as Europe. Inside, the dominoes clicked, the glasses rang on the iron tables, the oil lamps glared upon the pallid, sweating faces of clerks, upon the tanned, sweating skins of officers; and the Italian doctor and the Belgian lieutenant, each with murder in his heart, laughed, shrugged, gesticulated, waiting for the moment to strike.

"But why doesn't some one *do* something?" demanded Everett. "Arrest them, or reason with them. Everybody knows about it. It seems a pity not to *do* something."

Upsher nodded his head. Dimly he recognized a language with which he once had been familiar. "I know what you mean," he agreed. "Bind 'em over to keep the peace. And a good job, too! But who?" he demanded vaguely. "That's what I say! Who?" From the confusion into which Everett's appeal to forgotten memories had thrown it, his mind suddenly emerged. "But what's the use!" he demanded. "Don't you see," he explained triumphantly, "if those two crazy men were fit to listen to *sense*, they'd have sense enough not to kill each other!"

Each succeeding evening Everett watched the two potential murderers with lessening interest. He even made a bet with Upsher, of a bottle of fruit salt, that the chief of police would be the one to die.

A few nights later a man, groaning beneath his balcony, disturbed his slumbers. He cursed the man, and turned his pillow to find the cooler side. But all through the night the groans, though fainter, broke into his dreams. At intervals some traditions of past conduct tugged at Everett's sleeve, and bade him rise and play the good Samaritan. But, indignantly, he repulsed them. Were there not many others within hearing? Were there not police? Was it *his* place

to bind the wounds of drunken stokers? The groans were probably a trick, to entice him, unarmed, into the night. And so, just before the dawn, when the mists rose, and the groans ceased, Everett, still arguing, sank with a contented sigh into forgetfulness.

When he woke, there was beneath his window much monkey-like chattering, and he looked down into the white face and glazed eyes of the Italian doctor, lying in the gutter and staring up at him. Below his shoulder-blades a pool of blood shone evilly in the blatant sunlight.

Across the street, on his balcony, Upsher, in pajamas and mosquito boots, was shivering with fever and stifling a yawn. "You lose!" he called.

Later in the day, Everett analyzed his conduct of the night previous. "At home," he told Upsher, "I would have been telephoning for an ambulance, or been out in the street giving the man the 'first-aid' drill. But living as we do here, so close to death, we see things more clearly. Death loses its importance. It's a bromide," he added. "But travel certainly broadens one. Every day I have been in the Congo, I have been assimilating new ideas." Upsher nodded vigorously in assent. An older man could have told Everett that he was assimilating just as much of the Congo as the rabbit assimilates the boa-constrictor, that first smothers it with saliva, and then swallows it.

Everett started up the Congo in a small steamer open on all sides to the sun and rain, and with a paddle-wheel astern that kicked her forward at the rate of four miles an hour. Once every day, the boat tied up to a tree and took on wood to feed her furnace, and Everett talked to the white man in charge of the wood post, or, if, as it generally happened, the white man was on his back with fever, dosed him with quinine. On board, except for her captain, and a Finn who acted as engineer, Everett was the only other white man. The black crew and "wood-boys" he soon disliked intensely. At first, when Nansen, the Danish captain, and the Finn struck them, because they were in the way, or because they were not, Everett winced, and made a note of it. But later he decided the blacks were insolent, sullen, ungrateful; that a blow did them no harm.

According to the unprejudiced testimony of those who, before the war, in his own country, had owned slaves, those of the "Southland" were always content, always happy. When not singing close harmony in the cotton-fields, they danced upon the levee, they twanged the old banjo. But these slaves of the Upper Congo were not happy. They did not dance. They did not sing. At times their eyes, dull, gloomy, despairing, lit with a sudden sombre fire, and searched the eyes of the white man. They seemed to beg of him the answer to a terrible question. It was always the same question. It had been asked of Pharaoh. They asked it of Leopold. For hours, squatting on the iron deck-plates, humped on their naked haunches, crowding close together, they muttered apparently interminable criticisms of Everett. Their eyes never left him. He resented this unceasing scrutiny. It got upon his nerves. He was sure they were evolving some scheme to rob him of his tinned sausages, or, possibly, to kill him. It was then he began to dislike them. In reality, they were discussing the watch strapped to his wrist. They believed it was a powerful juju, to ward off evil spirits. They were afraid of it.

One day, to pay the chief wood-boy for a carved paddle, Everett was measuring a *bras* of cloth. As he had been taught, he held the cloth in his teeth and stretched it to the ends of his finger-tips. The wood-boy thought the white man was giving him short measure. White men always *had* given him short measure, and, at a glance, he could not recognize that this one was an Everett of Boston.

So he opened Everett's fingers.

All the blood in Everett's body leaped to his head. That he, a white man, an Everett, who had come so far to set these people free, should be accused by one of them of petty theft!

He caught up a log of firewood and laid open the scalp of the black boy, from the eye to the crown of his head. The boy dropped, and Everett, seeing the blood creeping through his kinky wool, turned ill with nausea. Drunkenly, through a red cloud of mist, he heard himself shouting, "The *black nigger!* The *black nigger!* He touched me! I *tell* you, he touched me!" Captain Nansen led Everett to his cot and gave him fizzy salts, but it was not until

sun-down that the trembling and nausea ceased.

Then, partly in shame, partly as a bribe, he sought out the injured boy and gave him the entire roll of cloth. It had cost Everett ten francs. To the wood-boy it meant a year's wages. The boy hugged it in his arms, as he might a baby, and crooned over it. From under the blood-stained bandage, humbly, without resentment, he lifted his tired eyes to those of the white man. Still, dumbly, they begged the answer to the same question.

During the five months Everett spent up the river he stopped at many missions, stations, one-man wood posts. He talked to Jesuit fathers, to *inspecteurs*, to collectors for the State of rubber, taxes, elephant tusks, in time, even in Bangalese, to chiefs of the native villages. According to the point of view, he was told tales of oppression, of avarice, of hideous crimes, of cruelties committed in the name of trade that were abnormal, unthinkable. The note never was of hope, never of cheer, never inspiring. There was always the grievance, the spirit of unrest, of rebellion that ranged from dislike to a primitive, hot hate. Of his own land and life he heard nothing, not even when his face was again turned toward the east. Nor did he think of it. As now he saw them, the rules and principles and standards of his former existence were petty and credulous. But he assured himself he had not abandoned those standards. He had only temporarily laid them aside, as he had left behind him in London his frock coat and silk hat. Not because he would not use them again, but because in the Congo they were ridiculous.

For weeks, with a missionary as a guide, he walked through forests in which the sun never penetrated, or, on the river, moved between banks where no white man had placed his foot; where, at night, the elephants came trooping to the water, and seeing the lights of the boat, fled crashing through the jungle; where the great hippos, puffing and blowing, rose so close to his elbow that he could have tossed his cigarette and hit them. The vastness of the Congo, toward which he had so jauntily set forth, now weighed upon his soul. The immeasurable distances; the slumbering disregard of time; the brooding, interminable silences; the

efforts to conquer the land that were so futile, so puny, and so cruel, at first appalled, and, later left him unnerved, rebellious, childishly defiant.

What health was there, he demanded hotly, in holding in a dripping jungle, to morals, to etiquette, to fashions of conduct? Was he, the white man, intelligent, trained, disciplined in mind and body, to be judged by naked cannibals, by chattering monkeys, by mammoth primeval beasts? His code of conduct was his own. He was a law unto himself.

He came down the river on one of the larger steamers of the State, and, on this voyage, with many fellow passengers. He now was on his way home, but in the fact he felt no elation. Each day the fever ran tingling through his veins, and left him listless, frightened, or choleric. One night at dinner, in one of these moods of irritation, he took offense at the act of a lieutenant who, in lack of vegetables, drank from the vinegar bottle. Everett protested that such table manners were unbecoming an officer, even an officer of the Congo; and on the lieutenant resenting his criticism, Everett drew his revolver. The others at the table took it from him, and locked him in his cabin. In the morning, when he tried to recall what had occurred, he could remember only that, for some excellent reason, he had hated some one with a hatred that could be served only with death. He knew it could not have been drink, as each day the State allowed him but one half-bottle of claret. That but for the interference of strangers he might have shot a man, did not interest him. In the outcome of what he regarded merely as an incident, he saw cause neither for congratulation, or self-reproach. For his conduct he laid the blame upon the sun, and doubled his dose of fruit salts.

Everett was again at Matadi, waiting for the *Nigeria* to take on cargo before returning to Liverpool. During the few days that must intervene before she sailed, he lived on board. Although now actually bound north, the thought afforded him no satisfaction. His spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy; a feeling of rebellion, of outlawry, filled him with unrest.

While the ship lay at the wharf, Hardy, her English captain, Cuthbert, the purser, and Everett ate on deck under the awning,

assailed by electric fans. Each was clad in nothing more intricate than pajamas.

"To-night," announced Hardy, with a sigh, "we got to dress ship. Mr. Ducret and his wife are coming on board. We carry his trade goods, and I got to stand him a dinner and champagne. You boys," he commanded, "must wear 'whites,' and talk French."

"I'll dine on shore," growled Everett.

"Better meet them," advised Cuthbert. The purser was a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed young man, who spoke the many languages of the coast glibly, and his own in the soft, detached voice of a well-bred Englishman. He was in training to enter the consular service. Something in his poise, in the assured manner in which he handled his white stewards and the black Kroo boys, seemed to Everett a constant reproach, and he resented him.

"They're a picturesque couple," explained Cuthbert. "Ducret was originally a wrestler. Used to challenge all comers from the front of a booth. He served his time in the army in Senegal, and when he was mustered out moved to the French Congo and began to trade, in a small way, in ivory. Now he's the biggest merchant, physically and every other way, from Stanley Pool to Lake Chad. He has a house at Brazzaville built of mahogany, and a grand piano, and his own ice-plant. His wife was a supper-girl at Maxim's. He brought her down here and married her. Every rainy season they go back to Paris and run race-horses, and they say the best table in every all-night restaurant is reserved for him. In Paris they call her the Ivory Queen. She's killed seventeen elephants with her own rifle."

In the Upper Congo, Everett had seen four white women. They were pallid, washed-out, bloodless; even the youngest looked past middle age. For him women of any other type had ceased to exist. He had come to think of every white woman as past middle age, with a face wrinkled by the sun, with hair bleached white by the sun, with eyes from which, through gazing at the sun, all light and lustre had departed. He thought of them as always wearing boots to protect their ankles from mosquitoes, and army helmets.

When he came on deck for dinner, he saw a woman who looked as though she was

posing for a photograph by Reutlinger. She appeared to have stepped to the deck directly from her electric victoria, and the Rue de la Paix. She was tall, lithe, gracefully erect, with eyes of great loveliness, and hair brilliantly black, drawn, *à la Merode*, across a broad, fair forehead. She wore a gown and long coat of white lace, as delicate as a bridal veil, and a hat with a flapping brim from which, in a curtain, hung more lace. When she was pleased, she lifted her head and the curtain rose, unmasking her lovely eyes. Around the white, bare throat was a string of pearls. They had cost the lives of many elephants.

Cuthbert, only a month from home, saw Madame Ducret just as she was—a Parisienne, elegant, smart, *soigné*. He knew that on any night at Madrid or d'Armenonville he might look upon twenty women of the same charming type. They might lack that something this girl from Maxim's possessed—the spirit that had caused her to follow her husband into the depths of darkness. But outwardly, for show purposes, they were even as she.

But to Everett she was no messenger from another world. She was unique. To his famished eyes, starved senses, and fever-driven brain, she was her entire sex personified. She was the one woman for whom he had always sought, alluring, soothing, maddening; if need be, to be fought for; the one thing to be desired. Opposite, across the table, her husband, the ex-wrestler, *chasseur d'Afrique*, elephant poacher, bulked large as an ox. Men felt as well as saw his bigness. Captain Hardy deferred to him on matters of trade. The purser deferred to him on questions of administration. He answered them in his big way, with big thoughts, in big figures. He was fifty years ahead of his time. He beheld the Congo open to the world; in the forests where he had hunted elephants, he foresaw great "factories," mining camps, railroads, feeding gold and copper ore to the trunk line, from the Cape to Cairo. His ideas were the ideas of an empire-builder. But, while the others listened, fascinated, hypnotized, Everett saw only the woman, her eyes fixed on her husband, her fingers turning and twisting her diamond rings. Every now and again she raised her eyes to Everett almost reproachfully, as though to say,

"Why do you not listen to him? It is much better for you than to look at me."

When they had gone, all through the sultry night, until the sun drove him to his cabin, like a caged animal Everett paced and repaced the deck. The woman possessed his mind and he could not drive her out. He did not wish to drive her out. What the consequences might be he did not care. So long as he might see her again, he jeered at the consequences. Of one thing he was positive. He could not now leave the Congo. He would follow her to Brazzaville. If he were discreet, Ducret might invite him to make himself their guest. Once established in her home, she *must* listen to him. No man ever before had felt for any woman the need he felt for her. It was too big for him to conquer. It would be too big for her to resist.

In the morning a note from Ducret invited Everett and Cuthbert to join him in an all-day excursion to the waterfall beyond Matadi. Everett answered the note in person. The thought of seeing the woman calmed and steadied him like a dose of morphine. So much more violent than the fever in his veins was the fever in his brain that, when again he was with her, he laughed happily, and was grandly at peace. So different was he from the man they had met the night before, that the Frenchman and his wife glanced at each other in surprise and approval. They found him witty, eager, a most charming companion; and when he announced his intention of visiting Brazzaville, they insisted he should make their home his own.

His admiration, as outwardly it appeared to be, for Madame Ducret, was evident to the others, but her husband accepted it. It was her due. And, on the Congo, to grudge to another man the sight of a pretty woman was as cruel as to withhold the few grains of quinine that might save his reason. But, before the day passed, Madame Ducret was aware that the American could not be lightly dismissed, as an admirer. The fact neither flattered nor offended. For her, it was no novel or disturbing experience. Other men, whipped on by loneliness, by fever, by primitive savage instincts, had told her what she meant to them. She did not hold them responsible. Some, worth curing, she had nursed through the illness.

Others, who refused to be cured, she had turned over, with a shrug, to her husband. This one was more difficult. Of men of Everett's traditions and education she had known but few; but she recognized the type. This young man was no failure in life, no derelict, no outcast flying the law, or a scandal, to hide in the jungle. He was what, in her Maxim days, she had laughed at as an aristocrat. He knew her Paris as she did not know it: its history, its art. Even her language he spoke more correctly than her husband or herself. She knew that at his home there must be many women infinitely more attractive, more suited to him, than herself: women of birth, of position; young girls and great ladies of the other world. And she knew, also, that in his present state, at a nod from her he would cast these behind him, and carry her into the wilderness. More quickly than she anticipated, Everett proved she did not over-rate the forces that compelled him.

The excursion to the rapids was followed by a second dinner on board the *Nigeria*. But now, as on the previous night, Everett fell into sullen silence. He ate nothing, drank continually, and with his eyes devoured the woman. When coffee had been served, he left the others at table, and with Madame Ducret slowly paced the deck. As they passed out of the reach of the lights, he drew her to the rail, and stood in front of her.

"I am not quite mad," he said, "but you have got to come with me."

To Everett all he added to this sounded sane and final. He told her that this was one of those miracles when the one woman and the one man who were predestined to meet had met. He told her he had wished to marry a girl at home, but that he now saw that the desire was the fancy of a school-boy. He told her he was rich, and offered her the choice of returning to the Paris she loved, or of going deeper into the jungle. There he would set up for her a principality, a state within the State. He would defend her against all comers. He would make her the Queen of the Congo.

"I have waited for you thousands of years!" he told her. His voice was hoarse, shaken, and thick. "I love you as men loved women in the Stone Age—fiercely, entirely. I will not be denied. Down here

we are cave people; if you fight me, I will club you and drag you to my cave. If others fight for you, I will *kill* them. I love you," he panted, "with all my soul, my mind, my body, I love you! I will not let you go!"

Madame Ducret did not say she was insulted, because she did not feel insulted. She did not call to her husband for help, because she did not need his help, and because she knew that the ex-wrestler could break Everett across his knee. She did not even withdraw her hands, although Everett drove the diamonds deep into her fingers.

"You frighten me!" she pleaded. She was not in the least frightened. She only was sorry that this one must be discarded among the "incurables."

In apparent agitation, she whispered, "To-morrow! To-morrow I will give you your answer."

Everett did not trust her, did not release her. He regarded her jealously, with quick suspicion. To warn her that he knew she could not escape from Matadi, or from him, he said, "The train to Leopoldville does not leave for two days."

"I know!" whispered Madame Ducret soothingly. "I will give you your answer to-morrow at ten." She emphasized the hour, because she knew at sunrise a special train would carry her husband and herself to Leopoldville, and that there one of her husband's steamers would bear them across the Pool to French Congo.

"To-morrow, then!" whispered Everett, grudgingly. "But I must kiss you now!"

Only an instant did Madame Ducret hesitate. Then she turned her cheek. "Yes," she assented. "You must kiss me now."

Everett did not rejoin the others. He led her back into the circle of light, and locked himself in his cabin.

At ten the next morning, when Ducret and his wife were well advanced toward Stanley Pool, Cuthbert handed Everett a note. Having been told what it contained, he did not move away, but, with his back turned, leaned upon the rail.

Everett, his eyes on fire with triumph, his fingers trembling, tore open the envelope.

Madame Ducret wrote that her husband and herself felt that Mr. Everett was suffering more severely from the climate

than he knew. With regret they cancelled their invitation to visit them, and urged him, for his health's sake, to continue as he had planned, to northern latitudes. They hoped to meet in Paris. They extended assurances of their distinguished consideration.

Slowly, savagely, as though wreaking his suffering on some human thing, Everett tore the note into minute fragments. Moving unsteadily to the ship's side, he flung

them into the river, and then hung limply upon the rail.

Above him, from a sky of brass, the sun stabbed at his eyeballs. Below him, the rush of the Congo, churning in muddy whirlpools, echoed against the hills of naked rock that met the naked sky.

To Everett, the roar of the great river and the echoes from the land he had set out to reform, carried the sound of gigantic, hideous laughter.

THE ERRANT PAN

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

No more 'mid low Achæan hills
 Echo the flutes of Pan.
 The sad winds mourn thro' groves forlorn
 Where once the blithe god ran;
 But I know where the wanderer calls
 By Athabaskan waterfalls.

Still may his merry notes be heard
 Beneath a northern moon.
 He pipes the gray geese out at dawn
 O'er many a green lagoon
 And lures the spotted fawns to play
 Along each leaf-hung waterway.

Where flower the meadows of the clouds
 White with anemone,
 He fills the wild-sheep's lofty folds
 With his gay reveille
 And frolics with the lambs in May
 Upon the cliffs of Kootenay.

Beneath the birches in the fall
 The shaggy minstrel lies,
 While from his magic reeds ascend
 To bright Alaskan skies
 The ditties that the dryads knew
 Where nimble feet of wood-nymphs flew.

The troubadour has journeyed far
 Out to the blue Cascades,
 Where dwells he in a fairer land
 Than his soft Grecian glades,
 And dreams beside a bolder sea
 Than ever girdled Arcady.

ON HORSEBACK TO KINGDOM COME

By John Fox, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



IT was the turning point in the days of June. From a little town, around which mountains ran in endless green waves, a little sorrel horse bore a pair of deer-skin saddle pockets, a cowboy saddle, and a man through the big gap that lets Kentucky coal to Virginia iron ore down in the southwestern part of the Old Dominion. Threading its way somewhere over the billowy mountains, across the State line, is a little Kentucky creek known as Kingdom Come. Once, several years ago, the man on horseback had gone down that stream with a homeless waif by the name of Chad and a homeless dog whom his little master called Jack. He had lived on that creek, as did these two, with a family of Turners who had taken both waifs to their hearts and home. Afterward the man kept on going back there with the boy every now and then until, as the man fondly hoped, the lad had in his own upward struggle epitomized our social history from the log-cabin to the Greek portico—until, as far as the man knew, the lad had left the creek forever and followed the flight of an eagle westward, carrying his civilization after the yellow trail of the sun. And yet, for all this purpose of the man, the boy will be remembered by the people who knew him only as “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.” This, however—all of it—had been make-believe, and now the man who had done his best to help the boy live as well (and as long) as possible was going over to see Kingdom Come with the eyes of his body instead of his mind.

The big hills about looked drowsy and dreaming of midsummer. The great rocks, so bare and desolate in winter, were settling to rest under shaggy rugs of deep green, and to the circling horizon and up to the zenith the blue air was clear and still. Below, the unseen river ran like dream music and one lone wood-thrush

gave voice to the upper world of leaves. Through the Gap the bridle trail of Chad’s forefathers had been widened to a wagon road; on either side of the river gleamed a pair of winding steel rails and the trees were blackened and half choked to death by the heavy smoke that rolled from the funnel of every passing engine. Here and there the river-bed had been changed and further on a gang of convicts were making a grade for a trolley line. At the other mouth of the gap, too, a small town was springing up, and there I found a friend of the old “boom” days building an ice plant! I told him where I was going.

“Alone?”

I nodded.

“Well, I wouldn’t take that trip for a hundred dollars. Taking anything to eat?”

I made the time-honored answer: “No, only a little something for a snake-bite.”

“Well, you’ll have to keep tight all the time to keep from starving.”

Now in the old days I had known this man to live on “sow-belly” and corn bread and sleep in the mud for a month at a time. Thus in the lap of luxury had he been unmanned.

There I turned up a creek toward one of the great mines opened in the low rich flanks of the Big Black Mountains that are now yielding hundreds for the dimes they cost twenty years ago. The hills showed now stripped of trees, fire-scalded, and covered with dead logs, and not a seedling visible to take their places: it looked not only like criminal waste but a disregard of the unborn that was little short of fiendish. Soon I pushed into the mining town past cabins in which were the tired bedraggled wives of Swedes, Huns, Finns, Italians, Americans, white and black, but not of mountaineers—they were off attending their garden patches. The road was filled with healthy dirty-faced children and fat pigs. Here and there was a flower in a little yard and a dead porker in the creek. The Duke was waiting for me on his porch

—the Duke, so-called because he was said to be waiting for a title, a seat in Parliament, and a fat living somewhere in England. Meantime he was working, and working hard, for the Duke was none of your remittance men.

"It is fierce, you know, the waste, but, you know, we really can't help it. It's too expensive, you know, really to pile the bally brush and burn it, and you have no law in this country against a chap carrying matches, you know, in the woods—as they have in Germany. And, you know, forest fires—and what is the use of seedlings, you know? We do the best we can but we can't help it. The waste products of those ovens would pay the expense of keeping them going, but, you know, we are too far from the markets."

Now if I had known as much as the Duke credited me with I should have gone back home and started a peripatetic school of philosophy, so after a bite to eat and a sip of Scotch and soda I went on my way. What that way was I had yet to learn. Old man Caudle on top of Black Mountain might tell me, and after a laborious climb up the rocky deep-rutted road I found the old man not at home. I recalled his house, however, an ex-blind-tiger on the State line, and I recalled a battle there a year or two before, in which a deputy I knew and a moonshiner had been killed. There was a teamster in front of the house, however, who was doing something to his wagon in the road, and he said one could get to the headwaters of Kingdom Come by Richmond's Old Fields, but the paths forked so much it would be hard to keep the right road.

"But," he drawled unsmilingly, "thar's al'ays another way o' gittin' to the head of any crick—go to the mouth an' ride up hit." In other words, I could go down Black Mountain and over Pine Mountain and down the Kentucky to Whitesburg in Letcher County, and thence on down the middle fork of the Kentucky River, and I was bound to strike the mouth of that heavenly named stream sometime.

"Are those bullet holes around that window?" I asked, pointing to the house.

"Oh, I reckon thar's some thar yit," he answered carelessly, and went on tinkering with his wagon. Going on down the precipitous, rich-loamed northern slope of the

Big Black, I was vaguely aware that I had missed something in my interview with the teamster and in a minute I had it—he had not asked my name or my business. Some change was taking place in those hills, since I had last been among them, and dropping on down through the thick coverts in which wood-thrushes were fluting everywhere, along wonderful carpets of bear-weeds and under wonderful primeval trees and to the head of the creek I found other changes. The log-cabin was no more. The houses were tidy, weather-boarded, and painted; men were ploughing industriously in the fields; I passed children in the road, no longer in tatters, and with school-books in their hands, and not a soul asked who I was and what I was doing over there. Evidently the stranger was no longer a rare bird along that creek; curiosity was slack and suspicion was gone.

I found the Poor Fork of the Cumberland narrow and shallow. Across the ford was a new little settlement springing up around a saw-mill and a logging camp. Pine trees grew thicker as I climbed Pine Mountain—naturally. Somewhere over to the left Chad and Jack had unknowingly taken the trail for the headwaters of Kingdom Come, and I was glad to know a better way—for the wagon road, heaven knows, was bad enough.

Within two hours the middle fork of the Kentucky River gleamed before me—broader than the Cumberland, but just as shallow because of the much logging done on that stream. Along it, too, the houses were weather-boarded and there were evidences of even more prosperity than on the Cumberland, for the people there had been longer in touch with the outside world. At sunset I rode into Whitesburg which was as quiet and peaceful and as neat and tidy as a village in New England. Twice a musket boomed from the river, but it was no feudist or bad man with his finger on the trigger, but only some fellow shooting a mess of bass: soon the mountain people will be too civilized even for that. In that town I used to stop at a little brick hotel—how it happened to be built of brick I never knew—and now as I drew up at the gate a woman was coming out:

"Our folks are sick," she said, "and we don't keep travellers no more, but Steve Field there will take you in." She waved

her hand to the corner of the street where a tall, clean-shaven young man sat on the curb-stone—strong of face and reserved. "Yes," he said quietly, "I can take you in."

A short man with sandy hair and a quiet blue eye took my horse and my host took from me my saddle-bags—another pleasant change from older days when each traveller was supposed to do such little things for himself. Not yet even was my name asked.

"I used to know a lawyer over here by the name of Field," I said.

"I'm his son," said the tall young man gravely, and still he did not ask my name. I began to feel slighted and I told him. He looked at me with sharp interest.

"So, you're the man," he said, and in silence he led the way to his house on the hill, which was a new one, two stories in height, and with a veranda and a back porch. It was growing dark now and I knew their supper was long over.

"Please don't let your wife go to any trouble about supper. Anything cold will do."

"No trouble," he



A little sorrel horse bore a pair of deer-skin saddle pockets, a cowboy saddle, and a man.—Page 175.



My host took from me my saddle-bags.

said, and I knew I was going to get the best he had in all ways, whether I would or not. Even the fire was out, as I guessed from the noises in the kitchen, but I knew that protest was useless, so I sat with my host on the veranda, with the little town asleep beneath us and the long green wooded slopes of Pine Mountain

sweeping up from the river to the line of the sky.

"I've met you once before," he said. "I was over to the Gap in a lawyer's office an' you come in with a big dog. I would have known you right away to-day, if you had had that dog along." Remembering my dog, he recollected me. I was sorry I could not recall that day and he smoked in silence. And then, by and by:

"Lots of us over here who have read your books think you are all right," he said naively.

This was cheering news, for it had not been always like this in the olden days. I recalled having no little trouble over my

first book about the mountaineers, of just escaping a "rough house" at the hands of some students of a mountain college, and of being often charged by educated mountaineers that I had not done them justice, and by "furriners" of having given the mountaineers credit for more than was their due.

"I can just see that boy Chad and his dog Jack comin' down that mountain most any time. I picked out a heap of people you had in that other book about the Lonesome Pine. You meant old Doc Taylor by the Red Fox, didn't you? and Talt Hall, the feller you police fellers hung over at the Gap, was Rufe Tolliver?"

I nodded.

"Well, the Red Fox used to be around here all the time with his moccasins turned heels foremost, and his big gun and his telescope. He had regular circuit, doctorin' and preachin' an' playin' the devil between times. An' I knew who you meant by the red-headed Falins. There are three red-headed brothers here now an' I told 'em you had 'em down fine."

Now I had never seen these particular red-headed gentlemen and in the book the Falins had been made red merely as a vivid contrast to the black-haired Tollivers, but he was having too good a time playing the literary sleuth for me to interfere with trivial facts, so I did not correct him, though in an earlier day, when tolerance was not a conspicuous characteristic of the mountaineer, I should have asked him in a hurry if those gentlemen labored under a similar mistake, and in a hurry should have corrected that mistake, if I had discovered that they were at all sore.

"An' you're dead right about the feeling the people over here had against that police

guard of yours. I've always wondered why more of you fellers weren't killed. Did you ever know how near they did come to tryin' to take Talt Hall away from you when you had him in jail at the county seat waitin' to be hung?"

This was interesting for, hitherto, I had known nothing except the wild rumors floating about at that time, and I recalled that once while we were guarding the deceased, my brother and I had only fifteen men, when word was brought that two bands of Kentuckians had crossed Black Mountain, were on their way, and, after firing the

town at both ends, meant to dynamite the jail; and how very nervous we were and the hurried calls we sent down to the Gap for more help: and, moreover, how we had been "jollied" about the matter afterward.

"Well, they did go and they held a consultation on the edge of town, and they concluded you boys were too many for 'em."

He whistled when I told him how few of us there were just at that time, and further, that I was the man who had got Talt to summon his sister to him as he stood on the scaffold and leave his injunction that there should be no more trouble: "Been enough killin' 'bout me," he had said surlily, but there in the shadow of the scaffold she had shaken her fist at the sixteen of us in the box and had sworn she would have our lives. However, his dying word had been heeded and we had ridden in safety to and from the Gap to the county seat for years. Young Field shook his head.

"It's a wonder, for the mountain people thought you were too high-minded and meddlesome over there, but, by and by, they got to understand that all you were after was law and order, and now all the good folks among us are with you."



"The boy has been buying cartridges. He says it won't do for that old man to catch up with them."—Page 180.

Now we had come into occasional conflict with men from that very town which contained not only sympathizers but actual participants in several feuds. So I asked:

"You don't have any trouble over here now?"

"No, it's all over—nothing at all since the Ku-Klux trouble a year or two ago. The members of that gang were all arrested, but folks got tired o' tryin' 'em an' they've all been pardoned or let go."

"Was that a survival of the old Ku-Klux?"

"I don't know. It drifted over here

from Knox County, and they tried to regulate things over here."

"What things?"

"Oh, lewd people and such. A jewlark was livin' openly with a man up the river an' they went to the house and the feller opened fire on 'em. They shot back and killed the woman by accident and the man got away. Then the Ku-Klux were arrested."

"They had a moral purpose then?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a sarcastic smile. "They had a moral purpose all right—they always do."

"What class of citizens were they?"

"Oh, third or fourth class, but there ain't no trouble now—no trouble at all."

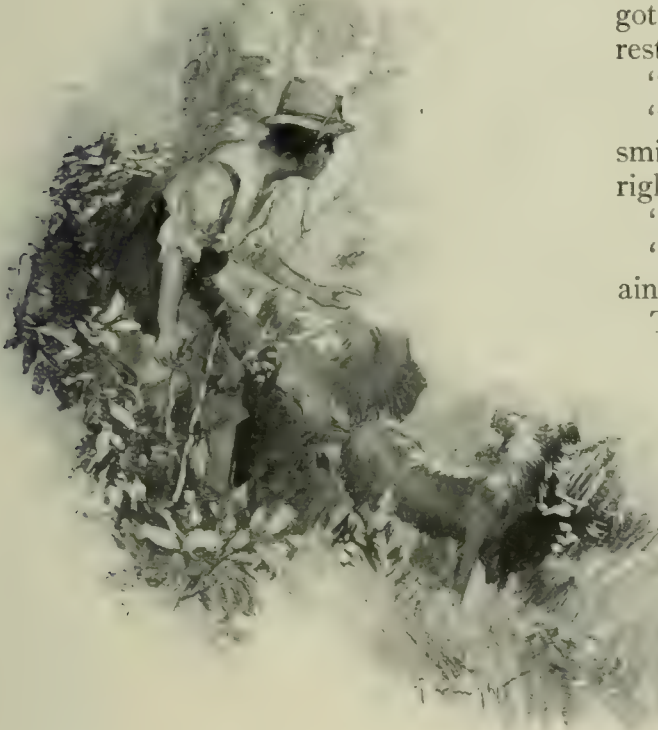
The telephone bell rang and the tall young man went to it. He seemed to be much interested, listening, and at length he said:

"That's right—keep him steered off." Then he came back, smiling.

"It's a runaway couple in town. The boy



There was a teamster in front of the house, however, who was doing something to his wagon.—Page 176.



"I can just see that boy Chad and his dog Jack comin' down that mountain most any time."—Page 178.

is sixteen and the girl thirteen. He told their ages when they couldn't get a license. The girl's daddy is after them and the telephone girl is holding him off and refusing to answer. The girl says she'll marry him in spite of the devil, and the boy has been buying cartridges. He says it won't do for that old man to catch up with them. They're leaving town in a hack now for some other place, and the old man will be along soon hot-footed."

Everybody, it seemed, was trying to help

them, for thirteen is yet no uncommon age for a girl to marry in the hills.

Supper was ready now—fried ham, biscuits, honey, and milk—and the host's little daughter waited on me. It was full dark when we went back to the porch, and the town below us was black as Erebus and still as a grave when I walked down the hill with my host. Down there hardly a light was visible. A footstep was audible here and there and low voices came from unseen people on the dark porches with almost uncanny effect, so weird are darkness and



I rode down the street and through a flock of geese into the river.—Page 181.



I rode to a cabin on the river bank, and a voice from the porch directed me.—Page 182.

silence in a town to the modern eye and ear. All stores were closed but that didn't matter. Young Field disappeared in the gloom for a moment and came back with the druggist who opened up his shop for us and let us have what we wanted. I was introduced as the man who had brought the boy and the dog over the mountain to Kingdom Come. Geographically I was wrong, said the druggist, but that was generously passed over:

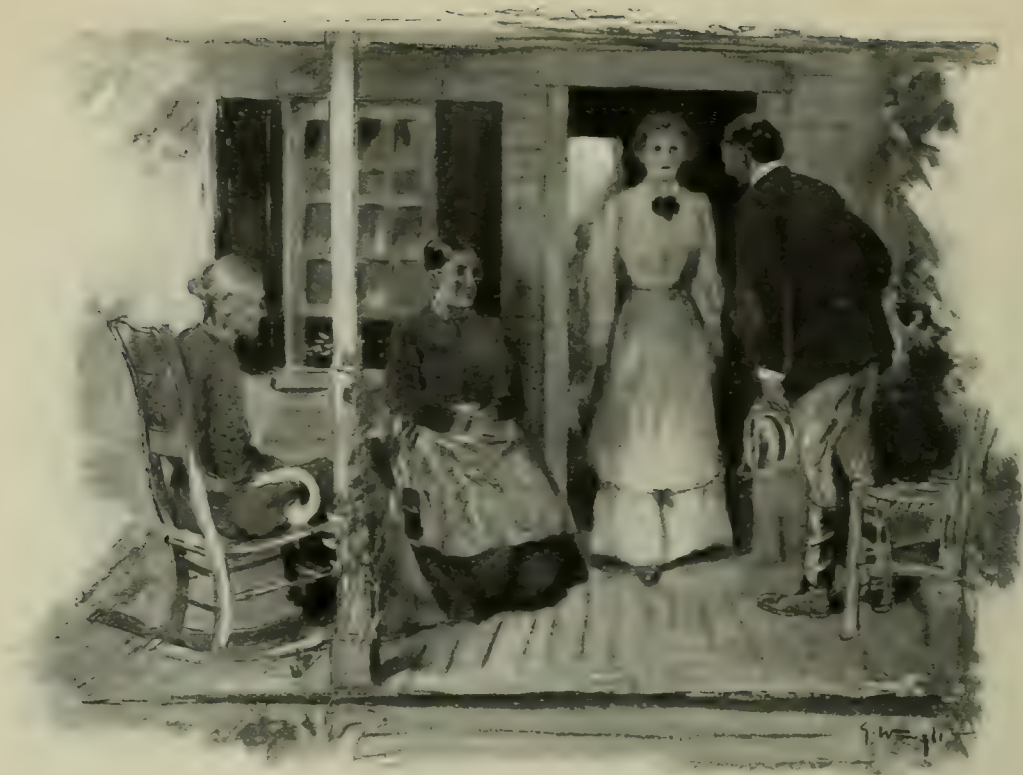
"It was near enough," said the druggist, "for a story-piece." Flies were buzzing like a hive of bees in my room when I went to bed but, apparently, they went to sleep when I did, and I was awakened shortly after daylight to more honey, ham, biscuit, and milk, and, ten minutes later, I was astride the little sorrel and ready for the way to Kingdom Come. Even at that early hour the lifelessness of the town was almost drowsy in effect. Stores were open but no customers were visible, and each proprietor sat in a cane-bottomed chair in front of his door with entire indifference, apparently, as to whether any purchaser should ever come again. And yet, back in the hills there was many an old woman who would have complained, if she had

been obliged to live there, that the noise and bustle of the place made her head ache.

The chief man of the town had a sister living at the head of Kingdom Come, I learned to my great satisfaction, and, fortified with accurate directions, I turned the little sorrel and, everybody from curb-stone, doorway, and porch regarding me curiously and silently, I rode down the street and through a flock of geese into the river.

II

THE morning was very beautiful, and the air was cool but prescient of rain. The sandy road was very good and followed the river's brim, skirting meadows and corn-fields and wooded spurs and cliffs—threaded with delicate vines, green with moss, shining with trickling water, and lighted above with riotous blooms of rhododendron. Often it crossed the river in which the sorrel's feet would scatter minnows in a sun-break of terror, and now and then it would climb across a spur where a quail would run like a ballet dancer across it: and always the calls of ploughmen rose clear from the deep valley below. Seven miles down such a way was the mouth of



A white vision appeared . . . and I rose to greet it—startled.—Page 184.

Kingdom Come, and it was as hard as salvation getting there. Thrice I was baptized by sudden fierce showers of rain, and when from a hill-side I could see the ravine from which the stream issued, the way was

still devious, for no path led from the road. Around the hill and quite out of sight, I rode to a cabin on the river bank, and a voice from the porch directed me around a barn to the river's bed, up which I had to ride. There were quicksands in that river-bed and rocks to make the sinner stumble, and one water-hole more than saddle-skirt deep—indeed, no element, no symbol, was lacking in that orthodox way to Glory Everlasting on Kingdom Come. But I got there at last, and among the pebbles on that shining shore I pulled up short with a

little prayer for the mercies that thus far had been mine. I suppose that every writer of stories, having learned that fact is too strange material for fiction, acquires in time a faculty in selecting the usable average that seems like an instinct. It was, of course, because the mouth of that creek was so like the mouths of other creeks I had seen that I had a poignant sense of actually having been there before. There were the logs on the sand waiting for the tide, when they would be bound together by the Turners and float Chad down to his adventures in the lowland Blue Grass. The wooded hills were the hills I had known in the story, and right then I could hear Jack on his way after the scattered sheep up the spur to my right, Chad hieing him on, and old man Turner bellowing from the river bank. To my left ran the road to the old school-house, and over the hill ran the road along which came Chad's tired feet on his return from the Capital. And there was a living Melissa peeping for one swift instant at me from a little out-house a hundred yards away. One thing only I should have had to change to hit the facts of the fiction. There was a hill instead of a valley where the Turner house stood, but perhaps that had been upheaved there recently. Indeed, so real was



Typical of the grim, taciturn mountaineer.
—Page 185.

it all that, when I started on, I found myself with a heartache as keen as though I had come back to a place where I had once lived, and from which had gone forever real people whom I had loved there many years ago. I rode by the out-house to get another

scroll work, and painted, too, with trimmings of vivid blue. Kingdom Come was also thickly populated for a mountain stream, and there was such a house every few hundred yards. Six miles up was the head of the stream where lived such a



The tunes were the same old tunes that Chad had thrummed.—Page 185.

glimpse of Melissa, but she showed her face no more. I shouted "Hello!" and, as the rest of the family was doubtless out in the fields at work and I feared to frighten her, I rode on and left her crouched hiding on the floor. The bed of Kingdom Come down which Chad had helped to float logs was surprisingly broad, and though there was little water now—and that was shallow, indeed—the banks showed marks of the torrents that could come down. Kingdom Come, too, wore a prosperous air. Here, too, the houses were weather-boarded. Sometimes a porch was latticed and decorated with

family—the Fraziers—as Chad fell among, and there I was bound. Narrower got the stream and closer together came the hills, so that I was obliged to ride for hundreds of yards along its shining pebbly bed. I passed an ugly puffing little grist-mill, run by steam, instead of the dreaming, dripping old water-wheel of other days. At almost every house I shouted an inquiry and still I was not asked my name. In front of every house geese were plentiful in the creek, and once I got down to pick up a beautiful goose quill which I brought home with me, but the folly of sentiment is not leading me to

try to pen these words with it. Instead, I am plucking them out with two fingers from a typewriter (perhaps they read that way), for other things than Kingdom Come have changed. The sun was high now, I was close to the last upward flight of Pine Mountain, and I was getting hungry. From a hill-side came the faint clanking of chains from a plough mule being led to the stable for his mid-day meal, and through the green little defile ahead I saw an orchard—the Fraziers' at last. Little did I guess that I should find Mother Turner and Melissa and Chad, too, waiting for me there—not as they were fifty years ago, but as they would have been now.

III

THE green orchard was surrounded by a picket fence with sharp palings—sharpened by hand. Within was a row of bee-gum hives. Beyond the orchard was a log stable—a very old one. Above the green showed the roof of the house—the shingles so cut and bevelled that for a moment I thought the roof was tiled, and I almost gasped. The ravine was narrow, the hills about were precipitous, and one was cleared for corn to the very top. Passing the orchard I came upon the house, weather-boarded,

neatly painted, with scroll work and vivid trimmings. At the gate which led into the stable yard I shouted "Hello!" to an old lady who sat on the side porch.

"Can I get something to eat here?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating answer. "Come right in." A boy came to the yard gate to meet me and took my horse.

"He's not used to being fed in the middle of the day," I said.

"Oh, I'll give him a little," said the lad. The garden was full of flowers—old-fashioned ones, chiefly roses, two bushes of which clambered in profusion around the corner of the neat house—old and built of logs. Mother Turner's face was kind and patient and creased with shrewd humor. I told my name and the place I hailed from and she looked at me afresh with mild curiosity.

"I've heerd o' you," she said simply.

Grandmother came in from the room, in which, Spirit of Progress, I saw a brass bedstead, and she, too, had the same face, with the listening look of the blind, the weariness of years, and dim eyes pathetic with the onward look to another world. About both of them was the same brooding silence that encompassed the hills. Presently there was a light step on the back porch, a white vision appeared in the other doorway, and I



She came out to open the outer gate for me.—Page 186.

rose to greet it—startled. The hair was of pale gold, the brow broad and serene, and in the step was the strength and litheness of her eighteen years. Without shyness or embarrassment she held out her hand. Her throat was a proud column of alabaster, and her eyes were frank and straightforward, big, and violet blue. Melissa I had never imagined lovelier than this mountain girl standing before me at the head of Kingdom Come, and Melissa would have been lovelier had I seen this girl first. But there was an atmosphere about her that had come from outside the hills, and I was not surprised to learn that she had been six months away at school. Indeed, Mother Turner had spent two weeks at some Springs beyond the Blue-grass only two months before. The small boy came back and leaned against the porch and we sat there talking—asking questions and answering them mutually. To my astonishment I soon discovered that this pale Lily of Kingdom Come had a copy of “The Little Shepherd”—given to her by a young man from Hindman, far over the mountains. Mother Turner had read it and liked it, but the Lily was non-committal as to the favor the book had found with her, and I suspected that any value it had came from the donor and not the humble author thereof. Soon she disappeared to her household duties, and presently down the steep hill came men who had been working in her father’s cornfield, with mules clanking trace chains interspersed among them—men and boys, a dozen of them. One by one they filed in at the gate and each with a glance of faint curiosity gave me a grave “How-dye” as he passed. They were a patriarchal group of sons and nephews and grandsons and neighbors, I soon learned, and I could tell which were the neighbors by the little courtesies that were shown them by the members of the family, even if I had not been able to pick the latter ones out by the pale yellow hair and blue eyes that evidently were family characteristics. Among them was a new atmosphere, too, for the pall of silence had been lifted by the spirit of newer times and more contact with the outside world, though several of them—one tall, gaunt, dark fellow particularly—were typical of the grim, taciturn mountaineer I had always known. After a wash-up, we all trooped through the room where the brass bedstead was and

along the back porch to the kitchen, which was a separate house, where we sat down at a long table and were served by the Lily, her sister, and an older woman who was doubtless a daughter-in-law of the house. And a good meal it was. Everybody ate heartily and hurriedly, though not one but was watchful of the others’ wants, and as one man finished another came in and took his place. I looked in vain for a sign of sentiment from some one of the younger men toward the Lily, but I saw none at all, and doubtless her beauty and her experience outside the mountains had lifted her to a point, or her ambition had taken her there, where none dared lift his eyes so high. Though she had been away to school she had dropped back, apparently, into her old life, and I wondered what her dreams and longings might be in the loneliness of it all and the hard work that was plainly hers. As it looked like rain, the hands gathered in the porch after dinner and somebody asked somebody to pick a tune. One boy straightway looked shy. He was a sturdy, good-looking lad with a nice face, and he might have posed for Chad except that there was no suggestion of the waif about him, his hair was neatly parted in the middle, and his banjo was modern and new. But the tunes were the same old tunes that Chad had thrummed—“Sourwood Mountain,” “Turkey in the Straw,” etc.—and he surely made the instrument hum. After a while eyes were cocked weatherward and everybody rose to go back to work while I was hospitably bidden to stay and rest and, if possible, to spend the night. All said good-by and several urged me to come over again and go to a dance and have a good time.

Thereafter, the Lily showed her fair head only as I was getting ready to leave: Mother Turner gathered some flowers for me and put them in a paper box so that I could take them back home. She brought out some twisted tobacco that she had had for eleven years and which was for sale at five cents a twist. She did not want me to think that I must purchase, but she did think I might like to have some. I took some and paid my bill which was absurdly small, for, said the old lady, it wasn’t much of a dinner (I’d like to have one that she thought was good), and my horse had eaten so little. Grandmother and Mother

Turner said I must come again, and so did the Lily when she shook hands, looking steadily with her frank blue eyes. And when I mounted my horse at the yard gate, her mother spoke in a low voice to her, and she sprang from the porch and came out to open the outer gate for me, and her first faint blush was perceptible when perhaps I overdid my thanks:

"Don't you find it pretty lonesome here since you came back?" I asked.

Her lashes drooped and she nodded with a faint smile. Then she looked up again.

"You must come back to the mountains again."

I said I would, and I wish I could. Straight up a steep path I rode and at the edge of the woods I turned in my saddle and saw her golden head at the edge of the porch, but when she saw that I was looking she withdrew it and, though I looked back again, she was visible no more.

A few hundred yards further up I could see the head of a ravine into which, from other little ravines, the rain-drops trickled to start the little creek of Kingdom Come. There I turned over a spur, down a creek, and started up Pine Mountain, homeward bound. In less than two hours I was crossing the Cumberland River and climbing the Big Black by a long disused bridle path which was rocky, steep, swarming with flies, and where it wound the edges of rain-washed cliffs, almost dangerous. The sun was sinking when I reached the top, and there I hurried southward along the rich loamy crest of the Big Black so far that I began to get uneasy with the fear that I had missed my way, for it would be no fun to be

lost in that wilderness even for a night; but at last I heard the welcome tinkle of a cow-bell and, passing through a little bunch of cattle, fat, sleek, curious, I emerged into the Richmond Old Fields—bare of trees, grassy, uplifted, and still luminous from the afterglow. For a moment I stopped and turned for a parting look back over the wild Kentucky hills—two hundred square miles of them through which ridges and streams flowed north-west, and the only regularity of which is a gradual diminishment in height toward the Blue-grass and on to the Western plains. Blueblack they were, solemn and wildly suggestive of dark deeds done and come to light, of others known but never leaking into the outer world, and still others that will be mysteries until, like the sea, they, too, give up their dead.

Down I dropped then by a trail that was steep, winding, and obstructed by stones, roots, and fallen trees; down at last to the head of a little creek, down through a sylvan dell that was heavy with wood smells and riotous with laurel and rhododendron—down until, below me, coke ovens flamed like a pit of hell.

I had seen Kingdom Come but I had learned little about the stream. A forefather of the family that dwelt at its source was the first settler there, in 1816—that was all: for nobody even knew how the creek had got its name. But if, like Chad and Jack, any homeless waif and his dog, as well may happen at any time, should be wandering along the top of Pine Mountain, I could wish no more for them than a haven in the hospitable little home that shelters the Lily of Kingdom Come.





By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

OSWALD ALFRED SMART had been christened (by permission) after the suburban magnate to whom his father was coachman at the time of the urchin's birth; and the two names went so well in double harness, as the coachman said, that they were never heard singly about the stables, although Mrs. Smart was very particular to say "our" Oswald Alfred, even when employing the vocative case, in respectful contradistinction to the master. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smart seem to have had their work cut out with the boy, who often had a stick about his back for his hot yet sullen temper, which was not cured by the treatment. He had, however, from his earliest years, when his better side was uppermost, a smile so sunny and so sudden as to transmute his leaden look to radiant gold. And it was largely this smile which got Oswald Alfred his engagements when, as a son of the house remarked, he "put the lid on" a consistently unfilial attitude by turning chauffeur at the first opportunity.

The old coachman, who knew the lad's temperament, though his knowledge of motor-cars was confined to keeping his carriage out of their way, enjoyed a gloomy

view of the venture from the first. His confident misgivings were amply realized. Oswald Alfred's hot head lost him more than one situation in the first year, but not before he had cost successive employers large sums in fines and repairs, because they liked him for his eager alacrity and always hoped he would improve. His smile never failed to secure him a fresh start elsewhere; and as his sins were not due to lack of skill, but were purely a matter of nervous temperament, he went on better than he deserved until a really bad accident got into all the papers and ought clearly to have closed a dangerous career.

Old Smart was sanguine that it had, and made dogmatic computations as to what was not worth fifty bob a week; his attitude was one of chastened superiority on half that preposterous wage. But Oswald Alfred had not gone home after his other vicissitudes, and he was not going now to afford an object-lesson in accurate parental prophecy. He preferred to eat his heart out in his Shepherd's Bush lodgings, as long as his savings lasted, and sometimes even to squander them in defiant jaunts involving a very high collar and a rakish cigarette. But his luck held

good, by returning before his pockets were quite empty, in the shape of a promising reply to his own reply to an advertisement for a chauffeur who "must be young man."

The young man invested in a higher collar than any in his now shabby stock, and slept on his best trousers before betaking himself to a Bloomsbury hotel to meet the gentleman with the funny name who had written to make the appointment. The gentleman had rather a funny face as well, dark and sallow, with eyes like chocolates; but there is never much light in Bloomsbury, at any rate in the month of February, and Oswald Alfred was not going to belie his stable upbringing in the matter of a gift-horse; for he had a shrewd suspicion that it was "all right," from the first funny accents in keeping with the whole personality of the advertiser, and of a piece with the curious locution (which the applicant had not noticed) in his advertisement.

"So Smart is your name, young man! Smart of name and smart of nature, is it not? Mine, as you know, is Ghum; by Ghum it is, like you say in the classic! I am very glad of you to swear by me, young man."

Oswald Alfred was merely embarrassed by these familiarities, for he had the instincts of a British servant in every vein, and had no desire to be treated otherwise in his new employ. His skin turned a dusky red, which deepened when Mr. Ghum displayed a startling knowledge of the accident which had cost him his last place.

"We spot it in the morning rag," the dark gentleman explained, with a show of teeth and an increasing air of idiomatic mastery; "we remember your name, and have wonder if we might hear of you. How have come you to meet such serious accident, young man?"

Oswald Alfred leaned forward from the edge of his chair, and stated his case to the lining of his cap as even he had never stated it before.

"It was like this, sir: I'd been to meet my lady and gentleman at Victoria Station (London, Chatham and Dover, sir); and the boat was very late, you see, and they'd brought over a new French maid who'd never been in a car before; an' that's 'ow the 'ole affair come to 'appen, sir. It was

a limousine, sir, forty-'orse Feeut, an' that piled up with luggage we was absolutely top-'eavy; but my gentleman, 'e was always saying 'is car cost 'im quite enough without cab-fares over and above. I used to tell 'im 'ow it'd be some skiddy night, but he wouldn't take a word, though he'd a rough enough side to 'is own tongue, and I'd decided to give 'im notice when it 'appened in Sloane Street on the way 'ome that night. I was coming along at a good pace, but not exceeding, an' the only other thing in the street was a tradesman's van same way; 'im on the near side, sir, and me coming up on the crown, and blowing my horn. Suddenly he pulls right across me without ever 'olding out 'is 'and; right across me into Pont Street, without showing a finger! There was only one thing to be done, and I done it; took the corner myself, instead o' crashing into 'im, an' beat 'im round it, too! But with all the grease on the road and all that luggage on top we skidded somethink cruel, and took the pavement and smashed our near door against one o' them posts that are there to smash you. My lady and gentleman weren't hurt, they can't say they were, nor yet the worse off anyhow, being insured. But the girl, she'd never been in a car before, an' there she set beside me in front; it wasn't 'ardly right, sir; she didn't know enough even to 'old on. Out she went an' got concussion, and I lost my place for that!"

"A thing you could not help?"

"A thing I could no more help," declared Oswald Alfred, "than the babe unborn."

The chocolate eyes regarded him with sleepy benevolence. "It was hard on as young a man like you," said Mr. Ghum.

"It was very 'ard, sir."

"You deserve another opportunity."

"I should be very grateful if you could give me one, sir."

"And you would not find awful traffic our way," Mr. Ghum added, as though the statement contained a joke; but the subject was no joke to Oswald Alfred.

"I'm not afraid of traffic," he boasted with perfect truth; "but when 'orse-van drivers don't 'old out their 'ands they ought to be put in prison."

"On the other end of the equation," continued Ghum, soaring high over his hearer's head, "you would have a very invaluable

able life committed to your keeping. I would not be your master, but your master would be mine. I am not interviewing with you on my own account, but as the representative of one of the native big-bugs of my country, who is spending a little holidays in your old one."

Oswald Alfred had pricked up the ears of a keen and catholic sportsman; in fact, the newspaper of that name was even then folded carefully away in the pocket in which it was least likely to spoil the cut of a coat.

"Kind of Jam, or something?" he inquired with interest.

"Exactly! Quite! You hit it on the nail! His Highness the Jam Sahib of Boavista—my royal master and yours who is to be!"

An ill-concealed levity rather spoilt the effect of this descriptive mouthful on Oswald Alfred, but was soon forgotten in his joy over the terms that he succeeded in making for himself. It was wonderful how amenable Mr. Ghum proved to reason and Oswald Alfred's best smile. The lad had been getting fifty shillings in his last place, but of course keeping himself; in the new one he was promised forty and all found. It was not perhaps quite the kind of arrangement that a more independent chauffeur would have been so ready to entertain, but the financial improvement was such that he would soon be in a position to pick and choose again, unless he went and got into fresh trouble through the criminal negligence of others on the road. He was determined it should be through no fault of his own; and the old coachman himself could not have excelled his son in distrust of other drivers on the day that Mr. Ghum called for him with the car in Shepherd's Bush.

The car, a sound second-hand Cleland-Talboys, had been driven thus far by a chauffeur from the works in Notting Dale, where it had been some days undergoing repairs. Oswald Alfred very properly sought particulars, and the works' chauffeur was saying that so far as he knew there had been nothing at all the matter with her, when Mr. Ghum closed a promising discussion by inquiring if Smart could find his way to the Portsmouth Road.

"Then the sooner the better we are on it," he said curtly on getting an affirmative reply. "The car has been tune up for

you, like they say in the classic; let me hear her melody without delay. Straight along the Portsmouth Road—but mind you traps—and when we arrive near Guildford I will give you direction."

It was one of those bitter afternoons which make the early spring for days together as cold as the depths of winter, and even colder to the eye. There was no sun in the bleak sky, and no rain in the clouds that flew there, but the trees looked black and brittle against both, and ploughed fields cold as new graves behind the trees. Telegraph posts stood along the side-strips of bleached grass, like sentinels frozen at attention, but here and there a live scout saluted with his reassuring grin. Mr. Ghum sat and shivered behind the wind-screen in a coat like a dancing bear's; and the warm young blood at his side did dance with the delight of rattling along an open road again, and that without interference or complaint. Mr. Ghum raised no objection to thirty-five miles on the speedometer, nor yet to taking a corner on the wrong side or bucketing over patches of new metal, all of which were old tricks of the new chauffeur. If the Jam himself was as sensible it might be a pleasant place both on and off the car.

And a pleasant place it proved, at all events in the way of creature comforts and letting a man alone at his job; but Oswald Alfred did speedily find himself lonelier at other times than suited his habit as he liked to live. This again was a mere effect of causes in themselves both strange and disagreeable. There wasn't a female in the house, for instance; dusky heathen shuffled about the kitchen, and the new-comer's was the one white skin on the premises. Dusky heathen jabbered and guzzled in drawing-room and dining-room, and fresh relays were always being taken to the station or met there by the car. So it all seemed to Oswald Alfred. There was room for any number of the savages, as he himself was savage enough to call them in his heart; for the house had been formerly a preparatory school, and there were beds still in the dormitories, whither and whence the chauffeur was too often prevailed upon to carry weird bits of baggage. There were empty class-rooms, too, that gave him a chill when he passed their neglected windows. Yet it was a pretty house when the sun shone on its red brick

and tiles, and its modern leaded casements, all so racy of the Surrey soil that surrounded it with sombre cedars and with yew hedges no longer of rectangular cut. The chief drawback was that it was a long way down a lane, which was a longer way down another lane; in fact, a more precious-spoken Oswald Alfred might have characterized the place as an oasis of bricks and timber in a wilderness of bracken and gorse.

Our Oswald Alfred confined himself to phrases like "the back of beyond," except on the subject of his never being allowed out anywhere alone, which moved him to the ruder eloquence of his old stable days. He never knew when his car might not be wanted, and was always expected to be on the spot himself in case of emergency. Of course he would never have stood it, had it not meant a steady saving of two pounds a week, and a "chit" (which was Mr. Ghum's synonym for a "character") whensoever he elected to leave of his own accord. But the youth was so well boarded and lodged (in what had been the sick-house of the departed school), and such was the consideration shown him in smaller matters, that he wisely resisted any inclination to make another change before the summer.

His Highness the Jam Sahib of Boavista (a name painted, curiously enough, on the garden gate) was the only member of the strange establishment to whom the new chauffeur took a real dislike; and it was not justifiable, inasmuch as the Jam never vouchsafed a word to him in praise or blame. He had a lean, mean face and figure, in striking contrast to his courtier Ghum, who was gross and genial; but it was the subdued ferocity with which his Highness would let his followers have it, in their own lingo, that made Oswald Alfred bustle before the ruthless lips had time to open fire on him. He gathered from Ghum that the potentate was leading his present quiet and modest life under doctor's orders and the sympathetic ægis of the Imperial Government.

Motoring was stated to be part of the treatment, and yet they did not motor daily, nor on the likeliest days, nor yet always when the chosen day was at its best. Often it would be the latter part of a dismal afternoon before Oswald Alfred went skidding through the muddy lanes with the burly

Ghum beside him, his Highness and minor satellites abreast behind, and the acetylene head-lamps duly primed by order; for the Jam and his suite did not dissemble a natural kindness for dusk and darkness. Neither did the white youth object to either, or even to the crew he drove, when he was driving them; for they none of them interfered with him any more than Mr. Ghum had done, but let him go like the wind in the shortest of clear spaces, and cram on the brakes to his heart's content at the corner; so refreshing was their freedom from the little knowledge which is the abominable thing from a chauffeur's point of view. Ghum, however, was by way of acquiring some, but only from Oswald Alfred, who gave him indifferent driving lessons with little method and less regularity.

The party usually drove one way; but it was the most obvious way in the geographical circumstances. Guildford and Godalming ought to have been able to pick out the second-hand Cleland-Talboys even from the band of cars that flows over the fly-wheels of their main streets from dawn to dark; it was never quite dark when they clattered through to fly Hindhead like a hurdle; but they always lit up about the same place, just off the Portsmouth Road in the neighborhood of Liphook. Here may be found one of those impressively extravagant, because solid and interminable walls, which are by no means such a feature of the home counties as of the shires. Yet there was a point of this noble circle which was no great distance from the worthy pile within; the drive was not a long one; and a side gate, which came first, afforded a still shorter cut to the house.

It was through this gate that the motorists, on foot for the purpose, were peeping, one lighting-up-time at the beginning of March; and Oswald Alfred, attending to his own business with a box of matches, was taking as little interest as usual in theirs. He had gathered, from remarks dropped in Ghum's English, that H.H. had his royal eye on the place as a more fitting English seat than the deserted school; but he had no idea to whom it belonged. Suddenly a bicycle bell rang out between him and the peeping gentry at the gate, startling them more than himself, and causing an obsequious pantomime on their

part in honor of the elderly gentleman who had jumped off the bicycle. Oswald Alfred was particularly impressed to see the Jam Sahib making as deep an obeisance as the youngest of his followers; he could only suppose they had been surprised by some very great personage indeed.

"Good evening, my friends!" cried the cyclist in a rich, kind voice. "Come to have another look at my kangaroo, have you?"

"Sir," replied the Jam, bowing lower than before, "some of these gentlemen had not the felicity of being present on the occasion to which you graciously refer. I was therefore taking the audacious liberty——"

"Nonsense!" interposed the cyclist, heartily. "You take 'em in and show 'em anything you can by this light, and I'll trundle on to the lodge and join you at the sub-tropical kennels with the keeper. My poor beasts have felt the winter as much as you and I have, I'm afraid; but we shall go back to the sun refreshed, and they never will, poor devils! Hurry up, or I'll be there before you!"

This in a genial crescendo as the four forms debouched through the gate and melted fast into the gloaming. Meanwhile Oswald Alfred was marvelling to find that after all his Highness could speak better English, when it suited him, than any of his retinue, and yet that his tone did not sweeten with his words. His tone had been bitter and truculent in some curiously subtle degree, which incurred no snub yet could penetrate the patriotic hide of a British coachman's son, and inject the virus of a vague resentment. Next moment the cyclist was giving his natural enemy the chauffeur a kindly word as well, and in the twin cones of acetylene gaslight the chauffeur recognized his great man at a glance.

"Good evening, my lord!" returned Oswald Alfred, with ready salute and the smile which had lain fallow at Boavista.

"Have we met before?" inquired the other in a tone both puzzled and amused.

"No, my lord, but I see it was Lord Amyott as soon as ever you come in front of the lamps. I seen your lordship's portrait many a time when you was out at the war."

There was genuine enthusiasm in this

speech, for Oswald Alfred had a nice capacity for discriminating respect, inherited from the parent who had insisted on so christening him after the master. Lord Amyott, however, did not seem particularly flattered, and his wiry white mustache looked closer-cropped than before on its granite pedestal of chin.

"Ah, well, I'm in another part of the empire now," said he, "and only home for a few weeks, like our friends from the same place." He jerked his head toward the gate through which they had gone, and then stared harder at Oswald Alfred. "You ain't the chauffeur they had the other day?" he added.

"I've been in my situation a fortnight, my lord," was the considered reply.

"Do you know what happened to the other fellow?"

"I never 'eard, my lord."

"No more did I, and I should like to know. Nice lad, I thought him." Lord Amyott stepped up nearer to the bonnet, and lowered his voice. "Do they ever let you out of their sight?" he asked, grimly, but as though it were rather a joke as well.

"Never off the premises, my lord."

"They never let him! I suppose he couldn't stand it. But I should like to know."

Oswald Alfred was not to be outdone in dramatic undertones. "It's all the Jam!" said he sepulchrally.

"All the what?"

"'Im that spoke to your lordship; his Royal Highness the Jam Sahib," explained Oswald Alfred, feeling that he was indeed moving in exalted circles, and unconsciously adding to the altitude. But Lord Amyott only burst out laughing under his breath, after catching it in sheer surprise.

"Does he really call himself that?"

"Only in fun, my lordship, only in fun!" urged a silky voice; and the oleaginous Ghum stood fawning between the speakers in the acetylene rays; how he had returned without a sound, or whether he had ever gone off with the rest, neither knew.

He was the man, however, for an awkward moment, with his sleek and supple tact, and his engaging idiosyncrasies of speech. Oswald Alfred, for one, was easily convinced that the whole concoction of the title, unwittingly suggested by himself, as he was bound to admit, had been all along

an elaborate joke at his own expense. Perhaps, however, it was Lord Amyott's laughter that carried most conviction, despite a grim note of its own; but when he really had mounted his bicycle, and disappeared round the bend in the direction of the main gates and the keeper's lodge, the unhappy young man was quickly and quietly informed of the enormity he had committed in speaking of the Jam as such.

"Did you not know," cried Ghum, "that he was in this country incogs? If I should tell him how you have given away, you go same way as last chauffeur without moment's hesitation."

"And what way was that?" asked Oswald Alfred, remembering Lord Amyott's inquiries; but the question made Ghum angrier than anything else.

"Never mind you!" said he. "You know what happens to servants who do not take satisfaction; let him be a warning to you. I will not tell his Highness what you have done. I dare not. It is more than I am worth."

"But *is* he 'is 'ighness?" demanded the young man. "First you say it's all a cod, and then you talk as if it wasn't."

"Of course it isn't!" the other declared in all solemnity. "He is exactly what I said him; the title is not invention or beastly lie. It is the whole truth, and nothing but the whole, only his Highness want it kept up the sleeve."

This was not quite good enough for the young man; he had heard Lord Amyott's first and loudest laugh; and his faith was shaken to its base. His imagination was stimulated, which was worse; it fastened on the last chauffeur and his fate, in which even a world's hero like Lord Amyott V.C. (and ever so many less popular letters of the alphabet) had shown such interest. Oswald Alfred was in fact a good deal disturbed by his conversation with his lordship; but it was an experience that left him still more proud, and he was seriously thinking of drilling a hole through the sovereign a noble hand had slipped into his.

His imagination, however, was strengthened in its hold on a disagreeable subject by a little circumstance which occurred on the way back that evening. On Hindhead a tire bumped heavily, and was discovered down; and the dark crew disem-

barked while the young white man jacked up his wheel and put on the Stepney. The spot was close to the famous Gibbet, and the quartette not only strolled on to the memorial stone by the roadside, but one of them returned for a side-lamp with which to illuminate the inscription. Now the chauffeur knew parts of this by heart, having bought picture post-cards of the stone "erected in detestation of a barbarous murder" when putting up at the Huts in his last employ. As he wrestled with his wheel he heard an uncouth clucking of alien tongues; but it was not this that made him look up, and left the bad impression on his mind; it was the sudden chorus of cacophonous merriment, and the spectacle of four human beings leaning back in a patch of lamp-light, on the grassy brink of a black abyss, and holding their sides before the record of the cruel deed once done there.

"They want tipping into it," thought Oswald Alfred; "the Devil's Punchbowl's just about their mark."

Their heathen behavior might not have struck him without Lord Amyott's previous inquiries after the last chauffeur, and those inquiries might not have stuck in his mind if the heathen had not behaved so that evening. The unfortunate sequence formed a vicious circle in a mind not used to coping with unpleasant fancies, and spoilt his night for as good a sleeper as a very young man should be. Nor was it quite nice to lie awake, wondering about one's predecessor, in his very bed, and that the only one in a separate building containing several locked rooms or potential Bluebeard chambers.

That night he thought of giving notice in the morning, and perhaps making off before his week was up, but a series of fine spring days hardened the lad in his original determination to "stick it" till the summer. He was no coward, when all was said in his disfavor, and as a rule he showed your real road-hog's plentiful lack of imagination. He was not going to be a fool and forfeit a clear two pounds a week, and no silly complaints. Even the now formidable Ghum made no further allusion to the indiscretion about the Jam, did not hold it over a fellow, but seemed to have forgotten all about it, and only redoubled the ardor of his own efforts to learn to drive the car.

But you may teach a man to drive like an arrow when there is nothing else on the Ripley Road, and yet never know when a wobble of the wheel or a foot on the wrong pedal may spell instantaneous disaster. It was only a wing and a step that Mr. Ghum damaged to the like detriment of a passing car; but he was seen no more at the wheel, and it was Smart Sahib (as the menials sometimes called him with rolling eyes) who took a select load in the favorite direction about a week after their last encounter with Lord Amyott. This time, however, it was the middle of the evening before they started. And no secret was made of their intention to see Lord Amyott again, and as it certainly appeared to Oswald Alfred, by appointment.

Over Hindhead hung a skyful of stars, and if there were fewer to be seen from the lane near Liphook, it was not the fault of stars or sky. This time no wistful peeping into Paradise, but confident entry at the side gate on the part of that powerful Peri Mr. Ghum and his serene master. The white youth scarcely noticed that a dark one quietly took the vacant seat beside him, that another leant as quietly against the Stepney wheel, or for that matter that there had been four of them seated behind instead of three. It was not a night on which you noticed all you ought; the stars were too beautiful, sparkling to the eyes as the keen air did in the mouth and lungs. And for long enough nothing was to be heard but those small noises of the country night, which can mean so little individually to a cockney soul like Oswald Alfred's, yet perhaps so much in the mass. At all events he was not feeling frightened, or mean, or particularly anxious for further relations with Lord Amyott, or to give notice before he was given it, or to drive a six-cylinder at sixty miles an hour, when the new note of a lumbering gait and laboured breathing recalled him to his motor-self.

It was old Ghum blundering through the side gate. "They have sickness in there!" he called excitedly. "The lordship—the ladyship—I no breath tell you. The doctor—they want you! Straight on—hard you like!"

Oswald Alfred had heard of strokes and seizures, and naturally conceiving either Lord or Lady Amyott the victim of one, had leapt out and was winding up before

these stertorous ejaculations had merged into native patter. Ghum was assisted into his old place, the driver climbed over him into his, and off they went with clanging gears and clashing lever.

"Wait till I let her out!" muttered the man at the wheel, and gave the second-hand Cleland-Talboys gas enough to drive a motor-bus. The gray lane wobbled under her lamps, plucked out of darkness in brilliant ovals, and the low wall wavered on the edge of the halo. Lane and wall bore continuously to the left, but Oswald Alfred took no heed of the obtuse corners, and only blew his horn when a couple of figures appeared like motes in the advancing gas-beam; they had plenty of time to get out of the way, but they both jumped for their lives in a style that made the heathen squeal with joy; and only at the last moment, which was the next moment, and the worst in all his life, did Oswald Alfred see who they were.

One was that villainous Jam, showing nothing but his teeth and the whites of his evil eyes; the other was a white shirt-front with pearl studs in it, a black tie, a collar, and a cropped mustache of which every silver bristle stood out as Lord Amyott reeled and stumbled in front of the car. There was a horrible impact, but no bumping over the mass of black and white that whirled out of the halo like a wounded magpie.

Meanwhile, at the ultimate or penultimate moment of recognition, Oswald Alfred had applied his brakes with such reckless violence that a less heavily-weighted car might have completed the tragedy by turning a somersault on the fatal spot; but the overcrowded Cleland-Talboys ground itself to a shivering standstill in its own length. And the white driver started to his feet behind the wheel.

"He done it! He's murdered 'is lordship! I saw the swine give 'im a push with both 'ands!"

So he began on the trio behind, flinging an accusing arm after the wretch who was already stooping over his mangled magpie in the bracken. A patch of white shirt showed through the fronds; and to his unspeakable indignation the chauffeur saw a kick dealt it, and the white roll over into black, before the brutal leader rejoined his grinning band.

"I saw you!" cried Oswald Alfred, in inadequate greeting; "I saw you give 'is lordship a push at the last moment! You'll swing for it yet, you dirty nigger!"

"On the contrary," replied the Jam, with bestial suavety, "it is you who have taken this valuable life, and you who shall answer for it with your own!"

The young man could not tell whether the fiend meant then or thereafter—by violence or by perjury—but he believed his last moments had arrived when Ghum screwed the muzzle of an automatic pistol into the flesh under his left ear.

"Down on your seat," hissed Ghum, "and drive like the devil where I say you to drive, or I blow in your brains this minute!"

Instantaneous surrender was the only answer to that. Yet the gibbering coward heard his own abject words but faintly, as at a distance, and not as his own words at all, only to grind his teeth when he knew they were, and what a coward he had lived to be! He sobbed to think he could have fallen so low, to be first hoodwinked by a lot of murdering niggers, and then to beg for his life at their dirty hands; and yet even while he sobbed he was out and busy with the starting-handle, and more than busy, with a zeal so ignoble that he felt its poison in every vein.

He a coward! He had never been such a thing in all his days; he would have struck the man or boy who had dared to call him one before to-night. Besides, it was absurd; a man who could drive as he could in the traffic, in and out with his eyes half-shut, or at his rate by night on a twisty road, was no coward whatever else he might be. He carried his life in his hands, that was what he did and had been doing ever since he learnt to drive a car. And yet he was driving one now at the absolute will and pleasure of a black fat fool with a pistol in his hand!

Right, left, right, and right again at that blackguard's bidding; and now they were back on the bleak main road under a full company of stars; and those were the lights of Hindhead in the distance, and here were a pair of enormous white-hot eyes scorching down the hill to meet him. If only he had the pluck to run into them! They would not all be killed, some of these murderers would live to hang, and a turn

of the hand would do it . . . would do it now . . . even now . . . no, now it was too late.

"And a good job, too!" said Oswald Alfred to himself. "Jolly hard on the other coves!"

But in his heart he knew it was not "the other coves" he was considering, but his own miserable skin. Well! Try again; the Hindhead lights were quite near now; why not dash into the middle of them and wreck the car against the stout old wall of the Huts? He could hear the crash, could see the *débris*, and himself picking himself up, to live and tell the tale if there was a God above! He would do it; this time he would; he got so far as lifting his right foot ever so little on the accelerator, as dropping a speed an instant later on the hill. But that spoilt it; nothing under thirty-five an hour would make a job of it; and after all that was impossible at the top of a long hill.

He caught himself breathing again.

Ghum came to his assistance at the same instant. "Faster! faster," he hissed again, with his barrel against the young man's ribs. "Come to stoppage this side Boavista, and you join the lordship this very night!"

The brute's breath was on his cheek, deep-dyed with shame in the zone of light outside the Huts; a few loiterers were left idly gaping, neither more nor less interested in the carload of criminals than in the hundreds a day it was their fate to suffer from; and once more the oval searchlight danced ahead in the darkness.

There was light, too, in Oswald Alfred's brain, where the sullen embers had been fanned to passionate flame by the vile breath on his cheek and the succulent threat in his ear. The wretches behind were keeping quiet in the silent company of their crime and its risks; he was glad Ghum had spoken, to remind him what wretches they all were. Was it likely that they would spare his life in any case after that which had been done before his eyes? What had happened to the last chauffeur?

His successor thought of him for the first time that night, and the wind in his face felt warmer than his blood; he thought of the locked doors in the deserted sick-house, and would his own be locked tomorrow? He saw certain death awaiting



"I saw you give 'is lordship a push at the last moiment!"—Page 194.

him under the sheltering cedars and the warm red tiles of Boavista; and simultaneously with the outward eye he saw the memorial stone marking the scene of that other "barbarous murder"—the one at which these hounds had laughed! No wonder, while they hatched its infinite superior in barbarity!

There stood the stone, over the crest of the hill and down the timely slope, on the edge of the oval halo; on the edge also of a wide abyss with lights twinkling only on the opposite rim, and in the sky that seemed somehow nearer at that moment. If that was the Devil's Punchbowl, it looked full of boiling pitch as Oswald Al-



Drawn by Fred Pegram.

There was a whirl of wheels in the air, a lurch into space.—Page 197.

fred turned set teeth to his infamous companion, and shouted through them:

"Look out!"

Ghum looked that way as intended; for the young man was curiously determined not to die by a bullet, and this time his hands did not fail him at the last. Round went the wheel, and round came the storied stone, clean across the headlamps; a fringe of limelit gorse rose vividly between them and the pitchy void; there was a whir of wheels in the air, a lurch into space, and so the chapter ended for the occupants of the second-hand Cleland-Talboys.

Yet not for all, because by day the place is not what a dark night paints it, and there are always some who fall clear of a car.

There was one great unscathed scoundrel who stood his trial at Guildford, who insisted on giving evidence in his own defence, and who nearly succeeded in getting the court cleared by reason of his strangely individual locutions. Fourteen years was his portion; but a young spectacled coffee-colored student, being crippled for life, was more leniently handled.

Between these extreme cases of survival came a third, which was treated for a long time, and with ultimate success, in a nursing home near the scene of the catastrophe. It was summer, however, before Lord Amyott was admitted there, on two sticks, and ushered into the patient's presence, to be immediately rewarded by a wan but unmistakable edition of the very brilliant smile which had taken his fancy by night outside his own side gate.

"There are only two things I want to know," said Lord Amyott, in his kind rich voice. "I know all about most of it, including what happened to myself, so please hold your tongue about that, my good fellow! What I want to know is whether the final thing was another accident, so far as

you were concerned, or whether you went mad and did it on purpose as that rascal Ghum declared in the witness-box."

Oswald Alfred did not hesitate long.

"I did it on purpose," he muttered "but I never went mad."

"In plain English, you absolutely meant to send the lot of them to hell—and to go with them so far?"

"That was it, my lord," said Oswald Alfred, finding more voice under the encouragement of a look and tone that rather astonished him in Lord Amyott.

"You sat tight and turned your wheel as though you were going round an ordinary corner?"

"Yes, my lord," replied our hero, as though he had never hesitated for a single unheroic moment; but a sharp twinge of remorse caused him to qualify the boast a little. "You see, my lord," the lad explained, "I felt they'd send me the way of the last chauffeur—and now we know what that was—but I'd a pretty good idea then, and I preferred my own way."

Lord Amyott hobbled between his two sticks into the balcony, and bent his brow over the darkling pines; perhaps he would have liked a little less complacency in the performer of the particular feat under discussion; and he thought that on the whole he would not put his skilled opinion of it into so many words.

"There's only one other thing I want to ask," said he, returning as far as the French windows. "We're a pretty pair of cripples, but I'm assured that it's only a matter of time in both cases, and I've booked my own passage for September. I've got a new car on order to go out in the same boat. Would you like to come out with me to take the wheel?"

And Oswald Alfred lay transfigured by a smile which, it is to be hoped, was not Lord Amyott's only reward for being braver than he knew.



AN APRIL MASQUE

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN

IT was spring in Versailles, one of those golden April days when the last of the violets are still in bloom and the first lilacs are opening, when the old pleasure-ground of the Bourbons is the loveliest spot in all the lovely world. There, in that corner of the park which is still called "The Garden of the King," sat Jules Dorival, his spirit thrilling with ecstasy. Because he was a painter, not a historian, he thought not at all of the political upheavals that had thrown open to the poorest citizens of the republic the favorite promenade of Louis the Magnificent; but because he was a painter the beauty of the visible world filled him with a joy so piercing that it was almost unbearable. He closed his eyes, and being of Latin blood, wept for joy at the revelation of the soul of the lovely old garden, shown to him in a shimmering vision of colors, odors, lines, such as, he thought passionately, only angels—nay, archangels!—deserved to see.

He opened his eyes again, and noticed that he was no longer alone. Some one had come up and now sat on the other end of his stone bench. It was neither an angel nor an archangel, but a small old man, dressed poorly in black, very forlorn, very drooping, a doleful little blot on the splen-

dor of the day. He cast a deprecating glance at the superb young swell from Paris, and edged around shyly to conceal the poverty-stricken noon-day meal which he took out of a paper bag. Jules Dorival, the success of that year's Salon, with the ample proceeds of a prosperous sale still in his pocket, had just lunched on squab smothered in mushrooms, asparagus, and hot-house grapes, all washed down with Sparkling Saumur. He looked with a pity that was almost horror at the lump of bread on which the old man was now munching, and felt instinctively for his purse.

Even as his fingers touched it something about the fineness of the other's thin old profile moved him to caution before he offered alms. He moved along the bench and began a casually conversational investigation. "A fine day, Monsieur."

The old man admitted the truth of this statement in a small, sad voice.

"And a heavenly spot," Jules went on.

The other nodded, and after he had swallowed with difficulty a large mouthful of dry bread, ventured the observation that it grew finer every year.

"You speak as though you had known it long," angled Jules.

"For nearly forty years, my young friend."

"Oh, most fortunate of mortals!"

The old man looked up quickly as if in fear of a pleasantry, and said nothing.

Jules explained himself. "My profession is such that I am, perhaps, more moved than another might be by the great beauty of the park at this season."

"Your profession is—?" asked the old man in black.

"I am an artist." The young man might have been announcing that he was a reigning sovereign.

His statement had a singular effect on the cheerless little figure at the other end of the bench. The old man sat up straight, brushed the crumbs from his tie, pulled down his threadbare waistcoat, and offered his hand with a grand gesture. "Sir, we are comrades-at-arms. I too am an artist."

II

It was three o'clock before they rose from the bench. "I have not had in years so long a break in a working-day," averred the old gentleman, "nor so agreeable a one as our talk together has made."

Jules did not answer, but allowed the other to take his arm and lead him along to the Grand Canal, and then up the stone steps toward the château.

"It is indeed a rare privilege to introduce such a painting to such an artist," the old man went on, "and you must not reproach yourself that you have overlooked it heretofore in your inspection of the grand art treasures of Versailles. It is but a small canvas. Its greatness lies in its subject; a greatness I have not begun to exhaust, after my lifetime of study of it."

Jules nodded. He was trying to conceal the fact that he had never in his life been inside the château, regarding it, with all of his sophisticated and knowing generation, as a chamber of horror of bad paintings, bought and preserved by political demagogues because of the cheap patriotism of their subjects. Not only was he a painter of the last hue of modernity, but he was a Socialist of the latest hue of Internationalism; and he found immensely diverting the fate which thus dragged him forward to admire all that was anathema to him.

"Pardon me," said his old companion.

"I—I—" he hesitated, looking down at his feet. Long before this Jules had been shocked to notice that they were encased in heavy wooden shoes, such as the poorest workmen wear. "I—to a fellow-artist, M. Dorival, there can be no shame in admitting the shifts to which devotion to our common profession has brought me. Wooden shoes are not allowed in the gallery—the fine floors you know—and I have no others. The list slippers to which I change are kept for me by an obliging custodian, but as he is not yet returned, I shall be forced to wait a few moments." He was in a fidget of impatience at the delay to the other's pleasure. "Pray do not wait for me. It is the third small room after the long gallery. My easel with a half-finished copy stands before it, and as I am, alas! the only copyist here——"

Jules went forward alone, cheering himself with the reflection that after all the pictures could not be as bad as—his mouth fell open at his first glimpse of the long gallery. He traversed it in an absolute silence, looking faithfully at each of the huge canvases. He went into the first of the small rooms. He went into the second. He went into the third, and passing rapidly to the window leaned his forehead against the pane. "If I had not seen the first small room, I would have upheld against any man, with the weapons of his choice, that nothing could be more dreadful than the long gallery. And if I had not seen the second small room, I would have sworn that the first was—and oh! Apollos and the Muses! here is the third!"

He faced about and resolutely took in the picture-covered walls. His eye fell on the canvas, its face turned to the easel. He went bravely across the room and stared at the painting before which it stood. Then, raising his right hand above his head, "The worst painting in the world," he said solemnly, "I have seen it!" He turned, knocking with his elbow the canvas from the easel. He picked it up, held it at arm's length, and leaned against the wall for support as he palely gazed at it.

A quick, shuffling step came down the long gallery and through the two small rooms. "You are looking at my work, I see," said the old copyist, with a shy haste to know the other's opinion. "Dare I ask you how it seems to you?"

Jules looked at the old man, his emaciated little person at once shrinking and eager, his lips dropped apart like a wistful child's. He took his hand and pressed it hard. "I think it," he said with generous

that year's Salon, and light-heartedly delivering themselves of the last cry in incendiary socialism, eight of "The Immortal Nine," as they called themselves with an artless candor, welcomed the returning



He perched on his high stool, . . . gazing ecstatically into space.—Page 203.

emphasis, "I think it the very most faithful copy I ever saw in my life."

III

SEATED around a table at Laveille's, blowing the foam from their bocks, rolling their cigarettes, abusing the pictures in

Jules with shouts of affectionate derision.

"He would play the poet and see spring in the country, would he?"

"No more tawdry boulevard trees for HIM!"

"The only man in Paris sane enough to leave it!"

Jules dropped into a chair and took off



"I sold them to two soldiers of France . . . such as patriots dream of."—Page 204.

his hat. At the sight of his face they were silent. He began to speak. They listened. Their cigarettes went out. After a time they drew their chairs closer to where he sat. At this sign that his listeners were with him, his voice warmed.

"This day, while I idled, full-fed, in the sun, this day he ate his bread seasoned with despair—with an old man's hopeless despair. I asked him, 'Can it be you do not know of the Lavignac Home for Old Artists?' Surely there would be a retreat for you there.' At that it all came out with a rush. Yes, he knew the Home—knew much more about it than I. For many years he had planned to spend his days there, in the pleasant and honorable company of others who had devoted their lives to art. But the number is limited, vacancies come seldom. There was one now, and the director had stretched the rules to hold the place open for him. It was of no avail. A thousand francs are required for entrance, and he could not begin to make up that vast sum. No, it was impossible. To-morrow is his last day of grace, his last

opportunity to escape—ah, everything that old age fears the most.

"'But my dear Monsieur,' I said, 'What will you then do when your failing eyes compel you to stop painting?' And he answered, 'I could be one of the old men who sell post-cards before the door of the château—and I could eat less bread.' I ask you, my friends, have you *seen* those old men?"

"I went with him to his garret," he sketched it in quick, picture-making gestures; "a bed—such a bed!—a table—a chair—and everywhere else, copies, copies, copies, copies of that horror. He said no one had bought one for—he would not tell me for the honor of Young France for how many years. He has been living on what he had saved for entrance to the Lavignac Home, and now that is gone."

The cigarettes were not relighted, the foam on the books sank down and disappeared, no one moved. Jules's voice went on and on. A handkerchief appeared, and then others. Lachrymose Gallic noses were blown resoundingly. Sure of his au-

dience, Jules now let himself go. "It is as a service to his country—to our country!—that he has spent a lifetime copying that nightmare of a—voyons! I've told you what the picture is from our stand-point of paint and brushes. But listen! This is how he described it to me. 'There is the grand symbolical figure of La République,' he took off his dreadful old hat at the name, 'lifting up France, crushed and despairing, as the last Uhlan, loaded with French gold, rides out of her territory. La République points ahead, above. France raises her head, her eyes kindle, she strides forward on the stony path to rehabilitation. And behind her come the French, soldiers and bourgeois, young and old, men and women, all worn, pale, draped in black, but animated with indomitable courage, struggling forward, the strong helping the weak—ah, M. Dorival, a dream of France, as every Frenchman would have her!'"

Jules drew a long breath and flung out his hands. "Oh, I know we are all moderns, and have no belief in frontiers, and laugh at the old-fashioned jargon of patriotism." Without transition he passed swiftly on: "Why, every drop of French blood in me burned as he told me his story. For longer than any of us has lived he has toiled incessantly, not for gain—he was so proud to tell me that even in the days of the picture's great popularity he had never sold his copies for more than would barely support him. This he has done so that he might go on sending out over the country that he adores—what? Mediocre copies of an execrable picture? No! His vision of the ideal! 'I am but a dull and commonplace person,' he told me. 'In that black hour of France's need I could help her in no other way. This one thing I could do, and I would.' He is seventy years old. Mes amis! Frenchmen all!"

A little black-bearded youth from Gascony sprang to his feet, snatching off his hat. "A collection, comrades!" he cried.

Jules stopped him with a gesture. "He is not a beggar, but a member of our own profession, not to be helped with alms!"

They turned disconcerted and inquiring faces to him.

"I will tell you what I want of you," cried Jules, and embarked upon the second half of his plea. The chairs were still

drawn close, the cigarettes were still unlighted, the listeners were still breathless, but this time no handkerchiefs followed Jules's eloquence. Instead there were nods, quick gestures of understanding, outbreaks of delighted laughter, and, at the end, a storm of hilarious and voluble acquiescence. Jules rose, hailed a taxicab, and stood with one foot on the step, calculating rapidly: "Eight I leave here—the copies are fifty francs apiece, admission to the Lavignac Home is a thousand francs—twenty are needed. I must find twelve more before to-morrow, and I must select them with care! With *care!*" He gave an address in Montmartre to the *cocher*, leaped into the cab, and was off.

IV

THEY were startlingly diverse in character, united by no visible principle of selection, the interiors visited by Jules during the next four hours. A big, bare studio in Montmartre, with a famous name on the door, where a magnificent old man and his magnificent old wife laughed, when he entered, at what they called his "prophet-in-the-desert expression," but who did not wait for him to finish his story before they pushed him out into the street with a "Hurry! Hurry! Find the other ten!"

A rose-tinted little salon, near the Parc Monceau, where a rose-tinted little lady in white lace struck her pretty hands together and said, "Off with you to get the other nine!" A quiet little room in the St. Sulpice quarter, the abode of an old priest who went back to his interrupted writing saying, "But yes, of a surety, my son. Waste no more words on me. There are eight more needed." The long dormitory of a barracks where two young men, addressed respectively as Vicomte, and Red Jean, shook his hand in parting with the most correctly English gesture. They were laughing a great deal. One said, "You must make my peace with my royalist family for me!" The other, "A pretty rôle you pick out for your anarchist friends!" but they both called after him, "Six more, remember!" A laboratory in the big Sorbonne building, where two Russian girl chemists, in the midst of a smell that was almost visible, looked up from a test-tube to listen, and went back to it, calling after the departing



An elderly priest came into the room and began a leisurely inspection of the pictures.—Page 204.

young man, "We will bring Olga too, so you need but three more."

He had a rebuff when he pounded in vain at a studio door in a dark hall in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. A card on the door, which he finally deciphered, told him that Achille and Eugène has gone to the country for a week, and that Maurice owed so much money that he was obliged to hide, even from his friends, his temporary abiding-place. He turned away from this disconcerting information with an apprehensive look at his watch, but a flying trip to one of the boulevard theatres found a dressing-room still inhabited by a tiny creature, all big black eyes, fluffy tulle, and spangled wings. She stopped laughing

with another fairy as the young man began his story, and she was crying honestly into a large, red-checked handkerchief when he finished. The other fairy was crying too, so that as the cab rolled away, Jules wiped his forehead. "Nineteen—and I make the twentieth!" he said, and drew a long breath for the first time that evening.

At his hotel in Versailles he left strict orders for an early call at Number 43, but as the garçon conscientiously delivered this to the exasperated occupant of Number 45, it was late when he finished his breakfast and hurried to the château. The copyist was already at work. That is, he perched on his high stool, with a brush in his hand, but he was gazing ecstatically into space.

When Jules appeared, he climbed down, hung his palette carefully on his easel, and offered two trembling hands to his young friend. "I have misjudged Young France!" he said fervently. "Her heart still beats true!"

Jules looked a lively interest.

"I have sold two copies of this immortal work!" cried the copyist, his voice quavering. "But that is only a small thing compared to—I sold them to two soldiers of France, two young soldiers such as patriots dream of, full of heartfelt devotion to their country. It broke from them, at the sight of that superb allegory, like a flood-tide! I wished to *give* them copies! But no. They would buy."

"How do you manage?" asked Jules, "about delivering copies?"

"These young men asked me to bring them to-night to the Soleil d'Or."

"To the—?" asked Jules.

"That name is not on it, but all who know Versailles call thus the restaurant at the head of the Grand Canal. The soldiers are to dine there."

Jules nodded, and pulling out of his pocket a long string, proceeded to tie two knots in it. Then he tied a third and announced that he was ready to take that day the copy he had ordered the day before. Even as he spoke, an elderly priest came into the room and began a leisurely inspection of the pictures. Jules retired to the window and waited. After a time he was obliged to step forward to the rescue of the copyist, who was so overcome with pride and pleasure that he could not articulate. "I happen to know, my father," said Jules courteously, "that M. the copyist is to deliver several other examples of his fine work this evening at the Soleil d'Or. If that would be a satisfactory arrangement for the one you have bought—?"

The priest bowed, smiled, and passed on.

When he could speak, the copyist burst out, "And they say the clergy is not loyal! Did you hear—did you *hear* what he—?"

"I heard," said Jules. He was tying a fourth knot in his string.

The copyist took up his brushes with a dazed air and stood staring before him. A big party of Cook's tourists trampled in and out of the room under the guidance of a vociferously explanatory guide, and he did not stir. A group of school-girls from the

Lycée down the avenue came through demurely without arousing him. The little room was quite silent again, when he turned and came uncertainly toward Jules. "M. Dorival did I dream it—I have dreamed such things so many, many times—if this should turn out a dream, I—" he looked piteously at the other.

Jules forced his voice to a cheerful matter-of-fact tone as he confirmed the good news, and added: "I think I will sit here in the window recess and make a sketch. The glimpse one gets of the Grand Canal is charming." He felt that to look at the old man's face was an intrusion.

He turned his back to the room, the pictures, and the sight-seers who came and went. Across his knee lay the knotted string. After a time, hearing a man's voice in the next room, and a woman's answering it, he made two more knots and smiled. A magnificent old couple came in together. Jules sketched industriously during the conversation which followed. After they had gone out he ran over and slapped his old friend on the shoulder. "Do you know who that was? The great M. —!" he pronounced the name with reverence. "What would I not give for such praise from him!"

There was a rustle of silk, and all April seemed breathed about the room in the odor of lilacs. Jules, at his window, heard a silver voice exclaim over the beauty of the symbolical figure of La République—and he made another knot. The silence which followed this was broken by no word from the copyist, and the young man did not dare to look around.

Another loud-footed tourist party went through. After them came feminine voices talking sharp-pointed Russian. When they suddenly began to use French, Jules added three to his knots. There was still no comment from the copyist.

At noon the young man rose, stretched himself, and asked if the other supposed he could leave his sketching materials with one of the custodians until he returned from lunch. The old man was sitting on his high stool, his face in his hands. When he looked up, Jules saw that he had been weeping.

"You will pardon me, M. Dorival," he scrambled down apologetic, "I—it was too much when the Russian young ladies said



A magnificent old couple came in together.—Page 204.

they would take their copies home to aid in the establishment of a republic like ours." He was breathless. "That is an honor—a privilege—that I never dreamed—" He put on his hat wildly askew. "I need air!" he cried and disappeared.

As Jules was returning from his lunch, an automobile passed him at full speed. It flashed by in a whirlwind of smoke and dust, but he caught the wave of a tiny hand and a flashing salutation from a pair of black eyes. He found the copyist working like mad, though at the appearance of the young man he flung himself from his stool and across the room at him. "I have sold two more!" he shouted. "Think! That makes more than half of what I need! Perhaps if M. le Directeur knew, he might wait a little longer—" He clutched at his white hair and looked around him with a distraught air. Then without another word he scurried across the room, scam-

bled back on his stool, and began painting with feverish haste. Jules read dramatically in this the story of his life. He knew no other outlet for his emotion than to paint faster than usual.

Jules took up his sketch again, and the two worked silently. Cook's parties came and went, groups of school-boys trudged apathetically through under the guidance of bored instructors, and none of them paused in the third small room. The hours slipped by. Jules looked at his watch uneasily and glanced out of the window at the Grand Canal. Before the distant Soleil d'Or he could make out a group of waiters setting up an arched canopy over a long table. He smiled. Then he consulted his string and frowned.

"It is almost closing time," said the old copyist. His eyes had the dazed brightness of a child bewildered with joy. "I leave promptly to-day, for I—did you speak?"

Jules had given an exclamation. The next room had been suddenly filled with the scuffling of feet and a loud voice. He drew a long breath and put the string into his pocket.

"That must be a new guide," murmured

reached him. There was a pause, a colloquy, then a babel of voices bore down on him, with a clatter of feet.

They were coming back, all of them, and they were dragging the old copyist in their midst. At sight of Jules he broke away



Jules . . . heard a silver voice exclaim over the beauty of the symbolical figure of La République.—Page 204.

the copyist. "I do not recognize his stories."

The party of sight-seers entered the room, a group of seven young men, evidently art-students, listening respectfully to the explanations of a very young professor, a little, black-haired youth with a strong Gascon accent. Before the painting of La République raising up France he paused, took an attitude, and began. Jules felt that there were limits to his self-control and went hastily out into the long gallery. All alone in that great hall he laughed inextinguishably as the reverberations of the little man's impassioned oratory

from them and ran to him, his thin old legs shaking. "M. Dorival, they—all of them—eight—" It did not seem possible to Jules that the sad, wizened little countenance he had seen the day before could be the same as this radiant face of astounded joy. "And when I told them so," the copyist went on incoherently, "they—" he could not go on, but beckoned the leader to him with, "M. Dorival—an artist also—"

The little Gascon rose to the occasion. "Being all of us devotees of art, M. Dorival—I trust I have the name correct?—we seized upon the opportunity to acquire, each of us, a copy of Monsieur's fine work.



They were coming back, all of them, and they were dragging the old copyist in their midst.—Page 206.

Being also devotees of gayety we had arranged for a dinner at the *Soleil d'Or*. Monsieur the copyist happening to mention that our purchases were the last which made it possible for him to retire honorably on the proceeds of his industry, we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of making our dinner a festal one in honor of the happy ending of our older comrade's admirable career—a pleasure we would be pleased to have you as a fellow artist share with us."

Jules accepted gravely, and added that he happened to know that several other of the copyist's patrons were dining that night at the *Soleil d'Or*, and that they would doubtless consider it a privilege, as he did, to join in honoring so faithful a servant of their glorious country. With that he tucked the old man's arm into his, and bowed profoundly. The Gascon bowed profoundly, the eight burst into cheers, escaped the wrath of the custodians by prompt flight out into the park, and laughing, singing, prancing, swept down to the *Soleil d'Or*.

V

THE dinner was a memory—a memory which the copyist declared fervently was beyond anything which Paradise might have to offer him. He still sat under the awning of the *Soleil d'Or*, at one end of the long table, with the eighteen dismantled and deserted places. A wreath of ivy had slipped to the back of his head and framed his tired old face, set in a white beatitude which was almost stupor. Jules, at the

other end, silently reviewed the evening, his black eyes sparkling with reminiscent hilarity. It had been beyond anything he had hoped. Different incidents of the improvised programme of celebration rose before him with a vividness which sent him into fits of inner laughter. That he should have lived to hear the Vicomte de Presle declaim an ode to the tricolor! Had it all been a tipsy hallucination or had the Princess Olga Karakoff eulogized the glory of the Republic in the past, and Jean La Cloche, that reddest of anarchists, responded with a prediction of the Republic's future lustre! That the most famous champion of the Church against the State should have been toast-master and should have called for such speeches! And that moment when the undisputed head of their profession had advanced to crown with a wreath the white hairs of a man who had spent a long life in scattering abroad—Jules bowed his head in his arms and shook with mirth at the recollection of the face of the magnificent old painter when he looked at the twenty copies standing all in a row.

But nothing—nothing!—could equal the finale. Jules was almost of the opinion of his old friend that Paradise itself could offer nothing more delectable than the spectacle of that motley assemblage of ultra-sophisticated and disillusioned sceptics, adorned lavishly with red, white and blue ribbons and flags, standing about the table, hand in hand, shouting out the "*Mar-seillaise*" at the tops of their voices.



A wreath of ivy had slipped to the back of his head and framed his tired old face.—Page 207.

He looked down the table at his old beneficiary who, quite exhausted, had fallen asleep, with his head on a bouquet of violets presented by the two Tanagra figurines who, as France and La République, had so delighted the company in an improvised pantomime dance. Jules grinned widely at the recollection. He went around the table and took the old man's purse out of his pocket to count the money in it. There were fifteen hundred francs. He slipped it back again with a nod of appreciation. "They are good souls, all of them," he said aloud, and stood looking down in a sudden musing reverie. A gust of warm air brought to his keen young senses the pungent aroma of awakening life. He stepped from under the awning, out of the glare of the lights, and found himself in the midst of that silent miracle, a night in spring.

Above the tracery of the trees, misty and veiled with opening leaf-buds, the innumerable stars gazed down at their reflection in the quiet water. There was not a sound, but he was breathed upon by a thousand faint odors and wandering breezes that shook him like little twanging

touches on his heart-strings. At first, with his painter's instinct, he matched himself arrogantly against the incredible harmony of the night's black upon black. "Thus! Thus!" he thought, "could I reproduce that effect, this shadow, that lessening of the dark's opaque mass." He flung his challenge to the night with a sweep of his sensitive painter's hand.

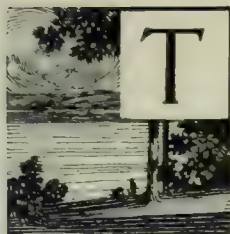
The night answered nothing, holding its breath in a pause so expectant that the young man heard his heart beat loudly. Then there fell about him suddenly the final benediction of his genius, that exalting, humbling divination of the whole, which transforms the thinker into the philosopher, the painter into the artist. He did not sink to his knees, but he took off his hat and gazed up at the stars, his face as white and radiant as they.

He looked back at the copyist, asleep in his chair, his old face still ecstatic. "Ah, who are we to judge of good and bad?" said Jules lightly, although his voice was not steady. "Perhaps—who knows—if one knew all—perhaps one might see that the old man's work has been as good as—the best!"

HIS QUEST, AND THE END OF IT

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



THE Hudson's Bay Company's factor stood on the pier at Bear Island, and looked at the stringpiece. He was experienced in his business and knew his people, which was the reason that he did not look directly at the old Indian, who seemed part of the birch canoe in which he was sitting, nor ask him a direct question.

"Goin' north?" queried the factor.

"Áh-hah." Jacques Lefebvre sat with his paddle resting across his knees while his slight craft bobbed about on the waves.

"Goin' far?" continued the factor.

"Gowganda way," responded Jacques.

For an appreciable interval both of them smoked and looked at the stringpiece.

"They're gettin' a lot of silver up there," volunteered the factor uninterestedly.

"Guess so," answered Jacques. "I go fin' out."

"Goin' to get rich, are you?" asked the factor's Cockney clerk.

Jacques paid no attention to this remark, but placed his pipe carefully on the bulge of the pack that lay in front of him in the boat, nodded his head the least bit in the world, and dipped his paddle. He seemed only to caress the water, but the little birch stood forward as if there was life in it.

"Look at him," commented the factor. "Sixty-five if he's a day, and he'll keep that rate up till he gets to Gowganda."

His age was what worried Jacques. He had become conscious of it in the last year or two, had perceived an occasional stiffness in his joints, an infinitesimal loss of catlike litheness, a certain proneness to fatigue. Men were growing rich over night in that mining district, and with the coming of wealth to the country the possibility of a destitute old age had become a spectre to him. Ten years more on the trail—certainly no longer than that—and the spectre would become a reality. After that, for perhaps ten years more, he would sit in a

sunny spot in the Company's reservation, and make baskets and moccasins—women's work. Then, if he were unfortunate enough to live so long, a few years of helplessness, during which the Company and the little Roman Catholic mission would share the care of him. The prospect was scarcely more pleasing to him than the chance of starvation. Yet all around him were rocks heavy with silver and cobalt—men even talked of gold—and he did not know ore from sandstone. Possibly he had passed a rich deposit a thousand times in his wanderings, and had pegged down his tent with stones worth a small fortune. The thought had taken possession of him, occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything else, and came over him with fresh force whenever he found a day too long or a load too heavy. Finally, it had forced him out of his lifelong habits; this winter he would neither trap nor hunt, but would go to Gowganda and work in the mines. In the spring, when the ice had gone out and canoe travel was once more practicable, he would leave, and would find—what he would find. If the factor had not been inquisitive Jacques would have drifted into the bush as silently as a moose. He was not secretive; that was merely the way of his race.

Eight days of silent, steady travel lay between him and Gowganda; travel such as would have brought an unseasoned white man, however young, to the verge of exhaustion, and would have taxed severely any white man, however seasoned. It did not trouble Jacques in the least. By paddle and portage he covered about thirty miles a day between sunrise and sunset, and would have smiled in mockery if any greenhorn had suggested that he was going fast. On a little lake about sixty miles from Gowganda his eyes caught the glimmer of a squared stump on the shore, the usual mark of a claim. He swung his canoe toward it and went to pass the time of day with the prospectors. He followed

the trail up the hill until he came upon them at work; they, glad enough to see anybody, laid down their picks.

"Bo' jou," said Jacques.

"Howdy," replied the prospectors.

Jacques finished shaving tobacco from his plug, filled his pipe, and held his thumb over the bowl.

"Silver?" he asked.

"Yes—lots of it," replied the younger of the prospectors, "and cobalt."

"Ah-hah."

Jacques lit his pipe and squatted on his heels. This, when done at all in civilization, is stiffly done; Jacques came down easily, with a little springy rebound, as if he had sat gently upon a wire mattress. The prospectors, eager to talk and new to the woods, asked him direct questions.

"Where did you hail from?"

"Temagami."

"Goin' far?"

"Gowganda."

"Lookin' for work, are you?"

"Ah-hah."

During this cross-examination Jacques remained motionless, his pipe in the hollow of his palm to keep the wind from smoking his tobacco, one hand hanging loose between his knees, with a fragment of stone in it, and his eyes fixed on his interlocutors.

"They want men up there."

"I hear so."

"Do you know much about mining?"

The younger of the two was growing a little impatient with the Indian's taciturnity.

"This rock—good ore?" Jacques queried.

"It mostly is here. Toss it over and let's have a look at it."

Jacques did so, and picked from the ground another piece like it, which he crumbled with a callous thumb.

"Soft, eh?" he said.

"It's all like that," said the younger prospector. "You can pick it out with a knife. See that purple stuff—purple and bluish with the red bit below?" He pointed at the ledge that rose in front of them. "That's cobalt bloom."

"Means silver, eh?" said Jacques.

"Pretty often. There's a little copper in it, and plenty of iron pyrites." He knocked out his pipe. "Well, we've got to be working."

Jacques rose as lightly as he had squatted.

"Goo'-by," he said, and moved off down the trail.

They did want men at Gowganda, and all winter long he worked in the drifts, silent and unperturbed, but using all the power of observation that the woods had bred in him, and storing away what knowledge he acquired with the accurate visual memory of the illiterate. Six times he changed jobs, and the workings in every mine of the six were different, adapted to the lie of the land and the character of the ore. Now and then Jacques asked questions of his fellow laborers, but, for the most part, he had no need to do so, for engineers came through almost every day, and he heard them talk of minerals as they passed him or paused beside him and took specimens of the ore. There was also McFarlane, superintendent of one of the mines, a man wonted to the forest and the ways of the forest, who came now and then to Jacques's tent and spent an evening with him. From him Jacques learned much, for McFarlane was not long in discovering the Indian's object, and was not unwilling to help him in the attainment of it. Jacques cared nothing for the names that bristled from the body of McFarlane's speech—diabase, diorite, quartz, syenite—for these meant nothing to him; but he learned the difference between rock that looks as if it held silver, and rock that really does hold it. Sometimes prospective buyers came through the mines, but these were not frequent in that iron winter. One of them brought his wife.

"Who is that?" she said, as Jacques passed her in the dusk of the tunnel.

"An Indian, Mrs. Walton," answered McFarlane, who was showing her about.

"The only one in the mines."

She paused and looked after Jacques.

February passed and the March winds hurried through the sadly depleted forest about Gowganda. Heavy, gray clouds crept over the chill blue of the winter sky; the thermometer rose, one day, till the snow on the log roofs came sliding down in avalanches, and fell the next till the breath froze in the nostrils. April came, and with it a ripple of melting snow that continued night and day. Toward the middle of this month Jacques took his

canoe out of the bark shelter that he had built for it near his tent, and worked all day over it with a flat stick and a pot of boiling pitch. The ice would not go out for nearly a month, but the warm weather made him uneasy; something within him that was far stronger than he

"'Morning, Jacques," he said, and added, pointing to the dump heap, "poor stuff, this."

"Ah-hah," said Jacques, with a falling inflection.

"I've got some first-class samples in the office," went on McFarlane.



Jacques . . . worked all day over it with a flat stick and a pot of boiling pitch.

was forcing him to prepare for the trail, as his ancestors before him for countless generations had done. Work irked him sorely; he gave up his job, and spent whole days moving about upon the piles of discarded low-grade ore, picking up a piece here and there and crumbling it. McFarlane once came upon him while he was thus engaged.

"Ah-hah," this time with a rising inflection.

"I'm on my way there now, if you care to come."

Jacques followed him, wasting no words. In the office, McFarlane pointed to some narrow, open shelves, and swung back the doors of the cabinet where he kept his more valuable specimens.



Drawn by F. E. Schanover.

It was a still paradise that he looked upon, free from any trace of man.—Page 214.

"Look at 'em all you like," he said as he sat down at his desk and began the routine of the day.

For perhaps half an hour Jacques moved quietly about. The cabinet took the better part of his attention; he picked up the specimens one by one, examined them carefully, and replaced them exactly in their places. McFarlane, absorbed in his work, became presently aware that Jacques was standing beside him, with a piece of peculiar mineral in his hand.

"You've picked the best of the lot," he said, smiling.

"It don't belong Gowganda, eh?" asked Jacques.

"No." McFarlane took the stone in his hand; the light caught its surfaces at a new angle, and brought out fresh hues from the incrustations. He looked at it half angrily, twisting it about in the sunlight. "No. That's a Nevada bit. I'd be a rich man if I owned that mine. It's partly cobalt bloom, but there are crystals of all sorts in it also."

He handed it back to Jacques who looked at it intently before he put it back.

"When do you leave Gowganda, Jacques?" asked McFarlane.

"In two days."

"Hunting, or guiding, or what?"

"Prospectin'."

"Look in before you go, and say good-by."

"Ah-hah." And Jacques was gone.

That night the spring quickened the air more imperatively than ever. The trees rustled a new call; the sweet, damp odor of thawing came up from the ground; the river gave out once again that indescribable smell of fresh water, which resembles to some degree the taste of flat Apollinaris, yet is pleasant, and to some the most alluring smell in all the world. As it grew dark, Jacques threw a couple of logs on his cooking fire and sat beside it. It was Saturday night; some men on the way to the dance-hall about ten o'clock saw him there, and greeted him as they passed; if he heard them he gave no sign. Lake by lake, range by range, valley by valley, he was going in his mind over the trails of fifty years. Some of them he had trapped over many winters in succession, to some he had guided campers in the search for game, some of them he had visited but once in the

half century. One and all, he knew them as a scholar knows his library shelves, and the trails of his boyhood were only a little less distinct than the journeys of last year. Unhesitatingly he could have travelled them all again—nameless lakes and nameless streams—but the one thing for which he was now grasping kept eluding him, and was always just beyond his reach in some cobwebbed recess of his brain. He knew that he had seen rock such as McFarlane had shown him; somewhere, sometime, long ago, he had seen it, and the picture that hovered mistily as the goal of his search was the presentment of a quiet lake, red-gold under the sunset. Patiently, for half the night, he tried to locate it, eliminating now this, now that almost untrodden path, pondering and rejecting a hundred mirages that more or less closely resembled it.

The next day he laid in his supplies and said good-bye to McFarlane; the day after, at dawn, he left Gowganda.

He went as a man does who knows whither he is going. His route took him in a north-westerly direction; after the first few days he saw no one. It is unlikely in the extreme that he completely sensed the content of those sixteen days of lonely travel, but the content was there, keen as the wind-blown lands that were a part of him, and the keener for his winter in the bare and squalid mining town. It was a home-coming; he had never before been in a town for so long a period. On the sixteenth day he pitched his tent on a little lake, in the bight of a rocky point that had a color of its own beside the color that the sunset gave it. The dawn of the next day seemed to tarry about it; broad day came, and the deep shades still lingered in the stone. With his after-breakfast pipe still in his mouth, Jacques went after firewood, for it was in his mind that this would be a long camp. Two hours later he sat upon the woodpile beside his tent, and kicked the sizable stone with which he had anchored one of the ropes. It moved under his foot, and a piece dropped from the corner of it, leaving a clean surface of cleavage. Jacques did not bend to examine it more closely. For the remainder of the day he wandered about upon the point, here and there knocking off a piece of the rock with the back of his axe, and contemplating it.

McFarlane had presented him with a prospector's pick as a parting gift, but old habit was strong in him and he held by the axe. The find was rich, almost beyond belief; in three places a broad, tarnished, metallic band slashed across the face of the rock, and showed bright under the attrition of the axehead. Once before, at Cobalt, had Jacques seen the like; it was the sight of the town, and men showed one the dents that hobnails had made in it.

Toward evening a slight interruption of the shadow on the opposite shore, half a mile or so away, caught Jacques's eye. He launched his canoe and paddled across the lake as silently as a shark goes through the sea. When the deer lifted its head, Jacques sat motionless; when the nose dropped again into the grasses, he drifted on again. In the end, one shot killed it.

That night a cow-moose called for an hour in the same marsh. In the morning, a little way from his tent, he found bear tracks, and there were signs of marten and fisher on the banks of the little stream. Never before had his manifold inheritances so stirred in this man. It had needed absence to bring him so completely into harmony with his background; in these days all the changes that had been wrought in him by his tangent contacts with civilization fell away from him. Time and again he laid his axe gently down, and sat motionless upon the summit of the incredibly rich outcrop, his eyes far seeing, his ear attuned to every whisper of sound from the woods behind. All his senses, made dull in the chill damp of the mines, grew sharp again; smells in particular meant to him almost as much as they do to a dog. The

sun and the air were tightening his slack perceptions and putting them in tune again. Nevertheless and for several days he went about upon the rock, making certain of the richness of it, and taking specimens to show to possible purchasers.

From day to day he postponed his departure, and every day he worked less long upon his claim. He took to spending long hours in the bush, marking down haunts of otter, beaver, and marten; occasionally he came close to one of the animals, for they had seldom, if ever, seen a man and were unafraid. He could get fresh meat almost without moving from his tent door; the place was as God meant certain places to be till the Day of Judgment. So, as June grew big with the young year, the forest claimed his allegiance as it had never done before.

Three weeks after the day of his arrival he *cached* all save two of his specimens, made his pack, and loaded his canoe. Where the stream debouched into the lake he turned and looked back, allowing his canoe to drift broadside before the light breeze. It was a still paradise that he looked upon, free from any trace of man, for even the place of his own late camp was invisible at this distance, so small was the scar it had left on the face of the wilderness. The many-colored rock dominated the scene, and in the marsh two moose were feeding.

"Sometam," said Jacques, speaking for the first time in twenty-four days, "sometam' I come back, mebbe."

He dipped his paddle, and the birch slipped through the water on the long return journey to Temagami.





REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK IV—(Continued)

VIII



THE scattered party was suddenly strung to ten-sity; Morosine drew himself up, stiff as steel, but stood his ground. Here was the man he had waited for, who was necessary to him. Lady Maria, blinking her little black eyes, Melusine, hers in a blur of mist, Gerald Scales, level and impassive, joined the other three.

Ingram, with a stretched smile, was volubly explaining. "I've been in London a week—to-day's the first glimpse of the sun I've had. I do think they might make better arrangements for a man home from Africa. I met your mother last night at a play. She told me that I might see you here." He turned, without effrontery, to greet Melusine. "Ages since we have met. Ah, Scales, how are you?"

The tall Melusine stooped her head; Scales nodded, then, by an afterthought, shook hands. "I'm very fit, thanks," he said. "Been travelling?"

Sanchia sought the side of Lady Maria, to whom she named Ingram. His exaggerated bow was accepted. "So you've arrived, I see," said Lady Maria.

"One does, you know," Ingram shrugged at the inevitable. "All roads lead to Rome."

"Most roads lead to Lady Maria," Morosine said to Sanchia, who replied from her heart, "I'm very glad that mine did."

Moved either by loyalty to his friendship, or touched by his recent words, she then brought him bodily into play. "Mr. Nevile Ingram; Prince Morosine."

The two men inclined; Morosine lifted his hat, Ingram touched his brim.

Ingram, whom Morosine judged as a hard worker just now, supported his part with great gallantry. If he was naked to all these people who knew him, he appeared quite unashamed. Morosine, watching him carefully, believed that he had devoted a night's vigil to getting word-perfect. He described Khartoum with vivacity—the English drill-sergeant reigning over mud-heaps, flies, and prowling dogs, getting up cricket-matches for the edification of contemptuous blacks. "They judge us, those fellows, you know. They are measuring us with their glazed eyes. The cud they chew has gall in it. I don't suppose anything offends them more deeply than our idiotic games. Is there a more frivolous race in the world than ours?"

Lady Maria suggested that the Boers might ask that question; Morosine that the Germans might answer it. Sanchia, standing between these two, faced by Ingram, kept silent. She was conscious of being closely under observation. Morosine did not once lose sight of her. Whatever he said was addressed to her. Once, when she looked at him, she saw the gleam of knowledge in his eyes. He and Ingram never spoke to each other directly; indirectly Morosine capped whatever Ingram

said. It was these two who maintained the talk, through her sensitive frame.

Melusine and her husband exchanged glances—she in obedience to his fidgety heel. He had dug a hole in the gravel deep enough to bury a kitten. Her curtsey—it was almost that—to Lady Maria was very pretty. She drew in her suffering sister, almost embraced her. “Dearest, dearest!” she whispered. Sanchia, who was very pale, made no answer, and hardly returned the salute.

“Insufferable beggar,” was Gerald Scales’s outburst. “I could have shot him at sight. But you women will go through with it, I suppose.”

“Oh, Gerald,” faltered Melusine, “it’s dreadful—but what can she do?”

“’Pon my soul, I’d take Morosov—the Polish party—what’s-his-name—first. I would indeed—on the whole.”

There was nothing to say. Melusine knew that could not be.

Lady Maria, however, who never made a fuss over spilt milk, lost no time in ladling up what might be possible. She asked Ingram to luncheon, and was accepted with a cheerful “Thanks, most happy.” It may have been malice which turned her to Morosine with the question, “And you? Will you join us?”

Morosine promptly excused himself. He had guests, and must consider them. He took ceremonious leave. “You remember, I hope, that I am to see you on Thursday, Lady Maria. And Miss Percival?” He looked at Sanchia, who did not turn him her eyes.

“Perfectly,” said her ladyship. “What’s your hour?”

“We will dine at half-past eight.” He named the restaurant. He turned to pay his farewells to Sanchia. She looked him No, being unable to speak to him. Her eyes, deep lakes of woe, were crying to him. He answered.

He held out his hand and received hers. “Thursday,” he repeated, and left her with her fate.

Lady Maria, at luncheon, made what she called the best of a bad business. She treated Ingram to a brisk curiosity. “So you’re a wanderer, I hear—like the Gay Cavalier of my childhood. Your mother

may have heard the song. Mine sang it. I believe that that kind of thing was considered heroic in her day; in ours heroism is more difficult, and much more dull. You might try heroism, Mr. Ingram.”

“I might, no doubt,” Ingram said. “Hitherto, I’ve preferred to travel. But I’m home for good now, so far as I can see.”

“We all hope so,” said Lady Maria. “But that remains to be seen.”

“Of course it does,” said Ingram blandly, and turned to Sanchia. “I thought your mother looking very well. Your father wasn’t there. I saw Philippa, by the way; but I suppose she didn’t remember me. That was her husband with her, I take it. Stiff old boy.” So he went on, letting bygones be bygones. It was after luncheon that her ordeal came.

Lady Maria having departed for her siesta, he came instantly to Sanchia with his hand out for her. “Sancie, I couldn’t talk before all those people. You must forgive me, my dear. You are too good a sort—you must forgive me.”

He had to wait; but slowly she lifted her hand, and let him take it. “I have forgiven you,” she said. He stroked her arm.

“That’s nice of you—that’s like you. I know that I behaved like a brute. I was awfully cut up about it afterwards—but, as you know, I had great provocation.”

“Not from me, I think.” Her eyes were upon him now.

“No, no,” he admitted, “certainly not from you; but—well, perhaps I may say that I had some ground for thinking that you—possibly—No, I don’t think I ought to say that. At any rate, I thought then that I had. As for that young friend of yours—but he’s nothing. It’s you I want to make my peace with.”

“It’s not difficult,” she said. “I tell you that I don’t bear any malice. I bore none at the time. I wanted to go.”

He let her hand slide from his, and plunged his own into his pockets. “I know you did; I felt it at the time. That hurt me a good bit. I had come to rely upon you so much—oh, for every mortal thing. I expect the whole place has gone to the devil now. You had your hand on the tiller, by Jove! You kept a straight course! You see, I’d got into the way of

thinking we were—married, don't you know, and all that——”

“I think you had, indeed,” she said. He saw her wry smile.

“I know what you mean by that. You mean, if that's marriage—many thanks! Well, my dear, all I can say is, you were absolutely wrong. It was *not* marriage—it never had been, and you know it couldn't have been. But if it had been, Sannie, you'd have been as right as rain. You know you would. Your own place—everything to your hand—society—all that kind of thing. Why, you'd never have thought it amiss in me to go off tiger-shooting for a bit. You'd have had your whack of travelling, playing the grass widow; you'd have entertained, had all sorts of little games—and both of us been all the better. No! But it was just because our relationship was so infernally irregular that you felt those separations—took them, if I may say it, so hard. Depend upon it, that was it.”

Her lip curled back, though she said nothing. She wondered if he had always been quite so fatuous as this, quite so sublimely unhumorous. If he had, what under heaven had she been about? That she could have believed this smug cockscomb to have loved her—to have been capable of anything but hunger and thirst for her—incredible! It made her out precisely as fatuous as he. And yet she said nothing. With the likes of him nothing seemed worth doing except to forget him.

And she was to marry him, to live in his house, to see him daily—ah, and more than that; and yet she said nothing of what her curled-back lip expressed. She was in the presence of her Fate, and, as ever, was dumb before it. To make him shrivel under scorn, to wind her tongue about him like a whip till he writhed; to play the honest woman and tell him quietly that she did not love and had nothing more to say to him; or to ask him urgently for release—she did none of these things: none of them entered her head. She had never shirked the apportioning of the Weaving Women. Destiny was unquestionable. She felt that she abhorred Ingram. What she was to suffer from him she knew but too well. And yet she knew also that she was going to marry him, to be neglected by him, put to scorn, betrayed. All these things she would undergo, because they could not be

avoided. She was bound as well as gagged. Her destiny was before her, as her character was within. The one had begotten the other. She had sowed, and now she was to reap. Her stony mind contemplated the harvest, and saw that it was just.

Therefore she said nothing, but stood with her foot on the fender, shading her face from the fire with her thin hand. In this attitude, though able to see sideways what was coming upon her, she stood nerveless to his approach. “Sannie, my own Sannie,” he said, and put his arm about her, and drew her bodily to his side. She stiffened, but allowed it.

“Dearest girl, tell me that you forgive me—tell me that. I am wretched without you—I can't go on like this. It's not good for me: my health suffers. Darling Sannie, forgive poor old Neville. He was once your boy—you loved him so much. For the sake of old times, Sannie, my dear!”

She could only say, “I have forgiven you—you know that. I have told you so.” He pressed her closely to him, feeling his urgent need to make the most of what she had to give him. Her apathy struck him mortally chill; he wooed her the more desperately.

Holding her to his heart—an inanimate burden—he kissed her lax lips, her eyelids, her hair; called her by names whose use she had long forgotten, whose revival caused her pain like nausea. If he could have known it, this was the last way to win her. It was like pressing upon a queasy invalid the sweets which had made him sick. But he, remembering their ancient potency, seeing himself the triumphant wielder of charms, felt secure in them still; therefore she was his darling, his hardy little lover, his Queen of Love, his saucy Sannie, his lass. On fire himself by his own blowing, at last he fell upon his knees and clasped hers—“Dearest, most beautiful, my own, I love you more than ever. Comfort me, be my salvation—I pray that I may be worth your while. Marry me, Sannie, and save my soul alive.”

Honestly, for the moment, he believed himself irresistible, and so far succeeded with her that her disgust hid itself in a cloud of pity. She felt pity for a man abject at her feet, and could speak more kindly to him.

But she could not bring herself to touch him. Looking down at him there, her eyes were softer, and her lips took a gentler curve. "You mustn't be down there," she said. "I don't like to see you there—and can't talk to you till you get up. Let's sit down and talk—if you will." He rose obediently and stood with heaving chest, while she drew a chair to the fire and seated herself. Then he took to the hearth-rug, and possessed himself of her hand.

"What a cold hand, my dear! Oh, Sencie, how I could have warmed you once! Is that never to be again? Don't tell me so, for God's sake."

"Oh, how can I tell!" cried she. "Surely you can understand me better than that? Do you ask me to forget everything that has happened in eight years?"

"I asked you to forgive me, my dear."

"And I have forgiven."

"But do you store these things up against me? That's not too generous, is it?"

"I don't store anything," she assured him; "but it wouldn't be honest of me to pretend I am what I was—once. I was a child then, and now I'm a woman. You have made me that. I am what you made me."

He stared into the fire, dropped her hand, which she instantly hid under the other.

"You mean to tell me, then," he said, "that I have made you cease to care?"

She tried to soften the verdict. "You seemed to me not to care very much yourself. You left me for a year together——"

"Once, my dear. I left you for one year."

"One whole year, you know," she replied, "and for other times too."

"I never ceased to love you," he vowed. "You must be aware how much I depended upon you. You were always with me."

She could have laughed at him. "I don't pretend to the same state of mind. During those absences of yours I learned to be happy alone—and I was happy, too."

This seemed horrible to him. "I could not have believed it of you," he said aghast. "You must have changed indeed."

"I have changed," she owned. He started to his knees and clasped her.

"Beloved, I can change you again—I am the man who had your heart. I must do it—it's my right as well as my duty.

Trust me again, my own; give me your dear hand again—and you shall see. If you are changed for the worse, I am changed for the better. You have redeemed me—What is it they say in the Bible? By your stripes I am healed. Yes, yes—that's precisely it. Kiss me, my own girl; kiss me." His eyes implored: she stooped her sad head that he might kiss her. He strained upward and held her until she broke away with a sob. "Oh, leave me, leave me for a little while," she prayed him brokenly. "I can't talk any more now; I assure you I can't."

He begged her pardon for his vehemence. "I'm pretty bad myself, you know. This kind of thing plays the deuce with a man's heart."

She could thank him with a woman's for this naïve assurance. "I don't doubt you for a moment," she said. "You have been rather eloquent."

"Eloquent, my dear!" He raised his eyebrows. "You might spare me congratulations upon my eloquence. I don't deserve very much, perhaps—though God knows I tried to make you comfortable; but perhaps I deserve credit for sincerity."

She was not to be drawn that way. "I don't doubt your sincerity in the least," she said. "But I wish you to allow for mine. I am changed, and have told you so."

"I can see that you are. Heaven knows that. Perhaps I deserve it: I don't know. It's hardly for me to talk about my own points, is it? Criticism, from whichever side it comes, does seem to me out of place in a love-scene. And you found me eloquent in spite of it! Surely I may congratulate myself upon that."

She looked at him standing before her, his arms folded; she showed him a face too dreary to be moved by sarcasm. "You may congratulate yourself on lots of things, I'm sure."

Annoyance began to prick him; he showed spirit. "You are tired—and I may have tired you. I won't do that any longer. I think I'll go, if you'll excuse me to your Lady Maria. Sensible lady, that. She goes to sleep. . . ." He took a turn over the room, then came back and stood over her. "I have not had my answer yet. I'll come for it in a few days' time. May I hope you'll have it for me—say, to-day week?"

"What is the question I have to answer?" She looked up for it, though she knew what it was to be quite well.

"Do you wish it repeated?" He was perfectly cool by now. "I'll put it categorically. I have wronged you, and wish to repair my fault: will you allow it? I love you more than before: will you permit me to prove it? I believe that I can make you happy: may I try?"

She had scarcely listened, and when she answered him, did not lift her head. "I can't answer you now, Nevile. Don't ask me."

"I have not asked you. I have simply put my questions fairly. I will come for my answer next Sunday afternoon. Good-by, Sanchia."

He held out his hand and received hers—which he kissed. Then he turned and left her alone.

"I should swallow him, if I were you," was Lady Maria's spoken reflection upon what her young friend was able to tell her. "I should swallow him like a pill. You won't taste him much, and he'll do you worlds of good. The world? I'm not talking of the world. I never do. He'll put you right with yourself. That's much more to the point. He's in love with you, I believe. From what you tell me, that's new. You suppose that he was in love with you before. I do not. He was in love with himself, as you presented him. Most men are. Now you are to occupy that exceedingly comfortable position of a woman out of love with her husband, extravagantly beloved by him. Next to being a man's mistress there's no surer ground for you than that, with respectability added, mind you. No mean addition. Take my advice, my dear, and you won't regret it."

But Sanchia knew at the bottom of her heart that Ingram was not in love with her. He wanted her—restored to his collection.

IX

ON the Monday morning, after a night of broken sleep, she received a letter from her mother.

"My dear child," Mrs. Percival wrote, "I met Nevile Ingram, *quite unexpectedly*, on Saturday evening. Yesterday he called here, after he had seen you in the house

where you choose to remain. Our interview was naturally distressing, and I should be glad to feel sure that you could spare me a *third*. I need not remind you of the first.

"But I feel bound to own, from what I could learn from him of his *discussion* (as I must call it) with you, that I am most uneasy. If I were to say *unhappy*, tho' it would be less than the truth, you might accuse me of exaggeration. That I could not bear. Therefore, let uneasy be the word. Is it possible, I ask myself, that my youngest child—my latest-born—can find it in her heart to *torture* the already agonized heart of her mother? I put the question to you, Sanchia, for I am incapable myself of finding the answer. I blush to write it—but such is the terrible fact. I can only beg you to put me out of suspense as gently as may be. I am growing old. There are limits to what a gray-haired mother's heart can bear.

"Mr. Ingram's proposals toward a settlement of the untold *ruin* he has wrought in a once smiling and contented household, were (I must say) liberal. That they were all that they should be, I must not declare—for how could that ever be? He put himself, however, and his extremely handsome fortune unreservedly in my hands and those of your father, who was not present at our interview. He was *resting*, I believe—his own phrase. Philippa came in to tea, with her trusty, honorable Tertius, and was more than gracious to N. You know her way. She *stoops* more charmingly than any woman I have ever met. Her manners, certainly, are to be copied.

"His position in the county—I return to Nevile—I need not dwell upon. It may be *brilliant*. A Justice of the Peace at thirty-two! I leave you to imagine what he might become, building upon that, if he were blessed with the loving companionship of a *tender, chaste and Xtian wife*. Such an one could guide him into Green Pastures—and such an one only. Secure in the gratitude of his inferiors, the respect of his peers, reconciled to the Altar, and his God: one sees before Nevile the upright, prosperous, honored career of an English Gentleman. There is no higher, I believe. But it is clear to all of those who truly love you, my child, that you only can ensure him these advantages. He is sincerely penitent now—of that I am sure. Who can tell, how-

ever, what relapse there may be unless he is taken in hand?

"You have been his curse, but may be his Blessing. You have my prayers.

"I beg my compliments to Lady Maria Wenman if she condescends to recognize the existence of

"Your affect^e. Mother,

"CATHERINE WELBORE PERCIVAL.

"P. S. Nevile assures me that his cousin, the Bishop, would perform the rite. This would be a *great thing*. One must think of N.'s position in the county."

"Venus, wounded in the side . . ." is the opening line of an old poem of Senhouse's, one of those "Greek Idylls" with which he made his bow to the world—old placid stories illuminated by modern fervid fancy; nursery-rhyme versions, we may call them, of the myths. "Venus, wounded in the Side," recounts how the Dame, struck by a shaft of her son's, ran moaning from one ally to another seeking Pity, the only balm that could assuage her wound. To the new lover, to the old, to the fresh-wedded, to the long-mated: from one to the other she ran—hand clapped to the throbbing heart. None could help her. "Pity! What's that?" cried the first. "I triumph: rejoice with me. Is she not like the sun in a valley?" The second cursed her for a procuress. The bride stirred in her sleep, and whispered, "Kiss me again, Beloved." As for the fourth, he said, "All my Pity was for myself. It is gone; now I am frost-bound." Venus wept: Adonis healed the wound.

Sanchia, reading long afterwards, saw in it a parallel to her case, when she, stricken deep, ran about London ways for a soothing lotion. She saw herself trapped; felt the steel bite to the bone. Tears might have helped her, but she had none: pray she could not, nor crave mercy. It was not Ingram who held her caged, but Destiny; and there's no war with him.

She thought of Vicky, of Melusine. Their kisses would have been sweet, but she knew what they would say. Melusine's sideways head, her sighed "Dearest, how sad! But life is so serious, isn't it?" She saw the gleam in Vicky's eyes, and heard her "Dear old Sannie, how splendid! Now you'll be all right." Then she would clasp her round the neck and whisper in her ear,

"Do make me an aunt—I shall adore your baby. Quick, darling!" She turned her back on Kensington and Camberley, and went into the city—to The Poultry, with her griefs.

Poor Mr. Percival's rosy gills and white whiskers, his invariable "Well, Sannie—well, my dear, well, well—" called her home. She ran forward, clung to him, and lay awhile in his arms, short-breathing, breathless for the advent of peace. To his "What is it, my love? Tell your old father all about it," she could only murmur, "Oh, dearest, what shall I do?" He urged her again to tell him what the matter was—"What has hurt you? Who has dared to hurt my darling? Show me that scoundrel—" but she was luxuriating in new comfort and would say nothing. Into her false peace she snuggled and lay still; and the honest man, loving her to be there, let her be.

Presently she opened her weary eyes, looked up, and smiled, then snuggled again. He led her to his office-chair, and took her on his knee. "Lie here, my bird, make your pillow of my shoulder. That's more comfortable, I hope. Why, Sannie, you've not been here, in my arms, since you hurt your foot at Sidmouth, deuce knows how long ago—and I kissed it well! Do you remember that? Ah, but I do. I'm a foolish old chap with nothing else to think about but my girls. And you're the only one left—the only one, Sannie. And I always loved you best—and behaved as if you were the worst—God forgive me!" She put her hand up and touched his cheek. "Hush, dearest. We don't talk about that."

"No, no, my darling—that's over, thank God. You have forgiven me, I know—my great-hearted Sannie. Now, if you feel stronger, tell me all your troubles." She murmured what follows.

"He came to see me. Nevile came."

"I know, my love. Your mother told me."

"She wrote to me. Rather a dreadful letter. She's on his side—she talks about his position in the county."

"I dare say, I dare say. But you know, your mother thinks a great deal of that kind of thing. She says we owe a deal to our station, you know. There's something in it, my dear. I'm bound to say that."

"Papa, he—wants me again. He thinks he does."

"Oh, my dear, there's no doubt about that—none at all. He proposes—well, it's *carte blanche*; there's no other word for it. A blank cheque, you know. We must do Master Nevile justice. It is the least he can do: but he does it."

"What am I to do, papa?" The poor gentleman looked rather blank.

"Do, my dear? Do?" He puzzled—then, as the light broke on him, could not help showing his dismay. "Why, you don't mean to say—Oh, my child, is that what you mean?"

She clung to him convulsively, buried her face.

"God help us all!" His thought, his pity, his love, whirled him hither and thither. He shivered in the blast. "'Pon my soul, I don't know how we shall break it to your mother. I don't indeed." He stared miserably, then caught her to him. "It breaks my heart to see you like this—my child; it cuts me to the heart. Sencie, what are we to do?"

She sat up, and brushed her dry eyes with her handkerchief. "I know. There's nothing to do. It's my fate."

This was rather shocking to old Mr. Percival, who shared the common opinion of matrimony, that it should be marked by champagne at luncheons. It was a signal for rejoicing—therefore you *must* rejoice. White stood for a wedding all the world over, black for a funeral. To go scowling to church, or tearless to the cemetery, was to fail in duty.

"We mustn't look at it like that, my darling. I don't think we ought, indeed. Fate, you know! That's a gloomy view of an affair of the sort. I don't pretend to understand you, quite, my love. You see, a year or two ago, you would have asked nothing better—and now you call it fate. Oh, my dear——"

She could not have hoped that he would understand, and yet she felt more like crying than at any time yet. "My heart is cold," she said. "It's dead, I think."

He echoed her, whispering, "Not dead, Sencie, not dead, my child. Numbed. He'll warm it asleep, he'll kiss it awake. He loves you."

She moaned as she shook her head. "No, no. He wants me—that's all."

"Well, my dear," pleaded good Mr. Percival, "and so he may. We do want what we love, don't we now? He's come to his senses by this time, found out the need of you. And I don't wonder at it. You're a beautiful girl, my dear—you're the pick of my bevy. But I must bring back the roses to those cheeks—Mildred Grant, eh? Jack Etherington used to call them that: he was a great rose-fancier—old Jack. Do you remember our tea-party last summer? And how happy we were? Let's be happy again, my lamb! Come, my child, can't you squeeze me out one little smile? You'll make the sun shine in this foggy old den of mine." He pinched her cheek, peered for the dimple which a smile must bring—then he drew her closer to him and whispered his darling thought. "Shall I tell you something, Sencie? What your old dad prays for when he's by himself? I want another grandchild, my dear—one I can spoil. I ought to be a happy man with what I've got—I know that. But you were always the pet, my love; you know you were—until, until—ah, Sencie! And one of yours! Aren't you going to indulge your old father. He's only got a few years left, mind you. Don't want any more. To see his darling happy, smiling down on her baby—bless me, I'm getting foolish." He blinked his bravest, but had to wipe his glasses. She rewarded him with a kiss, and did not leave till she could leave him at ease.

X

SANCHIA, after many nights' stony vigil, decided that she must fight her beasts by herself. She was going to make her parents and sisters happy; she was going through with her bargain; but there was no need to tell them any more about it. In her hard mood she told herself that that was the only wear. If she should be wept over she might well recant. When the fatal word was once spoken, she would write to her mother—that was all that she could do. For the same reason—that she dreaded a tender moment—she did not go to church with her griefs. The Gods there were too human—the Man of Sorrows, the Mother with the swords in her bosom. It was Destiny that had her by the heel. As ye sow, ye shall reap. Vaster gods, heartless, blind, immortal shapes, figuring the

everlasting hills, were her need. She was going to her fate, because the Fates called her. There's no war with them.

There had been one who would have had it all out of her in a trice. But he was remote, part of her childhood. She hardly called him to mind at this hour. It was dangerous work to think of him, she knew—and her old fortitude stood by her, which said, Turn your mind resolutely away from that which may influence your judgment. Senhouse was not a stoic; he was an epicurean, she now considered. She wanted something flintier than Senhouse. He might have tried to dissuade her; but her mind was now made up. She intended to marry Neville.

She breakfasted alone, and immediately afterwards went upstairs to write her agreement. The thing was to be gone through with, and the sooner the better. "My dear Neville," she wrote, "if it can ever be right to marry without love, it must be in my case. I don't blame you in the least for what happened. It was as much my doing as yours—and I still think that I was right. And now I think that it is right to fulfil one's bargain—as it would have been if I had married you. If I had been married to you, I should not have left you unless you told me to go, and I don't think that I ought to now. If you really wish it, you shall marry me when you please, and I will do my duty by you always. Whatever arrangements you make will suit me quite well; but the less fuss we have the better. I am sure that you will think so too. Don't come to see me for a few days, if you don't mind. I want to think. Yours affectionately, Sanchia." It was not a very gracious letter, it must be owned. So young, and so untender! One would have said that the man must be a courageous lover who could take marriage on such terms; but either Ingram was very much in love, or honestly hoped to be loved again. I incline to the opinion of Bill Chevenix, to whom he showed it. "Neville, old chap," he said, "you take her on any terms. You've no idea how set up you'll feel by everybody saying you've done the square thing. I tell you frankly that she's too good for you. Look how she's shaped in Charles Street! As if she'd been born to it. And never once—never once—allowed to anybody that she's been in the wrong. Not to a soul.

And neither you nor I believe that she has—nor did old Dosshouse, or whatever his name was." Ingram knew quite well to whom he so airily referred.

"I shall have landed that chap once for all, anyhow," he said.

"Landed him!" cried the other. "Why, bless you, didn't you know? He landed himself two years after you did. He's married."

"Married, is he?" Ingram asked, not thinking of Senhouse in particular. "Who did he marry?"

"He married a rather pretty woman, a widow, a Mrs. Germain."

Ingram looked sharply up. "I'll take my oath he didn't. I met her the other day. She's Mrs. Duplessis."

Chevenix stared at him. "Why, I know the chap. Where did you meet her? Where do they live?" he asked his friend.

But Ingram had other things to think of, and returned to his letter. "I shall take this as she means it, Bill. She wants me to go slow—I can take a hint. She shall have her head. When I get her down to Wanless we shall be all right. The place isn't fit to live in now, you know. I was up there last week—and found everything going to pot. Not a horse fit to ride—not a sound one amongst 'em. Plantations all to pieces—gardens—tenants in arrears—oh, beastly! She'll have it all to rights in no time, and she'll simply revel in it. She'll come round—you leave that to me. If I can't get a girl round I ought to."

Chevenix listened, and judged. He knew his Ingram pretty well, and took his confidence, like his confidences, for what it was worth. "Where did you say that the Duplessis lived?"

"I think she's in a hotel. It might be Brown's. I believe it *is* Brown's. What d'you want her for?"

"Think she knows some of my people," said Chevenix, and presently took himself out of the Coffee Tree Club.

But Sanchia, her day's work done, went—not to church, but to Bloomsbury. Entering the portals of the museum, she swam to the portico, full of her cares. But smoothly, swiftly she went, with that even, gliding gait peculiar to her kind, which has precisely the effect of a swan breasting the stream. Past the door, she turned to the

left, not glancing at the aligned Cæsars, scarcely bowing to Demeter of the remote gaze. In that long gallery where the caryatid thrusts her bosom that her neck may be the prouder to the weight, she saw the objects of her present pilgrimage—beaten, blind and dumb, immovable as the eternal hills, the Attic Fates; and before them at gaze, his arms folded over his narrow chest, Morosine the Pole.

Whether she had sought him here or not, she did not falter in her advance. Smoothly, swiftly, and silently she came to him and stood by his side. He turned his head, looked sharply at her pale face and sad eyes, then resumed his meditation before the Three. Neither of them had a care to speak.

Presently Morosine said, "I knew that you would be here." He kept his face towards the mystery, and so did she when she echoed him. "Did you know that? You know me, I think."

"I believe that I do. You have come here for strength. You will get it."

Ruefully enough she answered, "I wish I could believe that."

"You have it in you already. These great ladies will call it out. I wish you had been here, say, the day before yesterday. They might have helped you."

"But they did help me," she said. "They were with me. I remembered what we had talked about before them."

He nodded his head. "I had intended that you should. I was rightly inspired."

"Without them," she went on, "I don't know what I should have done. It seems absurd to say so, but——"

He interrupted. "It's not absurd at all—to you and me. If it's absurd, then art is pastrycook-stuff: sugar and white-of-egg. The man who fashioned these things had walked with God. Here are his secrets, revealed to you and me."

She followed her own thoughts, not his. "I came to-day because I have made up my mind. I wanted them to confirm me—to say that I was right. If you weren't here, I should go up to them and whisper to them, as I've seen women do to the Madonna abroad. I should tell them everything."

He looked at her keenly. "Do it now. I'll leave you."

She smiled faintly. "No, don't leave

me. I couldn't do it now. But I meant to when I came in."

"You didn't think that I might be here?" He watched her.

"No. I remember that you said we were to meet on Thursday. And I have a great deal to think of. I'm in great trouble."

"I know you are," he said. "I fear to be impertinent; but if I can help you——"

She gave him a grateful look. Her trouble was very real, and made almost a child of her. "I should value your advice. It would help me to have it—even if it couldn't change my intentions."

"You shall have it, assuredly," he said. "Shall we find a seat?"

"No, no. I would rather stop where we are. Perhaps they'll hear us." They looked at each other and smiled at a shared sentiment.

"Tell me, then," he said.

"He wants me to marry him," she said hurriedly, "and I think that I must. All my people wish it, and my friends—I mean those who have known me for a long time. I don't mind very much about most of them; but one of my sisters—Vicky—who was always my closest friend, expects it—and it would break my father's heart if I did not do it. The others don't count; but those two do. And there are other things—one other person who would think I am doing right."

"Would you—" Morosine spoke slowly, addressing the statues. "Would you consider the possibility of marrying any one else?"

She spoke as one in a trance. "No—I couldn't—I shouldn't dare. Besides, there is no possibility—there would be papa and Vicky again. That would never satisfy them. And then I feel that it's my punishment—if I deserve punishment, as they all imply that I do. At any rate, it's part of my bargain. I began this thing, and I must go on with it, at all costs to myself. I mustn't think of myself in it at all. I'm only part of the world's plan; but I happen to know that I am; and so I must go where I am called to go. I must follow my destiny, just as I did at first. That time I followed it against everybody's opinion; this time I must follow against my own will. Don't you agree with me?"

Morosine reflected in silence. Then he

said, "Yes, I agree with you. I recommend you to follow your determination."

Her eyes looked blankly at him; for the first moment he thought her disappointed, but he corrected his impression in the second.

"I'm glad you agree with me," she said. "I should have been disappointed if you hadn't."

He smiled. "You are stronger than you think. You can suffice to yourself. But I hope that I shall never disappoint you."

"I have no fear of that," she said, young again and confident. She thanked the Immortal Three with her eyes, and turning to Morosine, asked him, "Shall we go?" They went together. Passing the Demeter of Cnidos, her swinging hand touched his. He held his breath. Her face, sharply in profile, was as pure and pale as a silver coin. Her breast held her secret. To her own heart she voiced the cry, "Have I done well, dear one? Have I done well? Do you approve me? Do you?" It may be that Senhouse heard her in his Wiltshire hills.

XI

NEVILLE INGRAM was capable of fine ideas, we have seen, and could sometimes carry them out. He had had a moment of generosity, with Sanchia's letter in his hand, and held in the main to his expressed intentions. When he went to see her, at the end of three rigorous days, he behaved like a gentleman. She entered the room where he awaited her, pale for his embrace: he came to meet her, put his hand upon her shoulder, and, stooping, kissed her lightly. "My dear," he said, "I'll deserve you yet;" and he really meant it. She was touched, and quite kind to him. He exhibited his version of her surrender.

"We're friends, eh? We know each other of old, have no surprises, and can take raptures for granted. That's your notion, I fancy? It's not mine, but I'll be thankful for what you give me, and it shall be my fault if you find me backward when you're ready. Bygones are bygones, then? We make a new start?"

She sat staidly under his gaze, not aware at the moment that his steel-blue eyes searched her avidly for a hint of more than he stated. "So far as I am concerned—

certainly," she said. "I shall never unlock any cupboards."

"Better to burn the contents, perhaps," he laughed. "I tell you fairly, I had rather they were cleared out. Now, I'll confess to anything you please to ask me. That's a firm offer." He would probably have done it, but she told him that she had no questions to put. "Very well, my dear," he said. "Have it as you will. It's sublime of you—but it's not love. If you don't want to know it's because you don't care."

"No, indeed," she sighed, with such conviction that he was stung.

"Hang it all, Sancier," he cried, "you can't have known me for eight years without feeling something." She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were full.

"Oh, Nevile," she said, with a quivering lip, "don't let us look back. Indeed, I can't do it now." He put his arm round her and, drawing her closer, kissed her forehead. "My pretty one, we won't. I had much rather look forward. The future is to be my affair—if the past was yours." Then he went away, and she saw nothing of him for two days. On the second of them he dined with Lady Maria, and met some of the Percivals—the father and mother—the Sinclairs, and Mr. Tompsett-King. (Philippa had declined to come.) He behaved with great discretion, and so continued. After a week or ten days of courtship, she could hardly believe that their relations had ever been interrupted. His reliance upon her was absolute, his confidence no less so. He babbled of himself and his concerns in the old vein of mocking soliloquy, careless whether she heard him or not. Now that he had her promise, he seemed in no hurry for possession. His kisses were fraternal, his embraces confined to a hand on her shoulder, an arm lightly about her waist. She was inordinately thankful to him, and by a queer freak of the mind, poured all her gratitude into Senhouse. She told herself that but for him she would never have brought herself to her duty; but for him, therefore, would never have discovered how little she had to fear. Here was a crown for her "dear obsequious head": shutting her eyes tightly she thought that she could feel his fingers putting it on, smoothing out her hair so that the circlet should fit closely. Night after night she knelt to receive it. It came as a result of prayer.

The marriage announcement, got into the paper by Mrs. Percival, was accepted for what it was worth. It was partly the price of her crown. A few letters from old friends were formally answered. Sanchia had never been a free writer; nobody but Senhouse had found her letters eloquent—he only had been able to feel the throb beneath the stiff lines. Her handwriting, round and firm, had for him a provocative quality; it stung his imagination. He used to sing her “divine frugality of utterance,” and protest that it was all of a piece with the rest of her life. No one, he had told her once, but a sculptor could embody her in art—her chill perfection, her severity and definite outline. A poet might not dare, for he would have to be greater than love itself, greater than the love which inspired him, able to put it down below him, and stand remote from it, and regard it as a speck in the landscape.

“Your sober thought, and your pride
To nurse the passion you hold and hide—”

he had written of her in his day. That austere concealment of her heart, which so impassioned him, chilled enthusiasm in all others of her acquaintance. So her letters were few, and now she was thankful enough. She herself wrote to nobody, and never spoke of her future unless she were compelled to answer questions.

Once a day, however, she took out a writing-block, and traced upon it the words, “My dear Jack, I think I ought to tell you—” or a similar exordium. She got no further. How could she tell him that without telling him more? And how tell him more when, of her own accord, she had sent him about his business, and set her approval upon his marriage, or what must be considered his marriage? An instinct forbade her. She didn’t reason with it: her reason was paralyzed. “It’s part of the price. It’s what he would have praised me for”—and she flew to her text.

“*A great power is in your thin sweet hands, my sweet; you are in the way of being a great artist.*” She looked at her hands, and loved them for his sake who had loved them so well. Her “thin sweet hands”! Could one write so of her hands and not love them well?

But the power, the power that she had! Hear her rhapsodist. “*If you can so work*

upon your delicate surface as to mould it close to your noble soul; if in the gallery of the world you can unveil yourself for the thousand pair of eyes to see, and praise God for the right to see—why, what an artist you are, and what an audience you have! . . . Like a whiff of thyme on a grassy down, like the breath of violets from a bank, or of bean-flowers blown across a dusty hedge, some gentle exhalation of your soul sighed through your body will hint to the passion-driven wretch things innocent and quiet. The blue beam of your steadfast eyes may turn his own to heaven; a chance-caught, low, sweet tone of your voice may check clamor; an answer may turn his wrath. . . . You can be picture, form, poem, symphony in one. . . . Think of it, Sanchia, before you turn away. Think well whether upon that exquisite medium you cannot express your best.”

She found herself trembling—in these days she always trembled—as she read these words. That such a power should indeed be hers—and how could she fail to believe it?—was inspiration enough to send her to the fire. She read no more, but used to sit shivering, thrilling through every fibre of her body, with the strength of such splendid praise. For whatever might be her fate, splendid it was to have been so loved, so seen, and so praised. It was well for Ingram that she read her old love-letters—and extremely unfortunate for the writer of them, who anguished for her now in his desert place. Odd situation! that the love-letters of one man should reconcile her to the arms of another.

From Torquay, where she spent the Easter holidays with her father, the two alone and happily together, she wrote two or three times to Neville. He was at Wanless, professedly getting some order into things there, and protesting to her by every word he sent her upon the need there was of her hand upon affairs. There was not a word of love used between the unfortunate pair. All the love-making, indeed, was done by Senhouse, whose master-stroke was called for by and by.

Toward the end of April she was alone in Charles Street, preparing the house for Lady Maria’s return from Rome. Ingram was still at Wanless, grumbling through his duties of magistrate, landlord, and county gentleman. “They seem to think up here

that a fellow has nothing to do but 'take the chair,'" he wrote. "I can tell you I'm pretty sick of it, and fancy that they will be before long. I'm an awkward customer when I'm bored—as I am now, damnably." She sent him matter-of-fact replies, and wrote principally of the weather.

The Pole continued his discreet and temperate wooing after the plan he had formulated. He strove to interest her perpetually, never left her without having, as he taught himself to believe, impressed himself anew upon her imagination. Watching her as a cat a mouse, he learned to read her by signs so slight that no one who had not the intuition of a woman could have seen them at all. Unfortunately for him, he misinterpreted what he read. The slapdash Ingram thought all was well; Chevenix, the more observant, thought there was a bare chance; Morosine alone could see how her quivering soul was being bruised, and if he thought that she looked to him for balm, he may be excused. She was drowning, she held out her hands. To whom, but to him upon the bank? How should he know what shadow stood behind him, with praise in his dim eyes for a "dear obsequious head"?

Playing deputy to Senhouse, little as he guessed it, he devoted himself to bracing her for the match, having made up his mind that there was no other way of making her happiness his own. His mistress she might be, his wife never. As he read her, she would keep the letter of the law—since the law required it of her. The rest, he flattered himself, might be left to time and him. His present aim was to interest and stimulate her, without alarming.

He counted greatly upon some sudden emotional stimulus, which would cause her to fall to him; and one came, though it had no such effect.

The opera of "Tristan and Isolde," to which she was taken by Lady Maria—where she sat in his box, by his side, absorbed in the most piercing expression of the love-malady that has ever tormented its way out of a poet's heart—had been a real test of his restraint. He had not once met her eyes—though hers, craving sympathy at any hand, had sought his often; he had not once permitted himself to gaze upon her beauty, though it was her beauty, so carven, so purely Greek, which had

drawn him to her from the first. While the great music went sobbing and chiding through her frame, like wounded nightingales, he had sat in the dark, with his arms folded, never looking at her fully, nor seeking to win a glance from her soul to his own. That it stirred her to the deeps he knew. He could watch sideways, listen sideways, both hear and see that she was rapt. Her quick-heaving breast, the whistle of her short breath, the strained line of her head and shoulder—all this he marked and stored without a sign. Even when, on going out, he had been conscious of her overcharged heart, of her breastful of emotion; even when she had told him under her breath that she was happier, though he shivered, he drew away. He had nodded quickly, smiled, blinked his eyes. "I was sure of that," was all he allowed himself in the way of intimacy.

Swift, fire-consumed, intensely sensitive, subtle-minded, this was a man who relished suggestions more than things. He had far rather deal mentally with the lovely image of Sanchia, as he saw it, than actually with the breathing flesh. To picture her longing, straining, trembling—to keep her always so, always holding out her arms, never obtaining what she sought: his bliss lay in that. He knew himself, after much experience of the sort; he had missed so often by blundering in, that now he dared not risk a wreck. Here at last, he told himself, was perfection: let him look to it that he kept it at its perfect poise. He must poise himself to do that, balance himself upon a knife-edge. Little of an ascetic as he was by temper, he could train himself to the last ounce if the prize were worth it. And it was. Never had musician had instrument more sensitive to play upon. It seemed to him worthy of a lifetime of preparation to have her for one moment of time throbbing in his arms.

So Morosine went into the palostrum, and fasted with prayer. His *sangfroid* through "Tristan," and the going out with all its cry ringing in him, and in her, surprised even himself, who knew himself well. "My friend," he thought, as he stalked to his club, "you may go far."

But he had not reckoned with the flinty core which lay beneath her fair and delicate seeming. Her frugality of utterance, which charmed and chained him, really implied

no reserve. She did not speak, because she had nothing to say, did not reveal herself, because she knew of no mystery. She was at once very simple and very practical; she had healthy tastes which she desired to gratify, and a deliberate mind which instructed her how far she might do so. Once in her life that had played her false, when it told her that the pity she had for Ingram was love, and the need he had for possession of her was her own need to give it him. She had been bitterly mistaken, and was now so weary with herself that she seemed to have no desire in the world but that of sleep. Tristan and Isolde, drowning soul and body in music which made love, and love which was the heart of music, were not to be thought of on this side of the grave. The Fates had a sterner way for her. She was never to empty herself in a kiss or to watch out the stars with Jack Senhouse. Homing in the carriage with Lady Maria, she denied him, like Peter his Lord. "I know not the man." Vaguely dreaming at her open window, under the fire-fretted roof of that May night, she suddenly thought of him again—nay, knew him bodily there, alone with her under the sky—and for the first time in her life felt his eyes upon her, seeking of her what he had never dared to seek, and then his arms about her, touching her as assuredly he had never dreamed to do. She had denied him once too often, it seems. Here was a sudden attack, a trick of the sprites. She held her breath, she trembled, her breast heaved, she shut her eyes, and her lips relaxed their hold of each other. "Not yet, my blessed one, not yet!" and "Come, Rose of the World!" Thus they murmured to each other and strove. An expectancy, the shiver and thrill of it, possessed her; she seemed to feel the touch of a beloved hand, which drew her, trembling and panting, closer and closer to some high experience of which she had never dreamed before, to the expression of inexpressible things, to a giving of the utmost, to a wild strife of emulation which of them two should give the most. The dark was all about them like a bed—and closer he drew her, and closer yet. For one wild moment that endured—O Heaven, they two in love under the stars! He was of the Open Country—as free as the wind. Thus he would love her, if he ever loved. Tristan's

crying would be his—and Isolde's whimper of hurt would be her answer. Thus, if ever, she might be loved. And then, if ever in this world, peace!

Shivering still, with the sense of an arm still about her, of wild breath beating on her cheek, she looked wonderfully out at the stars which had seen her possessing. They burned steadily in their violet hold—a million kindly eyes welcoming her to the Open Country. The great town lay so still below that but for the glare behind the houses, which told her that it lived, she might have thought herself enfolded in the hills. So sure she was that she had been wedded, she glanced swiftly up and down the street, lest one chance passenger should have seen her naked soul. So a young girl, kissed by her lover, will search the emptiness in fear. Not a soul could be seen; Charles Street under its lamplight showed like a broad white ribbon curving towards the Square, towards the Park. To her heart she whispered, "Dearest, you may love me—we are alone under the stars"—and then shut her eyes fast, and with parted lips breathed quick and short.

Out of the night, out of an empty street a voice came up, "He loves you—none so well. He lies out on the down in a white robe. He watches for you and waits. I have seen him, talked with him of you. Can you refuse such love as his? Goddess though you are, you will get no higher love."

The voice was very real. She knew it well. From the close arms that held her she answered it. "Oh, Struan, I know! I knew before you told me. It's wonderful. Love is a wonderful thing."

"It's all we have in the world. I am here to tell you that he waits for you. Good-night."

"Good-night, Struan," she said. "I'm quite happy now."

She remembered afterwards, with a shock of dismay at her selfishness, that she had never asked Struan of his welfare.

She came to herself with a shudder and envisaged her circumstance. She had had "a rare vision," like Bottom the weaver—and that was all. Jack Senhouse had never loved her so. To him she had been Artemis, the cold goddess, or Queen Mab, whom no man might take. He had said so often—

and had looked it whenever she was near him. Meantime, she was to be married—and "Tristan" was unprofitable provender. It had given her an indigestion of the mind. She would go to bed.

That she deliberately did—with one ceremony, characteristic of her frugality. She opened a locked drawer, and looked at its contents. There lay three goodly piles of letters, tied with blue ribbon. Each packet was labelled "Jack to Me," and dated with beginning and ending. She contented herself with looking at them, smiling wisely and thoughtfully as she did so. Then, like a child, not trusting to her eyes alone, she looked at them with her fingers; touched them delicately in turn, with a caress. Immediately afterwards she locked them up; and turned to her disrobing. She slept quietly, and went about her affairs of the morrow with a calmness that surprised her.

At a later day, in a conversation which Morosine had with her, he permitted himself a reference to the museum. "You go no more? They've done their work—the Three?"

She smiled upon him. "Yes, they've done their work. I'm much happier now. I've thrown up my arms, you see. I'm drowning." She suddenly blushed, to remember her dream; and he perceived it.

"Drowning?" he asked.

"Drifting with the tide," she explained. "And I like it."

It was on his tongue to refer to "Tristan," but—such was her hardihood—she saved him the trouble. "I was fearfully excited with the opera. During the performance, and after it."

His heart beat high. "You were not more so than I was," he said, looking at her. "I thought of things possible and impossible. I had a vision."

So had she had a vision, whose force was such that she could not continue to talk of such things. She had flashed her eyes upon him vividly for a moment, but was compelled to turn them away. He read in them a wild surmise; he thought that she understood him and was perturbed—perturbed, but not displeased. The bustling entry of Chevenix, unannounced, prevented him from pursuing his campaign.

Chevenix was gay. "Hulloa, Sencie—

this is ripping. I say, I have something frightfully interesting to tell you." Then he saw Morosine. "Hulloa, Alexia, is that you? Now we'll sit each other out, and Sencie won't have her news."

"But I hope I shall," she cried. "I haven't got a secret in the world. Don't go, Prince, please. Mr. Chevenix shall tell you the news too. I haven't the faintest idea."

"It's something you want to know very badly. At least, I should think you did. It's not Neville's address." She took him gaily.

"I don't want to know that at all, if it's a new one. I have three already."

"Perhaps," said Morosine, with a friendly look, "it's to cancel some of them."

She held up a book. "Is that what you mean? Do look. 'Greek Idylls,' by S. Glyde. He sent it to me the other day. Did you mean to tell me of that?"

Chevenix stared. "The poet Glyde? No. By Jove, though, not a bad shot. I referred, my dear, to the poet Senhouse."

She received that full in the face. She paled, then colored. Her heart leaped, then stood still. She spelled with her blue eyes, "Tell me."

Chevenix peered at her. "Thought I should fetch you, my dear. The poet Senhouse is run to ground, and I'm going to see him. That's all."

It was plain to Morosine that she was very much concerned with this intelligence. She simply sat there, staring at Chevenix, shaking, moving her grey lips. She seemed, at the time, all grey; like a figure in *grisaille* in a church window. What on earth—who on earth—? He couldn't for the life of him make it out. He had never heard of the man. It was a shock to him to discover—so soon we flatter ourselves—that Sanchia had any reserve of confidence. He had felt so sure of her!

"Another new poet?" he asked her. She recovered herself, shook her head.

"He's not new—to me. He's the greatest friend I ever had." That was all she could say. She turned to Chevenix, her desire fainting in her eyes. "You're going to see him? Oh, take me with you!"

"Right," said Chevenix.

The wan colour fled before the morning glow which now inflamed her.



Drawn by Frank Craig

The great music went sobbing and chiding through her frame, like wounded nightingales.

—Page 226.



"He came from New York," I said after telling the rancher's name.—Page 231.

STORY OF A TENDERFOOT

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



HE was smart enough in some ways—had a lot of book learning and science—but when it came down to doing real business, why either he was plumb loco or else about everybody in Meztizo was. Meztizo, as you should know, is the flourishing young city located where the Red River & Rio Grande Air Line crosses the irrigated valley of the beautiful Rio Dulce, in the heart of the great Southwest. The gentleman of whom I am going to tell stepped off the up train, one warmish afternoon, just after our first boom had gone to seed and before anything had come over the horizon to start a second. Wiping the dust from his eyes with a handkerchief, he began gazing at Meztizo. Neither the four brick business blocks, nor the opera house nor even the school-house, though all were unobscured, seemed to interest him. He just stood there and stared at the quiet and peaceful homes in the foreground as if he had never seen the like before.

I was driving for Hobson & Herrick, our enterprising liverymen, in those days, and seeing that he was a stranger who needed taking in I sidled up and gave him a card.

"If you should wish for a comfortable drive around at any time while in the city, sir," I said, "why we have the best rigs in the Southwest. Mighty fine place for business, this, and well worth seeing. Some of the houses on the other side where the nobbs live are equal to anything on Capitol Hill in Denver—that's right. Then there's the opera house that cost \$27,580 and the high-school building that cost a cool \$75,000. If you're from the East, sir, the ranches are sure to astonish you. The crops raised astonish even those who have seen irrigated land elsewhere. There's the mesa, too," I continued, as I turned and pointed toward Lava Butte. "Lava Butte springs right up out of level plain down south there, and it's a thousand feet high. There ain't a bit of lava anywhere else for miles round about it. I've heard the mine sharps say there isn't another such a formation east of the Divide."

"Nor anywhere else this side of Tophet," said he, speaking for the first time.

He had faced about to the south for a look and then he'd flinched as if hit in the face. I'd noticed that people who weren't used to the desert found the glare a little trying, but he seemed to take it worse than anybody I had ever seen. However, he said he didn't mind taking a drive around before going to the hotel, so, of course, I pointed the ponies down Main Street. The moment he saw where I was going, however, he said:

"Never mind the village, now. These unpainted shacks make my head ache. Take the short cut to where things grow."

His slighting reference to the city was calculated to agitate a patriot, but I never let sentiment interfere with business. I drove down the upper side of the main irrigating ditch to give him a view of the whole valley.

He kept his eyes on the alfalfa and the grain and the men working water until we came to a fine field of potatoes, when I asked if he had ever seen any to equal them.

"How long since that field was irrigated?" said he; and I judged it at a week.

"Humph! Why don't the owner cultivate it, then?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," I replied, "unless it is because he thinks they don't need it. The yield on that field, last year, was 217 bushels to the acre."

"So-o!" he said with a laugh.

"Did you ever see a larger one?" I asked.

"Somewhat—say 200 bushels larger," he replied, still laughing.

Of course, I couldn't say what was in my mind—it would have interfered with business—so I turned the conversation. I pointed to a cactus growing beside the trail, and told him that tourists cut the stalks and made canes of them. Getting out he harvested a stem, and then said:

"I've often seen the cactus described as a plant that is all leaf and root with no stalk, but this is the first perfect specimen of a stalk-like leaf I ever saw."

"Leaf, sir?" said I. "That is the trunk of the tree. Cactuses don't have leaves—that kind don't, any way."

At that he looked very sober and replied:

"It's too bad! The schools everywhere—and especially where they build \$75,000 high-schools among the shacks of a frontier camp—give all their time to the beauties of

literature, and utterly ignore the beauties and wonders of nature, though right at hand. While this bit of cactus is in the shape of a stalk it is a leaf in its structure and function. If I had a good glass it would be a pleasure to show you the stomata in the epidermis."

I saw that I wasn't in his class so I dropped out of the race, as you may say, and he strolled away to look at a cropping lying at right angles to the ditch. It seemed to interest him a whole lot, and as it had been prospected thoroughly by mining men, I quietly asked him if he saw any indications of metal. He laughed good-naturedly this time.

"It's limestone," he said, "and it is folded in a way that is very interesting, but no ores will ever be found in it."

Next he came to the ditch and walked along the bank, looking at the water, as tourists always do, with a glance back at the cropping, now and then, until he came to another cropping of the kind a half a mile or so below, when he got into the carriage and looked across the ditch to the fields of a rancher named Owen Williams.

"He came from New York," I said after telling the rancher's name.

"The farm indicates that he did so," said the tenderfoot emphatically. "Look at the masses of shrubs and trees around the house to shut out the glare of the desert, and see that great bed of flowers. Mr. Williams knows something."

"He sure does," I said. "He's the best judge of cattle in the valley, but as for the trees and posies, his daughter, Miss Susan, is responsible for them. He put them out to please her—he does everything she wants him to."

"That's fine," he replied. "The whole ranch, as you call it, shows that he's about the only man in the valley that don't need kindergarten instruction in farming."

Discreet silence, you may say, reigned after that until we were crossing the Rio Dulce, just below the city limits, where people who owned horses in town dumped the sweepings from their stables. When he saw the heap he said:

"That's a singular place for storing fertilizers. I should think the river might rise suddenly at any time in a barren country like this, and sweep the whole pile away."

"Sure thing," I said. "That's why they make the pile there."

"What's that?" he asked. "Do people want them swept away—doesn't anybody use——?"

"Not an atom," I said. "I've heard that farmers in the East have to use fertili-

like nothing better than to take hold of a piece of land here and show people how to do it. Some one ought to do just that, and if it weren't for having the desert under one's eyes all the time, I'd consider the matter carefully. Such yahoos excite my pity."

As I have intimated, his few remarks had



Next he came to the ditch and walked along the bank.—Page 231.

zers, but here, sir, the soil is inexhaustible. What's more, sir, there are good men of wide experience living in the valley who say that such stuff poisons land in this climate."

"Is that so?" he asked, looking sober as funerals again. "It's too bad. I'm not what you would call a practical farmer but I've made a study of the science, and I'd

touched the raw already, but when he spoke of our ranchmen—men who were able to draw checks for thousands, not to mention their lands and stock—as yahoos, I was plumb amused. Then I happened to think that he ought to be encouraged to put his kindergarten farm idea into practice. It would add to the good money in circulation. So, when I drove up Main Street I managed

to introduce him to Ben Heatherton, the slickest real estate man west of the Missouri. Sure enough, a deal followed, and this is the way the *Meztizo Citizen* (Ben himself wrote the item) related the facts:

"We are glad to announce to our readers that Prof. Vandam Wheeler, of Wheelertown, N. Y., who, while making a tour of the Great Southwest, stopped off for a look at the famed valley of the Rio Dulce, was so fascinated with the universally admired conditions prevailing here that he has decided to locate in our midst. He has purchased, through the well-known agency of Mr. Benjamin Heatherton, a claim on the railroad land grant opposite the ranch of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Owen Williams—just above the ditch. This quarter section he will develop as a demonstration farm for the instruction of the ranchmen of the valley.

"The fitness of Prof. Wheeler for this important mission will be manifest to our readers when we say that he has made a thorough study of scientific agriculture. His library includes several hundred volumes relating to the subject.

"As some of our readers are saying that the professor bought dry land because none of his books mentions the fact that water never flows over the upper banks of irrigating ditches, we hasten to state that the location of a demonstration farm is a matter of small moment.

"We shall report the progress of the professor's work minutely from time to time, for while we have travelled much this weary mortal round, we have never heard nor even dreamed of a proposition like this."

Rather neat, eh? Sure thing, but it didn't tell the whole story. When Ben took the professor to inspect the claim I drove. We went by way of the Williams ranch and took Miss Susan along. Miss Susan was the brightest young lady in the great Southwest and as handsome as they grow. Ben calculated on marrying her, some time; and everybody allowed that he was at the head of the procession of those who had hopes in the same line. Of course having a pride in the business, he wanted Miss Susan to see him turn the trick, for he knew there weren't many able to sell chunks of desert to a man right on the ground. And then he calculated that if the tenderfoot was paying more attention to the

conversation of a bright young lady than to anything else, why he wouldn't pay quite so much attention to the desert claim as he might under different circumstances. Slick? Sure thing. I reckoned as we drove across the claim, that it was happening according to the blue prints, too, for he hardly took his eyes off the young lady, except when Ben mentioned that we were on the ground. Then he glanced around, said "All right," and turned again to Miss Susan, directed her attention to a clump of the kind of cactus he'd cut for a cane, and began to tell about my views of leaves and stalks.

Miss Susan was a plant sharp—she'd graduated back East somewhere—and they didn't talk anything but botany all the way to the ranch. I saw, then, that the professor was right about the leaf business, and I wondered all the more at his getting fooled into buying desert land. In fact I ventured to ask him if the claim suited him exactly in all respects. We had left Ben and Miss Susan at the ranch, and the professor seemed to be in a brown study at the moment, but he spoke up cheerfully.

"Yes, sir, there's no piece of land in the valley that is better for the purpose in view," he said. He turned on the seat, then, and after a glance back toward the Williams ranch he continued: "Yes, sir, the claim suits me exactly."

So I didn't learn much.

As soon as he took title the professor hired help, cleared the sage-brush from a strip handy to the trail—on the side next to the ditch—spread that heap of stable sweepings as far as it would go over one end, ploughed all he'd cleared, and then at seeding time (September), he sowed it to wheat.

Meantime Ben touched him up, now and again, in the *Citizen*. For instance here is one of the little raspings:

"We are shocked to observe the levity with which our people mention the progress of the work on Prof. Wheeler's demonstration farm as conducted for the instruction of our ranchmen. They even make the farm a show-place—drive out there just to see what he will do next. We therefore beg to say we know that every furrow was turned, and every clod crushed, according to the rules found in the books; and we venture to predict that when he has shown

everybody how to raise crops without water the value of scientific attainments will receive universal acclaim."

I happened to be in the post-office when Mrs. and Miss Williams got that week's *Citizen* with their other mail. Mrs. Williams opened the paper and turned to the item as if she'd heard about it already. Then she laughed heartily and nudged Miss Susan, but all the young lady did was to wrinkle her very pretty nose at her mother and say nothing.

It struck me that maybe the professor would like to know about that little comedy, so I told him, but I reckoned he didn't see the point. He began telling what a fine crop he was going to raise, and then he said:

"If you are a sporting man just back that wheat to make a bumper. You can get any odds you want from the guys, now. The chap who writes paragraphs for the *Citizen*, for instance, will go you ten to one. That's a straight tip, my son. Of course, you won't plunge any further than you can afford."

I thought I couldn't afford a little bit. Even Mr. Williams, who was about the only man in the valley to take the farm seriously, said that in a climate where no more than twenty inches of rain fell in the course of a year it was impossible to make a crop.

Well, inside of a week, after sowing the wheat, the line storm came with its usual downpour and the crop came up fine. The *Citizen* had just this line at the head of the editorial column: "A fool for luck"—that and nothing more, but we all knew and laughed. As the weeks passed, however, that wheat kept on growing and that, too, although we didn't get another drop of rain for three months! Fact! It grew right along all winter as well as any under the ditch, while the "fertilized plot," as the professor called it, was a far cry better. And when harvest time came—well, just let me skip to the day before the one when "my reapers," as the professor said, "are to harvest my first instruction crop."

I was sitting in the stable office when the 'phone rang and I found our station agent on the line:

"Is this the stable?" he asked. "All right. Get busy and bring up the best of your decrepit rigs—six of them. The gen-

eral super and some more are coming up the line and they'll drop off here to permeate the vistas, see? Yes. They're to inspect the professor's dry ranch. They're due in half an hour. Come—do."

When the special pulled in Ben Heather-ton, who had done a lot of business for the company, was on hand to do the honors. He brought the general super and a big fat Dutchman, with spectacles as thick as an egg, to my carriage, and got in with them. Um! He had to sit there and listen while they talked about the dry-farm proposition—how it would revolutionize agriculture in the arid belt, make a market for the company's land, double the population along the line, and all that sort of thing. It made him look right mournful.

On reaching the claim we saw Williams driving the family carriage up from the ranch, with the professor on the front seat and Mrs. Williams and Miss Susan on the back. I reckoned that the station agent had called them. They greeted the bunch just as if they were accustomed to having general supers dropping in on them every little while, and then they all went inspecting the grain. That is, all but the fat Dutchman did. He went prospecting along the limestone cropping I mentioned. From the cropping he went to the ditch and wandered along the bank just as the professor had done, and finally, when the bunch had seen all the wheat, he came up to the professor and said:

"Has it occurred to you, Mr. Wheeler, that your field might be subirrigated by seepage from the ditch?"

The professor looked at Ben, and then, with a queer little smile around his mouth, he said quietly:

"Oh, yes, I knew the land was subirrigated before I bought it. The first time I visited the claim, as we call it here, I saw the cropping you have been examining, and although I am not a geologist, I was interested in it because it seemed to be a fold in a horizontal bed of limestone, which, as I assumed, was to be found not very far down under all this part of the valley—a fold that had been forced up, perhaps, when the old volcano, out there on the mesa, was alive and shaking things. Then with the limestone bed in mind I came to the ditch and observed that the soil all the way down the bank was as porous as it is every-



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

As soon as he took title the professor hired help, cleared the sage-brush.—Page 233.



"Has it occurred to you, Mr. Wheeler, that your field might be subirrigated?"—Page 234.

where on the surface. Of course it was then natural to suppose that—ah, while water does not usually overflow the upper banks of irrigating ditches, it was seeping into this bank and soaking through the soil, on top of the bed of limestone, at least as far back as the rise of the croppings. I therefore made borings, when negotiating for the land, and learned that while the water did not show on the surface, there was sufficient moisture well within the reach of the roots of any crop that might be planted on this part of the claim. I have the auger in the carriage there now, and if you would like to see the character of the soil, and measure the distance to the water table, I shall be glad to run it down."

"What's that?" said the general super. "Are you saying you knew all the time this was not a dry proposition?"

"Yes, sir," replied the professor blandly. "Perhaps I ought to tell you a little more of the history of this claim. I was a tourist doing the town, and having learned about

the optimistic and—pardon me—some-what boastful ways of the people of the 'Great Southwest,' I added to the interest of the occasion by offering comments on such defects as came under my eyes—beginning on the driver, there, who showed me the scenery on the first day. My remarks, as I have heard, led Mr. Heather-ton to urge me to buy a claim and show the benighted populace how to farm it. Though I had no more idea of buying than I have of buying another claim now, I went with him to inspect the property, and—ah—in the course of the excursion found reason to think I ought to remain in Mez-tizo for a time."

As he said that, he glanced out of the corners of his eyes toward the Williams carriage, but he kept right on talking.

"On learning that the land offered was this subirrigated patch, I saw at once that it would not only afford an excuse for remaining, if that were needed, but it would give opportunity to carry out my little joke

about showing the people how to conduct a farm according to scientific principles. So I bought it, but I beg you to believe that if I had known that you and these other busy gentlemen were going to waste your time coming here to look at——”

“Waste nothing!” said the general super heartily. “You know how quick the people of the Great Southwest are to see a point and make up their minds on matters of business. We’re all right glad to have seen your experiment. Your methods of tillage have been scientific even if it was a joke, and what’s more your ability to discover the subirrigation of the claim shows your training—that’s right, sir. Now we are establishing three experimental farms along the line, and we shall be glad to have you help us by taking charge of them. You’re just the man we want. What do you say?”

The professor had won out, eh? Sure thing. And what did he say?

For a moment he didn’t say a word. He turned around till he faced the south and looked away toward Lava Butte. It made him flinch just as it had done on that first day; for the sand augers were boring their

way up into the cerulean, and the heat and glare were blinding. But he shaded his eyes with one hand and then he said:

“Be good enough to look at that, sir. Believe me, I am obliged to you for your offer. I do not fail to see the opportunities it would afford in more than one direction, and I appreciate the honor you do me in expressing your confidence in this way. But if you will look across the mesa you will understand why I cannot accept. We are all going to leave Meztizo—we’re going where we can see good green trees the year round, and leaves and grass and flowers everywhere throughout the season—we are going to God’s country, sir, and there we are going to live a life worth while. Your company has not got money enough to hire us to spend our lives in the midst of such desolation as surrounds this settlement.”

Well, that’s about all of the story. He married Miss Susan within a week, and then he and Williams sold out and moved back to New York. It was just as I said: “He was smart enough in some ways, but when it came to a matter of business he was plumb loco.”

THE FLIGHT OF THE MOUSE

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES



WE were at Darjheeling, Harry Chiltern and I, he doing some heavy sentimentalizing because that was indicated by the social atmosphere, and fancying he was about to rake in an occasional order for a portrait, and I, as a newspaper man, temporarily retired, snuffing round for material. I had a theory that some of these too civilized and much worn quarters of the globe were not explored to exhaustion by the fellows who had already made their bold rubricated mark, and I thought there might even be a pocket or two at Darjheeling where a cleverish penman could strike

it rich. Besides, I wanted to write an article on Kipling’s India, and I never can ogle any place to advantage if I just go out with my hands in my pockets and saunter over it. I need to have an ostensible purpose, like the ladies who can’t walk a brisk mile without a hank of embroidery cotton at the end of it, and then they can foot it all day.

We were a little bored at last. Chiltern and I, he with the discovery that Mrs. Hauksbee is no better than her type (and the type is common enough, none older), once the gilding wears off, and I discerning that I wasn’t squeezing very much juice out of an orange that had been punctured before, when Florence De Lisle came up

from Calcutta with her most respectable uncle and aunt, and the very best of introductions to the reigning dames. Florence De Lisle wasn't her name. It was a New England name that has considered itself sacred for a long time, as measured by New England, and wouldn't have allowed Krishna or a drove of sacred cows to take precedence of it. But we soon had no use for her name, because we at once christened her, at a mess dinner, where she was mentioned with respectful anticipation, the Mouse, and the Mouse she continued to be among the entirely idolizing circle where, in the teeth of Mrs. Hauksbee, she took up an innocent reign. She was very beautiful, slender as a wand, with a hand like a lily, a pale face inside the particular oval that makes you think of unattainable things, the pointed chin of a Reynolds angel, great brown eyes, and coils of the palest fine blonde hair. It was by chance that any of us knew the color of her eyes. We weren't allowed to see them, for she had, for purposes of mysterious concealment, full white lids, the kind Raphael set the fashion of, and a set of eyelashes long enough to fringe a cloak. There got to be bets, at last, as to the actual color of her eyes, and the number of times a fellow could wile them out of covert. She wasn't using them for their legitimate purpose of hiding and seeking. She looked just innocence, plain innocence and shyness, as if she actually hadn't the grit to meet a world as coarse and headstrong as she'd found everything beyond the shrine of her white arms. As soon as we saw her we knew she was the Mouse, though some drivelled awhile, after St. Bottle had passed, about moonbeams and angels; and we set about wondering what, beyond maiden meditation, had so suppressed her. In spite of her slenderness, she looked athletic, a girl who had some go in her and, to me, the once or twice when I dashed into the bower of her shaded eyes, perhaps unrecognized, untamed desires. Something had subdued her, something kept her veiled.

"I know," said Chiltern one night after he had danced with her twice and been ready to square off at the rest of us for a third, until her uncle came up with re-enforcements of orders from the aunt (called irreverently and universally "Bellona"), and took her away, "it's that kangaroo of an uncle. It's that ambling pad of an aunt."

Now no terms could have been less accurately selected. The uncle and aunt were simply two very large, slow-moving persons, bounded on the north, east, south, and west by prejudice of various colors. They were rather terrible, on the score of insularity, but they looked in no sense like tyrants.

"Oh, rot!" said I. The Indian night was irritating to me with its little circle of safety where we sat and cooled ourselves, and the jungles of manifold sorts beyond, jungles of hatred and tyranny and caprice, and a losing game where good Englishmen think they're dying for civilization, and are really the goods delivered to serve imperial greed. I was tired of it all. "Do you think they abuse her? Is that your idea?"

"I think they've built a little fence of privilege round her, and nobody's coming in unless he's got the mun."

"Well," said I hatefully, "you haven't got it, Chilly, my boy. So don't do any more fluttering round the candle than you feel actually obliged to. It's hot, and—oh, what's the use!"

Chiltern got up and plunged across the room and made himself hotter. I had the sense to keep still, and felt superior to him.

"It isn't all money," he growled out. "They're prospecting for family trees."

I was yawning my head off.

"I guess it's money fast enough," I said. "Don't get Fitch up here, that's all I say. And if he comes, don't tell me I haven't warned you."

"Fitch!" scoffed Chiltern. "Fitch!" And that was all he would say until two days afterward when Fitch actually came.

Now Fitch was a large, middle-aged bachelor of American birth, who wore a watch-chain draped in twin festoons across his semi-circular front, and looked, at every point, as though, if you should cut into him, you'd find cold suet. He was, I think, the most pestiferous bore, the most ponderous, untrammelled bore, that ever took it upon himself, in a massive way, to disgrace his country abroad. And he was incredibly rich. Chiltern had painted his portrait, turned him out a pompous ass in a style that seemed to please Fitch very well, and Fitch had rewarded him for it, and me because I happened to be chumming with Chiltern, by pursuing us, in a pathetic way (if you had any human feeling for such a



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

The Mouse.

semblance of life as he was), eating with us, drinking all round us, densely trying to make it worth our while by offering us a more luxurious line of travel than we could afford ourselves, or accept from any man, and most misguidedly gobbling up our jokes and laughing in the wrong key. We had escaped him at Calcutta, told him we were going to Benares, and fled, hot-foot, *remis velisque*, for Darjheeling. But we were never without a shudder at his approaching aura, and two days after we had evoked him by meddling with his name, he appeared like a fattened ghost at our sides—literally that, because he stepped in between us as we were entering the club.

"I began to have an idea you fellows were here," said he. "Been everywhere for you. Come along in and have tiffin with me."

We didn't want his precious tiffin, but seeing him there, we did find it necessary to talk to him. Chiltern began. He told him Darjheeling was infested with snakes and suttee. The suttees were being shot by the dozen with nine-inch maharajahs, but no man was safe. There was more to the same end, and Fitch stood and gazed at him out of his little pale eyes, and at the end remarked:

"Actually! When are you fellows going down?"

Chiltern told him gloomily that we meant to stay and die on the spot, because we were poor men and Darjheeling offered a field for our professional abilities; but he shouldn't advise any valued citizen with a bank account to do anything so absolutely suicidal and deadly. Fitch listened to him, with the unwinking stare that, as I always felt, meant an effort to understand which would, if measured in static units, have been sufficient to blow St. Peter's into the air and waft it over the Nile, and he said:

"Well, I guess I'm safe so long as you fellows are here. You know the ropes pretty well. When you think it's time to cut, I'll go with you."

Chiltern groaned.

"Got a stitch?" old Proser asked him sympathetically. "I've had a twinge or two myself, spite of the devilish heat."

"No," Chiltern told him, it wasn't rheumatism. It was snake-bite or a forerunner of cholera, he didn't know which. He thought he'd go back to the hotel and turn in. But just as he was getting off, and

Fitch was handing him an affectionate good-by, Fitch happened to say, quite by chance it was:

"I see there are some folks here I know. I'll look 'em up, I guess—the De Lisles."

"The De Lisles!" Chiltern turned into a statue and glared at him, open-mouthed, and I felt I was glaring, too. We were humble with curiosity.

"Oh, yes," Fitch said. De Lisle and he were old acquaintances. Started in the cotton-mill together, and had a good many dealings, keeping prices on a level and hedging on strikes. Then he gave us his benignant, flat smile, like the dramatic effort of a garnished ham, and pottered away with that walk of his, as if both his feet were tender. Chiltern looked at me and I at him.

"Well," I said, "cheer up. He knows the Mouse already. He won't marry her, for if he was going to he could have done it before."

"Marry her!" hooted Chiltern. "He? Marry that——"

"Mouse," said I.

But the next day it looked as if nobody were going to marry the Mouse if Bellona and Bellona's bridegroom, as we quite seriously called them, could prevent it—nobody but one: for William Norman Pilkington Hare had arrived, an Englishman of long descent, with manners, money, everything in his pocket, six-foot two, military carriage, fine blonde head, and a hand and foot to charm, and we saw, actually saw Bellona draw bead on him. It was at one of those foolish afternoon teas where the six young ladies then in Darjheeling who hunted in half-dozens, were displayed for sale, suitably chaperoned, and the mother of one of them came in towing young Hare, doubtless for home consumption. He took his cup of tea like a man, gazed all round with his clear blue eyes, and saw the Mouse. She wasn't one of the six, but her precious uncle and aunt contrived to have her look, as they always did, some way or other, as if she were sitting in a special coronation chair and as if her muslin dress had been made out of something mystic, wonderful. Hare's eyes dwelt on her for an instant, as the novels have it, and then he found Bellona at his elbow, saying in that cultivated patois of hers, half middle-class English, half Bostonese, that she'd met his aunt, Lady



The most pestiferous bore, the most ponderous, untrammelled bore.—Page 238.

Sampleton, and how did Lady Sampleton do? Hare answered civilly, though without showing any warmth—as, indeed, how could he, for Chiltern, who had painted Lady Sampleton's portrait, said afterward she looked like a hickory nut dressed up in the show-feathers of a purple ostrich—and then presently he was being presented to the Mouse, and she was working all sorts of havoc with us who watched, by simply not looking at him. Then he was invited to dinner—we heard that—on the count of Lady Sampleton, and accepted, with some neutrality perhaps, but still he accepted; and Chiltern and I went away among the first, sulking like mad.

"At least," I said, when we were half-way back to the hotel, "it isn't Fitch."

"There are worse things than Fitch," said Chiltern gloomily.

Whereupon I ventured to ask what they were.

"This Johnnie's worse," was his very elaborate reasoning, "because Fitch couldn't get her, and this fellow can."

I felt enamored of justice.

"He isn't a Johnnie," said I, "and it would be incorrect to call him a fellow. He is a very dukelike piece of handiwork, and we're nowhere beside him."

"You're right," said Chiltern, to my surprise. "We're nowhere beside him, especially in the eyes of Bellona."

The Psalmist says he has never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. In that regard I am more correctly informed than the Psalmist, for I have seen both; but the thing I have not seen is a campaign conducted with more circumspection and invincible purpose than the one whereby the De Lisles set a gin for the feet of the dukelike Hare, and limed his pathway, and threw salt upon his shining tail-feathers. Every device known to the hunter of men they used simultaneously and in due order, and it would have been strange if such a mobilization of force had come to naught. One ally was lacking to them—the Mouse herself. She grew every day paler, more spiritualized, and sometimes we



Photo by P. Graham Coates

Belena actually sailed down on them and quashed it—Page 243.

went mad with the impulse to champion her, and again we dashed our impotent heads against the walls of impalpable authority wherein she lived.

"Would you marry her, Chiltern?" I cried. "Would you do it?"

"Would I?" he roared at me. "Would I drink up Eisel when I've got an immortal thirst on me? Would I?"

"Then why don't you dash in and marry her out of hand?"

"Why don't I? Because I can't get within sight of her eyelashes with that brace of watch-dogs guarding her. I can't find out whether she's ever seen me, even. Sometimes I think she isn't a real girl. She's a wraith, a mist maiden. She'll melt if you touch her. Only we can't touch her, and she never'll melt. Why don't I dash in? Why don't I dash into the czar's bedchamber and clap him on the back and offer him a dimitrino? Why don't I dash into the jungle and pull the tiger king's tail?"

This was, of course, hysteria, but at the same time truth. It was also true that we all looked on at the game, and we all, I think, understood. So far as matrimonial desirability went, Hare was a prince of the blood. He brought his reputation with him. All the dowagers knew about him in some mysterious way, as news filters about among savages. They haven't the telephone, but all the same they get hold of things. You can't say how it goes, but information—and as a rule very accurate—is simply there. So it was with these Amazons of a thousand ballrooms. They even knew what advances he'd resisted, not like a cad, but through honest flight once he'd felt the lariat flinging nearer, and they all smiled when they saw America, within the brocaded surface of this New England dame, walk into the arena, throw down the same old glove, and dare him to the immemorial combat. Only it was apparently not the same challenge at all. Bellona was clever, infernally. After that one invitation to dine, instead of pursuing, she kept her ground. And she absolutely seemed to be defending the Mouse, defending her from him, so that whoever took the girl out to dinner, he never did. There were always reams of table linen between them. And once when the Mouse had promised him a dance, Bellona actually sailed down on them and quashed it with the fiat that dear Florence was al-

ready overtired. The Englishman's eyes flashed—I saw that—and next day two matrons, by actual count, told Chiltern, who groaned it out to me, that Hare had applied for an interview with Bellona's bridegroom, and got it. And that very night the news swept over us like a special kind of plague that Hare had, in proper form, asked for the Mouse in marriage and been accepted. It was added that the marriage would be hastened, because he had had news that his elder brother, Lord Ormsby, was likely to be at Simla, by way of Bombay, and that Hare had been expected to join him. And then the date was actually set. They were to be married at Calcutta, invited by Lady Sampleton's foster-niece.

When we heard that, Chiltern and I, we were at the club, trying to resist the culinary attentions of Fitch. The man who told us walked away, and Chiltern looked at me in a manner he has when one of his grand passions finds the earth caving in under it. His lip twitched, as if it had been denied some draught, and he said:

"Well, it's over. Let's go home."

I was sorry for him in a measure, but I knew time and change would paint him a cheerful scarlet.

"Do you mean it?" I asked. "Home?"

"To America," said Chiltern.

We both forgot Fitch, who stood there, his little eyes fixed on us with that fatuous acquiescence he felt in our most commonplace acts, and especially our prowess in talking fool talk as he couldn't.

"Actually?" said Fitch. "I'll go with you."

Chiltern turned upon him with what I have heard called the courage of desperation.

"By the way," Fitch continued, "Flossie De Lisle's going to be married Wednesday. You wouldn't want to sail that same day, would you?"

Chiltern was looking him through, thinking.

"No," he said. "Put it off a couple of weeks, Fitch. Take the next boat."

"I'll engage passage," said Fitch, with alacrity. There was no porter's errand he wasn't anxious to do for the reward of being cheek by jowl with such bully boys as we.

"No," said Chiltern, "you engage your own passage, and I'll attend to ours. By-



Drawn by F. Graham Coates.

They ran up the gangway with the unmistakable air of flight.—Page 245.

by, Fitch, see you soon. Got some painting to finish now."

"Painting?" said Fitch, abominably and offensively interested. "Got an order?"

"Yes," said Chiltern, "a group—a rajah and his brandy paunee."

"Sho!" said Fitch, who retained traces of his country breeding. "Actually! Well, do 'em justice, Chiltern, do 'em justice. By the way, Flossie De Lisle and her husband are going up to Simla."

"She hasn't any husband," growled Chiltern, "yet."

"No," said Fitch, with the cheerfulness of the adipose, "not yet."

It was Saturday, and I was on pins to go. I felt it was time to cut the whole connection, Fitch because we couldn't thole him, and the Mouse because Chiltern was monotonously cherishing that idea of loving her. And because he cherished it, and because it was fighting in his system to a horrible extent, I was going to do exactly what he said about time and place, and let his sick fancy go wherever it felt it could heal itself.

"But it's not America, Pete," he said, as we turned away and knew Fitch was gingerly trotting off, as if the pavement scorched him, to engage his passage. "It's Egypt."

"Egypt? We stop in Egypt?"

"We do. We take next Wednesday's boat. We go to Cairo. We interrogate the Sphinx. We ask her what the devil she thinks of this business of upsetting a fellow's nerves because a girl's got a pale face and bright hair. Maybe we go on into the desert. And in two weeks Fitch takes the next boat and steams by us to England."

"Maybe he'll stop at Egypt, too."

"No, he won't. The day we leave here, we'll post him a passionate letter, saying I'm summoned to paint the Lord Mayor of London, and charge him, an' he loves us, to meet us at the Mansion House six weeks ahead."

So he engaged passage under some fictitious name or other, I forget what now, and we were to sail the very day of the marriage.

"Go on board at the last minute," I said. I had a foolish fear Fitch would lime us, and we should see him behind us on the deck. Chiltern's spirits were coming up. Blue water was calling him, and I saw he wasn't

going to spend his precious tears on any incomparable she who could commit that last, worst solecism of accepting Another. He burst into his hoot of laughter. I hadn't heard it since he saw the Mouse first and began to wear a lover's melancholy.

"Fitch won't see us," he remarked, as if he had a pretty secret. "If he does, he won't know us. I've laid in some Moham-medan togs, for his sweet sake, and we're going on board in 'em and keep 'em on till she's under way."

"How do you know they'll let us? How do you know there isn't a prejudice against nagurs on the P. & O.?"

"Do you know who's captain of our boat?" asked Chiltern, with the air of delivering a clincher.

"No."

"Tommy Ridgway."

"Good! Will he stand for it?"

"Stand for anything we take it into our noddles to do."

So the day of the sailing we were on board early, each in a fancy-ball costume where I felt extremely foolish and somewhat parasitic, though Chiltern assured me he'd had the togs put through some cleansing process and strictly sterilized. We were on deck, he in a high state of enjoyment, and I contemplating going below and changing for Western wear, when he quieted suddenly, as if a thought had him by the throat.

"Well," he said, "it's over."

I stared at him from under my turban.

"Over?" I said.

"Yes. She's married."

"Oh, the Mouse! Yes," I said with philosophy, "she's married."

And then as I watched the turmoil of the shore, I saw a carriage drive up and two women get out, one of them veiled. The other was Florence De Lisle's rawboned, sallow maid. The first—I knew her through her gauze, knew her walk, her height, her slenderness—was Florence De Lisle herself. They ran up the gangway with the unmistakable air of flight and came on board. They were near enough to touch us. I grabbed Chiltern's arm, but there was no need. He was looking at her, shocked into silence. The two of them, mistress and maid, went to the rail and stood there. We swung off, and still they stood as if Calcutta held something they feared or loved to leave. I touched Chil-

tern again on the arm, and he followed me to our cabin. There we looked at each other.

"He must be on board," said Chiltern, voicing the thought of both of us.

"He's not. A bridegroom come on board and let his bride come after?"

"No!"

"She's run away?" I asked, almost, I believe, piteously in the extremity of my wonder.

"Yes. She hates him."

"Run away before the ceremony!"

"Yes. Good God! Peter, here she is on board with us for sixteen days of solitude and the open sea."

"Come back, Chiltern," I charged him. "Think what you're saying. If she's run away from him, there'll be the devil's own row. There'd be row enough if she went alone. But we two are on board, and the world's wife will say she went with us."

He opened his mouth and looked at me as if he could roar down the hatefulness of it all.

"With you, at least," I said. "And that I stood by you, or indecently followed on."

Chiltern halted there looking down on his perfectly cleansed costume. Then his eye travelled over mine.

"We've got to keep these on," he said.

"The whole voyage?"

"Yes. I'll go and see Ridgway. I'll tell him we consider it a kind of a joke—Ridgway knows we're a pair of fools—oh, damn, Peter, damn!"

"You won't mention her?" I called after him.

"Mention her? I'm going to save her from being mentioned."

He was gone perhaps half an hour, and I sat on my bunk and meditated. I felt like a fool in my disguise which seemed well enough on shore, and in for an adventure all primary school folly and neither fun nor glory in it. When Chiltern came back he took his place beside me and also meditated. Then he came to himself.

"Well," said he, "how do you suppose they're registered?"

I couldn't guess, and he added, as if it capped the top of wonder:

"Mrs. Hare and maid."

"Then she's married." That was all that occurred to me to say. "Married and he's not here. Well," I mused, after an-

other soggy moment, "she's run away. As you say, she hates him."

And I could see through the thin veil of Chiltern's quiet, moved only by a breathing like a racing tug, that he was wondering by chance whether there was a man she did not hate.

The tension of that sixteen days' voyage tires me now to think of. Mrs. Hare—the Mouse no longer—was going on to England; then, ten days out, she changed her mind, Ridgway said, and was going to stop off in Egypt. Chiltern and I kept our state-rooms except after dark, and we made the deck our own for the greater part of the night. Even to Ridgway, we didn't own why we wanted our identities sealed as the grave. It was a bet, we told him, and then, in an exuberance of bitter fancy, a bet with Fitch, whom he also knew, that we couldn't or wouldn't travel incog. to Cairo.

Chiltern was torn in two by the aching wonder of it all. He pondered whether she perhaps guessed he was on board—nobody thought of the possibility of her loving *me*—or whether she was just flying for terror of what she'd left behind. He felt himself in the midst of an adventure beside which the tales of Scheherezade are as the babblings of Tupper, and yet like a clear blue sky above his tragedy stage, was the unalterable determination in us both that a good girl should not be compromised. More than that, she should not fall into dangers unguessed by her, as they were as yet by us. Sometimes we didn't more than half trust the maid. She looked like a locked black morocco bag, for silence. What did she know, we wondered, or had she planned the flight? Was the Mouse somehow in her power, and where was the Portmanteau taking her? They stayed in their own cabin a good deal, we found by chance from Ridgway, and it's safe to say the voyage was the stuffiest one the four of us ever had. Then at last Cairo, and we followed them to Shepherd's and heard them make their bargain, with a good deal of dignity on the part of the Mouse, and saw them going to their rooms. We turned out incontinently upon that, though we had apparently been waiting till the English ladies should be served, went to a trustworthy dive Chiltern knew about, and there washed our faces and got into the dress of American men of respectable degree. Then we took rooms

at the Hotel de Londres, opposite Shephard's, and again forswore the air of heaven to sit at our windows and note whether or when our mysterious dames came forth. They did, and we followed them at a distance. The Mouse seemed interested in shops, timid about bargaining, but spirited and even happy. She walked differently, with her head up and a certain swing and go amazing to us. Her cheeks, so pale when we had watched her at Darjheeling, had the slightest flush. Whether she ever saw us or not, we could not tell. By that time we were worn and fractious with the queerness of it all, and sometimes there seemed to be no reason why she shouldn't see us. Only, if she did, there was a perfectly understood compact between us that no one should be recognized. But the growing change in her! Every day she seemed to be more buoyant, more intoxicated with something that looked like expectation.

"If this keeps on," said Chiltern one night from the darkness of his chamber where we sat together, "we shall forget she was the Mouse."

"So I thought," I answered, "though it's beyond me what to call her now."

"Me, too," he said, "unless it's the leopard."

"No, the leopard's cruel, when she likes. This girl's not cruel. Only she's alive at last—and wonderful."

"Yes," said Chiltern, sucking at his pipe. "She's wonderful."

So it went on for three weeks, a month, and then another night Chiltern came in to me with business written over him.

"Stir your stumps," he said. "They're going to the Pyramids by moonlight."

"How do you know?"

"Heard the order given. Walked into Shephard's to ask fool questions and see whether they were in the garden, saw the maid come down, heard the carriage ordered."

"They're going in a carriage?"

"Yes."

"By themselves?"

"Apparently."

"I don't like that. They're safer in the tram."

"Well, you're going too, so you might as well like it."

"Oh, yes," I said absently, "of course I'm going myself, but I don't like that either. I

wish we were all at Coney Island seeing the moving pictures—or down at Cuttyhunk."

So when the carriage came round to take the Mouse and the Portmanteau out to the Pyramids the ancient kings seemed to have builded for the special purpose of a scene-setting for all that was to do, two saddle-horses were waiting at our door, and after a suitable interval, Chiltern and I mounted and followed on behind, like a particularly asinine branch of special police.

"I'm thinking," I said, while the leather creaked.

"What?" Chiltern flung at me.

"That somehow this night's the night that settles it."

"Yes." He bit the word off sharp. "It is."

"And I'm thinking if she does recognize you, and you forget Hare, you'll tell her how we've followed her. You'll tell her a good many things."

"I sha'n't forget Hare," said he savagely.

"Don't," I recommended.

If you're going to be in love, which, I contend, is a special curse only ameliorated by the inevitable oblivion at the end, there's no place to be in love like the country where Cleopatra wooed her Antony. Moonlight and the Pyramids, the avenue of lebbek trees, the Libyan hills beyond where we could see, and holding it all, like a sorceress with her lap full of sleepy runes, Egypt. Whole realms of poetry, stuff I hadn't thought of since I was twenty, came rushing into my head, and I swear I don't know to this day whether it was mine or Shakespeare's.

"If I speak," I said, and I knew I said it drunkenly, "I shall speak in verse."

Chiltern understood. He answered with a perfect gravity.

"Yes. Don't do it, though. We couldn't any of us bear it."

By that "any of us" I saw he included in our possible meeting, the woman in the carriage ahead.

We were riding slowly to keep well away, and suddenly we became aware, at the same moment, I think, of a mad rhythm of hoofs behind us. There was one man riding, riding like the wild huntsman at least.

"That's business," said Chiltern.

"Let him pass us," I threw back at him.

"We can keep an eye on him and ride him down."

The rhythm of hoofs came nearer. The man rode with a reckless haste, and no eye for us, save to turn out. He was abreast of us. He passed, and we, by one impulse, started our horses into the same wild gallop and kept on with him.

"You saw!" Chiltern cried out to me.

"I saw," I answered, with, I think, as savage emphasis.

The man was Hare. He was still ahead of us, going like all possessed, and we doubled our pace. We were twenty feet behind him, and he at least twenty-five feet behind the carriage, and he now, as if this were exactly the distance he had determined upon, dropped into an easy trot, and we did the same. So there we were at an even pace, not to meet, it seemed, until we reached some point tacitly decreed, which was presumably the Pyramids. And now the Pyramid was looming up before us, a black bulk of velvet in the dark. Once only I spoke to Chiltern. I reined in beside him.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

He turned his head to me and I saw, or thought I saw, in the moonlight, that his eyes were bloodshot.

"It depends," he said. He was breathing short and hard. "If she hates him, kill him."

But I knew he wasn't armed—or thought I knew it—and wondered, in a dull way, what he would find to do the deed, and thought with distaste of the whole embroilment; and by and by we were there, and the monument of ages was looking majestically down on us and our midget passion. The Bedouins were wrangling for a big party of English that had come to see the Pyramids by moonlight, so that they forgot briefly to wrangle for us, and the English mamma was so exercised over finding at the last minute that Baedeker had implied the young ladies should wear divided skirts (which they had not provided), that she was forbidding them stridently to ascend at all, and that gave the Bedouins matter for more entreaty. In the little outside swirl of peace beside these tempestuous forces, the Mouse had alighted, given her driver an order, and with the Black Portmanteau turned aside to a remoter space where, it was evident, she meant to observe the Pyramids and the heavens for a moment "by the world forgot." While they did this, Hare sat his horse like a statue, watching them;

but when it was fairly evident that this was what she meant to do, he flung himself out of the saddle, gave a Bedouin the bridle to hold, the act accompanied by a few terse words wherein I detected the name of the Prophet and "bakshish," and strode off after the Mouse. Chiltern threw himself off his horse, selected another Bedouin, repeated Hare's promise and potential curse, and gave him the bridle. Then I did the same, nailing another son of Egypt, and Chiltern followed Hare and I followed Chiltern. And by the time we reached the man and woman, and halted at a distance of perhaps five paces, we both saw at the same instant that Hare had put out his hands and the Mouse had, with the quickest gesture of entire abandon, gripped them with hers. There they stood looking in each other's faces with a tense, drawn, spiritualized, perfectly happy look, and the moon Cleopatra saw when she fed upon Antony's face was shining on there in the old way, and the desert was whispering outside, and the goddess Hathor walked the sands that night and drenched us all, each with the particular philter conducing to his own especial madness. I had time for a look at the maid, the Black Portmanteau, and I saw she had really withdrawn herself, as if somehow this climax were what she had been expecting all along, and had prepared herself for as something it would be a part of her correct training to ignore. So she looked at the moon, and looked at the Pyramid, and thought, I doubted not, of some glorious *maître d'hôtel* who had enslaved her heart in the course of her wanderings, and whom she would see no more. What was the odds, *maître d'hôtel* or Chiltern, Hare or Antony? The moon knew all about it equally. While I thought these gibbering thoughts, Hare looked at his wife—oh, I knew it now!—and she looked straight at him. No more veiling of lids, no more retreating into the sanctuary of maidens—all alone. They looked, and as if they adored each other and were sustained, exalted by what they saw. He spoke, in a rough, broken way that might have made you cry, if you were not, like Chiltern, framed of jealous wonder and, like me, curiosity made man.

"Why?" the Englishman kept saying. "Why? Why?"

Then she answered him, in a voice all passionate pride.

"Why? Because I'd been thrown at you. They'd hunted you down and snared you."

"Why not have told me?" he raged. "If you were so proud, I'd have been humbler."

"I couldn't tell you," she said, and there she gave a sob. "I was ashamed."

"Ashamed?" That he said as if it broke his heart, too, that he should have to think it of her.

"Of my people, my country, myself. They'd kept me close till I'd died of cold. I'd withered into something I'm afraid to think of. They'd tried to sell me to other men with money, and one with a title, and I'd frozen them out, but you——"

She couldn't go on. No more could she look at him now. Her face turned away a little, and I thought, if it had been dawn instead of moonlight, he might have seen her forehead, even, deep with red. But this was the moment when he understood.

"Dearest," he said, just that one word, and she began to cry, softly, with no sobs or whimpering, only I was perfectly sure the tears were flowing down her cheeks.

"You ran away!" said Hare. He spoke as a very loving person does to a naughty child; and then the Mouse did something no one ever saw her do in the past days of her frozen girlhood. She laughed out long and gay, a warm, bright flood, in the very face of the Pyramid and Egypt.

"I ran away," she said.

"What for?" asked Hare.

"For you to follow." This she said brazenly.

"What for? Why was I to follow?"

"Don't you know? So I could be courted and persuaded as girls ought to be, as an American girl has got to be. Oh, you don't know me yet! Wait till you know me, Englishman!"

We had none of us known her, I saw that; I heard it in her thrilling voice, the strength and will and passion it flung for all the airs of Egypt to carry to whatever ears they would. The Englishman straightened; a quiver ran through him. He accepted, I saw, all her unspoken challenges.

"Was I to meet you here?" he asked. That same dauntless thrill was in his voice, the one we heard in hers. "Was this intended? Does this content you?"

"Why?"

"Because if it doesn't I'll leave you here.

You shall go on alone, and I'll follow for as long as you like, and as far as you like. And I'll kiss your footprints all the way."

That was doing pretty well for an Englishman, I thought, and then I remembered that Shakespeare wrote in English, and, for the matter of that, a man named Rossetti. She was answering.

"You were not to meet me here. It was to be longer, England, America, perhaps. But—I got tired of waiting."

Her voice dropped. She had waited for him over one steamer, and she was tired of waiting. And then Hare bent toward her in the face of Egypt and the haggling Bedouins, the skirted English daughters, the Pyramids and the moon, and she made haste to meet him, and they kissed each other, and Hare drew her into his arms and they may have kissed again. But I missed Chiltern from my side, and looked about for him. He was back there by the ruffling tourists, mounting his horse, and the Bedouin was examining the bakshish given him, and apparently thinking it a plenty, for he called upon the Prophet to rain honey upon Chiltern while at the same time, begging him to stay and climb the Pyramid, accompanying his remarks with some grotesque adjuration about Mark Twain. But Chiltern was riding off, and I got my horse in haste and rode after him, though to the tune of curses because my coin had been less abounding. Through the long, sluggish ride back to the hotel we did not speak; but that night I did gather from Chiltern that we were to leave Cairo next morning.

Next morning we did leave, and as we were going down the steps of the Hotel de Londres for the last time that trip, we came full upon a man and woman, she in the most beautiful clothes even an American bride ever clothed herself in withal, yet simple as the sheath round a flower, and he with a bridegroom's proudest sovereignty written on him. This the Mouse? It was a creature with rose-mantled cheek and eyes that looked straight at you, rejoicing, shining, with things promised in their depths that would take the happy bridegroom a thousand years to learn. She stopped, put out her hand to Chiltern, then to me. She looked at us both, half tenderly, even, half in whimsical confession, the sort where the mouth smiles and the brows are rueful.

"You've been awfully good," she said.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

I HAVE watched numberless persons walk around a great stone near my house—a round stone with a hollow in the top, filled with water, where the birds come to drink—and dilate learnedly after this fashion: "Think how it was carried for thousands of years on the back of a glacier, and how it was rubbed and ground by ice and stones till its angles were worn down into this perfect sphere." All very true were this stone a boulder, but it happens to be quite another thing, a concretion, which grew round from babyhood and never had any angles to rub off. It started perhaps with a bit of shell or fish bone falling into the soft mud of a stream. This nucleus

acted like a magnet, attracting to itself little particles of congenial matter which hugged it layer after layer

like an onion; while the water above, holding iron and lime and silica in solution, percolated through the growing concretion and cemented it into a solid stone.

After such fashion does local history grow up. You take a house or bit of land, a road or a river or Indian treaty, as a nucleus; and as you read old books, newspapers, and letters; examine old maps, plans, and pictures; and as you talk with old residents—your facts form layer after layer around your centre; and as you compare and generalize and let your imagination flow over all, your house or bit of land, or road, or river, or Indian treaty grows and crystallizes into a shapely, lasting concretion of local history.

In choosing some nucleus for a study of local history, one cannot do better than begin with one's house or yard. One should trace back the several ownerships to the original grant; discover what other buildings were ever on the place, with something about the earlier people who lived there; if Indians ever hunted on it or soldiers tramped over it; changes of topography; when adjacent roads were opened; and one's own family traditions. One incident will inevitably lead to another, fascinating facts will peep from every cover, and conversation will follow the trend. All one's finds should be firmly held in place by the little rivets of accurate names and dates.

Take, for instance, my own home in the heart of a busy manufacturing city of the middle West. My garden lies about midway between two ancient "cities of refuge," built by the Neutral Nation about three centuries ago. Warring tribes of the West might enter the Western city, and those of the East the Eastern, but "sanctuary" reigned within. Later my garden was part of a Wyandotte village; and during the War of 1812 two companies of British regulars, veteran troops of Wellington's Peninsular campaign, attacking a local fort, marched over where my cardinal flowers now bloom. Later a small French colony used the plot for a burying-ground. The patent for the first sale of this land was signed by Andrew Jackson, and became part of a family tract. Sixty years ago my mother, from "down East," arrived for a visit, and penetrating beyond the reach of railroads came up the little river by boat. At the landing-place she was hoisted to a seat on her trunk in a wagon to be driven "into the woods." Three blocks from the river the wagon stuck fast in the mud, the trunk was dropped out on a hummock, and she finished her journey on foot. When she married, some years later, and the choice of any lot in town was offered to her for a homestead, she selected this spot where her trunk was thrown off in the mud. After a few years the children of the growing neighborhood needed a school, so a little wooden building was erected in the rear of the yard, and there not a few of the younger grandfathers of the city learned their alphabets. Later, a pair of magnificent eagles being given to my father, the old school-house was converted into a cage. All summer the birds lived there, but one autumn day my parents opened the door and stood watching the great creatures as they rose and soared off westward. These things happened long before I was born, but they add inexpressible interest to the place for me, and are earnest of the story and tradition which linger about your own homes if you but ferret them out.

I like to tell little children who visit me how out in the busy street where now passes an almost constant stream of automobiles ran a clear brook in which I used to set water-

wheels and catch minnows. Their eyes grow round as my great age presses home, yet two generations in town still regard me as a "girl." Our Western towns grow rapidly. A dear old lady in Cleveland, who died but a few years ago, told me that she remembered her father coming in much elated to tell her mother that they had just finished counting the inhabitants, and there were 876! Ohio's largest city!

Whatever your nucleus, your concretion will rapidly outgrow your locality. The story of my lot enlarges into a history of the town and trails off down the river to old forts on the lake, and in the other direction along the famous Harrison Trail to ancient mounds, the Mississippi, and New Orleans. When a citizen of my town became a President of the United States I was plunged into the very middle of American history. Nor did it stop there, for I have but just learned of a *villa* of three thousand inhabitants in Paraguay, named after this local resident who as President acted as arbiter in a territorial dispute between Paraguay and Argentina. Modestly local, however, do I keep my collection of data, believing that my business in the matter is to edit just that bit of land and lore under my own charge, and make the most of it in the limited time at my disposal.

Thus as the annalist lovingly gleans the harvest fields of home, ruminating on its topographical, climatic, and scenic effects; finger-ing over the dress and customs of earlier denizens; wandering through rooms which birth has gladdened and death hallowed, where infancy dreamed and where each step is on a memory: little by little she acquires the "idiom" of the place, finding it a far subtler influence in shaping thought and action than the uninitiated suspect.

There is nothing new in all this, but the simple catalogue of it may kindle the spark of a new interest in other quiet lives, leading them to cherish the legends and customs that would otherwise be lost in historic haze. Whatever else may result from such study of "this infinite go-before of the present," it chains the student to that inspiring injunction of old Pindar which Plutarch liked to quote of those, heirs of the centuries, who

"Do match their noble ancestors in prowess of their own,
And by their fruits commend the stock whence they themselves are grown."

EVERY one may not know that the Blue-books, which a beneficent government sends for the asking, are most interesting reading. This is not only by the way of their wide range of pertinent topics and expert treatment. Blue-books are first of all records of fact and experience. But these allow for the imagination to play like lightning around their dull-est periods, and one sees by flashes the vast intricacies of those wonder-working forces whose impulse comes from the national capital, but whose results reach the antipodes.

It was after reading one of these Blue-books that I was able to realize how base-ball has penetrated into the very bones and marrow of our national life. This particular book was issued by the Insular Department, with many attractive photographs, for our revered Uncle does his book-making with distinction. It is entitled "The Report of the Philippine Commission on Education in the Philippines," and it sent my mind picking up threads over a retrospective period longer than I care to reckon.

Base-ball
and the
Blue-books

With the relation of base-ball to the finer qualities of speech I have long been familiar and appreciative. In the hey-day of youth I was an honorary member of a base-ball club. It was called, I remember, the Kekiongas, a local Indian name. On Saturday afternoons the club would send "hacks" for the honorary members, that these might cheer on their heroes equally to glory or defeat. Thus we were able to talk fluently of "daisy cutters" and "sky scrapers," and of "romping home"—talking poetry as M. Prudhomme talked prose, without knowing it. Since those days base-ball has developed a speech of its own, but in overlooking the daily events on the diamond, it does not seem that such phrases as "bouncing a roller" and "spunky bunts" compare favorably with the pictorial metaphors we were accustomed to in those earlier days.

We were also in at the entrance of base-ball into the higher mathematics, and learned to recognize the returning curves which were engaging the attention of the professors. To our minds the pitcher who first gave that peculiar twist to the ball which brought to notice new manifestations of force and velocity, seemed destined to go down the ages with Newton and Euclid. Alas! I have forgotten his name. Scientifically base-ball has outstripped its honorary members, and the skill of Matty and Wagner and other famous men is to-day a matter of diagrams and demon-

stration and only to be fully understood at the universities.

But the greatest triumph of base-ball is not that it engages the professors, but that it consolidates the people. A young Englishman recently arrived finds the pervading interest in base-ball, reaching as it does down to the lowermost stratum of the population, the most extraordinary thing in this country. Cricket as a national sport in his islands rarely gets beyond the yeomanry. The curates and the guests of the manor house may play the villagers, but the factory hands have no more interest in cricket than they have in polo or golf; and as for the submerged tenth, it hardly knows that the game exists.

On the other hand, in this country from ocean to ocean the scene repeats itself; crowds in cities stand cheering and groaning before bulletin boards; factory hands have an inning or two at the noon hour, with the boss and clerks standing by; on Saturday afternoons the farmers' boys play in lonely fields, with mother and the girls in buggies and spring-wagons looking on. Inland Empire plays the Pacific Coast, and at Spokane the air is rent with cheers while Seattle laments, just as Chicago shouts when the Cubs defeat the Giants, while New York gloomily turns on its heel and goes its several ways.

Now for the Blue-book. Base-ball follows the flag. In the Philippines, it seems that base-ball is not an insignificant factor in our educational scheme, for it gets into the government reports among nature studies and manual training. "We first got hold of the Jolo boys through base-ball," writes one teacher of the young untamed Moros. "I have always found base-ball a good way to interest the children in the schools," writes another.

A division superintendent informs the Philippine Commission that "base-ball is doing more than anything else to enlist the sympathies of the inhabitants. Among the boys it engenders a spirit of perseverance, determination, of struggling against difficulty and opposition. The base-ball players are the most active and progressive of our students." Again we learn that Mr. Leonardo Osioro has offered a silver cup to the winning team at Cavite. There is to be a meet at Sorsogon between teams from Masbate, Albay, and Sorsogon for a silver cup, known as the Trent base-ball trophy. At the Batangas Normal School base-ball contributes to the study of English, for any player who uses other than an English word must retire from the field. The absorbing interest at Lingayen is which of the two base-ball teams will win, and the inhabitants turn out each week to watch the practice games on the plaza. "One can always raise money for the base-ball team," writes a teacher, alluding to the intention of his district in southern Luzon to send a team to Manila to play the Manila boys. Even the superintendent of public instruction finds it worth while to inform the Commission that "nearly every high school has organized base-ball teams. Interscholastic games have been arranged. Filipenos take to base-ball with enthusiasm, and show remarkable skill at it." Elsewhere several teachers are honorably mentioned as instructors of base-ball. All this in a grave, matter-of-fact Blue-book.

"Blest be the tie that binds," says the old-fashioned hymn; base-ball unites all classes and conditions of men, from the White House through every layer of our cosmopolite population, until it enwraps little Brown Brother in the isles of the sea.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ART STUDY IN NEW YORK

ONE used to think of the *flâneur* abroad as enjoying opportunities for indulging his taste for the fine arts of which we in America were deprived, and until recent years these did indeed seem peculiarly the privilege of those sojourning in the centres of the Old World. Christie's, the Hôtel Druout, were hailed as little Meccas by the art-loving pilgrim.

The writer well recalls the satisfaction with which, in the Paris of his day, he sometimes started out with an exhibition in prospect at perhaps the Cercle Mirliton or the Galeries Petit. That morning took on a little air of fête, for was he not to see some examples of those experimenters in Impressionism who were startling the world of art under the title of "Les Intransigents" at a certain dealer's on the Avenue de l'Opéra? This collection was most interesting in its intimations of those problems of light which have been carried so far to-day as to make these statements appear conservative. Those were days of curiosity, of surprise at the audaciousness of this band of Intransigents; but much of this I say would not now move us to protest, as it then did, would appear rather *démodé* and perhaps a little dull. Even the bold surface lights of Caillebotte, so assured, so confidently placed, would not strike one as unusual to-day; on the contrary, this particular painter as now seen in the Luxembourg, where he and some of his associates have gained entrance, seems discreet in touch and color, and not remarkably interesting, although he possesses fine greys and a charming sentiment of light.

Our *flâneur* would then go on and take in, as a kind of antidote, a collection of portraits at the Mirliton, where he would be diverted by the different renderings of the human individual as portrayed by such differing temperaments as Carolus-Duran, Cabanel, Bonnat, Bastien-Lepage, Courtois, Chaplin, and Dagnan-Bouveret. But this experience of which I speak was at a period of the past when there was no provision for similar anticipation to thrill the amateur in New York.

To-day, however, I dare hazard the statement that during a winter season New York

furnishes as rich opportunities for the fastidious art lover as do the capitals of Europe. Times have changed as much in these matters as in more material things, and the wealth that has landed *les hautes nouveautés* at our doors has none the less given us Van Dycks, Franz Halses, Rembrandts, Gainsboroughs, Sir Joshuas, and Romneys; while the innumerable examples of the most precious masters of the Dutch School, as well as splendid canvases by those innovators and renovators of French painting, Monet, Manet, Degas, Sisley, Renoir, and Pissaro, may be had for the stroll down Fifth Avenue and through some of its adjacent streets.

Nor must we overlook those of our own landscape painters who here, often in "one man exhibitions" or groups, show their range and their sympathy with the sights of the outside world that I believe would, in Paris, attract a circle of admirers—those in that unusual city who possess the true "flair" for art,—which would make them the talk of the town. This is no unreflecting statement. I am sufficiently familiar with the temper of observant Parisians concerning art to know that there would be a quick response to the beautiful vision of these painters and their expression of it on canvas; for they are making the love of nature more general, and creating indeed, even here, a considerable constituency of competent connoisseurs. The public is becoming conscious that this is not all virtuosity; and although mere skill is perhaps sometimes too obvious, many are moved by the general serious purpose of these men. It is into rooms along these thoroughfares that I propose to step and, in a leisurely way, note works of really permanent interest that may be found there; for it has seemed desirable thus to call attention to the significance of these advantages—not to New York only, but to the country at large. For it must not be forgotten that there is a whole world of beautiful art lying dormant in somnolent corners of palaces and country houses the which needs but the touch of a Mæcenat to waken, to bring to light and make a living influence on the craft of modern painting. All this stored competency, accessible only to the favored few,

will soon become vivified and stimulate and give vigor to the artistic output of the present.

It cannot be otherwise; for there is a curiosity and intelligence abroad in the world of to-day that must make this revelation of the past of great significance. Changing conditions, as I have said, are already bringing these treasures from their hiding and placing them where all may see, study, and enjoy.

It is no slight thing to have this treasure-house of beauty opened to us, to be free to note the jolly mastery of Hals through his swift and fluent passages of paint, to study the subtle profundity of Rembrandt, the distinction of Van Dyck, the blazing truth of Monet, the analytic observation of Degas, the uncompromising honesty of Manet, and the marked individuality of a host of others. This democratizing of the fine arts—this offering to whom will the enjoyment that has been formerly the privilege of a favored class—is distinctively a note of the present, one with the world's movement to-day.

For instance, a roomful of Manets alone which we stopped in to see was of a character to make one intolerant of the painted pictures that are constantly turned out. Indeed, where will one find such sincere searching for the just value, close statement of color, truth of plane, and almost perfectly sustained surface, texture as in some of his pictures?

Veracious observation is one of the elements of simplicity that this painter possesses, and it is a quality which seems to belong to the great traditions of painting. He was a master of beautiful paint, and not all the pretty, dexterous, and sometimes astonishing manipulation of a lesser man can move one who has been attuned to the sonorous notes and elemental truth of this modern master. This, as opposed to the thin and colorless painting we sometimes meet with, is in the nature of a tonic; and the layman cannot do better than to avail himself of its invigorating stimulus.

Manet was an experimenter also and not above changing his methods if by doing so he could get nearer the truth; and although he began in the dark heavy tones derived from his admiration of the Spaniards, Velasquez, and Goya, his evolution was steadily toward the light. Much of the Impressionist's value lies in the delivering of certain pure tones from the palette to the canvas; this is often done, however, at an entire sacrifice of composition, drawing, and of almost every other element which goes to the production of a work of art.

This does not apply to Manet; but where perhaps the intellectual element did not exist among some of his companions, he was not slow to recognize that they had, by their experiments, contributed much to the clarifying of the palette, and from this time on he was less influenced by the art of the past than by that modern realism in subject which, as a painter, he thereafter represents.

A generous collector and his wife permitted the public exhibition for several weeks of a group of paintings which it was a rare privilege to see and a kind of art education to have attentively studied. Three examples of Hals would have made it notable of themselves. In speaking of Hals, his obvious skill is so marked that one is sometimes forgetful of a finer side of this great painter. Of these portraits we may only speak of that of Michielez de Wael who is represented also in one of the Corporation pictures at Haarlem; but the treatment of this single figure as a portrait was fuller of detail, more developed as a *morceau*, than would be the case where it made one of a group; and it was a delightful surprise to observe that Hals could realize his individual so effectually without distracting your attention by his clear and logical method; the method was still there, but it now becomes the art which disguises art. The Rembrandt in this collection was full of accomplished painting, although not so full of an earnest searching to express something deeper than mere externals which was this painter's later characteristic. This young man in the act of rising from his chair was of the early period of Rembrandt's work.

These strolls among transient exhibitions afford frequently the opportunity of comparing the work of different stages of an artist's career, and it is a fact that in the case of Rembrandt nearly the whole range of his production may be studied through the examples that sooner or later are shown in New York. But it is in no sense a local matter, this seeing things in New York; it is merely that the leaven which spreads throughout the country happens for the moment to be found there. These art treasures which we are touching upon in this paper have furnished topics for drawing-rooms and clubs from Los Angeles to Philadelphia. The visitors to a much-talked-of Van Dyck exhibition, for instance, were from such widely separated points, and the interest was great in this opportunity kindly provided by two other public-spirited collectors.

It may not be too much to say that this prince of portrait painters was a master from the beginning. His life lasted but forty-two years, and in his twenty-second year he did the portraits of Franz Snyders and his wife, which for dignified seriousness of purpose and mastery of painting are equal to his maturer work. Van Dyck may have gained later, by contact with the world, that quality of investing his high-bred sitter with the personal distinction which belonged to him; but it is difficult to mark any essential advance in a style of painting that was so finished when he painted these two friends at the beginning of his career. Of his Italian period seven examples were shown. That of the Marchese Elena Grimaldi was of the traditional Van Dyck, disclosing high birth, stately carriage, sumptuous surroundings; a young negro servant holding a scarlet parasol, with accessories of Corinthian columns and vista of landscape all betokening the circumstance to which the painter was accustomed and in painting which he was always happy.

One weakness of Van Dyck was not absent from these canvases generally—his stereotyped and mannered treatment of the hands; they appeared all cast in the same mould, when in reality they are a feature as distinctively personal as the head itself to him who truly sees. The demand for constant production must have caused the painter to slight this fact in his work; for to no man of his ability can one otherwise attribute this lapse.

When one studies these works from the point of view of to-day it is true that with our modern vision there would perhaps be discovered in the work of the present a broader and more logical "envelope" to the scene or a figure thus placed, a more sensitive realization of the various surfaces as affected by the same conditions of light; but for adroitness of touch and nobility of design we must acknowledge this man a master. There was in these canvases so strong a sense of pictorial statement and so thorough an acquaintance with the means, that the picture appeared to paint itself. By this I mean that the palette was accepted as fixed—no over-anxious searching for the exact tone as influenced by the surrounding air—there were certain conventions of color that remained for him unchanged, and the artist was thus left free to concentrate his powers on the design, the shape, the pattern that should distinguish his canvas; and it is this element in the best work of the past that has its lesson for us. For from these works

one carried away the impression of beautiful forms, handsome lines, well-studied folds in drapery, and well-observed masses and balance of parts, satisfying to the eye.

I am not calling attention to these qualities as anything new in themselves, but to the fact that this aggregation of Van Dycks emphasized for us the high character of work put out habitually by these great men; and that through opportunities like these we may train ourselves to look for the same high performance in the work of to-day. How fares it with us? It is through possessing a public of connoisseurs that really fine art is produced; for the workman is stimulated by appreciation, and every good work applauded engenders others that will surely follow. Great work always has an audience, is always modern. No better illustration of this could be found than that furnished by a certain exhibition and sale of modern masters—so considered forty years ago. But as a whole these pictures proved comparatively spiritless when placed before the public which at the same time greeted the Van Dycks and Halses with enthusiasm; for these latter had not changed with fashion. Among this exhibition of modern men it was interesting to remark that their earlier output was much more sincere than that done later to supply their market—for they undoubtedly had a market, and for the most part a good one. Still, there were canvases here by Bonnat and Bouguereau that for artistic feeling and sincerity of painting surpassed the work of their later years. I recall the "Ribera Sketching in Rome," by Bonnat, and "Maternal Affection," by Bouguereau that for artistic feeling and sincerity of painting much surpassed the work of their later time. Bonnat painted his story with excellent taste, and with a picturesque not to say romantic sentiment. It was particularly rich in coloring and disclosed real love for the beauty of paint. If it had possessed, in addition, a sensitiveness to the charm of outdoor light there would have been little left to be desired in this otherwise handsome canvas. This is where men of a still later day excel. "Maternal Affection," by Bouguereau, showed him more than usually interested in a theme that to his years of after industry became trite.

A comparatively early Meissonier, "The Card Players," was a surprising study in facial expression, and of an insistence on detail that took it out of the category of the artistic and

landed it frankly in the realm of artifice. Meissonier has done much more earnest work, I mean more that placed him on a higher æsthetic plane, but rarely anything that was better calculated to astound by its commanding dexterity.

This kind of painting is a far call from the breadth, grasp, and sweep of the work that has been discussed throughout this brief recital; but it goes to show the variety of art opportunity that may be enjoyed by those who follow the free exhibitions in New York during the winter months. No more varied opportunities may be had abroad; and in the frequent displays here of native painting in landscape alone, in certain instances, we equal, if we do not surpass, the best current work of Europe.

We may note Metcalf's accomplished observation and increasing command in the use of pigment; Hassam's broken and beautiful color to which he gives an added breadth in his later work; Weir's essentially earnest and elemental emotion, often expressed with a sustained energy of execution that touches the profound. And Carlsen's exquisite parti-pris of seeing nature with a kind of specialized vision, very charming and very fine, but a way which may perhaps permit one to predicate his manner of rendering a given scene.

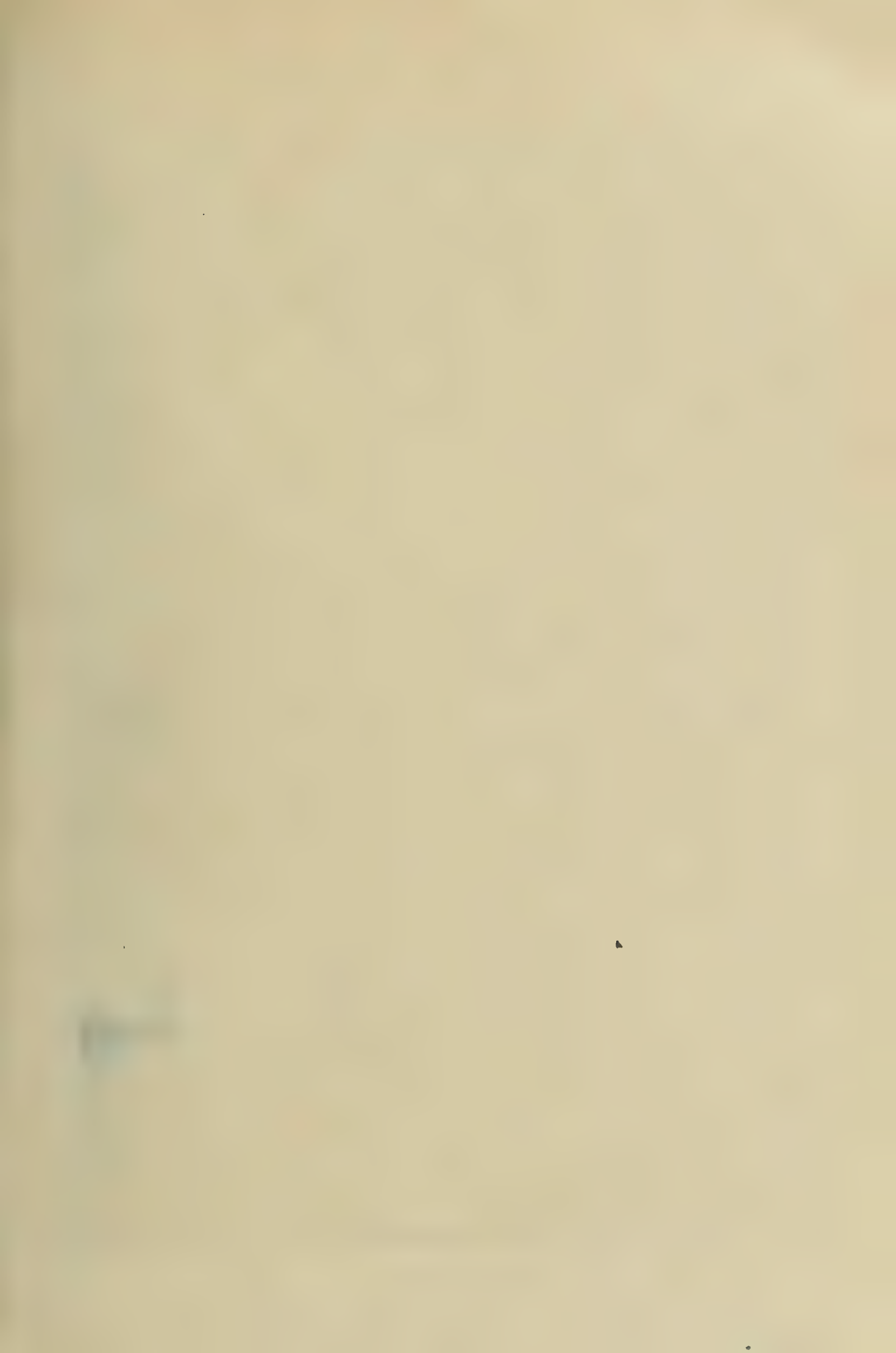
There is, however, a sensitiveness in rendering the sights of nature that is essentially American. The foreign painter is plastic—strongly moved by the physical aspect of the world, and bold in statement; while we of this country appear more lyrical in our sense of lovely scenes. The fragile air of budding life in spring is most successfully presented by our painters, and indeed all seasons have devotees

who appear to penetrate more deeply the sentiment of the world surrounding us than those of other nations. The exhibition of the German Secessionists a year ago was testimony, in the case of the Germans at least; that, while they were still groping, we had already laid hands on problems that with them were tentative.

There is little doubt that the accumulation of vast fortunes here will awaken some day in their possessors the consciousness that they have purchased the priceless gift of thoughtful leisure; it is high time then that serious attention were called to the potential use of this gift; and the cultivation of a more competent judgment in the fine arts is peculiarly suited to the employment of such leisure.

The demand, consequently, for an authoritative voice in art criticism is becoming a very urgent one with us; for the treasure that is being poured into art investment should be wisely expended. And the way this responsibility can be adequately met is this very one • of making use of the opportunities which, as we have endeavored to show, are here as rich as in the boasted art centres of the world. Let us then see to it that we make good use of them in following these exhibitions;—there is scarcely a season of the year when we may not visit them with profit. For it will be seen that the evolution of painting, from the period when splendor of design was its most significant note, to the present, when truth of sight is its prevailing tendency, may be examined, pondered over, and studied here; and with a public thus trained we are in a fair way to become a nation whose achievements in art will be commensurate with its material greatness.

FRANK FOWLER.





Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

OUT IN THE CHANNEL THE DREDGES CLANKED AND SPLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

—“The Canal Builders,” page 338.

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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

XII.—THE GREAT RHINOCEROS OF THE LADO

HE region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaire. And there is no quiet there nor silence. The waters of the river have a saffron hue, and for many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies . . . and I stood in the morass among the tall lilies and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation. And all at once the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. . . . And the man looked out upon the dreary river Zaire, and upon the yellow ghastly waters, and upon the pale legions of the water-lilies. . . . Then I went down into the recess of the morass, and waded afar in among the wilderness of the lilies, and called unto the hippopotami which dwelt among the fens in the recesses of the morass." I was reading Poe, on the banks of the Upper Nile; and surely his "fable" does deserve to rank with the "tales in the volumes of the Magi—in the ironbound, melancholy volumes of the Magi."

We had come down through the second of the great Nyanza lakes. As we sailed

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northward, its waters stretched behind us beyond the ken of vision, to where they were fed by streams from the Mountains of the Moon. On our left hand rose the frowning ranges on the other side of which the Congo forest lies like a shroud over the land. On our right we passed the mouth of the Victorian Nile, alive with monstrous crocodiles, and its banks barren of human life because of the swarms of the fly whose bite brings the torment which ends in death. As night fell we entered the White Nile, and steamed and drifted down the mighty stream. Its current swirled in long curves between endless ranks of plumed papyrus. White, and blue, and red the floating water-lilies covered the lagoons and the still inlets among the reeds; and here and there the lotus lifted its leaves and flowers stiffly above the surface. The brilliant tropic stars made lanes of light on the lapping water as we ran on through the night. The river horses roared from the reed beds, and snorted and plunged beside the boat, and crocodiles slipped sullenly into the river as we glided by. Toward morning a mist arose and through it the crescent of the dying moon shone red and lurid. Then the sun flamed aloft and soon the African landscape, vast, lonely, mysterious, stretched on every side in a shimmering

glare of heat and light; and ahead of us the great, strange river went twisting away into the distance.

At midnight we had stopped at the station of Koba, where we were warmly received by the district commissioner, and where we met half a dozen of the professional elephant hunters, who for the most part make their money, at hazard of their lives, by poaching ivory in the Congo. They are a hard-bit set, these elephant poachers;

offered a sharp contrast to those of Uganda; we were again back among wild savages. Near the landing at Wadelai was a group of thatched huts surrounded by a fence; there were small fields of mealies and beans, cultivated by the women, and a few cattle and goats; while big wickerwork fish-traps showed that the river also offered a means of livelihood. Both men and women were practically naked; some of the women entirely so except for a few beads. Here



Sail-boat at Wadelai Landing.

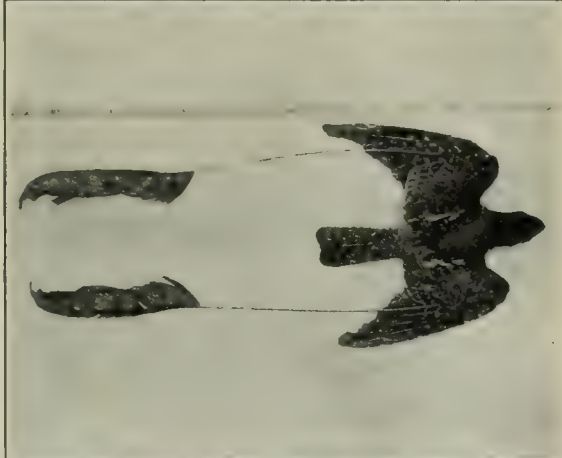
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

there are few careers more adventurous, or fraught with more peril, or which make heavier demands upon the daring, the endurance, and the physical hardihood of those who follow them. Elephant hunters face death at every turn, from fever, from the assaults of warlike native tribes, from their conflicts with their giant quarry; and the unending strain on their health and strength is tremendous.

At noon the following day we stopped at the deserted station of Wadelai, still in British territory. There have been outposts of white mastery on the Upper Nile for many years, but some of them are now abandoned, for as yet there has been no successful attempt at such development of the region as would alone mean permanency of occupation. The natives whom we saw

we were joined by an elephant hunter, Quentin Grogan, who was to show us the haunts of the great square mouthed rhinoceros, the so-called white rhinoceros, of the Lado, the only kind of African heavy game which we had not yet obtained. We were allowed to hunt in the Lado, owing to the considerate courtesy of the Belgian Government, for which I was sincerely grateful.

After leaving Wadelai we again went down stream. The river flowed through immense beds of papyrus. Beyond these on either side were rolling plains gradually rising in the distance into hills or low mountains. The plains were covered with high grass, dry and withered; and the smoke here and there showed that the natives, according to their custom, were now burning it. There was no forest; but scattered over



Crocodile shot
by Theodore
Roosevelt at
rhino camp.

Nile bushbuck.

Cobus maria,
Lake No.

Baker's Roan
antelope,
Gondokoro.

Ground horn-
bill, rhino
camp.

Wagtail.

Nightjar, with
long plumes in
wings.

Fish eagle.

the plains were trees, generally thorns, but other kinds also, among them palms and euphorbias.

The following morning, forty-eight hours after leaving Butiaba, on Lake Albert Nyanza, we disembarked from the little flotilla which had carried us—a crazy little steam launch, two sail-boats, and two big row-boats. We made our camp close to the river's edge, on the Lado side, in a thin grove of scattered thorn-trees. The grass grew rank and tall all about us. Our tents were pitched, and the grass huts of the porters built, on a kind of promontory, the main stream running past one side, while on the other was a bay. The nights were hot, and the days burning; the mosquitoes came with darkness, sometimes necessitating our putting on head nets and gloves in the evenings, and they would have made sleep impossible if we had not had mosquito biers. Nevertheless it was a very pleasant camp, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a wild, lonely country, and we saw no human beings except an occasional party of naked savages armed with bows and poisoned arrows. Game was plentiful, and a hunter always enjoys a permanent camp in a good game country; for while the expedition is marching, his movements must largely be regulated by those of the safari, whereas at a permanent camp he is foot-loose.

There was an abundance of animal life, big and little, about our camp. In the reeds, and among the water-lilies of the bay, there were crocodiles, monitor lizards six feet long, and many water birds—herons, flocks of beautiful white egrets, clamorous spur-winged plover, sacred ibis, noisy purple ibis, saddle-billed storks, and lily trotters which ran lightly over the lily pads. There were cormorants and snake birds. Fish eagles screamed as they circled around; very handsome birds, the head, neck, tail, breast, and forepart of the back white, the rest of the plumage black and rich chestnut. There was a queer little eagle owl with inflamed red eyelids. The black and red bulbuls sang noisily. There were many kingfishers, some no larger than chippy sparrows, and many of them brilliantly colored; some had, and others had not, the regular kingfisher voice; and while some dwelt by the river bank and caught fish, others did not come near the water and

lived on insects. There were paradise flycatchers with long, wavy white tails; and olive-green pigeons with yellow bellies. Red-headed, red-tailed lizards ran swiftly up and down the trees. The most extraordinary birds were the nightjars; the cocks carried in each wing one very long, waving plume, the pliable quill being twice the length of the bird's body and tail, and bare except for a patch of dark feather-webbing at the end. The two big, dark plume tips were very conspicuous, trailing behind the bird as it flew, and so riveting the observer's attention as to make the bird itself almost escape notice. When seen flying, the first impression conveyed was of two large, dark moths or butterflies fluttering rapidly through the air; it was with a positive effort of the eye that I fixed the actual bird. The big slate and yellow bats were more interesting still. There were several kinds of bats at this camp; a small dark kind that appeared only when night had fallen and flew very near the ground all night long, and a somewhat larger one, lighter beneath, which appeared late in the evening and flew higher in the air. Both of these had the ordinary bat habits of continuous, swallow-like flight. But the habits of the slate and yellow bats were utterly different. They were very abundant, hanging in the thinly leaved acacias around the tents, and, as everywhere else, were crepuscular, indeed to a large extent actually diurnal, in habit. They saw well and flew well by daylight, passing the time hanging from twigs. They became active before sunset. In catching insects they behaved not like swallows but like flycatchers. Except that they perched upside down so to speak, that is, that they hung from the twigs instead of sitting on them, their conduct was precisely that of a phoebe bird or a wood peewee. Each bat hung from its twig until it espied a passing insect, when it swooped down upon it, and after a short flight returned with its booty to the same perch or went on to a new one close by; and it kept twitching its long ears as it hung head downward devouring its prey.

There were no native villages in our immediate neighborhood, and the game was not shy. There were many buck: waterbuck, kob, hartebeest, bushbuck, reedbuck, oribi, and duiker. Every day or two Kermit or I would shoot a buck for the camp. We



From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

The great square-nosed rhino of the Lado
We walked up to within about twenty yards.—Page 274.

generally went out together with our gun-bearers, Kermit striding along in front, with short trousers and leggings, his knees bare. Sometimes only one of us would go out. The kob and waterbuck were usually found in bands, and were perhaps the commonest of all. The buck seemed to have no settled time for feeding. Two oribi which I shot were feeding right in the open, just at noon, utterly indifferent to the heat. There were hippo both in the bay and in the river. All night long we could hear

whole it has not much diminished, some species have actually increased, and none is in danger of immediate extinction, unless it be the white rhinoceros. During the last decade, for instance, the buffalo have been recovering their lost ground throughout the Lado, Uganda, and British East Africa, having multiplied many times over. During the same period, in the same region, the elephant have not greatly diminished in aggregate numbers, although the number of bulls carrying big ivory has been very



Male square-nosed rhino, shot by Kermit Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

them splashing, snorting, and grunting; they were very noisy, sometimes uttering a strange, long-drawn bellow, a little like the exhaust of a giant steam-pipe, once or twice whinnying or neighing; but usually making a succession of grunts, or bubbling squeals through the nostrils. The long grass was traversed in all directions by elephant trails, and there was much fresh sign of the huge beasts—their dung, and the wrecked trees on which they had been feeding; and there was sign of buffalo also. In middle Africa, thanks to wise legislation, and to the very limited size of the areas open to true settlement, there has been no such reckless, wholesale slaughter of big game as that which had brought the once wonderful big game fauna of South Africa to the verge of extinction. In certain small areas of middle Africa, of course, it has gone; but as a

much reduced; indeed the reproductive capacity of the herds has probably been very little impaired, the energies of the hunters having been almost exclusively directed to the killing of the bulls with tusks weighing over thirty pounds apiece; and the really big tuskers, which are most eagerly sought after, are almost always past their prime, and no longer associate with the herd.

But this does not apply to the great beast which was the object of our coming to the Lado, the square-mouthed or, as it is sometimes miscalled, the white, rhinoceros. Africa is a huge continent, and many species of the big mammals inhabiting it are spread over a vast surface; and some of them offer strange problems for inquiry in the discontinuity of their distribution. The most extraordinary instance of this discontinuity

is that offered by the distribution of the square-mouthed rhinoceros. It is almost as if our bison had never been known within historic times except in Texas and Ecuador.

This great rhinoceros was formerly plentiful in South Africa south of the Zambesi, where it has been completely exterminated except for a score or so of individuals on a game reserve. North of the Zambesi it was and is utterly unknown, save that during the last ten years it has been found to exist in several localities on the left bank of the Upper Nile, close to the river, and covering a north and south extension of about two hundred miles. Even in this narrow ribbon of territory the square-mouthed rhinoceros is found only in certain localities, and although there has not hitherto been much slaughter of the mighty beast, it would certainly be well if all killing of it were prohibited until careful inquiry has been made as to its numbers and exact distribution. It is a curious animal, on the average distinctly larger than, and utterly different from, the ordinary African rhinoceros. The spinal processes of the dorsal vertebræ are so developed as to make a very prominent hump over the withers, while forward of this is a still higher and more prominent fleshy hump on the neck. The huge, misshapen head differs in all respects as widely from the head of the common or so-called black rhinoceros as the head of a moose differs from that of a wapiti.

The morning after making camp we started on a rhinoceros hunt. At this time

in this neighborhood, the rhinoceros seemed to spend the heat of the day in sleep, and to feed in the morning and evening, and perhaps throughout the night; and to drink



Cow squared-nosed rhino of the Lado, shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Rhino of the usual type with prehensile lip, shot in the Sotik by Mr. Roosevelt.

(The differences of the two types are shown in the above photographs.)

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

in the evening and morning, usually at some bay or inlet of the river. In the morning they walked away from the water for an hour or two, until they came to a place which suited them for the day's sleep. Unlike the ordinary rhinoceros, the square-mouthed rhinoceros feeds exclusively on

grass. Its dung is very different; we only occasionally saw it deposited in heaps, according to the custom of its more common cousin. The big, sluggish beast seems fond of nosing the ant-hills of red earth, both with its horn and with its square muzzle; it may be that it licks them for some saline substance. It is apparently of less solitary nature than the prehensile-lipped rhino, frequently going in parties of four or five or half a dozen individuals.

We did not get an early start. Hour after hour we plodded on, under the burning sun,

saw rather dimly through the long grass a big gray bulk, near the foot of the tree; it was a rhinoceros lying asleep on its side, looking like an enormous pig. It heard something and raised itself on its forelegs, in a sitting posture, the big ears thrown forward. I fired for the chest, and the heavy Holland bullet knocked it clean off its feet. Squealing loudly it rose again, but it was clearly done for, and it never got ten yards from where it had been lying.

At the shot four other rhino rose. One bolted to the right, two others ran to



Veldt pool, rhino camp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

through the tall, tangled grass, which was often higher than our heads. Continually we crossed the trails of elephant and more rarely of rhinoceros, but the hard, sunbaked earth and stiff, tinder-dry long grass made it a matter of extreme difficulty to tell if a trail was fresh, or to follow it. Finally, Kermit and his gun-bearer, Kassitura, discovered some unquestionably fresh footprints which those of us who were in front had passed over. Immediately we took the trail, Kongoni and Kassitura acting as trackers, while Kermit and I followed at their heels. Once or twice the two trackers were puzzled, but they were never entirely at fault; and after half an hour Kassitura suddenly pointed toward a thorn-tree about sixty yards off. Mounting a low ant-hill I

the left. Firing through the grass Kermit wounded a bull and followed it for a long distance, but could not overtake it; ten days later,* however, he found the carcass, and saved the skull and horns. Meanwhile I killed a calf, which was needed for the Museum; the rhino I had already shot was a full-grown cow, doubtless the calf's mother. As the rhino rose I was struck by their likeness to the picture of the white rhino in Cornwallis Harris's folio of the big game of South Africa seventy years ago. They were totally different in look from the common rhino, seeming to stand higher and to be shorter in proportion to their height, while the hump and the huge, ungainly, square-

* Kermit on this occasion was using the double-barrelled rifle which had been most kindly lent him for the trip by Mr. John Jay White, of New York.



From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

The cow and calf under the tree after being disturbed by the click of the camera.—Page 277.

mouthed head added to the dissimilarity. The common rhino is in color a very dark slate gray; these were a rather lighter slate gray; but this was probably a mere individual peculiarity, for the best observers say that they are of the same hue. The muzzle is broad and square, and the upper lip without a vestige of the curved, prehensile development which makes the upper lip of a common rhino look like the hook of a turtle's beak. The stomachs contained nothing

with tents, food, and water, and Heller cared for the skins on the spot, taking thirty-six hours for the job. The second night he was visited by a party of lions, which were after the rhinoceros meat and came within fifteen feet of the tents.

On the same night that Heller was visited by the lions we had to fight fire in the main camp. At noon we noticed two fires come toward us, and could soon hear their roaring. The tall, thick grass was like tinder;



From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

The calf, which was old enough to shift for itself, refused to leave the body.—Page 277.

ing but grass; it is a grazing, not a browsing animal.

There were some white egrets—not, as is usually the case with both rhinos and elephants, the cow heron, but the slender, black-legged, yellow-toed egret—on the rhinos, and the bodies and heads of both the cow and calf looked as though they had been splashed with streaks of whitewash. One of the egrets returned after the shooting and perched on the dead body of the calf.

The heat was intense, and our gun-bearers at once began skinning the animals, lest they should spoil; and that afternoon Cunningham and Heller came out from camp

and if we let the fires reach camp we were certain to lose everything we had. So Loring, Mearns, Kermit, and I, who were in camp, got out the porters and cut a lane around our tents and goods; and then started a back fire, section after section, from the other side of this lane. We kept every one ready, with branches and wet gunny-sacks, and lit each section in turn, so that we could readily beat out the flames at any point where they threatened. The air was still, and soon after nightfall our back fire had burnt fifty or a hundred yards away from camp, and the danger was practically over. Shortly afterward one of the

fires against which we were guarding came over a low hill crest into view, beyond the line of our back fire. It was a fine sight to see the long lines of leaping, wavering flames advance toward one another. An hour or two passed before they met, half a mile from camp. Wherever they came together there

splendid to see the line of flames, leaping fifty feet into the air as they worked across the serried masses of tall papyrus. When they came toward the water they kindled the surface of the bay into a ruddy glare, while above them the crimson smoke clouds drifted slowly to leeward. The fire did not



Mr. Roosevelt with kob, shot at rhino camp.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

would be a moment's spurt of roaring, crackling fire, and then it would vanish, leaving at that point a blank in the circle of flame. Gradually the blanks in the lines extended, until the fire thus burnt itself out, and darkness succeeded the bright red glare.

The fires continued to burn in our neighborhood for a couple of days. Finally one evening the great beds of papyrus across the bay caught fire. After nightfall it was

die out until toward morning; and then, behind it, we heard the grand booming chorus of a party of lions. They were full fed, and roaring as they went to their day beds; each would utter a succession of roars which grew louder and louder until they fairly thundered, and then died gradually away, until they ended in a succession of sighs and grunts.

As the fires burned to and fro across the country birds of many kinds came to the



Our back fire meeting the main fire.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

edge of the flames to pick up the insects which were driven out. There were marabou storks, kites, hawks, ground hornbills, and flocks of beautiful egrets and cow herons, which stalked sedately through the grass, and now and then turned a small tree nearly white by all perching in it. The little bank swallows came in myriads; ex-



Rhino camp, Lado Enclave.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

actly the same, by the way, as our familiar home friends, for the bank swallow is the most widely distributed of all birds. The most conspicuous attendants of the fires, however, were the bee-eaters, the largest and handsomest we had yet seen, their plumage every shade of blended red and rose, varied with brilliant blue and green. The fires seemed to bother the bigger animals hardly at all. The game did not shift their haunts, or do more than move in quite

fly, and one or two of us were bitten, but, seemingly, the fly were not infected, although at this very time eight men were dying of sleeping sickness at Wadelai where we had stopped. There were also some ordinary tsetse fly, which caused us uneasiness about our mule. We had brought four little mules through Uganda, riding them occasionally on safari; and had taken one across into the Lado, while the other three, with the bulk of the porters, marched



From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

One remained standing, but the other deliberately sat down upon its haunches like a dog.—Page 280.

leisurely fashion out of the line of advance of the flames. I saw two oribi which had found a patch of short grass that split the fire, feeding thereon, entirely undisturbed, although the flames were crackling by some fifty yards on each side of them. Even the mice and shrews did not suffer much, probably because they went into holes. Shrews, by the way, were very plentiful, and Loring trapped four kinds, two of them new. It was always a surprise to me to find these tiny shrews swarming in Equatorial Africa just as they swarm in Arctic America.

In a little patch of country not far from this camp there were a few sleeping-sickness

on the opposite bank of the Nile from Koba, and were to join us at Nimule.

It was Kermit's turn for the next rhino; and by good luck it was a bull, giving us a complete group of bull, cow, and calf for the National Museum. We got it as we had gotten our first two. Marching through likely country—burnt, this time—we came across the tracks of three rhino, two big and one small, and followed them through the black ashes. It was an intricate and difficult piece of tracking, for the trail wound hither and thither and was criss-crossed by others; but Kongoni and Kassitura gradually untangled the maze, found where the



From a photograph, copyright by Kermitt Roosevelt.

When alarmed they failed to make out where the danger lay — Page 279.



From a photograph, copyright by Kermitt Roosevelt.

Same two rhinos photographed in another position.

beasts had drunk at a small pool that morning, and then led us to where they were lying asleep under some thorn-trees. It was about eleven o'clock. As the bull rose Kermit gave him a fatal shot with his beloved Winchester. He galloped full speed toward us, not charging, but in a mad panic of terror and bewilderment; and with a bullet from the Holland I brought him down in his tracks only a few yards away. The cow went off at a gallop. The

very much bigger than the common prehensile-lipped African rhinoceros, and as carrying much longer horns. But the square-mouthed rhinos we saw and killed in the Lado did not differ from the common kind in size and horn development as much as we had been led to expect; although on an average they were undoubtedly larger, and with bigger horns, yet there was in both respects overlapping, the bigger prehensile-lipped rhinos equal-



Marabous and vultures. The undertakers.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

calf, a big creature, half grown, hung about for some time, and came up quite close, but was finally frightened away by shouting and hand-clapping. Some cow herons were round these rhino; and the head and body of the bull looked as if it had been splashed with whitewash.

It was an old bull, with a short, stubby, worn-down horn. It was probably no heavier than a big ordinary rhino bull such as we had shot on the Sotik, and its horns were no larger, and the front and rear ones were of the same proportions relatively to each other. But the misshapen head was much larger, and the height seemed greater because of the curious hump. This fleshy hump is not over the high dorsal vertebræ, but just forward of them, on the neck itself, and has no connection with the spinal column. The square-mouthed rhinoceros of South Africa is always described as being

ling or surpassing the smaller individuals of the other kind. The huge, square-muzzled head, and the hump, gave the Lado rhino an utterly different look, however, and its habits are also in some important respects different. Our gunbearers were all East Africans, who had never before been in the Lado. They had been very sceptical when told that the rhinos were different from those they knew, remarking that "all rhinos were the same"; and the first sight of the spoor merely confirmed them in their belief; but they at once recognized the dung as being different; and when the first animal was down they examined it eagerly and proclaimed it as a rhinoceros with a hump, like their own native cattle, and with the mouth of a hippopotamus.

On the way to camp, after the death of this bull rhino, I shot a waterbuck bull with finer horns than any I had yet obtained.



Monitor lizard robbing the crocodile's nest —Page 282.

From photographs by J. Alden Loring.

Herds of waterbuck and of kob stared tamely at me as I walked along; whereas a little party of hartebeest were wild and shy. On other occasions I have seen this conduct exactly reversed, the hartebeest being tame, and the waterbuck and kob shy. Heller, as usual, came out and camped by this rhino, to handle the skin and skeleton. In the middle of the night a leopard got caught in one of his small steel traps, which he had set out with a light drag. The beast made a terrific row and went off with the trap and drag. It was only caught by one toe; a hyena similarly caught would have wrenched itself loose; but the leopard, though a far braver and more dangerous

beast, has less fortitude under pain than a hyena. Heller tracked it up in the morning, and shot it as, hampered by the trap and drag, it charged the porters.

On the ashes of the fresh burn the footprints of the game showed almost as distinctly as on snow. One morning we saw where a herd of elephant, cows and calves, had come down the night before to drink at a big bay of the Nile, three or four miles north of our camp. Numerous hippo tracks showed that during the darkness these beasts wandered freely a mile or two inland. They often wandered back of our camp at night. Always beside these night trails we found withered remnants of water cabbage

and other aquatic plants which they had carried inland with them; I suppose accidentally on their backs. On several occasions where we could only make out scrapes on the ground the hippo trails puzzled us, being so far inland that we thought they might be those of rhinos, until we would come on some patch of ashes or of soft soil where we could trace the four toe marks. The rhino has but three toes, the one in the middle being very big; it belongs, with the tapir and horse, to the group of ungulates which tends to develop one digit of each foot at the expense of all the others; a group which in a long-past geological age was the predominant ungulate group of the world. The hippo, on the contrary, belongs with such cloven-hoofed creatures as the cow and pig, in the group of ungulates which has developed equally two main digits in each foot; a group much more numerously represented than the other in the world of to-day.

As the hippos grew familiar with the camp they became bolder and more venturesome after nightfall. They grunted and brayed to one another throughout the night, splashed and wallowed among the reeds, and came close to the tents during their dry-land rambles in the darkness. One night, in addition to the hippo chorus, we heard the roaring of lions and the trumpeting of elephants. We were indeed in the heart of the African wilderness.

Early in the morning after this concert we started for a day's rhino hunt, Heller and Cuninghame having just finished the preparation, and transport to camp, of the skin of Kermit's bull. Loring, who had not hitherto seen either elephant or rhino alive, went with us; and by good luck he saw both.

A couple of miles from camp we were crossing a wide, flat, swampy valley in which the coarse grass grew as tall as our heads. Here and there were kob, which leaped up on the ant-hills to get a clear view of us. Suddenly our attention was attracted by the movements of a big flock of cow herons in front of us, and then watching sharply we caught a glimpse of some elephants, about four hundred yards off. We now climbed an ant-hill ourselves, and inspected the elephants, to see if among them were any big-tusked bulls. There were no bulls, however; the little herd consisted of five cows and four calves, which were

marching across a patch of burnt ground ahead of us, accompanied by about fifty white cow herons. We stood where we were until they had passed; we did not wish to get too close, lest they might charge us and force us to shoot in self-defence. They walked in unhurried confidence, and yet were watchful, continually cocking their ears and raising and curling their trunks. One dropped behind and looked fixedly in our direction, probably having heard us talking; then with head aloft and tail stiffly erect it hastened after the others, presenting an absurd likeness to a baboon. The four calves played friskily about, especially a very comical little pink fellow which accompanied the leading cow. Meanwhile a few of the white herons rode on their backs, but most of the flock stalked sedately alongside through the burnt grass, catching the grasshoppers which were disturbed by the great feet. When, however, the herd reached the tall grass all the herons flew up and perched on the backs and heads of their friends; even the pink calf carried one. Half a mile inside the edge of the tall grass the elephants stopped for the day beside a clump of bushes; and there they stood, the white birds clustered on their dark bodies. At the time we could distinctly hear the Doctor's shot-gun, as he collected birds near camp; the reports did not disturb the elephants, and when we walked on we left them standing unconcernedly in the grass.

A couple of hours later, as we followed an elephant path, we came to where it was crossed by the spoor of two rhino. Our gunbearers took up the trail, over the burnt ground, while Kermit and I followed immediately behind them. The trail wound about, and was not always easy to disentangle, but after a mile or two we saw the beasts. They were standing among bushes and patches of rank, unburned grass; it was just ten o'clock, and they were evidently preparing to lie down for the day. As they stood they kept twitching their big ears; both rhino and elephant are perpetually annoyed, as are most game, by biting flies, large and small. We got up very close, Kermit with his camera and I with the heavy rifle. Too little is known of these northern square-mouthed rhino for us to be sure that they were not lingering slowly toward extinction; and, lest this should be

the case, we were not willing to kill any merely for trophies; while, on the other hand, we deemed it really important to get good groups for the National Museum in Washington and the American Museum in New York, and a head for the National Collection of Heads and Horns which was started by Mr. Hornaday, the director of the Bronx Zoological Park. Moreover Kermit and Loring desired to get some photos of the animals while they were alive.

Things did not go well this time, however. The rhinos saw us before either Kermit or Loring could get a good picture. As they wheeled I fired hastily into the chest of one, but not quite in the middle, and away they dashed—for they do not seem as truculent as the common rhino. We followed them. After an hour the trails separated; Cuninghame went on one, but failed to overtake the animal, and we did not see him until we reached camp late that afternoon.

Meanwhile our own gunbearers followed the bloody spoor of the rhino I had hit, Kermit and I close behind, and Loring with us. The rhino had gone straight off at a gallop, and the trail offered little difficulty, so we walked fast. A couple of hours passed. The sun was now high and the heat intense as we walked over the burned ground. The scattered trees bore such scanty foliage as to cast hardly any shade. The rhino galloped strongly and without faltering; but there was a good deal of blood on the trail. At last, after we had gone seven or eight miles, Kiboko the skinner, who was acting as my gunbearer, pointed toward a small thorn-tree; and beside it I saw the rhino standing with drooping head. It had been fatally hit, and if undisturbed would probably never have moved from where it was standing; and we finished it off forthwith. It was a cow, and before dying it ran round and round in a circle, in the manner of the common rhino.

Loring stayed to superintend the skinning and bringing in of the head and feet, and slabs of hide. Meanwhile Kermit and I, with our gunbearers, went off with a "shenzi," a wild native who had just come in with the news that he knew where another rhino was lying, a few miles away. While bound thither we passed numbers of oribi, and went close to a herd of waterbuck which stared at us with stupid tameness; a

single hartebeest was with them. When we reached the spot there was the rhino, sure enough, under a little tree, sleeping on his belly, his legs doubled up, and his head flat on the ground. Unfortunately the grass was long, so that it was almost impossible to photograph him. However, Kermit tried to get his picture from an ant-hill fifty yards distant, and then, Kermit with his camera and I with my rifle, we walked up to within about twenty yards. At this point we halted, and on the instant the rhino jumped to his feet with surprising agility and trotted a few yards out from under the tree. It was a huge bull, with a fair horn; much the biggest bull we had yet seen; and with head up and action high, the sun glinting on his slate hide and bringing out his enormous bulk, he was indeed a fine sight. I waited a moment for Kermit to snap him. Unfortunately the waving grass spoiled the picture. Then I fired right and left into his body, behind the shoulders, and down he went. In color he seemed of exactly the same shade as the common rhino, but he was taller and heavier, being six feet high. He carried a stout horn, a little over two feet long; the girth at the base was very great.

Leaving the gunbearers (with all our water) to skin the mighty beast, Kermit and I started for camp; and as we were rather late Kermit struck out at a great pace in front, while I followed on the little ambling mule. On our way in we passed the elephants, still standing where we had left them in the morning, with the white cow herons flying and walking around and over them. Heller and Cuninghame at once went out to camp by the skin and take care of it, and to bring back the skeleton. We had been out about eleven hours without food; we were very dirty from the ashes on the burnt ground; we had triumphed; and we were thoroughly happy as we took our baths and ate our hearty dinner.

It was amusing to look at our three naturalists and compare them with the conventional pictures of men of science and learning—especially men of science and learning in the wilderness—drawn by the novelists a century ago. Nowadays the field naturalist—who is usually at all points superior to the mere closet naturalist—follows a profession as full of hazard and interest as that of the explorer or of the big-

game hunter in the remote wilderness. He penetrates to all the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the earth; he is schooled to the performance of very hard work, to the endurance of fatigue and hardship, to encountering all kinds of risks, and to grappling with every conceivable emergency. In consequence he is exceedingly competent, resourceful, and self-reliant, and the man of all others to trust in a tight place.

Around this camp there were no ravens or crows; but multitudes of kites, almost as tame as sparrows, circled among the tents, uttering their wailing cries, and lit on the little trees near by or waddled about on the ground near the cook fires. Numerous vultures, many marabou storks, and a single fish eagle, came to the carcasses set for them outside the camp by Loring; and he took pictures of them. The handsome fish eagle looked altogether out of place among the foul carrion-feeding throng; on the ground the vultures made way for him respectfully enough, but they resented his presence, and now and then two or three would unite to mob him while on the wing.

We wished for another cow rhino, so as to have a bull and a cow both for the National Museum at Washington, and for the American Museum in New York; and Kermit was to shoot this. Accordingly he and I started off early one morning with Grogan—a man of about twenty-five, a good hunter and a capital fellow, with whom by this time we were great friends. It was much like our other hunts. We tramped through high grass across a big, swampy plain or broad valley between low rises of ground, until, on the opposite side, we struck a by-this-time familiar landmark, two tall royal palms, the only ones for some miles around. Here we turned into a broad elephant and rhinoceros path, worn deep and smooth by the generations of huge feet that had tramped it; for it led from the dry inland to a favorite drinking place on the Nile. Along this we walked until Kassitura made out the trail of two rhino crossing it at right angles. They were evidently feeding and seeking a noonday resting place; in this country the square-mouthed rhinoceros live on the grassy flats, sparsely covered with small thorn-trees, and only go into the high reeds on their way to drink. With Kassitura and Kongoni in the lead we followed the fresh trail for a mile or so,

until we saw our quarry. The stupid beasts had smelt us, but were trotting to and fro in a state of indecision and excitement, tails twisting and ears cocked, uncertain what to do. At first we thought they were a bull and a small cow; but they proved to be a big cow with good horns, and a calf which was nearly full grown. The wind and sun were both exactly wrong, so Kermit could not take any photos; and accordingly he shot the cow behind the shoulder. Away both animals went, Kermit tearing along behind, while Grogan and I followed. After a sharp run of a mile and a half Kermit overtook them, and brought down the cow. The younger one then trotted threateningly toward him. He let it get within ten yards, trying to scare it; as it kept coming on, and could of course easily kill him, he then fired into its face, to one side, so as to avoid inflicting a serious injury, and, turning, off it went at a gallop. When I came up the cow had raised itself on its forelegs, and he was taking its picture. It had been wallowing, and its whole body was covered with dry caked mud. It was exactly the color of the common rhino, but a little larger than any cow of the latter that we had killed. We at once sent for Heller—who had been working without intermission since we struck the Lado, and liked it—and waited by the body until he appeared, in mid-afternoon.

Here in the Lado we were in a wild, uninhabited country, and for meat we depended entirely on our rifles; nor was there any difficulty in obtaining all we needed. We only shot for meat, or for Museum specimens—all the Museum specimens being used for food too—and as the naturalists were as busy as they well could be, we found that, except when we were after rhinoceros, it was not necessary to hunt for more than half a day or thereabouts. On one of these hunts, on which he shot a couple of buck, Kermit also killed a monitor lizard, and a crocodile ten feet long; it was a female, and contained fifty-two eggs, which, when scrambled, we ate and found good.

The morning after Kermit killed his cow rhino he and Grogan went off for the day to see if they could not get some live rhino photos. Cuninghame started to join Heller at the temporary camp which we had made beside the dead rhino, in order to help him

with the skin and skeletons. Mearns and Loring were busy with birds, small beasts, and photographs. So, as we were out of fresh meat, I walked away from camp to get some, followed by my gunbearers, the little mule with its well-meaning and utterly ignorant shenzi sais, and a dozen porters.

We first went along the river brink to look for crocodiles. In most places the bank was high and steep. Wherever it was broken there was a drinking place, with leading down to it trails deeply rutted in the soil by the herds of giant game that had travelled them for untold years. At this point the Nile was miles wide, and was divided into curving channels which here and there spread into lake-like expanses of still water. Along the edges of the river and between the winding channels and lagoons grew vast water-fields of papyrus, their sheets and bands of dark green breaking the burnished silver of the sunlit waters. Beyond the further bank rose steep, sharply peaked hills. The tricolored fish eagles, striking to the eye because of their snow-white heads and breasts, screamed continually, a wild eerie sound. Cormorants and snake birds were perched on trees overhanging the water, and flew away, or plunged like stones into the stream, as I approached; herons of many kinds rose from the marshy edges of the bays and inlets; wattled and spur-winged plovers circled overhead; and I saw a party of hippopotami in a shallow on the other side of the nearest channel, their lazy bulks raised above water as they basked asleep in the sun. The semi-diurnal slate-and-yellow bats flitted from one scantily leaved tree to another, as I disturbed them. At the foot of a steep bluff, several yards from the water, a crocodile lay. I broke its neck with a soft-nosed bullet from the little Springfield; for the plated skin of a crocodile offers no resistance to a modern rifle. We dragged the ugly man-eater up the bank, and sent one of the porters back to camp to bring out enough men to carry the brute in bodily. It was a female, containing thirty eggs. We did not find any crocodile's nest; but near camp, in digging a hole for the disposal of refuse, we came on a clutch of a dozen eggs of the monitor lizard. They were in sandy loam, two feet and a half beneath the surface, without the vestige of a burrow leading to them. When exposed to the sun, unlike

the crocodile's eggs, they soon burst. Evidently the young are hatched in the cool earth and dig their way out.

We continued our walk and soon came on some kob. At two hundred yards I got a fine buck, though he went a quarter of a mile. Then, at a hundred and fifty yards, I dropped a straw-colored Nile hartebeest. Sending in the kob and hartebeest used up all our porters but two, and I mounted the little mule and turned toward camp, having been out three hours. Soon Gouvimali pointed out a big bustard, marching away through the grass a hundred yards off. I dismounted, shot him through the base of the neck, and remounted. Then Kongoni pointed out, some distance ahead, a bushbuck ram, of the harnessed kind found in this part of the Nile Valley. Hastily dismounting, and stealing rapidly from ant-heap to ant-heap, until I was not much over a hundred yards from him, I gave him a fatal shot; but the bullet was placed a little too far back, and he could still go a considerable distance. So far I had been shooting well; now, pride had a fall. Immediately after the shot a difficulty arose in the rear between the mule and the shenzi sais; they parted company, and the mule joined the shooting party in front, at a gallop. The bushbuck, which had halted with its head down, started off and trotted after it, while the mule pursued an uncertain course between us; and I don't know which it annoyed most. I emptied my magazine twice, and partly a third time, before I finally killed the buck and scared the mule so that it started for camp. The bushbuck in this part of the Nile Valley did not live in dense forest, like those of East Africa, but among the scattered bushes and acacias. Those that I shot in the Lado had in their stomachs leaves, twig tips, and pods; one that Kermit shot, a fine buck, had been eating grass also. On the Uasin Gishu, in addition to leaves and a little grass, they had been feeding on the wild olives.

Our porters were not as a rule by any means the equals of those we had in East Africa, and we had some trouble because, as we did not know their names and faces, those who wished to shirk would go off in the bushes while their more willing comrades would be told off for the needed work. So Cuninghame determined to make each readily identifiable; and one day I found

him sitting, in Rhadamanthus mood, at his table before his tent, while all the porters filed by, each in turn being decorated with a tag, conspicuously numbered, which was hung round his neck—the tags, by the way, being Smithsonian label cards, contributed by Dr. Mearns.

At last Kermit succeeded in getting some good white rhino pictures. He was out with his gunbearers and Grogan. They had hunted steadily for nearly two days without seeing a rhino; then Kermit made out a big cow with a calf lying under a large tree, on a bare plain of short grass. Accompanied by Grogan, and by a gunbearer carrying his rifle, while he himself carried his "naturalist's graphlex" camera, he got up to within fifty or sixty yards of the dull-witted beasts, and spent an hour cautiously manoeuvring and taking photos. He got several photos of the cow and calf lying under the tree. Then something, probably the click of the camera, rendered them uneasy and they stood up. Soon the calf lay down again, while the cow continued standing on the other side of the tree, her head held down, the muzzle almost touching the ground, according to the custom of this species. After taking one or two more pictures Kermit edged in, so as to get better ones. Gradually the cow grew alarmed. She raised her head, as these animals always do when interested or excited, twisted her tail into a tight knot, and walked out from under the tree, followed by the calf; she and the calf stood stern to stern for a few seconds, and Kermit took another photo. By this time the cow had become both puzzled and irritated. Even with her dim eyes she could make out the men and the camera, and once or twice she threatened a charge, but thought better of it. Then she began to move off; but suddenly wheeled and charged, this time bent on mischief. She came on at a slashing trot, gradually increasing her pace, the huge, square lips shaking from side to side. Hoping that she would turn Kermit shouted loudly and waited before firing until she was only ten yards off. Then, with the Winchester, he put a bullet in between her neck and shoulder, a mortal wound. She halted and half wheeled, and Grogan gave her right and left, Kermit putting in a couple of additional bullets as she went off. A couple of hundred yards away she fell, rose again,

staggered, fell again, and died. The calf, which was old enough to shift for itself, refused to leave the body, although Kermit and Grogan pelted it with sticks and clods. Finally a shot through the flesh of the buttocks sent it off in frantic haste. Kermit had only killed the cow because it was absolutely necessary in order to avoid an accident, and he was sorry for the necessity; but I was not, for it was a very fine specimen, with the front horn thirty-one inches long; being longer than any other we had gotten. The second horn was compressed laterally, exactly as with many black rhinos (although it is sometimes stated that this does not occur in the case of the white rhino). We preserved the head-skin and skull, for the National Museum.

The flesh of this rhino, especially the hump, proved excellent. It is a singular thing that scientific writers seem almost to have overlooked, and never lay any stress upon, the existence of this neck hump. It is on the neck, forward of the long dorsal vertebra, and is very conspicuous in the living animal; and I am inclined to think that some inches of the exceptional height measurements attributed to South African white rhinos may be due to measuring to the top of this hump. I am also puzzled by what seems to be the great inferiority in horn development of these square-mouthed rhinos of the Lado to the square-mouthed or white rhinos of South Africa (and, by the way, I may mention that on the whole these Lado rhinos certainly looked lighter colored, when we came across them standing in the open, than did their prehensile-lipped East African brethren). We saw between thirty and forty square-mouthed rhinos in the Lado, and Kermit's cow had much the longest horn of any of them; and while they averaged much better horns than the black rhinos we had seen in East Africa, between one and two hundred in number, there were any number of exceptions on both sides. There are recorded measurements of white rhino horns from South Africa double as long as our longest from the Lado. Now this is, scientifically, a fact of some importance, but it is of no consequence whatever when compared with the question as to what, if any, the difference is between the average horns; and this last fact is very difficult to ascertain, largely because of the foolish obsession for "record"

heads which seems to completely absorb so many hunters who write. What we need at the moment is more information about the average South African heads. There are to be found among most kinds of horn-bearing animals individuals with horns of wholly exceptional size, just as among all nations there are individuals of wholly exceptional height. But a comparison of these wholly exceptional horns, although it has a certain value, is, scientifically, much like a comparison of the giants of different nations. A good head is of course better than a poor one; and a special effort to secure an exceptional head is sportsmanlike and proper. But to let the desire for "record" heads, to the exclusion of all else, become a craze, is absurd. The making of such a collection is in itself not only proper but meritorious; all I object to is the loss of all sense of proportion in connection therewith. It is just as with philately, or heraldry, or collecting the signatures of famous men. The study of stamps, or of coats of arms, or the collecting of autographs, is an entirely legitimate amusement, and may be more than a mere amusement; it is only when the student or collector allows himself utterly to misestimate the importance of his pursuit that it becomes ridiculous.

Cuninghame, Grogan, Heller, Kermit, and I now went off on a week's safari inland, travelling as light as possible. The first day's march brought us to the kraal of a local chief named Sururu. There were a few banana trees, and patches of scrawny cultivation, round the little cluster of huts, ringed with a thorn fence, through which led a low door; and the natives owned goats and chickens. Sururu himself wore a white sheet of cotton as a toga, and he owned a red fez and a pair of baggy blue breeches, which last he generally carried over his shoulder. His people were very scantily clad indeed, and a few of them, both men and women, wore absolutely nothing except a string of blue beads around the waist or neck. Their ears had not been pierced and stretched like so many East African savages, but their lower lips were pierced for wooden ornaments and quills. They brought us eggs and chickens, which we paid for with American cloth; this cloth, and some umbrellas, constituting our stock of trade goods, or gift goods, for the Nile.

The following day Sururu himself led us to our next camp, only a couple of hours away. It was a dry country of harsh grass, everywhere covered by a sparse growth of euphorbias and stunted thorns, which were never in sufficient numbers to make a forest, each little, well-nigh leafless tree, standing a dozen rods or so distant from its nearest fellow. Most of the grass had been burnt, and fires were still raging. Our camp was by a beautiful pond, covered with white and lilac water-lilies. We pitched our two tents on a bluff, under some large acacias that cast real shade. It was between two and three degrees north of the equator. The moon, the hot January moon of the midtropics, was at the full, and the nights were very lovely; the little sheet of water glimmered in the moon rays, and round about the dry landscape shone with a strange, spectral light.

Near the pond, just before camping, I shot a couple of young waterbuck bulls for food, and while we were pitching the tents a small herd of elephants—cows, young bulls, and calves—seemingly disturbed by a grass fire which was burning a little way off, came up within four hundred yards of us. At first we mistook one large cow for a bull, and running quickly from bush to bush, diagonally to its course, I got within sixty yards, and watched it pass at a quick shuffling walk, lifting and curling its trunk. The blindness of both elephant and rhino has never been sufficiently emphasized in books. Near camp was the bloody, broken skeleton of a young wart-hog boar, killed by a lion the previous night. There were a number of lions in the neighborhood, and they roared at intervals all night long. Next morning, after Grogan and I had started from camp, when the sun had been up an hour, we heard one roar loudly less than a mile away. Running toward the place we tried to find the lion; but nearby a small river ran through beds of reeds, and the fires had left many patches of tall, yellow, half-burned grass, so that it had ample cover, and our search was fruitless.

Near the pond were green parrots and brilliant wood hoopoes, rollers, and sun-birds; and buck of the ordinary kinds drank at it. A dyker which I shot for the table had been feeding on grass tips and on the stems and leaves of a small, low-growing plant.

After giving up the quest for the lion Grogan and I, with our gunbearers, spent the day walking over the great dry flats of burnt grass land and sparse, withered forest. The heat grew intense as the sun rose higher and higher. Hour after hour we plodded on across vast level stretches, or up or down inclines so slight as hardly to be noticeable. The black dust of the burn rose in puffs beneath our feet; and now and then we saw dust devils, violent little whirlwinds, which darted right and left, raising to a height of many feet gray funnels of ashes and withered leaves. In places the coarse grass had half resisted the flames, and rose above our heads. Here and there bleached skulls of elephant and rhino, long dead, showed white against the charred surface of the soil. Everywhere, crossing and recrossing one another, were game trails, some slightly marked, others broad and hard, and beaten deep into the soil by the feet of the giant creatures that had trodden them for ages. The elephants had been the chief road makers; but the rhinoceros had travelled their trails, and also buffalo and buck.

There were elephants about, but only cows and calves, and an occasional bull with very small tusks. Of rhinoceros, all square-mouthed, we saw nine, none carrying horns which made them worth shooting. The first one I saw was in long grass. My attention was attracted by a row of white objects moving at some speed through the top of the grass. It took a second look before I made out that they were cow herons perched on the back of a rhino. This proved to be a bull, which joined a cow and a calf. None had decent horns, and we plodded on. Soon we came to the trail of two others, and after a couple of miles' tracking Kongoni pointed to two gray bulks lying down under a tree. I walked cautiously to within thirty yards. They heard something, and up rose the two pig-like blinking creatures, who gradually became aware of my presence, and retreated a few steps at a time, dull curiosity continually overcoming an uneasiness which never grew into fear. Tossing their stumpy-horned heads, and twisting their tails into tight knots, they ambled briskly from side to side, and were ten minutes in getting to a distance of a hundred yards. Then our shenzi guide mentioned that there were other

rhinos close by, and we walked off to inspect them. In three hundred yards we came on them, a cow and a well-grown calf. Sixty yards from them was an ant-hill with little trees on it. From this we looked at them until some sound or other must have made them uneasy, for up they got. The young one seemed to have rather keener suspicions, although no more sense, than its mother, and after a while grew so restless that it persuaded the cow to go off with it. But the still air gave no hint of our whereabouts, and they walked straight toward us. I did not wish to have to shoot one, and so when they were within thirty yards we raised a shout and away they cantered, heads tossing and tails twisting.

Three hours later we saw another cow and calf. By this time it was half-past three in the afternoon, and the two animals had risen from their noonday rest and were grazing busily, the great clumsy heads sweeping the ground. Watching them forty yards off it was some time before the cow raised her head high enough for me to see that her horns were not good. Then they became suspicious, and the cow stood motionless for several minutes, her head held low. We moved quietly back, and at last they either dimly saw us, or heard us, and stood looking toward us, their big ears cocked forward. At this moment we stumbled on a rhino skull, bleached, but in such good preservation that we knew Heller would like it; and we loaded it on the porters that had followed us. All the time we were thus engaged the two rhinos, only a hundred yards off, were intently gazing in our direction, with foolish and bewildered solemnity; and there we left them, survivors from a long vanished world, standing alone in the parched desolation of the wilderness.

On another day Kermit saw ten rhino, none with more than ordinary horns. Five of them were in one party, and were much agitated by the approach of the men; they ran to and fro, their tails twisted into the usual pig-like curl, and from sheer nervous stupidity bade fair at one time to force the hunters to fire in self-defence. Finally, however, they all ran off. In the case of a couple of others a curious incident happened. When alarmed they failed to make out where the danger lay, and after running away a short distance they returned to a

bush near by to look about. One remained standing, but the other deliberately sat down upon its haunches like a dog, staring ahead, Kermit meanwhile being busy with his camera. Two or three times I saw rhino, when roused from sleep, thus sit up on their haunches and look around before rising on all four legs; but this was the only time that any of us saw a rhino which was already standing assume such a position. No other kind of heavy game has this habit; and indeed, so far as I know, only one other hoofed animal, the white goat of the northern Rocky Mountains. In the case of the white goat, however, the attitude is far more often assumed, and in more extreme form; it is one of the characteristic traits of the queer goat-antelope, so many of whose ways and looks are peculiar to itself alone.

From the lily pond camp we went back to our camp outside Sururu's village. This was a very pleasant camp because while there, although the heat was intense in the daytime, the nights were cool and there were no mosquitoes. During our stay in the Lado it was generally necessary to wear head nets and gloves in the evenings and to go to bed at once after dinner, and then to lie under the mosquito bar with practically nothing on through the long hot night, sleeping or contentedly listening to the humming of the baffled myriads outside the net. At the Sururu camp, however, we could sit at a table in front of the tents, after supper—or dinner, whichever one chose to call it—and read by lamplight, in the still, cool, pleasant air; or walk up and down the hard, smooth elephant path which led by the tents, looking at the large red moon just risen, as it hung low over the horizon, or later, when, white and clear, it rode high in the heavens and flooded the land with its radiance.

There was a swamp close by, and we went through this the first afternoon in search of buffalo. We found plenty of sign; but the close-growing reeds were ten feet high, and even along the winding buffalo trails by which alone they could be penetrated it was impossible to see a dozen paces ahead. Inside the reeds it was nearly impossible to get to the buffalo, or at least to be sure to kill only a bull, which was all I wanted; and at this time when the moon was just past the full, these particular buffalo only came out into the open to feed at

night, or very early in the morning and late in the evening. But Sururu said that there were other buffalo which lived away from the reeds, among the thorn-trees on the grassy flats and low hills; and he volunteered to bring me information about them on the morrow. Sure enough, shortly before eleven next morning, he turned up with the news that he had found a solitary bull only about five miles away. Grogan and I at once started back with him, accompanied by our gunbearers. The country was just such as that in which we had hitherto found our rhinos; and there was fresh sign of rhino as well as buffalo. The thorny, scantily leaved trees were perhaps a little closer together than in most places, and there were a good many half-burned patches of tall grass. We passed a couple of ponds which must have been permanent, as water-lilies were growing in them; at one a buffalo had been drinking. It was half-past twelve when we reached the place where Sururu had seen the bull. We then advanced with the utmost caution, as the wind was shifty, and although the cover was thin, it yet rendered it difficult to see a hundred yards in advance. At last we made out the bull, on his feet and feeding, although it was high noon. He was stern toward us, and while we were stealing toward him a puff of wind gave him our scent. At once he whipped around, gazed at us for a moment with outstretched head, and galloped off. I could not get a shot through the bushes, and after him we ran, Kongoni leading, with me at his heels. It was hot work running, for at this time the thermometer registered 102° in the shade. Fortunately the bull had little fear of man, and being curious, and rather truculent, he halted two or three times to look round. Finally, after we had run a mile and a half, he halted once too often, and I got a shot at him at eighty yards. The heavy bullet went home; I fired twice again as rapidly as possible, and the bull never moved from where he had stood. He was an old bull, as big as an East African buffalo bull; but his worn horns were smaller and rather different. This had rendered Kongoni uncertain whether he might not be a cow; and when we came up to the body he exclaimed with delight that it was a "duck"—Kongoni's invariable method of pronouncing "buck," the term he used to de-



Kermit's first giant eland cow, shot on the Redjaf trip.

scribe anything male, from a lion or an elephant to a bustard or a crocodile; "cow" being his expression for the female of these and all other creatures. As Gouvimali came running up to shake hands, his face wreathed in smiles, he exclaimed "G-o-o-d-e morning"; a phrase which he had picked up under the impression that it was a species of congratulation.

As always when I have killed buffalo I was struck by the massive bulk of the great bull as he lay in death, and by the evident and tremendous muscular power of his big-boned frame. He looked what he was, a formidable beast. Thirty porters had to be sent out to bring to camp the head, hide, and meat. We found, by the way, that his meat made excellent soup, his kidneys a good stew, while his tongue was delicious.

Next morning Kermit and I with the bulk of the safari walked back to our main camp, on the Nile, leaving Cuninghame and Heller where they were for a day, to take care of the buffalo skin. Each of us struck off across the country by himself, with his gunbearers. After walking five or six miles I saw a big rhino three-quarters of a mile off. At this point the country was

flat, the acacias very thinly scattered, and the grass completely burnt off, the green young blades sprouting; and there was no difficulty in making out, at the distance we did, the vast gray bulk of the rhino as it stood inertly under a tree. Drawing nearer we saw that it had a good horn, although not as good as Kermit's best; and approaching quietly to within forty yards I shot the beast.

At the main camp we found that Mearns had made a fine collection of birds in our absence; while Loring had taken a variety of excellent photos, of marabou, vultures, and kites feeding, and, above all, of a monitor lizard plundering the nest of a crocodile. The monitors were quite plentiful near camp. They are amphibious, carnivorous lizards of large size; they frequent the banks of the river, running well on the land, and sometimes even climbing trees, but taking to the water when alarmed. They feed on mice and rats, other lizards, eggs, and fish; the stomachs of those we caught generally contained fish, for they are expert swimmers. One morning Loring surprised a monitor which had just uncovered some crocodile eggs on a small sandy beach. The eggs, about thirty in number, were buried

in rather shallow fashion, so that the monitor readily uncovered them. The monitor had one of the eggs transversely in its mouth and, head erect, was marching off with it. As soon as it saw Loring it dropped the egg and scuttled into the reeds. In a few minutes it returned, took another egg, and

ran up a slanting tree which overhung the river, and dropped into the water like a snake bird.

There was always something interesting to do or to see at this camp. One afternoon I spent in the boat. The papyrus along the channel rose like a forest, thirty feet high,



Mr. Roosevelt with the *Belaeniceps rex* or whale-billed stork at Lake No.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

walked off into the bushes, where it broke the shell, swallowed the yolk, and at once returned to the nest for another egg. Loring took me out to see the feat repeated, replenishing the rifled nest with eggs taken from a crocodile the Doctor had shot; and I was delighted to watch, from our hiding place, the big lizard as he cautiously approached, seized an egg, and then retired to cover with his booty. Kermit came on a monitor plundering a crocodile's nest at the top of a steep bank, while, funnily enough, a large crocodile lay asleep at the foot of the bank only a few yards distant. As soon as it saw Kermit the monitor dropped the egg it was carrying,

the close-growing stems knit together by vines. As we drifted down, the green wall was continually broken by openings, through which side streams from the great river rushed, swirling and winding, down narrow lanes and under low archways, into the dim mysterious heart of the vast reed beds, where dwelt bird and reptile and water beast. In a shallow bay we came on two hippo cows with their calves, and a dozen crocodiles. I shot one of the latter—as I always do, when I get a chance—and it turned over and over, lashing with its tail as it sank. A half-grown hippo came up close by the boat and leaped nearly clear of the water; and in another place I saw a



Troops at Mongalla.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Bari at Mongalla.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

mother hippo swimming, with the young one resting half on its back.

Another day Kermit came on some black and white Colobus monkeys. Those we had shot east of the Rift Valley had long mantles, and more white than black in their coloring; west of the Rift Valley they had less white and less of the very long hair; and here on the Nile the change had gone

wandered. Moreover, instead of living in the tall timber, and never going on the ground except for a few yards, as in East Africa, here on the Nile they sought to escape danger by flight over the ground, in the scrub. Kermit found some in a grove of fairly big acacias, but they instantly dropped to the earth and galloped off among the dry, scattered bushes and small thorn-



American Mission, Sobat River.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

still further in the same direction. On the west coast this kind of monkey is said to be entirely black. But we were not prepared for the complete change in habits. In East Africa the Colobus monkeys kept to the dense cool mountain forests, dwelt in the tops of the big trees, and rarely descended to the ground. Here, on the Nile, they lived in exactly such country as that affected by the smaller greenish-yellow monkeys, which we found along the Guaso Nyero for instance; country into which the East African Colobus never by any chance

trees. Kermit also shot a twelve-foot crocodile in which he found the remains of a big heron.

One morning we saw from camp a herd of elephants in a piece of unburned swamp. It was a mile and a half away in a straight line, although we had to walk three miles to get there. There were between forty and fifty of them, a few big cows with calves, the rest half-grown and three-quarters-grown animals. Over a hundred white herons accompanied them. From an ant-hill to leeward we watched them standing by a mud



Shilluk dance at the American Mission.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

hole in the swamp; evidently they now and then got a whiff from our camp, for they were continually lifting and curling their trunks. To see if by any chance there was a bull among them we moved them out of the swamp by shouting; the wind blew hard and as they moved they evidently smelled the camp strongly, for all their trunks went into the air; and off they went at a rapid pace, half of the herons riding on them, while the others hovered over and alongside, like a white cloud. Two days later the same herd again made its appearance.

Spur-winged plover were nesting near camp, and evidently distrusted the carrion feeders, for they attacked and drove off every kite or vulture that crossed what they considered the prohibited zone. They also harassed the marabous, but with more circumspection; for the big storks were short-tempered, and rather daunted the spur-wings by the way they opened their enormous beaks at them. The fish eagles fed exclusively on fish, as far as we could tell, and there were piles of fish bones and heads under their favorite perches.

Once I saw one plunge into the water, but it failed to catch anything. Another time, suddenly, and seemingly in mere mischief, one attacked a purple heron which was standing on a mud bank. The eagle swooped down from a tree and knocked over the heron; and when the astonished heron struggled to its feet and attempted to fly off, the eagle made another swoop and this time knocked it into the water. The heron then edged into the papyrus, and the eagle paid it no further attention.

In this camp we had to watch the white ants, which strove to devour everything. They are nocturnal, and work in the day-time only under the tunnels of earth which they build over the surface of the box, or whatever else it is, that they are devouring; they eat out everything, leaving this outside shell of earth. We also saw a long column of the dreaded driver ants. These are carnivorous; I have seen both red and black species; they kill every living thing in their path, and I have known them at night drive all the men in a camp out into the jungle to fight the mosquitoes unprotected until day-light. On another occasion, where



Mr. Roosevelt on his camel.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

a steamboat was moored close to a bank, an ant column entered the boat after nightfall, and kept complete possession of it for forty-eight hours. Fires, and boiling water, offer the only effectual means of resistance. The bees are at times as formidable; when their nests are disturbed they will attack every one in sight, driving all the crew of a boat overboard or scattering a safari, and not infrequently killing men and beasts of burden that are unable to reach some place of safety.

The last afternoon, when the flotilla had called to take us farther on our journey, we shot about a dozen buck, to give the porters and sailors a feast, which they had amply earned. All the meat did not get into camp until after dark—one of the sailors, unfortunately, falling out of a tree and breaking his neck on the way in—and it was picturesque to see the rows of big antelope—hartebeest, kob, waterbuck—stretched in front of the flaring fires, and the dark faces of the waiting negroes, each deputed by some particular group of gunbearers, porters, or sailors to bring back its share.

Next morning we embarked, and steamed and drifted down

the Nile; ourselves, our men, our belongings, and the spoils of the chase all huddled together under the torrid sun. Two or three times we grounded on sand bars; but no damage was done, and in twenty-six hours we reached Nimule. We were no longer in healthy East Africa. Kermit and I had been in robust health throughout the time we were in Uganda and the Lado; but all the

other white men of the party had suffered more or less from dysentery, fever, and



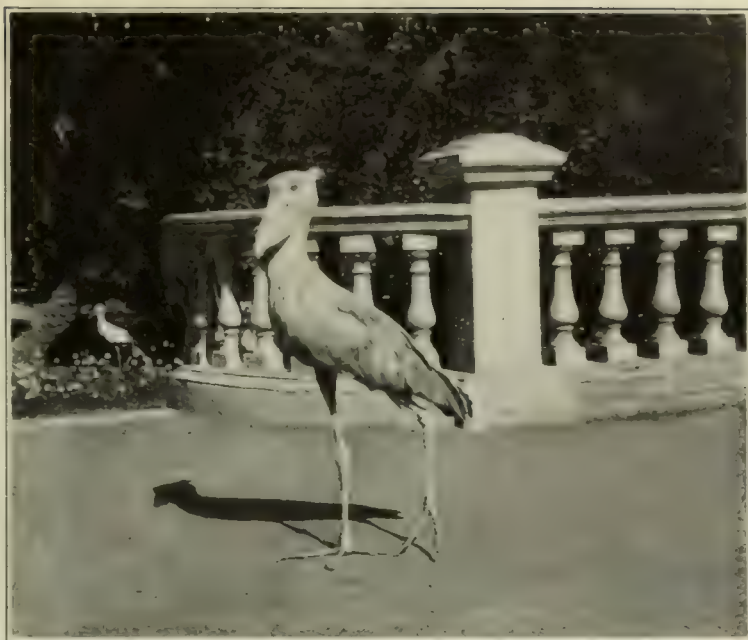
Slatin Pasha, from the roof of the Khalifa's Palace, shows how he made his escape from Omdurman.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

sun prostration while in the Lado; some of the gunbearers had been down with fever, one of them dying while we were in Uganda; and four of the porters who had marched from Koba to Nimule had died of dysentery—they were burying one when we arrived.

At Nimule we were as usual greeted with hospitable heartiness by the English officials, as well as by two or three elephant hunters. One of the latter, three days before, had been charged by an unwounded bull elephant. He fired both barrels into it as it came on, but it charged home, knocked him down, killed his gunbearer, and made its escape into the forest. In the forlorn little graveyard at the station were the graves of two white men who had been killed by elephants. One of them, named Stoney, had been caught by a wounded bull, which stamped the life out of him and then literally dismembered him, tearing his arms from his body. In the African wilderness, when a man dies, his companion usually brings in something to show that he is dead, or some remnant of whatever it is that has destroyed him; the sailors whose companion was killed by falling out of the tree near our Lado camp, for instance, brought in the dead branch which had broken under his weight; and Stoney's gunbearer marched back to Nimule carrying an arm of his dead master, and deposited his grewsome burden in the office of the district commissioner.

On February 17th the long line of our laden safari left Nimule on its ten days' march to Gondokoro. We went through a barren and thirsty land. Our first camp was by a shallow, running river, with a shaded pool in which we bathed. After that we never came on running water, merely on dry watercourses with pools here and there, some of the pools being crowded with fish. Tall half-burnt grass, and scattered, well-nigh leafless thorn scrub covered the monotonous landscape, although we



Belaeniceps rex in the garden of the palace at Khartoum.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

could generally find some fairly leafy tree near which to pitch the tents. The heat was great; more than once the thermometer at noon rose to 112° in the shade—not real shade, however, but in a stifling tent, or beneath a tree the foliage of which let through at least a third of the sun rays. The fiery heat of the ground so burnt and crippled the feet of the porters that we had to start each day's march very early.

At quarter of three in the morning the whistle blew; we dressed and breakfasted while the tents were taken down and the loads adjusted. Then off we strode, through the hot starlit night, our backs to the Southern Cross and our faces toward the Great Bear; for we were marching northward and homeward. The drum throbbed and muttered as we walked, on and on, along the dim trail. At last the stars began to pale, the gray east changed to opal and amber and amethyst, the red splendor of the sunrise flooded the world, and to the heat of the night succeeded the more merciless heat of the day. Higher and higher rose the sun. The sweat streamed down our faces, and the bodies of the black men glistened like oiled iron. We might halt early in the forenoon, or we might have to march until noon, according to the distance from waterhole to waterhole.

Occasionally in the afternoons, and once

when we halted for a day to rest the porters, Kermit and I would kill buck for the table—hartebeest, reedbuck, and oribi. I also killed a big red ground monkey, with baboon-like habits; we had first seen the species on the Uasin Gishu, and had tried in vain to get it, for it was wary, never sought safety in trees, and showed both speed and endurance in running. Kermit killed a bull and a cow roan antelope. These so-called horse antelope are fine beasts, light roan in color, with high withers, rather short curved horns, huge ears, and bold face markings. Usually we found them shy, but occasionally very tame. They are the most truculent and dangerous of all antelope; this bull, when seemingly on the point of death, rose like a flash when Kermit approached and charged him full tilt; Kermit had to fire from the hip, luckily breaking the animal's neck.

At Gondokoro we met the boat which the Sirdar, Major General Sir Reginald Wingate, had sent to take us down the Nile to Khartoum; for he, and all the Soudan officials—including especially Colonel Asser, Colonel Owen, Slatin Pasha, and Butler Bey—treated us with a courtesy for which I cannot too strongly express my appreciation. In the boat we were to have met an old friend and fellow countryman, Leigh Hunt; to our great regret he could not meet us, but he insisted on treating us as his guests, and on our way down the Nile

we felt as if we were on the most comfortable kind of yachting trip; and everything was done for us by Captain Middleton, the Scotch engineer in charge.

Nor was our debt only to British officials and to American friends. At Gondokoro

I was met by M. Ranquet, the Belgian Commandant of the Lado district, and both he and M. Massart, the Chef de Poste at Redjaf, were kindness itself, and aided us in every way.

On the last day of February we started down the Nile, slipping easily along on the rapid current, which wound and twisted through stretches of reeds and marsh grass and papyrus. We halted at the attractive station of Lado for a good-by breakfast with our kind Belgian friends, and that evening we dined at Mongalla with Colonel Owen, the Chief of the



Arab Sheiks who came in from the deserts far west of Khartoum to report on the French trouble.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

southernmost section of the Soudan. I was greatly interested in the Egyptian and Soudanese soldiers, and their service medals. Many of these medals showed that their owners had been in a dozen campaigns; some of the native officers and men (and also the Reis or native captain of our boat, by the way) had served in the battles which broke forever the Mahdi's cruel power; two or three had been with Gordon. They were a fine-looking set; and their obvious self-respect was a good thing to see. That same afternoon I witnessed a native dance, and was

struck by the lack of men of middle age; all the tribes who were touched by the blight of the Mahdist tyranny, with its accompaniments of unspeakable horror, suffered such slaughter of the then young men that the loss has left its mark to this day. The English when they destroyed Mahdism rendered a great service to humanity; and their rule in the Soudan has been astoundingly successful and beneficial from every stand-point.*

We steamed onward down the Nile; sometimes tying up to the bank at night-fall, sometimes steaming steadily through the night. We reached the Sud, the vast papyrus marsh once so formidable a barrier to all who would journey along the river; and sunrise and sunset were beautiful over the endless, melancholy stretches of water reeds. In the Sud the only tree seen was the water-loving ambatch, light as cork. Occasionally we saw hippos and crocodiles and a few water birds; and now and then passed native villages, the tall, lean men and women stark naked, and their bodies daubed with mud, grease, and ashes to keep off the mosquitoes.

We stopped at the mouth of the Sobat to visit the American Mission, and were most warmly and hospitably received by the missionaries, and were genuinely impressed by the faithful work they are doing, under such great difficulties and with such cheerfulness and courage. The Medical Mission was especially interesting. It formed an important part of the mission work; and not only were the natives round about treated, but those from far away also came in numbers. At the time of our visit there were about thirty patients, taking courses of treatment, who had come from distances varying from twenty-five miles to a hundred and fifty.

We steamed steadily down the Nile. Where the great river bent to the east we would sit in the shade on the forward deck during the late afternoon and look down the long glistening water-street in front of us, with its fringe of reed

bed and marshy grassland and papyrus swamp, and the slightly higher dry land on which grew acacias and scattered palms. Along the river banks and inland were villages of Shilluks and other tribes, mostly cattle owners; some showing slight traces of improvement, others utter savages, tall, naked men, bearing bows and arrows.

Our Egyptian and Nubian crew recalled to my mind the crew of the dahabiah on which as a boy I had gone up the Egyptian Nile thirty-seven years before; especially when some piece of work was being done by the crew as they chanted in grunting chorus "Ya allah, ul allah." As we went down the Nile we kept seeing more and more of the birds which I remembered, one species after another appearing; familiar cow herons, crocodile plover, noisy spur-wing plover, black and white kingfishers, hoopoes, green bee-eaters, black and white chats, desert larks, and trumpeter bullfinches.

At night we sat on deck and watched the stars and the dark, lonely river. The swimming crocodiles and plunging hippos made whirls and wakes of feeble light that glimmered for a moment against the black water. The unseen birds of the marsh and the night called to one another in strange voices. Often there were grass fires, burning, leaping lines of red, the lurid glare in the sky above them making even more sombre the surrounding gloom.

As we steamed northward down the long stretch of the Nile which ends at Khartoum, the wind blew in our faces, day after day, hard and steadily. Narrow reed beds bordered the shore; there were grass flats and groves of acacias and palms, and farther down reaches of sandy desert. The health of our companions who had been suffering from fever and dysentery gradually improved; but the case of champagne, which we had first opened at Gondokoro, was of real service, for two members of the party were at times so sick that their situation was critical.

We reached Khartoum on the afternoon of March 14th, 1910, and Kermit and I parted from our comrades of the trip with real regret; during the year we spent together there had not been a jar, and my respect and liking for them had grown

*The despotism of Mahdist rule was so revolting, so vilely cruel and hideous, that the worst despotism by men of European blood in recent times seems a model of humanity by comparison; and yet there were nominal "anti-militarists" and self-styled "apostles of peace" who did their feeble best to prevent the destruction of this infamy.

THE BLOND BEAST

By Edith Wharton

I



IT had been almost too easy—that was young Millner's first feeling, as he stood again on the Spence door-step, the great moment of his interview behind him, and Fifth Avenue rolling its grimy Pac-tolus at his feet.

Halting there in the winter light, with the clang of the ponderous vestibule doors in his ears, and his eyes carried down the perspective of the packed interminable thoroughfare, he even dared to remember Rastignac's apostrophe to Paris, and to hazard recklessly under his small fair moustache: "Who knows?"

He, Hugh Millner, at any rate, knew a good deal already: a good deal more than he had imagined it possible to learn in half an hour's talk with a man like Orlando G. Spence; and the loud-rumouring city spread out there before him seemed to grin like an accomplice who knew the rest.

A gust of wind, whirling down from the dizzy height of the building on the next corner, drove sharply through his overcoat and compelled him to clutch at his hat. It was a bitter January day, a day of fierce light and air, when the sunshine cut like icicles and the wind sucked one into black gulfs at the street corners. But Millner's complacency was like a warm lining to his shabby coat, and having steadied his hat he continued to stand on the Spence threshold, lost in the vision revealed to him from the Pisgah of its marble steps. Yes, it was wonderful what the vision showed him. . . . In his absorption he might have frozen fast to the door-step if the Rhadamanthine portals behind him had not suddenly opened to let out a slim fur-coated figure, the figure, as he perceived, of the youth whom he had caught in the act of withdrawal as he entered Mr. Spence's study, and whom the latter, with

a wave of his affable hand, had detained to introduce as "my son Draper."

It was characteristic of the odd friendliness of the whole scene that the great man should have thought it worth while to call back and name his heir to a mere humble applicant like Millner; and that the heir should shed on him, from a pale high-browed face, a smile of such deprecating kindness. It was characteristic, equally, of Millner, that he should at once mark the narrowness of the shoulders sustaining this ingenuous head; a narrowness, as he now observed, imperfectly concealed by the wide fur collar of young Spence's expensive and badly cut coat. But the face took on, as the youth smiled his surprise at their second meeting, a look of almost plaintive good-will: the kind of look that Millner scorned and yet could never quite resist.

"Mr. Millner? Are you—er—waiting?" the lad asked, with an intention of serviceableness that was like a finer echo of his father's resounding cordiality.

"For my motor? No," Millner jested in his frank free voice. "The fact is, I was just standing here lost in the contemplation of my luck"—and as his companion's pale blue eyes seemed to shape a question, "my extraordinary luck," he explained, "in having been engaged as your father's secretary."

"Oh," the other rejoined, with a faint colour in his sallow cheek. "I'm so glad," he murmured; "but I was sure—" He stopped, and the two looked kindly at each other.

Millner averted his gaze first, almost fearful of its betraying the added sense of his own strength and dexterity which he drew from the contrast of the other's frailness.

"Sure? How could any one be sure? I don't believe in it yet!" he laughed out in the irony of his triumph.

The boy's words did not sound like a mere civility—Millner felt in them an homage to his power.

"Oh, yes: I was sure," young Draper repeated. "Sure as soon as I saw you, I mean."

Millner tingled again with this tribute to his physical straightness and bloom. Yes, he looked his part, hang it—he looked it!

But his companion still lingered, a shy sociability in his eye.

"If you're walking, then, can I go along a little way?" And he nodded southward down the shabby gaudy avenue.

That, again, was part of the high comedy of the hour—that Millner should descend the Spence steps at young Spence's side, and stroll down Fifth Avenue with him at the proudest moment of the afternoon; O. G. Spence's secretary walking abroad with O. G. Spence's heir! He had the scientific detachment to pull out his watch and furtively note the hour. Yes—it was exactly forty minutes since he had rung the Spence door-bell and handed his card to a gelid footman, who, openly sceptical of his claim to be received, had left him uncereemoniously planted on the cold tessellations of the vestibule.

"Some day," Millner grinned to himself, "I think I'll take that footman as furnace-man—or to do the boots." And he pictured his marble palace rising from the earth to form the mausoleum of a footman's pride.

Only forty minutes ago! And now he had his opportunity fast! And he never meant to let it go! It was incredible, what had happened in the interval. He had gone up the Spence steps an unknown young man, out of a job, and with no substantial hope of getting into one: a needy young man with a mother and two limp sisters to be helped, and a lengthening figure of debt that stood by his bed through the anxious nights. And he went down the steps with his present assured, and his future lit by the hues of the rainbow above the pot of gold. Certainly a fellow who made his way at that rate had it "in him," and could afford to trust his star.

Descending from this joyous flight he stooped his ear to the discourse of young Spence.

"My father'll work you rather hard, you know: but you look as if you wouldn't mind that."

Millner pulled up his inches with the self-consciousness of the man who had none to

waste. "Oh, no, I shan't mind that: I don't mind any amount of work if it leads to something."

"Just so," Draper Spence assented eagerly. "That's what I feel. And you'll find that whatever my father undertakes leads to such awfully fine things."

Millner tightened his lips on a grin. He was thinking only of where the work would lead him, not in the least of where it might land the eminent Orlando G. Spence. But he looked at his companion sympathetically.

"You're a philanthropist like your father, I see?"

"Oh, I don't know." They had paused at a crossing, and young Draper, with a dubious air, stood striking his agate-headed stick against the curb-stone. "I believe in a purpose, don't you?" he asked, lifting his blue eyes suddenly to Millner's face.

"A purpose? I should rather say so! I believe in nothing else," cried Millner, feeling as if his were something he could grip in his hand and swing like a club.

Young Spence seemed relieved. "Yes—I tie up to that. There *is* a Purpose. And so, after all, even if I don't agree with my father on minor points . . ." He coloured quickly, and looked again at Millner. "I should like to talk to you about this some day."

Millner smothered another smile. "We'll have lots of talks, I hope."

"Oh, if you can spare the time—!" said Draper, almost humbly.

"Why, I shall be there on tap!"

"For father, not me." Draper hesitated, with another self-confessing smile. "Father thinks I talk too much—that I keep going in and out of things. He doesn't believe in analyzing: he thinks it's destructive. But it hasn't destroyed my ideals." He looked wistfully up and down the clanging street. "And that's the main thing, isn't it? I mean, that one should have an Ideal." He turned back almost gaily to Millner. "I suspect you're a revolutionist too!"

"Revolutionist? Rather! I belong to the Red Syndicate and the Black Hand!" Millner joyfully assented.

Young Draper chuckled at the enormity of the joke. "First rate! We'll have incendiary meetings!" He pulled an elaborately armorial watch from his enfolding

furs. "I'm so sorry, but I must say good-bye—this is my street," he explained.

Millner, with a faint twinge of envy, glanced across at the colonnaded marble edifice in the farther corner. "Going to the club?" he said carelessly.

His companion looked surprised. "Oh, no: I never go *there*. It's too boring." And he brought out, after one of the pauses in which he seemed rather breathlessly to measure the chances of his listener's indulgence: "I'm just going over to a little Bible Class I have in Tenth Avenue."

Millner, for a moment or two, stood watching the slim figure wind its way through the mass of vehicles to the opposite corner; then he pursued his own course down Fifth Avenue, measuring his steps to the rhythmic refrain: "It's too easy—it's too easy—it's too easy!"

His own destination being the small shabby flat off University Place where three tender females awaited the result of his mission, he had time, on the way home, after abandoning himself to a general sense of triumph, to dwell specifically on the various aspects of his achievement. Viewed materially and practically, it was a thing to be proud of; yet it was chiefly on æsthetic grounds—because he had done so exactly what he had set out to do—that he glowed with pride at the afternoon's work. For, after all, any young man with the proper "pull" might have applied to Orlando G. Spence for the post of secretary, and even have penetrated as far as the great man's study; but that he, Hugh Millner, should not only have forced his way to this fastness, but have established, within a short half hour, his right to remain there permanently: well, this, if it proved anything, proved that the first rule of success was to know how to live up to one's principles.

"One must have a plan—one must have a plan," the young man murmured, looking with pity at the vague faces which the crowd bore past him, and feeling almost impelled to detain them and expound his doctrine. But the planlessness of average human nature was of course the measure of his opportunity; and he smiled to think that every purposeless face he met was a guarantee of his own advancement, a rung in the ladder he meant to climb.

Yes, the whole secret of success was to know what one wanted to do, and not to be afraid to do it. His own history was proving that already. He had not been afraid to give up his small but safe position in a real-estate office for the precarious adventure of a private secretaryship; and his first glimpse of his new employer had convinced him that he had not mistaken his calling. When one has a "way" with one—as, in all modesty, Millner knew he had—not to utilize it is a stupid waste of force. And when he had learned that Orlando G. Spence was in search of a private secretary who should be able to give him intelligent assistance in the execution of his philanthropic schemes, the young man felt that his hour had come. It was no part of his plan to associate himself with one of the masters of finance: he had a notion that minnows who go to a whale to learn how to grow bigger are likely to be swallowed in the process. The opportunity of a clever young man with a cool head and no prejudices (this again was drawn from life) lay rather in making himself indispensable to one of the beneficent rich, and in using the timidities and conformities of his patron as the means of his own advancement. Young Millner felt no scruples about formulating these principles to himself. It was not for nothing that, in his college days, he had hunted the hypothetical "moral sense" to its lair, and dragged from their concealment the various self-advancing sentiments dissembled under its edifying guise. His strength lay in his precocious insight into the springs of action, and in his refusal to classify them according to the accepted moral and social sanctions. He had to the full the courage of his lack of convictions.

To a young man so untrammelled by prejudice it was self-evident that helpless philanthropists like Orlando G. Spence were just as much the natural diet of the strong as the lamb is of the wolf. It was pleasanter to eat than to be eaten, in a world where, as yet, there seemed to be no third alternative; and any scruples one might feel as to the temporary discomfort of one's victim were speedily dispelled by that larger scientific view which took into account the social destructiveness of the benevolent. Millner was persuaded that every individual woe mitigated by the philanthropy of Orlando G. Spence added

just so much to the sum-total of human inefficiency, and it was one of his favourite subjects of speculation to picture the innumerable social evils that may follow upon the rescue of one infant from Mount Taurus.

"We're all born to prey on each other, and pity for suffering is one of the most elementary stages of egotism. Until one has passed beyond, and acquired a taste for the more complex forms of the instinct——"

He stopped suddenly, checked in his advance by a sallow wisp of a dog which had plunged through the press of vehicles to hurl itself between his legs. Millner did not dislike animals, though he preferred that they should be healthy and handsome. The dog under his feet was neither. Its cringing contour showed an injudicious mingling of races, and its meagre coat betrayed the deplorable habit of sleeping in coal-holes and subsisting on an innutritious diet. In addition to these physical disadvantages, its shrinking and inconsequent movements revealed a congenital weakness of character which, even under more favourable conditions, would hardly have qualified it to become a useful member of society; and Millner was not sorry to notice that it moved with a limp of the hind leg that probably doomed it to speedy extinction.

The absurdity of such an animal's attempting to cross Fifth Avenue at the most crowded hour of the afternoon struck him as only less great than the irony of its having been permitted to achieve the feat; and he stood a moment looking at it, and wondering what had moved it to the attempt. It was really a perfect type of the human derelict which Orlando G. Spence and his kind were devoting their millions to perpetuate, and he reflected how much better Nature knew her business in dealing with the superfluous quadruped.

An elderly lady advancing in the opposite direction evidently took a less dispassionate view of the case, for she paused to remark emotionally: "Oh, you poor thing!" while she stooped to caress the object of her sympathy. The dog, with characteristic lack of discrimination, viewed her gesture with suspicion, and met it with a snarl. The lady turned pale and shrank away, a chivalrous male repelled the animal with his umbrella, and two idle boys backed

his action by a vigorous "Hi!" The object of these hostile demonstrations, apparently attributing them not to its own unsocial conduct, but merely to the chronic animosity of the universe, dashed wildly around the corner into a side street, and as it did so Millner noticed that the lame leg left a little trail of blood. Irresistibly, he turned the corner to see what would happen next. It was deplorably clear that the animal itself had no plan; but after several inconsequent and contradictory movements it plunged down an area, where it backed up against the iron gate, forlornly and foolishly at bay.

Millner, still following, looked down at it, and wondered. Then he whistled, just to see if it would come; but this only caused it to start up on its quivering legs, with desperate turns of the head that measured the chances of escape.

"Oh, hang it, you poor devil, stay there if you like!" the young man murmured, walking away.

A few yards off he looked back, and saw that the dog had made a rush out of the area and was limping furtively down the street. The idle boys were in the offing, and he disliked the thought of leaving them in control of the situation. Softly, with infinite precautions, he began to follow the dog. He did not know why he was doing it, but the impulse was overmastering. For a moment he seemed to be gaining upon his quarry, but with a cunning sense of his approach it suddenly turned and hobbled across the frozen grass-plot adjoining a shuttered house. Against the wall at the back of the plot it cowered down in a dirty snow-drift, as if disheartened by the struggle. Millner stood outside the railings and looked at it. He reflected that under the shelter of the winter dusk it might have the luck to remain there unmolested, and that in the morning it would probably be dead of cold. This was so obviously the best solution that he began to move away again; but as he did so the idle boys confronted him.

"Ketch yer dog for yer, boss?" they grinned.

Millner consigned them to the devil, and stood sternly watching them till the first stage of the journey had carried them around the nearest corner; then, after pausing to look once more up and down

the empty street, laid his hand on the railing, and vaulted over it into the grass-plot. As he did so, he reflected that, since pity for suffering was one of the most elementary forms of egotism, he ought to have remembered that it was necessarily one of the most tenacious.

II

"My chief aim in life?" Orlando G. Spence repeated. He threw himself back in his chair, straightened the tortoise-shell *pince-nez*, on his short blunt nose, and beamed down the luncheon table at the two young men who shared his repast.

His glance rested on his son Draper, seated opposite him behind a barrier of Georgian silver and orchids; but his words were addressed to his secretary who, stylograph in hand, had turned from the seductions of a mushroom *soufflé* in order to jot down, for the Sunday *Investigator*, an outline of his employer's views and intentions respecting the newly endowed Orlando G. Spence College for Missionaries. It was Mr. Spence's practice to receive in person the journalists privileged to impart his opinions to a waiting world; but during the last few months—and especially since the vast project of the Missionary College had been in process of development—the pressure of business and beneficence had necessitated Millner's frequent intervention, and compelled the secretary to snatch the sense of his patron's elucubrations between the courses of their hasty meals.

Young Millner had a healthy appetite, and it was not one of his least sacrifices to be so often obliged to curb it in the interest of his advancement; but whenever he waved aside one of the triumphs of Mr. Spence's *chef* he was conscious of rising a step in his employer's favour. Mr. Spence did not despise the pleasures of the table, though he appeared to regard them as the reward of success rather than as the alleviation of effort; and it increased his sense of his secretary's merit to note how keenly the young man enjoyed the fare which he was so frequently obliged to deny himself. Draper, having subsisted since infancy on a diet of truffles and terrapin, consumed such delicacies with the insensibility of a traveller swallowing a railway sandwich; but Millner never made the mis-

take of concealing from Mr. Spence his sense of what he was losing when duty constrained him to exchange the fork for the pen.

"My chief aim in life!" Mr. Spence repeated, removing his eye-glass and swinging it thoughtfully on his finger. ("I'm sorry you should miss this *soufflé*, Millner: it's worth while.) Why, I suppose I might say that my chief aim in life is to leave the world better than I found it. Yes: I don't know that I could put it better than that. To leave the world better than I found it. It wouldn't be a bad idea to use that as a head-line. '*Wants to leave the world better than he found it.*' It's exactly the point I should like to make in this talk about the College."

Mr. Spence paused, and his glance once more reverted to his son, who, having pushed aside his plate, sat watching Millner with a dreamy intensity.

"And it's the point I want to make with you, too, Draper," his father continued genially, while he turned over with a critical fork the plump and perfectly matched asparagus which a footman was presenting to his notice. "I want to make you feel that nothing else counts in comparison with that—no amount of literary success or intellectual celebrity."

"Oh, I *do* feel that," Draper murmured, with one of his quick blushes, and a glance that wavered between his father and Millner. The secretary kept his eyes on his notes, and young Spence continued, after a pause: "Only the thing is—isn't it?—to try and find out just what *does* make the world better?"

"To *try* to find out?" his father echoed compassionately. "It's not necessary to try very hard. Goodness is what makes the world better."

"Yes, yes, of course," his son nervously interposed; "but the question is, what *is* good——"

Mr. Spence, with a darkening brow, brought his fist down emphatically on the damask. "I'll thank you not to blaspheme, my son!"

Draper's head reared itself a trifle higher on his thin neck. "I was not going to blaspheme; only there may be different ways——"

"There's where you're mistaken, Draper. There's only one way: there's my way,"

said Mr. Spence in a tone of unshaken conviction.

"I know, father; I see what you mean. But don't you see that even your way wouldn't be the right way for you if you ceased to believe that it was?"

His father looked at him with mingled bewilderment and reprobation. "Do you mean to say that the fact of goodness depends on my conception of it, and not on God Almighty's?"

"I do . . . yes . . . in a specific sense . . ." young Draper falteringly maintained; and Mr. Spence turned with a discouraged gesture toward his secretary's suspended pen.

"I don't understand your scientific jargon, Draper; and I don't want to.—What's the next point, Millner? (No; no *savarin*. Bring the fruit—and the coffee with it.)"

Millner, keenly aware that an aromatic *savarin au rhum* was describing an arc behind his head previous to being rushed back to the pantry under young Draper's indifferent eye, stiffened himself against this last assault of the enemy, and read out firmly: "*What relation do you consider that a man's business conduct should bear to his religious and domestic life?*"

Mr. Spence mused a moment. "Why, that's a stupid question. It goes over the same ground as the other one. A man ought to do good with his money—that's all. Go on."

At this point the butler's murmur in his ear caused him to push back his chair, and to arrest Millner's interrogatory by a rapid gesture. "Yes; I'm coming. Hold the wire." Mr. Spence rose and plunged into the adjoining "office," where a telephone and a Remington divided the attention of a young lady in spectacles who was preparing for Zenana work in the East.

As the door closed, the butler, having placed the coffee and liqueurs on the table, withdrew in the rear of his battalion, and the two young men were left alone beneath the Rembrandts and Hobbemas on the dining-room walls.

There was a moment's silence between them; then young Spence, leaning across the table, said in the lowered tone of intimacy: "Why do you suppose he dodged that last question?"

Millner, who had rapidly taken an opulent purple fig from the fruit-dish nearest

him, paused in surprise in the act of hurrying it to his lips.

"I mean," Draper hastened on, "the question as to the relation between business and private morality. It's such an interesting one, and he's just the person who ought to tackle it."

Millner, despatching the fig, glanced down at his notes. "I don't think your father meant to dodge the question."

Young Draper continued to look at him intently. "You think he imagined that his answer really covers the ground?"

"As much as it needs to be covered."

The son of the house glanced away with a sigh. "You know things about him that I don't," he said wistfully, but without a tinge of resentment in his tone.

"Oh, as to that—(may I give myself some coffee?)" Millner, in his walk around the table to fill his cup, paused a moment to lay an affectionate hand on Draper's shoulder. "Perhaps I know him *better*, in a sense: outsiders often get a more accurate focus."

Draper considered this. "And your idea is that he acts on principles he has never thought of testing or defining?"

Millner looked up quickly, and for an instant their glances crossed. "How do you mean?"

"I mean: that he's an inconscient instrument of goodness, as it were? A—a sort of blindly beneficent force?"

The other smiled. "That's not a bad definition. I know one thing about him, at any rate: he's awfully upset at your having chucked your Bible Class."

A shadow fell on young Spence's candid brow. "I know. But what can I do about it? That's what I was thinking of when I tried to show him that goodness, in a certain sense, is purely subjective: that one can't do good against one's principles." Again his glance appealed to Millner. "*You* understand me, don't you?"

Millner stirred his coffee in a silence not unclouded by perplexity. "Theoretically, perhaps. It's a pretty question, certainly. But I also understand your father's feeling that it hasn't much to do with real life: especially now that he's got to make a speech in connection with the founding of this Missionary College. He may think that any hint of internecine strife will

weaken his prestige. Mightn't you have waited a little longer?"

"How could I, when I might have been expected to take a part in this performance? To talk, and say things I didn't mean? That was exactly what made me decide not to wait."

The door opened and Mr. Spence re-entered the room. As he did so his son rose abruptly as if to leave it.

"Where are you off to, Draper?" the banker asked.

"I'm in rather a hurry, sir——"

Mr. Spence looked at his watch. "You can't be in more of a hurry than I am; and I've got seven minutes and a half." He seated himself behind the coffee-tray, lit a cigar, laid his watch on the table, and signed to Draper to resume his place. "No, Millner, don't you go; I want you both." He turned to the secretary. "You know that Draper's given up his Bible Class? I understand it's not from the pressure of engagements——" Mr. Spence's narrow lips took an ironic curve under the straight-clipped stubble of his moustache—"it's on principle, he tells me. He's *principled* against doing good!"

Draper lifted a protesting hand. "It's not exactly that, father——"

"I know: you'll tell me it's some scientific quibble that I don't understand. I've never had time to go in for intellectual hair-splitting. I've found too many people down in the mire who needed a hand to pull them out. A busy man has to take his choice between helping his fellow-men and theorizing about them. I've preferred to help. (You might take that down for the *Investigator*, Millner.) And I thank God I've never stopped to ask what made me want to do good. I've just yielded to the impulse—that's all." Mr. Spence turned back to his son. "Better men than either of us have been satisfied with that creed, my son."

Draper was silent, and Mr. Spence once more addressed himself to his secretary. "Millner, you're a reader: I've caught you at it. And I know this boy talks to you. What have you got to say? Do you suppose a Bible Class ever *hurt* anybody?"

Millner paused a moment, feeling all through his nervous system the fateful tremor of the balance. "That's what I was just trying to tell him, sir——"

"Ah; you were? That's good. Then I'll only say one thing more. Your doing what you've done at this particular moment hurts me more, Draper, than your teaching the gospel of Jesus could possibly have hurt those young men over in Tenth Avenue." Mr. Spence arose and restored his watch to his pocket. "I shall want you in twenty minutes, Millner."

The door closed on him, and for a while the two young men sat silent behind their cigar fumes. Then Draper Spence broke out, with a catch in his throat: "That's what I can't bear, Millner, what I simply can't *bear*: to hurt him, to hurt his faith in *me*! It's an awful responsibility, isn't it, to tamper with anybody's faith in anything?"

III

THE twenty minutes prolonged themselves to forty, the forty to fifty, and the fifty to an hour; and still Millner waited for Mr. Spence's summons.

During the two years of his secretaryship the young man had learned the significance of such postponements. Mr. Spence's days were organized like a railway time-table, and a delay of an hour implied a casualty as far-reaching as the breaking down of an express. Of the cause of the present derangement Hugh Millner was ignorant; and the experience of the last months allowed him to fluctuate between conflicting conjectures. All were based on the indisputable fact that Mr. Spence was "bothered"—had for some time past been "bothered." And it was one of Millner's discoveries that an extremely parsimonious use of the emotions underlay Mr. Spence's expansive manner and fraternal phraseology, and that he did not throw away his feelings any more than (for all his philanthropy) he threw away his money. If he was bothered, then, it could be only because a careful survey of his situation had forced on him some unpleasant fact with which he was not immediately prepared to deal; and any unpreparedness on Mr. Spence's part was also a significant symptom.

Obviously, Millner's original conception of his employer's character had suffered extensive modification; but no final outline had replaced the first conjectural image. The two years spent in Mr. Spence's service had produced too many contradictory

impressions to be fitted into any definite pattern; and the chief lesson Millner had learned from them was that life was less of an exact science, and character a more incalculable element, than he had been taught in the schools. In the light of this revised impression, his own footing seemed less secure than he had imagined, and the rungs of the ladder he was climbing more slippery than they had looked from below. He was not without the reassuring sense of having made himself, in certain small ways, necessary to Mr. Spence; and this conviction was confirmed by Draper's reiterated assurance of his father's appreciation. But Millner had begun to suspect that one might be necessary to Mr. Spence one day, and a superfluity, if not an obstacle, the next; and that it would take superhuman astuteness to foresee how and when the change would occur. Every fluctuation of the great man's mood was therefore anxiously noted by the young meteorologist in his service; and this observer's vigilance was now strained to the utmost by the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, adumbrated by the banker's unpunctuality.

When Mr. Spence finally appeared, his aspect did not tend to dissipate the cloud. He wore what Millner had learned to call his "back-door face": a blank barred countenance, in which only an occasional twitch of the lids behind his glasses suggested that some one was on the watch. In this mood Mr. Spence usually seemed unconscious of his secretary's presence, or aware of it only as an arm terminating in a pen. Millner, accustomed on such occasions to exist merely as a function, sat waiting for the click of the spring that should set him in action; but the pressure not being applied, he finally hazarded: "Are we to go on with the *Investigator*, sir?"

Mr. Spence, who had been pacing up and down between the desk and the fireplace, threw himself into his usual seat at Millner's elbow.

"I don't understand this new notion of Draper's," he said abruptly. "Where's he got it from? No one ever learned irreligion in my household."

He turned his eyes on Millner, who had the sense of being scrutinized through a ground-glass window which left him visible while it concealed his observer. The

young man let his pen describe two or three vague patterns on the blank sheet before him.

"Draper has ideas—" he risked at last.

Mr. Spence looked hard at him. "That's all right," he said. "I want my son to have everything. But what's the point of mixing up ideas and principles? I've seen fellows who did that, and they were generally trying to borrow five dollars to get away from the sheriff. What's all this talk about goodness? Goodness isn't an idea. It's a fact. It's as solid as a business proposition. And it's Draper's duty, as the son of a wealthy man, and the prospective steward of a great fortune, to elevate the standards of other young men—of young men who haven't had his opportunities. The rich ought to preach contentment, and to set the example themselves. We have our cares, but we ought to conceal them. We ought to be cheerful, and accept things as they are—not go about sowing dissent and restlessness. What has Draper got to give these boys in his Bible Class, that's so much better than what he wants to take from them? That's the question I'd like to have answered?"

Mr. Spence, carried away by his own eloquence, had removed his *pince-nez* and was twirling it about his extended fore-finger with the gesture habitual to him when he spoke in public. After a pause, he went on, with a drop to the level of private intercourse: "I tell you this because I know you have a good deal of influence with Draper. He has a high opinion of your brains. But you're a practical fellow, and you must see what I mean. Try to make Draper see it. Make him understand how it looks to have him drop his Bible Class just at this particular time. It was his own choice to take up religious teaching among young men. He began with our office-boys, and then the work spread and was blessed. I was almost alarmed, at one time, at the way it took hold of him: when the papers began to talk about him as a formative influence I was afraid he'd lose his head and go into the church. Luckily he tried University Settlement first; but just as I thought he was settling down to that, he took to worrying about the Higher Criticism, and saying he couldn't go on teaching fairy-tales as history. I can't see that any good ever came of criticizing what our parents believed, and it's a queer time for

Draper to criticize *my* belief just as I'm backing it to the extent of five millions."

Millner remained silent; and, as though his silence were an argument, Mr. Spence continued combatively: "Draper's always talking about some distinction between religion and morality. I don't understand what he means. I got my morals out of the Bible, and I guess there's enough left in it for Draper. If religion won't make a man moral, I don't see why irreligion should. And he talks about using his mind—well, can't he use that in Wall Street? A man can get a good deal farther in life watching the market than picking holes in Genesis; and he can do more good too. There's a time for everything; and Draper seems to me to have mixed up week-days with Sunday."

Mr. Spence replaced his eye-glasses, and stretching his hand to the silver box at his elbow, extracted from it one of the long cigars sheathed in gold-leaf which were reserved for his private consumption. The secretary hastened to tender him a match, and for a moment he puffed in silence. When he spoke again it was in a different note.

"I've got about all the bother I can handle just now, without this nonsense of Draper's. That was one of the Trustees of the College with me. It seems the *Flashlight* has been trying to stir up a fuss—" Mr. Spence paused, and turned his *pince-nez* on his secretary. "You haven't heard from them?" he asked.

"From the *Flashlight*? No." Millner's surprise was genuine.

He detected a gleam of relief behind Mr. Spence's glasses. "It may be just malicious talk. That's the worst of good works; they bring out all the meanness in human nature. And then there are always women mixed up in them, and there never was a woman yet who understood the difference between philanthropy and business." He drew again at his cigar, and then, with an unwonted movement, leaned forward and mechanically pushed the box toward Millner. "Help yourself," he said.

Millner, as mechanically, took one of the virginally cinctured cigars, and began to undo its wrappings. It was the first time he had ever been privileged to detach that golden girdle, and nothing could have given him a better measure of the importance of

the situation, and of the degree to which he was apparently involved in it. "You remember that San Pablo rubber business? That's what they've been raking up," said Mr. Spence abruptly.

Millner paused in the act of striking a match. Then, with an appreciable effort of the will, he completed the gesture, applied the flame to his cigar, and took a long inhalation. The cigar was certainly delicious.

Mr. Spence, drawing a little closer, leaned forward and touched him on the arm. The touch caused Millner to turn his head, and for an instant the glance of the two men crossed at short range. Millner was conscious, first, of a nearer view than he had ever had of his employer's face, and of its vaguely suggesting a seamed sandstone head, the kind of thing that lies in a corner in the court of a museum, and in which only the round enamelled eyes have resisted the wear of time. His next feeling was that he had now reached the moment to which the offer of the cigar had been a prelude. He had always known that, sooner or later, such a moment would come; all his life, in a sense, had been a preparation for it. But in entering Mr. Spence's service he had not foreseen that it would present itself in this form. He had seen himself consciously guiding that gentleman up to the moment, rather than being thrust into it by a stronger hand. And his first act of reflection was the resolve that, in the end, his hand should prove the stronger of the two. This was followed, almost immediately, by the idea that to be stronger than Mr. Spence's it would have to be very strong indeed. It was odd that he should feel this, since—as far as verbal communication went—it was Mr. Spence who was asking for his support. In a theoretical statement of the case the banker would have figured as being at Millner's mercy; but one of the queerest things about experience was the way it made light of theory. Millner felt now as though he were being crushed by some inexorable engine of which he had been playing with the lever. . . .

He had always been intensely interested in observing his own reactions, and had regarded this faculty of self-detachment as of immense advantage in such a career as he had planned. He felt this still, even in the act of noting his own bewilderment—

felt it the more in contrast to the odd unconsciousness of Mr. Spence's attitude, of the incredible candour of his self-abasement and self-abandonment. It was clear that Mr. Spence was not troubled by the repercussion of his actions in the consciousness of others; and this looked like a weakness—unless it were, instead, a great strength. . . .

Through the hum of these swarming thoughts Mr. Spence's voice was going on. "That's the only rag of proof they've got; and they got it by one of those nasty accidents that nobody can guard against. I don't care how conscientiously a man attends to business, he can't always protect himself against meddlesome people. I don't pretend to know how the letter came into their hands; but they've got it; and they mean to use it—and they mean to say that you wrote it for me, and that you knew what it was about when you wrote it. . . . They'll probably be after you tomorrow——"

Mr. Spence, restoring his cigar to his lips, puffed at it slowly. In the pause that followed there was an instant during which the universe seemed to Hugh Millner like a sounding-board bent above his single consciousness. If he spoke, what thunders would be sent back to him from that intently listening vastness?

"You see?" said Mr. Spence.

The universal ear bent closer, as if to catch the least articulation of Millner's narrowed lips; but when he opened them it was merely to re-insert his cigar, and for a short space nothing passed between the two men but an exchange of smoke-rings.

"What do you mean to do?" There's the point," Mr. Spence at length sent through the rings.

Oh, yes, the point was there, as distinctly before Millner as the tip of his expensive cigar: he had seen it coming quite as soon as Mr. Spence. He knew that fate was handing him an ultimatum; but the sense of the formidable echo which his least answer would rouse kept him doggedly, and almost helplessly, silent. To let Mr. Spence talk on as long as possible was no doubt the best way of gaining time; but Millner knew that his silence was really due to his dread of the echo. Suddenly, however, in a reaction of impatience at his own indecision, he began to speak.

The sound of his voice cleared his mind and strengthened his resolve. It was odd how the word seemed to shape the act, though one knew how ancillary it really was. As he talked, it was as if the globe had swung around, and he himself were upright on its axis, with Mr. Spence underneath, on his head. Through the ensuing interchange of concise and rapid speech there sounded in Millner's ears the refrain to which he had walked down Fifth Avenue after his first talk with Mr. Spence: "It's too easy—it's too easy—it's too easy." Yes, it was even easier than he had expected. His sensation was that of the skilful carver who feels his good blade sink into a tender joint.

As he went on talking, this surprised sense of mastery was like wine in his veins. Mr. Spence was at his mercy, after all—that was what it came to; but this new view of the case did not lessen Millner's sense of Mr. Spence's strength, it merely revealed to him his own superiority. Mr. Spence was even stronger than he had suspected. There could be no better proof of that than his faith in Millner's power to grasp the situation, and his tacit recognition of the young man's right to make the most of it. Millner felt that Mr. Spence would have despised him even more for not using his advantage than for not seeing it; and this homage to his capacity nerved him to greater alertness, and made the concluding moments of their talk as physically exhilarating as some hotly contested game.

When the conclusion was reached, and Millner stood at the goal, the golden trophy in his grasp, his first conscious thought was one of regret that the struggle was over. He would have liked to prolong their talk for the purely æsthetic pleasure of making Mr. Spence lose time, and, better still, of making him forget that he was losing it. The sense of advantage that the situation conferred was so great that when Mr. Spence rose it was as if Millner were dismissing him, and when he reached his hand toward the cigar-box it seemed to be one of Millner's cigars that he was taking.

IV

THERE had been only one condition attached to the transaction: Millner was to speak to Draper about the Bible Class.

The condition was easy to fulfil. Millner was confident of his power to deflect his young friend's purpose; and he knew the opportunity would be given him before the day was over. His professional duties despatched, he had only to go up to his room to wait. Draper nearly always looked in on him for a moment before dinner: it was the hour most propitious to their elliptic interchange of words and silences.

Meanwhile, the waiting was an occupation in itself. Millner looked about his room with new eyes. Since the first thrill of initiation into its complicated comforts—the shower-bath, the telephone, the many-jointed reading-lamp and the vast mirrored presses through which he was always hunting his scant outfit—Millner's room had interested him no more than a railway-carriage in which he might have been travelling. But now it had acquired a sort of historic significance as the witness of the astounding change in his fate. It was Corsica, it was Brienne—it was the kind of spot that posterity might yet mark with a tablet. Then he reflected that he should soon be leaving it, and the lustre of its monumental mahogany was veiled in pathos. Why indeed should he linger on in bondage? He perceived with a certain surprise that the only thing he should regret would be leaving Draper. . . .

It was odd, it was inconsequent, it was almost exasperating, that such a regret should obscure his triumph. Why in the world should he suddenly take to regretting Draper? If there were any logic in human likings, it should be to Mr. Spence that he inclined. Draper, dear lad, had the illusion of an "intellectual sympathy" between them; but that, Millner knew, was an affair of reading and not of character. Draper's temerities would always be of that kind; whereas his own—well, his own, put to the proof, had now definitely classed him with Mr. Spence rather than with Mr. Spence's son. It was a consequence of this new condition—of his having thus distinctly and irrevocably classed himself—that, when Draper at length brought upon the scene his shy shamle and his wistful smile, Millner, for the first time, had to steel himself against them instead of yielding to their charm.

In the new order upon which he had entered, one principle of the old survived: the

point of honour between allies. And Millner had promised Mr. Spence to speak to Draper about his Bible Class. . . .

Draper, thrown back in his chair, and swinging a loose leg across a meagre knee, listened with his habitual gravity. His downcast eyes seemed to pursue the vision which Millner's words evoked; and the words, to their speaker, took on a new sound as that candid consciousness refracted them.

"You know, dear boy, I perfectly see your father's point. It's naturally distressing to him, at this particular time, to have any hint of civil war leak out——"

Draper sat upright, laying his lank legs knee to knee.

"That's it, then? I thought that was it!"

Millner raised a surprised glance. "*What's* it?"

"That it should be at this particular time——"

"Why, naturally, as I say! Just as he's making, as it were, his public profession of faith. You know, to men like your father convictions are irreducible elements—they can't be split up, and differently combined. And your exegetical scruples seem to him to strike at the very root of his convictions."

Draper pulled himself to his feet and shuffled across the room. Then he turned about, and stood before his friend.

"Is it that—or is it this?" he said; and with the word he drew a letter from his pocket and proffered it silently to Millner.

The latter, as he unfolded it, was first aware of an intense surprise at the young man's abruptness of tone and gesture. Usually Draper fluttered long about his point before making it; and his sudden movement seemed as mechanical as the impulsion conveyed by some strong spring. The spring, of course, was in the letter; and to it Millner turned his startled glance, feeling the while that, by some curious cleavage of perception, he was continuing to watch Draper while he read.

"Oh, the beasts!" he cried.

He and Draper were face to face across the sheet which had dropped between them. The youth's features were tightened by a smile that was like the ligature of a wound. He looked white and withered.

"Ah—you knew, then?"

Millner sat still, and after a moment Draper turned from him, walked to the hearth, and leaned against the chimney, propping his chin on his hands. Millner, his head thrown back, stared up at the ceiling, which had suddenly become to him the image of the universal sounding-board hanging over his consciousness.

"You knew, then?" Draper repeated.

Millner remained silent. He had perceived, with the surprise of a mathematician working out a new problem, that the lie which Mr. Spence had just bought of him was exactly the one gift he could give of his own free will to Mr. Spence's son. This discovery gave the world a strange new topsy-turvyness, and set Millner's theories spinning about his brain like the cabin furniture of a tossing ship.

"You *knew*," said Draper, in a tone of quiet affirmation.

Millner righted himself, and grasped the arms of his chair as if that too were reeling. "About this blackguardly charge?"

Draper was studying him intently. "What does it matter if it's blackguardly?"

"Matter—?" Millner stammered.

"It's that, of course, in any case. But the point is whether it's true or not." Draper bent down, and picking up the crumpled letter, smoothed it out between his fingers. "The point, is, whether my father, when he was publicly denouncing the peonage abuses on the San Pablo plantations over a year ago, had actually sold out his stock, as he announced at the time; or whether, as they say here—how do they put it?—he had simply transferred it to a dummy till the scandal should blow over, and has meanwhile gone on drawing his forty per cent interest on five thousand shares? There's the point."

Millner had never before heard his young friend put a case with such unadorned precision. His language was like that of Mr. Spence making a statement to a committee meeting; and the resemblance to his father flashed out with ironic incongruity.

"You see why I've brought this letter to you—I couldn't go to *him* with it!" Draper's voice faltered, and the resemblance vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"No; you couldn't go to him with it," said Millner slowly.

"And since they say here that *you* know: that they've got your letter proving it—"

The muscles of Draper's face quivered as if a blinding light had been swept over it. "For God's sake, Millner—it's all right?"

"It's all right," said Millner, rising to his feet.

Draper caught him by the wrist. "You're sure—you're absolutely sure?"

"Sure. They know they've got nothing to go on."

Draper fell back a step and looked almost sternly at his friend. "You know that's not what I mean. I don't care a straw what they think they've got to go on. I want to know if my father's all right. If he is, they can say what they please."

Millner, again, felt himself under the concentrated scrutiny of the ceiling. "Of course, of course. I understand."

"You understand? Then why don't you answer?"

Millner looked compassionately at the boy's struggling face. Decidedly, the battle was to the strong, and he was not sorry to be on the side of the legions. But Draper's pain was as awkward as a material obstacle, as something that one stumbled over in a race.

"You know what I'm driving at, Millner." Again Mr. Spence's committee-meeting tone sounded oddly through his son's strained voice. "If my father's so awfully upset about my giving up my Bible Class, and letting it be known that I do so on conscientious grounds, is it because he's afraid it may be considered a criticism on something *he* has done which—which won't bear the test of the doctrines he believes in?"

Draper, with the last question, squared himself in front of Millner, as if suspecting that the latter meant to evade it by flight. But Millner had never felt more disposed to stand his ground than at that moment.

"No—by Jove, no! It's not *that*." His relief almost escaped him in a cry, as he lifted his head to give back Draper's look.

"On your honour?" the other passionately pressed him.

"Oh, on anybody's you like—on *yours*!" Millner could hardly restrain a laugh of relief. It was vertiginous to find himself spared, after all, the need of an altruistic lie: he perceived that they were the kind he least liked.

Draper took a deep breath. "You don't—Millner, a lot depends on this—you don't

really think my father has any ulterior motive?"

"I think he has none but his horror of seeing you go straight to perdition!"

They looked at each other again, and Draper's tension was suddenly relieved by a free boyish laugh. "It's his convictions—it's just his funny old convictions?"

"It's that, and nothing else on earth!"

Draper turned back to the arm-chair he had left, and let his narrow figure sink down into it as into a bath. Then he looked over at Millner with a smile. "I can see that I've been worrying him horribly. So he really thinks I'm on the road to perdition? Of course you can fancy what a sick minute I had when I thought it might be this other reason—the damnable insinuation in this letter." Draper crumpled the paper in his hand, and leaned forward to toss it into the coals of the grate. "I ought to have known better, of course. I ought to have remembered that, as you say, my father can't conceive how conduct may be independent of creed. That's where I was stupid—and rather base. But that letter made me dizzy—I couldn't think. Even now I can't very clearly. I'm not sure what *my* convictions require of me: they seem to me so much less to be considered than his! When I've done half the good to people that he has, it will be time enough to begin attacking their beliefs. Meanwhile—meanwhile I can't touch his. . . ." Draper leaned forward, stretching his lank arms along his knees. His face was as clear as a spring sky. "I *won't* touch them, Millner—Go and tell him so. . . ."

V

In the study a half hour later Mr. Spence, watch in hand, was doling out his minutes again. The peril conjured, he had recovered his dominion over time. He turned his commanding eye-glasses on Millner.

"It's all settled, then? Tell Draper I'm sorry not to see him again to-night—but I'm to speak at the dinner of the Legal Relief Association, and I'm due there in five minutes. You and he dine alone here, I suppose? Tell him I appreciate what he's done. Some day he'll see that to leave the world better than we find it is the best we can hope to do. (You've finished the notes

for the *Investigator*? Be sure you don't forget that phrase.) Well, good evening: that's all, I think."

Smooth and compact in his glossy evening clothes, Mr. Spence advanced toward the study door; but as he reached it, his secretary stood there before him.

"It's not quite all, Mr. Spence."

Mr. Spence turned on him a look in which impatience was faintly tinged with apprehension. "What else is there? It's two and a half minutes to eight."

Millner stood his ground. "It won't take longer than that. I want to tell you that, if you can conveniently replace me, I'd like—there are reasons why I shall have to leave you."

Millner was conscious of reddening as he spoke. His redness deepened under Mr. Spence's dispassionate scrutiny. He saw at once that the banker was not surprised at his announcement.

"Well, I suppose that's natural enough. You'll want to make a start for yourself now. Only, of course, for the sake of appearances——"

"Oh, certainly," Millner hastily agreed.

"Well, then: is that all?" Mr. Spence repeated.

"Nearly." Millner paused, as if in search of an appropriate formula. But after a moment he gave up the search, and pulled from his pocket an envelope which he held out to his employer. "I merely want to give this back."

The hand which Mr. Spence had extended dropped to his side, and his sand-coloured face grew chalky. "Give it back?" His voice was as thick as Millner's. "What's happened? Is the bargain off?"

"Oh, no. I've given you my word."

"Your word?" Mr. Spence lowered at him. "I'd like to know what that's worth!"

Millner continued to hold out the envelope. "You do know, now. It's worth *that*. It's worth my place."

Mr. Spence, standing motionless before him, hesitated for an appreciable space of time. His lips parted once or twice under their square-clipped stubble, and at last emitted: "How much more do you want?"

Millner broke into a laugh. "Oh, I've got all I want—all and more!"

"What—from the others? Are you crazy?"

"No, you are," said Millner with a sudden recovery of composure. "But you're safe—you're as safe as you'll ever be. Only I don't care to take this for making you so."

Mr. Spence slowly moistened his lips with his tongue, and removing his *pince-nez*, took a long hard look at Millner.

"I don't understand. What other guarantee have I got?"

"That I mean what I say?" Millner glanced past the banker's figure at his rich densely coloured background of Spanish leather and mahogany. He remembered that it was from this very threshold that he had first seen Mr. Spence's son.

"What guarantee? You've got Draper!" he said.

SURSUM CORDA

By C. A. Price

WHAT empty tribute should we pay our dead
If tears were all the breaking heart could spare,
If all the joys the years have harvested
Vanish like fairy-gold and leave us bare,
And all the brightness that Love's self has shed
Change in a little hour and turn to dull despair!

How do we honor those whose years have run
On light-foot youth, by downward countenance,
Or praise, by shrinking from the morning sun,
The eager souls who couched their hearts for lance
And tilted for life's prizes to be won,
Nor ever bade their courage wait upon their chance?

Not so, not so; O, let it never be
That all they were should perish from the earth;
Shall we disown what they have left in fee,
Their dauntless hope, their springing love and mirth?
That wealth is all our own; base heirs are we
If it escheat to heaven, while we bewail our dearth.

Then, if the heart must break, it will be stored
With all most precious things, all savors sweet,
All bitterness distilled into a hoard
Of sacred joy, for offering not unmeet;
As Mary, when her box before the Lord
She broke, and spilled the myrrh and spikenard at His feet.



A black column of smoke poured from the funnel of the *Dauntless*, and the race for life began.—Page 316.

TO CUBA AS A FILIBUSTER

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS



IT HAPPENED to be in New York City in 1896, and one evening in the spring or early summer was strolling past Madison Square Garden, and impelled by curiosity dropped in to see the Cuban Fair then in progress.

This fair, promoted by resident Cubans and American sympathizers with the cause of Cuban independence, was held ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of hospital supplies for the insurgent forces in the field, but a subsequent acquaintance with what was being done on the distracted Island justifies a suspicion that more of the money was expended for dynamite and cartridges than for quinine and bandages.

The principal attraction at the fair on the occasion of my visit was a fiery and eloquent

speech by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, well known to be one of the most valued friends of the Cubans in their struggle.

Since the outbreak of the insurrection I had taken considerable interest in its progress, and had indulged myself in a vague sort of idea that I would like to take part in it, I fear as much from a love of adventure and a desire to see some fighting as from any more worthy motive. Of course, I shared the prevailing sympathy of my countrymen with the Cubans, and believed their cause a worthy one. Whatever doubts I may previously have had on the expediency of mixing up in the rows of other people vanished after hearing General Sickles's speech, and I returned to my room that evening with my mind made up and spent a sleepless night, as befits one who has just determined on going to his first war.

The next morning, without credentials of any kind, I presented myself at the office of the Cuban Junta at 56 New Street, and inquired if I could see Mr. Palma, but did not succeed in doing so. Mr. Zayas, one of the attachés of the Junta, took me in hand and was most courteous, but assured me that they were sending no Americans to Cuba, and were confining their efforts in this country to raising funds and doing what they could to direct public sentiment in favor of their compatriots. I have since often wondered how I could have been so guileless as to expect them to receive me, a total stranger, with open arms. I could have been a fugitive from justice seeking a hiding-place, a worthless adventurer, or, worst of all, a spy in Spanish pay. It was evident that different tactics must be tried. Through a mutual friend I obtained a letter of introduction to General Sickles, and the next day called on the one-legged old veteran at his residence, and not only had a most pleasant chat with him, but left with a personal note to Mr. Palma in which the General stated that, though he did not know me personally, he felt justified in vouching for me on the strength of the letter I had brought him. Back to the Junta without loss of time, and now it was different. I was admitted without delay to the office of the kindly faced, honest old patriot who afterward became the first president of free Cuba. Mr. Palma asked me if I had had any military experience and was told that I had not, but had read considerably along military lines and felt that I had it in me to make good. A question as to my knowledge of Spanish brought out the fact that I had a fair reading but not a speaking acquaintance with that language. Mr. Palma then stated that in order as much as possible to avoid violating the neutrality laws of the United States the Cubans could not receive applicants into their service in this country, but that I could be sent down on one of the first expeditions, and might, after my arrival, offer my services to whatever insurgent chief in the field I desired. My urbane but non-committal friend of the day before, Mr. Zayas, was now sent for and I was turned over to him.

This gentleman took my address and told me that as it was impossible to entrust the secrets regarding the sailing of filibustering expeditions to any one, I must not

expect to be informed as to when I could leave, but must possess my soul in patience until sent for. In the meantime I was to call at the Junta once a week. On one of these visits Mr. Zayas told me that the Cubans were having indifferent success with their artillery in the field, largely because their people did not seem to know how to handle the guns, and suggested that if I were to acquire some knowledge on that subject before sailing it might add to my welcome. This struck me favorably, as my father had been an artillery officer in the Civil War, and I had been brought up on stories of fierce struggles in which the old brass Napoleons of that day had done their part. My own artillery experience consisted in once having seen a salute fired to President Hayes at a country fair in Kansas. The result of Mr. Zayas's suggestion was that I took a note from him to the firm of Hartley & Graham, the arms dealers from whom the Cubans purchased their implements of war, and had explained to me by one of their experts the mysteries of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder breech-loading rifle, and was allowed to fondle that ugly looking instrument of death to my heart's content and take it apart and put it together again. A book of instructions as to its use and a lot of formidable tables of velocities at various ranges, etc., I all but committed to memory. My keen interest in this new subject so pleased Mr. Zayas that he suggested that I impart some of my valuable lore to some of his countrymen in New York who were presumably waiting in feverish anxiety for the sailing of the next expedition. This I agreed to do, though it struck me as a somewhat indiscreet performance in a city where Cubans were closely watched by Spanish spies, and where there were innumerable enterprising reporters looking for "scoops." But I kept my feelings to myself, and a few evenings later was conducted by one of the attachés of the Junta to a small hall over a saloon, well up on Third Avenue. All but a few of the lights were turned off and the window shades were well drawn. Here we found about fifteen Cubans, callow youths in the main, the most of them I judged being students. These aspiring patriots chattered like magpies and smoked the most astounding number of cigarettes. In addition to this promising material,



My recently acquired knowledge . . . now became of use.

there were in the room several large and imposing-looking crates labelled "machinery." These were opened and turned out to be the various parts of a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder. My recently acquired knowledge, what there was of it, now became of use, and the gun was set up and taken apart a dozen times, and the breech mechanism, sights, and ammunition explained. As this gun is transported in sections on mule back, as well as dragged by a shaft, the various heavy pieces were lifted up to the height of an imaginary or "theoretical" mule and then let down again, a form of calisthenics that soon palled on the embryo artillerymen, the night being hot and the room close. Several times the pieces were allowed to fall to the floor with a noise that should have aroused the block, and I spent a good bit of time figuring out how I would explain to the police, if they

came to investigate, what I was doing with such warlike paraphernalia in peaceful New York. But we were not molested and for a month, once a week, went through this performance. But it was wasted effort. Whether any of these young men ever reached the Island to participate in the war, I do not know, but certain it is that there was not one of them in the artillery command of the "Departamento del Oriente," the only one that did any serious work with artillery during the struggle. But it was different with the gun that we trundled and knocked about on those hot summer nights above that Third Avenue saloon, for it had its baptism in that hell of Mauser fire at Cascorra, where it was served within two hundred yards of a trench full of Spaniards, until human endurance could stand the strain no longer, and the gun was dragged backward into a ravine by the sur-

vivors of the detachment. And later at Guaimaro, Winchester Dana Osgood, Cornell's famous foot-ball player, fell across its trail, shot through the brain. It helped to batter down the stone fort at Jiguani and took part in the duel with the Krupp battery at Victoria de las Tunas, and I understand now rests in the Havana Arsenal and

enough speed in getting out of the way. The explosions of its nitro-gelatine loaded shells threw water and spray a hundred feet in air. Nearly a year and a half later I saw one of these guns, possibly the same one, at Victoria de las Tunas, reduce block-houses and stone barracks to heaps of rubbish, wreck a Krupp eight centimeter field-



The freight cars were opened, we took off our coats and went to work.—Page 313.

is pointed out to visitors as one of the relics of the War of Independence. Verily, the old gun had a career not to be ashamed of.

An interesting incident of the summer was a trip with several members of the Junta to the coast of Long Island to see a demonstration of the working of the newly invented Sims-Dudley dynamite gun; an instrument that looked more like a telescope on wheels than an implement of war. This gun was fired several times out to sea, to the evident consternation of an excursion boat which made the most phenom-

piece, and terrify hundreds of Spanish regulars into surrender.

So the summer wore along, but one afternoon in August came the fateful telegram, and after all these years I can quote its every word, "Be at Cortland Street Ferry at 7 P. M., ready to leave the City." My trunk was hastily packed and left behind, and with a few belongings in a small valise, and, I must acknowledge, with some sinking of the heart, I made my way to the ferry accompanied by an old friend of college days. Here I met Mr. Zayas and by him was introduced to a Mr. Pagluchi, a

nervy-looking Italian of good address and appearance, who, I afterward learned, was a marine engineer and presided over the engine rooms of the various steamers sent out by the Junta for the purpose of carrying reinforcements and arms to Cuba. Mr. Pagluchi was accompanied by four men, none of them Cubans, and not one of whom I had ever seen before. There were Charles

ford were chums, careless, go-lucky young fellows; the former was terribly wounded at Desmayo, having both legs shattered, and spent nearly a year on his back in a "bush" hospital. He remained in Cuba after the war, and now lives in Camaguey. Of the final fate of Welsford and Walinski I know nothing.

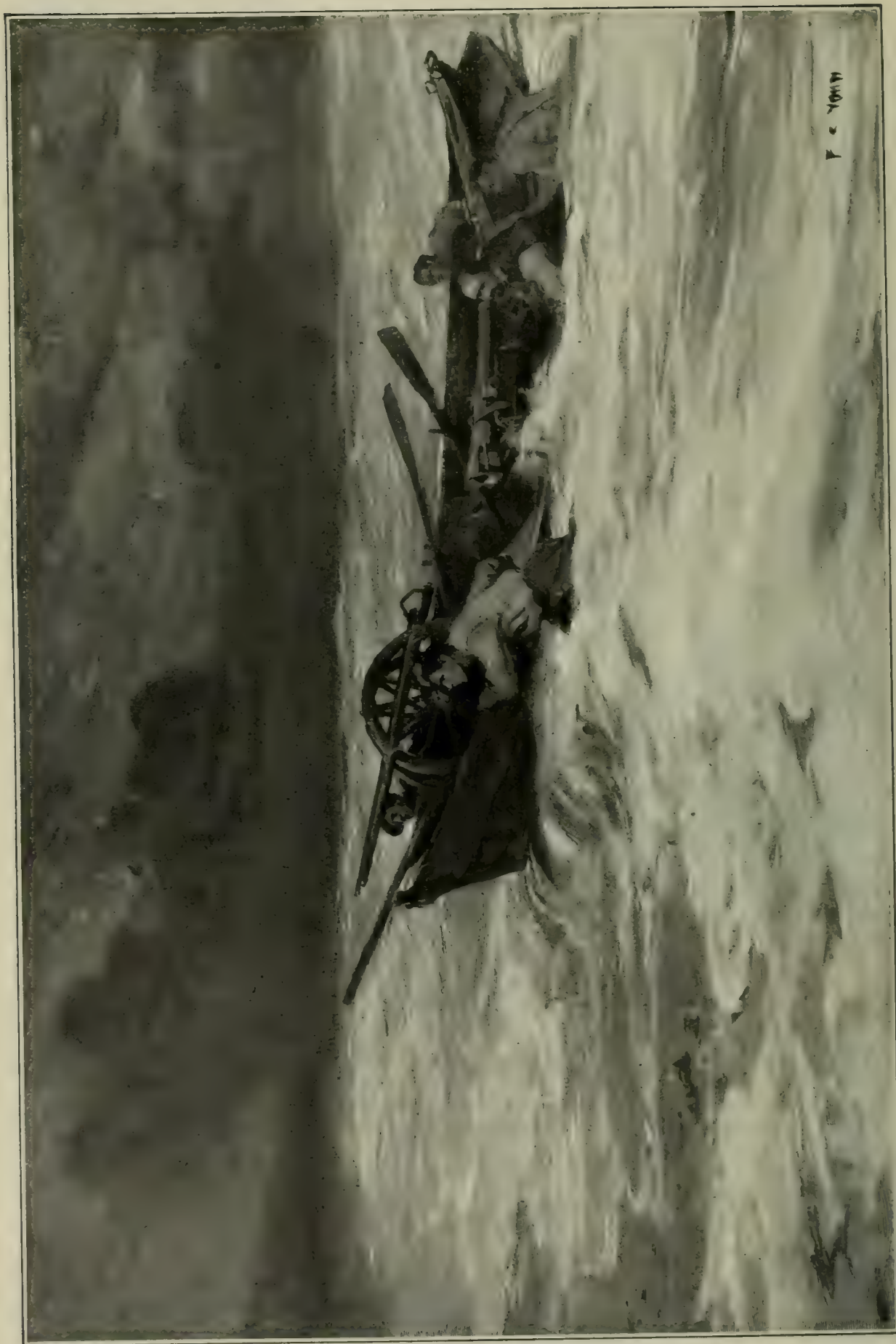
On the ferry-boat the five of us tried to



Fortunately, the carry was down hill.—Page 313.

Huntington, a fine-looking Canadian of soldierly bearing, who had served in the Northwest Mounted Police; Walinski, an Englishman of Polish descent; Welsford, a young man from New Jersey, and Arthur Potter, a former English marine soldier who had lived in the United States for several years. Huntington was one of the bravest men I ever knew, being, in fact, absolutely reckless. He served with distinction in the Cascorra and Guaimaro campaigns, and was finally killed in a fight with Spanish guerillas, his body falling into the hands of the enemy. Potter and Wels-

appease our boundless curiosity as to where we were bound by attempts to extract information from Pagluchi, but without success, as it was evident that one of the things that individual was paid for was keeping his own counsel, and he fully justified the confidence reposed in him by the Junta. He kept our tickets in his possession and said we would know all in due time. At Jersey City we took berths in a sleeper on the Pennsylvania, early the next morning passed through Washington, and in the fulness of time reached Charleston, South Carolina, where we were conducted to a



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Overboard we went . . . caught the boat by its sides, and ran up onto the beach with it on the next wave.—Page 315.

hotel, and found among the guests about thirty Cubans, well-dressed, superior-looking men, standing about in little groups, conversing in low tones, and worried about something. I recognized among others, Gen. Emilio Nunez, afterward governor of the province of Havana under the administration of President Palma, whom I had met at the office of the Junta, and by whom I was introduced to Gen. Rafael Cabrera, a kindly and considerate old gentleman who was one of the veterans of the 'Ten Years' War, and who had lived in exile since its close. He was now returning to renew the struggle of younger days, but to lose his life without seeing the realization of his hopes.

Among other guests of the hotel were some fifteen or twenty well-groomed, quiet-appearing men whom we were at once warned against having anything to do with, as they were operatives of a well-known detective agency in the employ of the Spanish minister at Washington, with the exception of a few who were said to be United States Secret Service men or United States deputy marshals. It was the duty of these men to learn what they could as to our intentions in order that they might give to the proper authorities the information necessary to enable them to seize the vessel on which we were to sail. They had had no success with the wary Cubans, but their eyes brightened when they saw Pagluchi's five wards, and they lost little time in trying to get acquainted. Two of them took me in hand and suggested that there was nothing like a mint julep to make one forget Charleston's August climate. But I told them I was from Kansas, whereupon they suggested an ice-cream soda; there was a place a few blocks distant where were concocted cooling drinks that were the talk of the town. Would I not stroll down there? It was difficult to shake them off without retiring to my room and sweltering in the terrific heat. Finally, Huntington saw my plight, and coming over very genially offered to thrash both of them if they did not leave me alone. This had the desired effect.

Our curiosity as to how and when we were to reach Cuba was not yet satisfied. It was known that the steamer *Commodore*, famous as a filibuster, was lying in Charleston harbor closely watched by a revenue-

cutter. She had been searched for arms, but none were found on board, and, as she carried no persons besides her crew and her papers were correct, there was no justification for her seizure. The vessel was merely under surveillance, and the arrival of the parties of Cubans in Charleston had added much to the importance of watching her. As will be shown later, the *Commodore* was merely there as a blind, and served her purpose well.

On the afternoon of the day following our arrival the Cubans, carrying their hand baggage, began to leave the hotel in little groups, each followed by one or more "sleuths." About half past three Pagluchi told his flock to come with him, and we made our way to the station of the Plant Line system of railways, where we found one of the regular trains about to leave.

We were conducted to the rear car of the train, a day coach, where we found the Cubans who had preceded us from the hotel. Several of the detectives who attempted to secure seats in this car were told that it was a special chartered by a party of excursionists, and that we would be obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of their company. So they found seats in the car ahead, and in due time the train pulled out of the station. As to the destination of the train to which our car was for the time being attached, I cannot say, but I know that we pounded along over the rails at a fair rate of speed until some time late at night, when we stopped at an obscure station in the woods; a locomotive backed up to our car from a siding, the car was quickly and quietly uncoupled from the train, which then proceeded on its way, while our car with its engine flew back on the track a few miles, was switched onto another line, and sped along for hours without making more than the few absolutely necessary stops. From a special car we had grown to be a special train, a small one, it is true, but none the less a special. The whole plan for escaping the men following us and throwing them entirely off the scent had been thought out by Mr. Fritot, the Charleston agent of the Plant Line, and worked to perfection. We had many a chuckle over the chagrin that must have been felt by our attentive mentors when they found how neatly they had been "sacked."



Drawn by F. C. Yohn

An almost ideal natural gun-pit was found near the beach.—Page 316.

Just after sunrise we came to a stop at a little station in a region of pine woods. There was a small station building and possibly one or two other houses, and a good-sized sluggish river crossed by the railway bridge, under which lay a big tug, the *Dauntless*, soon to become famous as the most successful filibuster in the Cuban service, now making her first essay in the exciting work of dodging American revenue-cutters and outrunning Spanish gun-boats. On a siding near the river bank were three large freight cars, supposed to contain saw-mill machinery, arrived two days before from New York. There was no longer any occasion for secrecy, and we were informed that the station was Woodbine, on the extreme south-eastern coast of Georgia, the river was the Satilla, the freight cars were laden with arms and ammunition, and the panting tug in the river was to carry us to Cuba. We alighted from the cars, stretched our cramped limbs, and looked over our surroundings with no little interest. Our engine and car pulled out, and the engineer, who evidently suspected that he was helping to make history, called out, "Good-by and good luck, don't let them Spanions git you." We were served with a hasty breakfast of strong coffee and hard bread from the *Dauntless*, the freight cars were opened, we took off our coats and went to work, and work it was. The forenoon was sultry and the boxes heavy, but fortunately the carry was down hill and we returned up the river empty-handed. There were many among the thirty-five of us who had never done a stroke of manual labor in their lives, but we five were not in that class. Nevertheless, we were heartily glad when the task was over, and all felt that we had qualified for membership in the freight handlers' union. In five hours there had been transferred to the hold of the *Dauntless* the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, with its pack-saddles and other gear, and 800 shells, 1,300 Mauser and Remington rifles, 100 revolvers, 1,000 cavalry machetes, 800 pounds of dynamite, several hundred saddles, half a ton of medical stores, and 460,000 rounds of small arms-ammunition. In truth, the Madison Square Garden fair for the raising of funds for the purchase of "hospital supplies" had evidently been a howling success. I can testify that the cargo of the *Dauntless* put

many a man in the hospital for every one it took out.

It was about noon when we were ready to cast off, and the *Dauntless*, giving several defiant toots, as if in exultation, slipped down the river toward the sea. On the bridge was her master, Capt. John O'Brien, a noted filibuster, usually known by the honorary title of "Dynamite" O'Brien, from some incident connected with one of the Central American or West Indian revolutions that he had been mixed up in. Blockade running was an old story with him, even before the Cuban insurrection, and during that war he had safely conducted a number of expeditions to the Cuban coast. He was an ideal man for the perilous business, cool and resourceful, and a splendid seaman. And all of these qualifications were needed for filibustering in this particular war, for if there was one thing well understood it was that every member of one of these expeditions if captured by the Spaniards would get the shortest shrift possible to give him. The Spaniards do not fight revolutions with rose-water, and maybe they are right. Consequently, filibustering in those days was grim and terrible business, fit occupation for lion-hearted men. Insurrections with their attendant blockade running are not so frequent as in the good times gone by. The industry is in the "dumps," and Captain O'Brien is now chief harbor pilot of Havana, the mild-mannered, thick-set man with iron-gray moustache who has conducted many a one of you on a passenger steamer through the narrow entrance past Morro Castle. I saw him ten years later, when he came out to bring in the vessel on which I was a passenger at the time of the second intervention, and we had a good embrace in Cuban style in memory of our hazardous voyage of former years. His present occupation must seem to him as tame as raising chickens.

Pagluchi had long before turned over his five members of the expedition to General Cabrera, doubtless glad to be rid of us, and was now in charge of the engines of the *Dauntless*. The crew consisted of just crew, and they look alike the world over. It seemed rather a shame to run these men, who probably did not know what they were doing, up against the chance of being blown out of the water by a Spanish gun-

boat or of being lined up against that famous wall at the Cabanas fortress, the scene of so many pitiful tragedies. In a short time we were out of the river and on the Atlantic. A sharp lookout was kept before getting well out to sea, but not a wisp of smoke was in sight. As a part of the game to give us a clear field, the *Commodore* had left Charleston the evening before and steamed north, followed by the revenue-cutter, finally putting into Hampton Roads. So there was no danger to be apprehended from that particular vessel. Now followed four days of rolling and pitching on the broad swells of the Atlantic. How small and inconsequential the little *Dauntless* seemed on that wild waste of waters. She could have made the passage in two days but for the necessity of economizing her supply of coal for the return trip to some United States port, and to have enough fuel to enable her to speed up and make a run for life if the occasion arose. Always a victim to seasickness, even under the most favorable circumstances, I can never forget those four days of suffering as the little steamer labored through the sea, rolling and pitching, our only home, the deck, swept from time to time by clouds of spray, with an occasional wave for good measure. We lay about day after day in our water-soaked blankets, getting such snatches of sleep as we could, and now and then staggering to the rail to make the required contribution to Neptune. We certainly were as unhappy and as unheroic-looking a lot of adventurers as ever trusted themselves to the sea.

On the afternoon of August 16 we were told that we were approaching the northeast coast of Cuba. The wind and sea now moderated somewhat, and the worn and harassed filibusters began to come to life. All realized that this was the most critical period in our voyage, as the coast was patrolled by gun-boats and armed launches, and capture meant death, swift and inevitable. We five had among ourselves talked over such a possibility, and it was pretty well understood that if worst came to worst we were to take Kipling's advice,

"Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
And go to your God like a soldier."

But not without making a fight for it, for the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, the same gun at which I had drilled for the perspir-

ing patriots in New York, was now unpacked and mounted on the deck forward, and several boxes of ammunition opened. This was a task of great difficulty, a gun on a field carriage mounted on the deck of a rolling vessel being about as dangerous to those serving it as to any possible target. But the brake ropes were adjusted, and the piece anchored as securely as possible by means of other ropes, the wheels being also blocked by timbers. The muzzle pointed over the port bow, and if a necessity had arisen to train the gun in any other direction it was intended to accomplish the purpose by turning the vessel accordingly. As I was the only one on board who understood this weapon, General Cabrera placed it in my charge, and I had my four companions to assist in setting it up and in serving it in case of need. There were known to be two classes of vessels patrolling the Cuban coast, several gun-boats of rather low speed, and a considerable number of fast, large launches, each carrying a crew of about a dozen men, and armed with a Nordenfelt rapid fire gun of small calibre. It was intended, in case we encountered a gun-boat, to depend entirely on the speed of the *Dauntless* to escape, but if our antagonist was a launch we were to let her get as close as possible and then open on her. We had no doubt that we could drive off any launch, and even hoped that we might frighten the crew into surrender. A tarpaulin had been placed over the gun as soon as mounted, in order that it could not be seen until needed for action. It is interesting to know that some months later, while attempting an expedition on the south coast of Cuba, the *Dauntless* had a gun mounted in this fashion and was pursued by an armed launch, whereupon she fired one shot, missing the target about half a mile, but the launch could hardly be seen for the spray she tore up in getting out of the way. This incident created much amusement, being spoken of as the first and only "naval battle" of the war.

We made out in time the low mangrove-covered coast, and could see far away the dim outline of the hills of the interior. We stood on deck with beating hearts and tense faces as the little steamer drew near the inlet known as Las Nuevas Grandes, a short distance east of the entrance to Nuevitas harbor, on the coast of the province of

Puerto Principe or Camaguey. No vessel was in sight, but we were troubled by the appearance from time to time of a bit of smoke along the shore line far to the eastward. All who were supplied with glasses kept them trained on that part of the horizon. It was plain to be seen that Captain O'Brien and Generals Nunez and Cabrera were anxious, as they held several whispered consultations on the bridge. The smoke might be from a fire on shore or from a vessel bound eastward, the latter supposition being in favor from the fact that it was not seen for the last half hour before darkness settled down over land and sea. As night came on we could plainly see the flashes of the Maternillos light to the westward. And so, minute by minute, we drew nearer to our goal. A man was now taking soundings, and his voice and the throbbing of the engines were the only sounds that broke an oppressive silence. We five would-be Lafayettes and Von Steubens were grouped about the gun on the bow; the weapon had been loaded and the primer inserted, and the only thing that remained to be done, in case a necessity arose, was to remove the tarpaulin, get her pointed in the general direction, and pull the lanyard. We were taking no chances on nervousness and confusion at a critical moment cheating us out of one shot, at least, in case an inquisitive launch should poke her nose around the point that we had now passed. If I must tell all, our teeth were chattering, and not from cold, but from the terrific strain and from trying to force ourselves to be calm and cool.

Las Nuevas Grandes is merely an indentation in the coast and in no sense a harbor, and when we were about half a mile from the surf the engines were stopped. The *Dauntless* carried two regular sea boats, but these were not used in landing our cargo. Instead, she had brought, piled up on her deck, eight broad, flat-bottomed skiffs, each with two pairs of oars and a steering oar. A seaman would scorn to be seen in such a craft, but they were quite well suited to an aggregation of land crabs like ourselves, and owing to their flat bottoms could easily be hauled through a moderate surf. Each of us five "Americans," as we were called, to distinguish us from the Cubans, was put in charge of a boat, while the others were intrusted to three of our Cuban

fellow-voyagers. The boats were lowered by hand over the rail without difficulty, but once in the water pounded about in a way that was most disconcerting. The crew of the steamer went below deck and passed up the cargo, which was tossed into the boats with feverish haste, no attempt being made to stow it properly. As no one was now left on board to serve the gun, it was dismounted and the various parts lowered, after much difficulty, into my boat. I was able to get away first, and with a crew of four at the oars pushed toward the surf, which, owing to the darkness, could not be seen, but was distinctly audible. About half-way to the shore we could dimly make out the line of breakers. Years before, I had had some pretty stiff surf work in Indian canoes on the Alaskan coast and thought I knew something on that subject, but the prospect before us was not alluring. The greatest drawback was the darkness, which made it impossible to see whatever rocks there might be, as well as to estimate the height or violence of the surf. But it was too late to turn back, and in we went. There was a lot of pitching and bucking, and a wave or two broke over us, but as soon as we struck, oars were dropped and overboard we went, up to our waists, caught the boat by its sides, and ran up onto the beach with it on the next wave. Fortunately, it was a perfectly clean, shelving, sandy beach, and we got through with nothing worse than a superb ducking and a boat half full of water. The gun with its wheels and carriage was carried beyond reach of the tide and thrown down in the grass, and the boat overturned to get out the water it had shipped. Just as we were preparing to launch, in order to go for our next load, we heard excited voices near us, and knew that the second boat was coming in. We ran down the beach to assist, but arrived too late to be of service. The boat was caught on one quarter, turned broadside on, and hurled onto the beach. The air was literally full of *Jesus Marias* interspersed with the impressive type of English cuss words, in the use of which one of my companions was no mean artist. But the boat was dragged out, and the next day at low tide its cargo was recovered. Both boats were now launched and started on their return to the *Dauntless*. On the way we met several others, and gave them the

information that the beach was a good one, but the surf troublesome. All lights on the steamer had, of course, been screened or extinguished, but a lighted lantern had been hung over the shore side for the purpose of guiding returning boats.

As it was deemed inadvisable to build a fire on shore, there was no guide in that direction, with the result that our cargo was scattered along about seven hundred yards of beach. So the work went on far into the night, an occasional boat upsetting, but without loss of life. Luckily, the excitement kept away all feeling of fatigue or hunger. The wind was rising and the sky had become overcast, and there were occasional squalls of rain. My boat was nearing the *Dauntless* for its sixth load, when we heard an excited exclamation from the bridge, and saw to the northward, over the mangrove bushes on the point, a peculiar white light sweeping the horizon. The steamer had not anchored, but was keeping her approximate position by means of her screw, and had had on a full head of steam ever since approaching the coast, ready to do her best in case she had to run for it. At this time two boats were loading alongside, but their crews piled into them and pulled clear, under some sulphurous orders yelled down from the bridge. There were a few tense moments in which we lay on our oars and awaited developments. Nearer and nearer came that cursed light, but the vessel itself could not yet be located owing to intervening land. But there was no time to lose, as to be caught in this little pocket of a bay meant disaster. The engine bell rang viciously, a black column of smoke poured from the funnel of the *Dauntless*, and the race for life began. It was known that this could be no launch, as launches, at least those at that time in the Spanish navy, do not carry search-lights, but must be a cruiser or a gun-boat of some size.

The *Dauntless* plunged through the water, and for a couple of miles we could trace her by the smoke and sparks from her funnel. In order to clear the point she had to run straight out to sea, at first in the direction of the enemy. The search-light wavered here and there on the shore line and over the surface of the water, and finally fell on the *Dauntless*. There was a painful moment for those of us watching,

and then came the distant booming of the guns; but finally these sounds died away and both pursuer and pursued faded from sight. With heavy hearts we rowed ashore, and the members of the expedition gathered about the piles of cartridge boxes and bundles of rifles on the beach, shivered in their wet clothing, and in subdued tones, discussed the situation. All were present, but only about three-fourths of our cargo had been landed. Our position was not an enviable one, as we felt morally certain that the Spaniard would return after daylight and deal with us. We could, of course, escape into the bush, but all our war material would be captured. The hours dragged along, but finally morning came and ushered in a windy and sodden day, the trees and grass dripping moisture, and everything seemingly conspiring to depress our spirits and harass our worn bodies. On the supposition that the gun-boat would honor us with a visit during the day, search was made as soon as it was light for a suitable position for the gun, with the intention of doing our best to beat her off. An almost ideal natural gun-pit was found near the beach. In some violent storm a large log had been hurled beyond the ordinary high-tide mark, and had fallen across the mouth of a little gully, where sand to the thickness of several feet had been blown up against it. The gun was set up in the gully, its muzzle pointing over the log which served as a revetment for the sand. The position was most satisfactory, so far as protection was concerned, but had the disadvantage that the muzzle could not be depressed sufficiently to use the piece at short range. From fearing that the gun-boat would come in, we now began to worry lest it should not. We reasoned that the advantage was all on our side, as we had good protection and a steady platform, which the gun-boat could not have, the *Dauntless* having demonstrated how a small vessel could roll on that shallow and exposed coast. We would have a good clear target, while to harm us the gun-boat must make hit on the muzzle of the gun, the only portion of it exposed. We knew that she must be an unarmored vessel, and that our shells would reach her vitals if our marksmanship was equal to the occasion. We even chuckled as we thought of the possibility of a lucky shot disabling her machinery, after which we could delib-

erately bombard her into a surrender and then go out to her in our small boats, thus beautifully turning the tables on our pursuer.

In the meantime a fire had been built and coffee made and bacon broiled, and this with some hard bread refreshed all greatly. It was thought best to carry our tons of military stores, piled helter-skelter along the beach, to some place concealed from view, and this slavish task consumed the greater part of the forenoon. Advantage was taken of low tide to recover those articles lost from the boats overturned in the surf on the previous night. Fortunately, boxes of cartridges and bundles of rifles are not easily swept out to sea, so that eventually the only shortage was one bundle of ten Remington rifles. The small arms-ammunition was not injured by its immersion, the boxes being tin-lined, but several cases of cartridges for the twelve-pounder were practically ruined, as we were to learn to our cost at Cascorra a few weeks later.

While carrying out these tasks many anxious glances were cast seaward, and about eleven o'clock a film of smoke was noticed far to the north. Closer and closer it came, until we could make out the hull of the vessel, but we were kept in a fever of uncertainty as to its identity. If we could have had a broadside view our doubts would have been dispelled. It was considered unlikely that the *Dauntless* would return, and if not that vessel it must be a gun-boat. The Cubans, armed with Mausers, were scattered in groups along the beach to resist a landing party, and we five went to our gun-pit, loaded the piece, and made all preparations to open the ball. Considering our excitement when in danger the night before, all were remarkably cool and self-possessed, which probably arose from our conviction that if the gun-boat came close enough to open fire with effect she was "our meat." I was already sighting the gun and estimating the distance for a trial shot, when the vessel suddenly swung her broadside to, and we recognized the *Dauntless*. Captain O'Brien, fearing that we might use him as a target, had swung around purposely in order that we might identify the vessel. There was a wild run for the boats by all except a small guard left on shore, and we were soon out to the

steamer. No time was lost in landing the remainder of the cargo, a task of a couple of hours. As to the adventures of the past night, we were told that the *Dauntless* had led the gun-boat a straight chase to the north for several hours, and out-distancing her pursuer had finally made a wide circuit and come back to get rid of the remainder of her cargo, being aided in her escape by the thick and squally weather. Months afterward we were informed, and I presume correctly, that the vessel that had given us such a close call was the torpedo gun-boat *Galicia*. It is almost certain that it was either the *Galicia* or the *Jorge Juan*, as they were said to be the only naval vessels, other than launches, on that portion of the coast at the time of our landing.

As the last boat load pulled away, the *Dauntless*, brave as her name, gave three defiant blasts from her whistle as a parting salute and steamed away, leaving us to our own devices on a strange and inhospitable coast. As we silently watched her fade from sight we realized that we had burned our bridges behind us and were in for the war. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, keeping a lookout for any gun-boats that might drop in on us. It has always been a mystery to me why the Spaniards at Nuevitas were not informed as to our landing by the gun-boat that discovered us. An expedition could have been sent against us with success at any time within the next four days. Although we could have kept a vessel off with our gun, fifty men landing out of its reach could have captured all our material, though we could have escaped into the jungle. It was, of course, impossible for thirty-five men to attempt to move our tons of impedimenta for any distance from the beach, and immediately after the final departure of the *Dauntless*, four men had been sent into the interior to get in touch with the rebel forces. Four anxious days passed, but finally a man was sighted coming along the beach, and two of our party went out to meet him. We heard them, when within calling distance, give the insurgent challenge, "*Alto. Quien va?*" and the reply, "Cuba," and knew that the new arrival was a friend. The man was one of the scouts of the advance guard of General Capote's portion of Maximo Gomez's command. He was a ragged, unwashed individual, armed with a Reming-

ton rifle and machete, and was so glad to see us that he insisted on bestowing on each one of us the *abrazo*, a form of embrace much in vogue in Cuba. I took my medicine along with the rest, but not with noticeable enthusiasm. Soon came the advance guard, and then the main body, in all six hundred men, with a large number of pack-animals. It was too late in the day to begin the march into the interior, but the next morning all were on the move, every horse and man loaded to the limit. By nightfall we had covered thirty miles, and we new arrivals, being "soft," were about done for. We went into camp along a beautiful *potrero*, or pasture, with about a thousand men under General Maximo Gomez, who had marched thither to meet us. Before morning I had found in this force four fellow-countrymen, Walter M. Jones, a native of New York State, who had lived in Cuba for ten years, and who died after the war as chief of the harbor police of Havana; Arthur Royal Joyce, of South Egremont, Mass., who, a few weeks later, was to be terribly wounded in the grim work at Cascorra; William Smith, second in command of Gomez's personal escort, and James Pen-

nie, of Washington, D. C., who afterward had the doubtful pleasure of contributing a leg to the cause of Free Cuba. We sat late around the camp fire that night, exchanging experiences with these already seasoned campaigners. The next morning I was presented by General Cabrera to the grizzled and silent old chieftain, Maximo Gomez, veteran of the Ten Years' War, and had a good opportunity to see something of my future comrade in arms. It was a rather impressive-looking force, the men though very, very ragged, being well armed and well mounted. Much to my surprise, fully nine-tenths of them were white men, which was accounted for by the fact that these troops were raised in Camaguey, which has a smaller percentage of Negroes than any other province in Cuba. Later I was to see organizations from the southern part of Santiago province consisting almost entirely of Negroes, but take it through and through, there were many more whites than blacks in the insurgent forces. The next morning we were on the march, and in due time we new arrivals had our first taste of war, but that is another story.

[The second of General Funston's papers, "The Siege of Cascorra," will appear in the October Number.]

CONSTANCY

By Minor Watson

"DEAR as remembered kisses after death"—

We read and pause, toying the pliant page
 With absent fingers while we question slow,
 By whom remembered? Not by those that live,
 And love again, and wed, and know fresh joys,
 Forgetting the pale past. Ah, no! for them,
 The sudden stirring of such long-whelmed thought
 Means shock and pain, and swift reburial.
 But it may be, that with the dreaming dead,
 Who sank away quick pierced by despair,
 It may be that their stillness is aglow
 Through soft recalling of each loved caress.

Perchance it is of them the poet saith

"Dear as remembered kisses after death."

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK V

OF THE NATURE OF AN EPILOGUE, DEALING WITH DESPOINA

I



HER spirits on the rebound, her courage waving in her face, like the flag on a citadel, she hesitated at nothing. On Chevenix's suggestion that they must "play the game with Nevile," she told her betrothed what she proposed to do. He had raised his eyebrows, but said, "Why not?"

"I thought you didn't love each other," had been her answer, and he had responded:

"Well, I have no reason to dislike him. In fact, he gave you to me, if you remember." He chuckled over the memory himself. "When the thing between us was at its reddest heat, your man came pelting up to me. He had seen you, it appears, and nothing would stop him. I never told you this tale, but you may as well have it now. The man's a lunatic, you know. What do you think he wanted? How do you think he put it? As thus: 'I loathe you, my dear man.' I'm giving you the substance. 'You stand for everything I'm vowed to destroy; but I hope you'll marry her, and tie her to you for life.' That was his little plan. As you know, I couldn't oblige him. He thought I could!"

She had been staring out of the window while he harangued from the hearth-rug, his favorite post in a room. At this time she had no eyes but for the Open Country, or what of it could be seen over the chimney-pots. But at those last words, she did turn and look at him. "Why did he think you could?"

It was for Ingram then to stare. "Why did he think so? My dear, I'll tell you

why no sane man would have thought so, if you insist. He thought that as I had lived alone ever since Claire bolted, I could get a divorce. That's what *he* thought."

Sanchia pondered his reply, facing the window again. Ingram fidgeted, with his hands in his pockets. "Men don't live like that," he said. Sanchia did not move. More as if it were to satisfy herself than to credit him, she said, to the window and street beyond it, "I wonder that he didn't remember that you would never drag any one into notoriety whom you had once—loved." Ingram grinned.

"As your man Glyde tried to drag you, my dear! Well, that's one way of accounting for old Senhouse, certainly. I don't know that *that* would have stood in the light, after the way she behaved. Notoriety! She managed that for herself."

"Then—" she began, but did not finish. She stopped, looked sharply about her, out of window, across the room, seemed to be listening to something, or for something. Then she said, "I see." For the rest of the evening she was very quiet, burning in a hidden fire.

Here was Saturday, and to-morrow she should see him again—the man who had loved her so much that he had never kissed her. Love such as that, rendered in kisses, was unthinkable. She knew that she must not think of it, though she could not help her dreams. But there was no fear. The man who had not dared to kiss her when he might should find that she was worthy of such high honor.

Through the strings blew the wind from the southwest. "I love him—I shall see him to-morrow—I shall never tell him so—

but he will read it in my eyes. He never kissed me when he might—he will not do it now, when he must not. I am a fool, a fool, a fool! Thank God, I am a fool again!”

II

“I FANCY,” said Chevenix, as they breasted the down, “that to the candid observer we present a very pretty sight. He’s not here, but I wish he were. A free-moving young lady—this is my idea—a Diana of the Uplands—wasn’t there a picture of the name?—going to see an emancipated party of the Open Road—with a chain round her heart, in the custody of a gentleman friend.”

She took him on his own terms. “Explain your idea. What, for instance, is in the gentleman friend’s custody? The chain or the heart? Because, I assure you——”

“A truce,” said Chevenix, “to your assurances. What I mean is this. It’s jolly decent of Nevile to let you off. I don’t know how he can bear you out of his sight after the way he’s behaved.”

She was in high spirits. She laughed at the vision of Nevile, deeply contrite and afraid that she would find him out. “I don’t think Nevile cares much, whatever I may do.” But Chevenix shook his head.

“You never know where to have Nevile. What says the primer? *Timeo Danaos*—don’t you know?”

She pleaded, Might they not forget Nevile out here in the open? “Do you know,” she asked him, “that I haven’t been out like this——”

“On the loose, eh?” he interposed. She nodded.

“Yes, like this—free to do as I like—the world before me——” She fronted the blue valley for a moment, and then turned to the wind—“and the wind in my face—ever since I left Wanless?” Then she reflected with wide and wondering eyes. “And before that—long before. I haven’t been free, you know, ever since I knew Nevile. Oh!” and she inhaled the spirit of the hour. “Oh, I could fall down and hug the earth. Don’t you love the thymy smell? I don’t know why, but it always makes me think of poetry—and *that*.” She lifted her rapt face to where, like a fountain of sound, a lark flooded the blue. “To lift up, and up, and up, to be so lovely because one was

so glad! Nobody could do that!”—“Except Jack,” she added half in a whisper.

“That old chap’s not a man,” said Chevenix; “he’s a spirit.”

“They used to call him the Faun, at Bill Hill, where I first met him,” she said. “I fancy now that I never knew him at all. But he knew all about me. That’s why I’m so happy. Nobody has ever known me since—and it’s such a bore to have to explain yourself. Other people seem to think I’m extraordinary. I’m not at all—I’m the most ordinary person in the world—But he liked me like that.”

Chevenix, watching her, said, “He’ll like you like this, I expect. May I tell you that you’re a heady compound? Do be quiet. Remember that I’m holding the chain. I won’t swear to every link.” She laughed, and pressed forward, the wind kissing her eyes.

They reached the race-course and had, behind them and before, two valleys. Their road lay now due west, keeping the ridge—a broad grass track belted rarely by woods on the north, but open on the south to hill and vale in diversity of sun and shade, a billowy sea of grass where no sign of man was to be seen. Sanchia’s heart was so light she scarcely touched the ground. She swam the air, not flew. Chevenix pounded in her wake.

“You know,” he told her by and by, “he’s alone here? A solitary figure? Doing the hermit? Crying in the Wilderness?”

She had guessed, but not known that. Caution set a guard upon her eyes and tongue. “Do you mean—that he’s always alone?”

“Bless you, yes. His lady couldn’t stick it. She fled. But she’s quite fond of him—in her way. I found out his address from her. She was quite glad I was going to see him. But she never goes herself, I believe. She’s married. Other views altogether, she has. Or *he* has—her husband, you know. It was a rum business altogether, her taking up with old Senhouse. I could have told her what would come of that, if she’d asked me. No malice, you know—now. They’re good friends. Write to each other. As a fact, she’s married. She was a widow. She’s married a man I know, a chap in the House, name of Duplessis. Sulky chap, but able. Keeps her in order. Old Sen-

house will speak about it—you see if he don't."

She was full of thought over these sayings. What had he been about when he mated with a woman of that sort? "A man don't live like that," had been Neville's explanation of part of his own history: Was this the meaning of her friend's vagary? Would he tell her? She would never ask him, but would give worlds to know.

Presently, and quite suddenly, as they pushed their way, now in silence broken only by Chevenix's cheerful whistling, upon that backbone of a broad hill-country—quite suddenly her heart leaped, and then stood fast. "Look, look!" she said softly. "There's Jack, close to us!" In a sheltered hollow some hundred feet below the level at which they were, a hooded figure in pure white was startlingly splashed upon the gray-brown of the dry hills. The peak of a cowl shot straight above his head, and the curtains of it covered his face. He sat, squatting upon the turf, with a lifted hand admonishing. About him, with cocked ears and quick side-glances, were some six or seven hares, some reared upon their haunches, some, with sleek heads, intent upon the herbage, one lopping here and there in quest, but none out of range of a quick hand. Above his head, high in the blue, birds were wheeling, now up, now down. Peewits tumbling heavily, pigeons with beating wings, sailing jackdaws—higher yet, serene in rarity, a brown kestrel oared the sky.

Sanchia's soft eyes gleamed with wet. "Saint Francis—and the hares! Oh, dearest, have I never known you?"

"What a chance for a rifleman!" said Chevenix. "That beats the cocks."

They stood intent for a while, not daring to disturb the mystery enacting. Chevenix whispered, "He's giving 'em church, to-day being Sunday," while Sanchia, breathless, said, "Hush! hush!" and felt the tears fret a way down her cheeks. Presently she put both hands to her breast and fell upon her knees. Chevenix, not insensible to her emotion, lit a pipe. Thus he broke the spell.

"Go to him, please. Tell him that I'm here," she bade him, and then turned away and sat waiting upon a clump of heather. She sat, as not daring to look up, until she

heard his soft tread on the turf. Then she lifted to him her wet and rueful eyes.

His long strides brought him close in a second. He was changed. Leaner, browner, older than she had known him. And he wore a strange Eastern garment, a hooded white robe, short-sleeved and buttonless, made of coarse woollen cloth. He had thrown the hood back, and it sat upon his shoulders like a huge rolling collar. Yes, he was changed; there was mystery upon him, which sat broodingly on his brows. But his eyes were the same—bright as a bird's, frosty-kind as a spring morning, which stings while it kisses you. "Queen Mab!" he said. "You!" and held out both his hands. It was evident that neither of them could speak. She rose; but there was no touching of the hands.

"And Peachblossom, attendant sprite," cried the resourceful Chevenix, following him up. "Don't forget him."

"Puck, I think," said Senhouse. "Robin Goodfellow." He had recovered himself in that breathing-space. "How splendid of you both. Come and see my ship. I'm in moorings now, you know. I've cut piracy."

"And preach to the hares," said Chevenix. "We saw you at it. What does his lordship say?"

"His lordship, who, in spite of that, is an excellent man, likes it. His lordship was pleased to catch me, as you did, at it, and to suggest that he should bring out a party of her ladyship's friends to see me perform. I told him that I was his hireling, no doubt, but that my friends here were amateurs who didn't care to say their prayers in public. His lordship begged pardon, and I bet you he's a gentleman. Nearly everybody is, when you come to know him."

Chevenix revelled in him. "Still the complete moralist, old Jack!" he cheered. "I'll back you for a bushel of nuts to have it out with Charon as you ferry across. And here, for want of *us*, you turn to the hares! Sannie, you and I must get season tickets to Sarum, or he'll forget his tongue."

Sanchia, overcome by shyness, had nothing to do with this brisk interchange. She walked between the contestants like a child out with her betters. Senhouse led them down the scarped side of a hill into his own valley; rounding a bluff, they suddenly

came upon his terraces and creeper-covered hut. The place was a blaze of field flowers, each terrace a thick carpet of color. In front of them the valley wound softly to the south, and melted into the folds of the hills; to the right, upon a wooded slope, in glades between the trees, goats were at pasture.

"Goats! Robinson Crusoe!" Chevenix pointed them out. "*Dic mihi, Damæta, cujum pecus? an Meliboei?*" Are they yours, Senhouse?"

"I drink them, and make cheese. I learned how to do it at Udine ages ago. You shall have some."

Sanchia saw them. The sun gleamed upon fawn and white, and made blackshine like jet. Deep in the thickets they heard the bell of one, cropping musically.

Senhouse led them to his veranda, which was shadowed from the heat, made them sit on mats, and served them with milk and bread in wooden bowls and trenchers. He was barefooted, which Sanchia must by all means be—for the day: divining her, as he only could, he knelt without invitation and untied her shoes. "Stockings too, I'll bet you!" was what Chevenix thought; but he was wrong. Senhouse went into his cabin, and returned with sandals. Sanchia had taken off her own stockings. They were sandals to fit her. "I made them for Mary," he explained; "but she preferred boots." "Most of 'em do," Chevenix said, "in their hearts," and Senhouse quietly rejoined, "So I've found out."

Chevenix the tactful withdrew himself after a civil interval. He said that he should go goat-stalking, and, instead, went for a ramble, well out of sight. Then he found a place after his mind, smoked a pipe, and had a nap.

The pair, left to themselves, resumed with hardly an effort their ancient footing.

He said, after looking long upon her, "You are changed, Queen Mab; you are graver and quieter—but you are yourself, I see."

"I am not changed really," she said. "I love all the things I did. But sometimes one doesn't know it."

He did not appear to heed her, occupied in his gentle scanning of her. "You are, I suppose, more beautiful than you were.

I was prepared for that. You have been very much with me of late."

Her excitement grew. "Have I? It's very odd, but——"

"It's not at all odd," he said. "Nothing is. I will tell you what happens. After I go to bed—which is always latish—I feel you come down the slope. I am not surprised—I wasn't the first time. You come in a blue gown, with bare feet. I can't see anything of you as you come but gleaming ivory—an oval: your face; two bars: your arms; two shafts—and your feet. Your hair is loose all about your shoulders, and close about your face. It makes the oval longer and narrower than I see it now; your face is fuller by day than by night. You come to me out here where I wait for you, and hold out your hand. I rise, and take it—and out we go. I realize now that I am in the conduct of a fairy. I was inspired when I hailed you—how long ago?—as Queen Mab. You show me wonderful things. Do you know that you come?"

"No, but——" She stopped, and bent her head. Her experience had not been so simple—"I have thought sometimes——" She could not finish—broke off abruptly. There was a beating pause, during which neither of them dared look at the other. She broke it. She asked him what he did out here alone. "I live," he said, "very much as I did. I read—in three tongues; I paint rarely; I do a great deal of work. At night I write my book. And then—you come."

"And what is your book?"

"It began as *Memoirs*—in three volumes, but those have stopped. There was plenty to say, but after certain experiences which came to me here—singular enough experiences—nothing in it seemed worth while. Now I call it *Despoina*, after the principal character."

"Who is *Despoina*?"

He looked at her, smiling with his eyes. "You are *Despoina*."

"Oh," said she, "I thought I was Queen Mab."

"It is the same thing. *Despoina* means the Lady—the Lady of the Country. She is a great fairy. The greatest."

It was now for her to smile at him, which she did a little wistfully. "Your *Despoina* is either too much fairy, or not enough. She does very humdrum things. She has

done mischief—now she is going to repair it. She is going to be married.”

He was watching her quietly, and took her news quietly.

“Yes, so I learned. There was a youth here who told me.”

She stopped him, flushing wildly. “A youth! Struan was here? Then it’s true—it’s true?”

He was quite calm under this outcry. “Yes, your champion Glyde was here. A good fellow in the main, but Lord! what a donkey! I think I did him good. He left me a week ago. He had told me about you—found out where you lived, and what was happening.” She sat with her face between her hands, dared not let him see it.

Senhouse resumed the question of her marriage. “It doesn’t matter what you do. You are you. So Ingram has forgiven Master Glyde, and now——”

She lifted her pale face at this word of duty.

“His wife died a year ago; rather more. He wants me to marry him, and I think I must.”

“You don’t want to?” She shook her head, watching her fingers tear the grass.

“No,” she said, “not in the least. But I shall do it. Don’t you think that I should?”

He thought, then threw his arms out. “God knows what I am to say! If the world held only you and me and him—here—fast in this valley—I tell you fairly, I should stop it.” She looked up quickly, and their eyes met. Hers were haunted with longing. He had to turn his head. “But it doesn’t. To me what you intend to do seems quite horrible—because I am flesh, and cannot see that you are spirit. That is a perfectly honorable reading of the Law, which says, What I did as a child I must abide as a woman. It’s a law of Nature, after all’s said; and yet it can be contradicted in a breath. It’s one of those everlasting propositions which are true both ways, positively and negatively; for Nature says, That is my rule, and immediately after, Break it if you’re strong enough. Now, you are, but I am not.”

Once more they looked at each other, these two who had but one desire between them—and who knew it each of each. And again it was he who broke away.

“I’m a coward, I’m false to my own belief. It’s love that makes me so. Oh!

Heaven, I see so well what it would be, And it would be right, mind you. These laws of Society are nothing, absolutely nothing. But you are pleased, for reasons, to submit. You are deliberate, you are strong. It’s the old thing over again. Hideous, vile, abominable servitude! But you are pleased to do it. You say it is Destiny, and you may be right. I tell you once more, I dare not say a word against it.”

“No, no,” she said hastily; “don’t say anything to stop me. I must go on with it. I have promised. He knows I don’t love him, and he doesn’t care.”

Senhouse pricked up his head. “Does he love you, do you suppose? Do you believe it?”

She shrugged half-heartedly. “He says so. He—he seemed to when I told him that I was going away.”

“When was that?” he asked her. She told him the whole story as the reader knows it. Senhouse heard her, his head between his hands.

At the end of it, he looked out over the valley.

“Would to God,” he said, “you and I had never met, Sanchia.”

Tears filled her eyes. “Oh, why do you say that?”

He took her hands. “You know why.” There was no faltering in the look that passed between them now. They were face to face indeed. He got up, and stood apart from her. She waited miserably where she was.

“We may be friends now, I believe,” he said. “You’ll let me write to you? You’ll trust me?”

“I shall live in your letters,” she said. “I read nothing else but those I have. They are all the help I have.” Then with a cry she broke out. “Oh, Jack, what a mess we’ve made of our affairs!”

He laughed bitterly. “Do you know my tale?”

“I guess it,” she said.

“I played the rogue,” he told her, “to a good girl, who was as far from my understanding as I was from hers. God bless her, she’s happy now. I swear to you that I meant to do her honor—and directly I found out what she really wanted, I would have given it her. You’ll not believe that I was such a fool as to suppose she could

feel happy with my ideas of wedded life—but I did. Oh, Heavens! Poor, dear, affectionate, simple soul, she felt naked! She shivered at her own plight, and wondered why I'd been so unkind to her, seeing I was by ordinary so kind. I shudder to think what she must have gone through."

"But," she said, anxious to save him, "but she knew what your beliefs were—and accepted them. You told me so."

"Queen Mab," he said gravely, "she was a woman, not a fairy. And please to observe the difference. She, poor dear, felt as if she was stripped until she was married. You will feel stripped when you are. Yet you both do it for the same reason. She obeys the law because she dare not break it; you because you choose to keep it. Despoina! Despoina!"

She laughed, a little awry. "You used to call me Artemis. I'm not she any more."

"You are all the goddesses. You do what you please. Your mind is of Artemis, you have the form of Demeter, the grave-eyed spirit of the corn—and your gown, I observe, is blue, as hers was. I see Hera in you, too, the peering, proud lady of intolerant eyelids, and Kore, the pale, sad wife—which makes you your own daughter, my dear—and Gaia, by whom the Athenians swore when they were serious—Gaia, the Heart of the Earth. All these you are in turns—but to me Despoina, the Lady of the Country, whose secrets no man knows but me."

She was now by his side, very pale and pure in her distress. She put her hand on his shoulder as she leaned to him. "Dearest, there is one of my secrets you have not learned. May I tell it you?"

He listened sideways, not able to look at her. She felt him tremble. "I think not—I think not. You will tell Ingram first—then do as you please. Don't ask me to listen. Haven't I told you that I see you every night?"

"And I tell you nothing of my secret?"

"I never ask you."

"But do I not tell you? Can I keep it?"

"You don't speak to me. You never speak. You look. Fairies don't speak with the tongue. They have better ways."

"What do you do with me?"

"I follow you, over the hills."

"And then?"

"At dawn you leave me."

"I am a ghost?"

"I don't know. You are Despoina. You go at dawn."

A power was upon her, and within her. She put both hands on his shoulders. "One night I shall come—and not leave you. And after that you will not follow me any more. I shall follow you." Perfectly master of himself, his eyes met hers and held them.

"It shall be as you will."

She smiled confidently. "I shall come. I know that. But I shan't speak."

"What need of speech between you and me?"

She saw Chevenix upon the high ground above. He stood on the grass dykes of Hirlebury, and waved his hat.

"I must go now," she said. "Good-by, my dear one."

"Good-by, Despoina. In seven hours you will be here again." . . .

"It is to be observed," says a gifted author, "that the laws of human conduct are precisely made for the conduct of this world of Men in which we live and breed and pay rent. They do not affect the Kingdom of the Dogs, nor that of the Fishes; by a parity of reasoning they should not be supposed to obtain in the Kingdom of Heaven, in which the Schoolmen discovered the citizens dwelling in nine spheres, apart from the blessed Immigrants, whose privileges did not extend so near to the Heart of the Presence. How many realms there may be between mankind's and that ultimate object of Pure Desire cannot at present be known, but it may be affirmed with confidence that any denizen of any one of them, brought into relation with human beings, would act, and lawfully act, in ways which to men would seem harsh, unconscionable, without sanction or convenience. Such a being might murder one of the ratepayers of London, compound a felony, or enter into conspiracy to depose the King himself, and, being detected, very properly be put under restraint, or visited with chastisement either deterrent or vindictive, or both. But the true inference from the premises would be that although duress or banishment from the kingdom might be essential, yet punishment, so called, ought not to be visited upon the

offender. For he or she could not be *nostris juris*, and that which was abominable to us might well be reasonable to him or her, and, indeed, a fulfilment of the law of his being. Punishment, therefore, could not be exemplary, since the person punished exemplified nothing to Mankind; and if vindictive, then would be shocking, since that which it vindicated, in the mind of the victim either did not exist, or ought not. The ancient Greek who withheld from the sacrifices to Showery Zeus because a thunderbolt destroyed his hay-rick, or the Egyptian who manumitted his slaves because a god took the life of his eldest son, was neither a pious nor a reasonable person.

"Beyond question," he continues, "there are such beings upon the earth, visitors or sojourners by chance, whose true commerce is elsewhere, in a state not visible to us, nor to be apprehended by most of us; whose relation with mankind is temporary. The spheres which govern us govern not them, and their conduct is dictated by their good pleasure, where ours goes after the good pleasure of our betters. *Thus a man may, if he can, take a goddess or fairy to wife, but should not be disconcerted with what she may elect to do.*"

Sanchia returned silently to London by the 6.50 from Salisbury, and arrived at Charles Street by half-past eight, which was Lady Maria's usual hour. She changed her dress hurriedly and came into the drawing-room. Ingram was waiting there, his hands behind his back. He looked at her as she entered, but did not greet her. Perhaps he saw his doom in her eyes.

"Had a good day, Sancia?" he asked, after a while of gazing.

"Very good," she said.

"Saw your man?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Mad as ever?"

"Ah," she said, "who is mad?"

"Well, my dear, if he's not, we are. That's certain. What have you done with Bill Chevenix?"

"He's gone home to dress. He will be here directly."

"I hope," said Ingram, "he played the perfect squire." She stood by the window looking out toward the west. Luminous orange mist flared up behind the chimney-stacks in streamers. Above that, in a sky

faintly blue, crimson clouds, like plumes of feather, floated without motion.

Ingram called her to him. "Sancia, come here a minute. I want you." She turned her head and looked at him, then slowly crossed the room. She kept her eyes upon him, but did not seem to see him. They were haunted eyes. She came in front of him, and stood, questing his face, as if she was trying to see him within it.

He continued to smile jauntily, but his lips twitched with the strain. He put his arm round her shoulder and drew her toward him. "This day month, my girl," he said, and kissed her. She stiffened at his touch. Her lips were cold, and made him shiver. His arm fell back—"Pooh! what do you care?" She stood in her place before him without speaking. If she had looked at him, she might have stricken him blind. When Lady Maria came in, she moved away, and returned to the window. The glow had almost gone; nothing remained but wan blue, white toward the horizon. It was the color of death; but a single star shone out in it.

Chevenix came in briskly, fastening his sleeve-links. "Here is the Perfect Chaperon, here is he!" he said, and bowed to Lady Maria. "My dear Aunt Wenman, you've no notion how hungry I am. We saw Senhouse teaching the hares their catechism. Afterwards we lunched on conversation and water. Ah, and salad. Excellent salad. Then I went goat-stalking, and had a nap. Sancia and the Seer conversed. A great day."

Lady Maria took Ingram's arm, Sanchia that of Chevenix, and they went downstairs. Half-way down she stopped. Chevenix looked at her. She was white; she could hardly breathe. "Good God, Sancia, what's the matter?"

She stared, gasped, moved her head about. "I can't go on—I can't—I can't. It's horrible—it's awful. I'm afraid. Hush—don't make a fuss. I'm going away. This isn't possible."

The other couple were in the dining-room by now. Chevenix didn't know what to do.

"There's dinner, you know, Sancia," he said. "That's an institution, eh? You'll feel better, I expect. Keep your pecker up. I'll have a go at Neville for you. I swear I will. Now, where's your pluck, my dear?"

She shook her head, struggling all the time to get her breath. "It's gone—clean gone."

"You want food, Sancie; that's what you want. Come. Don't let's have a commotion. You leave all this to me."

She leaned against the wall, and brushed her hand across her face. Chevenix was in despair. Nevile, from below, called up, "What are you two conspiring about?" Sanchia shivered, and stood up.

"Go down alone," she said. "I can't."

IV

SHE dragged herself upstairs, and locked herself in her room, stumbled to the window, caught at it by the sill and leaned out. Her skin burned, her blood beat at her temples, and her breath came panting from her. Her white breasts ached with the burden of her strife. "I was born to live, not die. Air! or I shall fall."

It was mellow dusk by now, the lamps below her lighted, and above the chimneys and broken roof-line, above the trembling glare which meant London, there were stars in a violet sky. The stars which looked on London, looked also on the dim grasswolds, on hills rolling like waves, on muffled woods, rivers swift under their banks, on cornlands stiff and silent in the calm, on pastures and drowsy sheep. But the hills stretched out on either side of a valley, fold upon fold, everlastingly the same. There Despoina walked, at the deepest hour of the night. Even now she was looked for by one who sat in the valley and watched the east—intent, hooded, white, his chin upon his knees. A knock sounded at her door. She turned and ran to open. "Her ladyship has sent to know if you would have something sent up, miss." Nothing, nothing. She sped back to the window.

At midnight, Despoina should be there. At midnight! In three hours! It was time to get ready; there wasn't a moment to lose. She watched the night as if she were listening to it, counting its pulse. Then, kneeling where she was, she began to unfasten her hair, running her hands through it as each clinging coil loosened and grew light. So presently she was curtained in her hair.

It drooped about her burning cheeks and veiled her bosom. She looked like the Magdalen in the desert, facing, wide-eyed, the secret. There she knelt on, in a trance, waiting for the hour.

It struck ten—eleven.

She changed her dress and put on again the blue cotton gown of the day's wearing—but she left her hair loose about her face and shoulders, and her feet were bare. She looked at herself in the glass. Her face was white, her eyes were wide and strange. She did not know herself, smiling so sharply—like a goddess wild with a rapture not known by men and women. Fierier delights than theirs, the joy of power and knowledge mated with its equal, coping fellow to fellow; consciousness of immortal bliss dawned upon her wise lips, and flickered in their curve.

"Despoina is here," she said, and blew out the light.

V

It was intensely dark in the cup of the hills, but by the difference of a tone it was just possible to make out where the sky began. Looking closer yet, you could guess at a film of light, as if the rim of down absorbed and reflected a caught radiance from the stars.

On a quiet night the stars seem to burn more fiercely, and on this night you might have believed they gave you heat. There was no moon; but the sky was illuminated by stars. Jupiter had rays like a sun, and Sirius lay low down and glowed, now fiery, now green. A winged creature, coursing up the valley, would pass unnoticed; but if it struck suddenly upward for a higher flight, above the hills, into the upper air, you would see the light upon its pinions, and even the glitter of its watchful eye.

There was no wind; the silence could be felt, throbbing about you. It was past the hour when the creatures go hunting; the time when every breathing thing submits to the same power. Men and women forgot each other and their loves; foxes lay coiled in their earths. The shriek of the field-mouse startled you no more, nor the swift dry rustle of the grass-snake. Presently, very far away across the hills, in some valley not to be known, a dog barked; but the sound just marked the silence, and died down.

The hooded figure down there sat like a Buddha on his rock, motionless, unwinking, breathing deep and slow. His hands clasped his shins; his chin was on his knees; he pored into the dark. He sat facing the ridgeway where it came from

the east, and watched the courses of the stars.

Through the window of the hidden hut a faint light glimmered, and within the open door there was to be discerned a pale diffusion of light. In the beam of this he sat, cowed in white, but his face was shadowed. He was like the shell of a man who had died in his thought, and stiffened in the act of meditation. No relation between him and the rest of the world could be discerned. He was as far from the sleepers as the dead are.

Yet within him was the patience which comes of wild expectancy. His mind was as couched as his body for the moment. He had not fasted for years in the wilderness, and communed with the spirits of the hidden creatures, without learning the secret of their immobility. To him who could speak with plants and beasts, with hills and trees, the Night itself could converse. So surely as the crystal fluid which is the air streams in circles of waves about our sphere, so surely ranged his sense.

At a certain moment of time, without stirring, he changed. Intensity of search gathered in his empty eyes, and filled them with power. He remained for a little time longer in a state of tension, so extreme, so strung to an act, that there might have streamed a music from him, as from the Memnon in the sands when light and heat thrill the fibres of the stone. His look was concentrated upon a point above him where, look as one might, one could have seen nothing to break the translucent veil of dark.

Yet, after a time, looking just there, one might feel rather than know a something coming. The watcher certainly did. Deep within the shadow of the cowl his eyes dilated and narrowed, his lips parted, his breath came quick and sharp. But he did not move.

The sense of a presence heightened; one knew it much nearer. By and by, one could have seen pale forms wavering in the fluid violet of the night, like marsh-fires going and coming—and could guess them one and the same. Bodily substance could only be inferred. But he who waited, tense for the hour, knew that the hour had come.

Her white face, made narrow by the streaming curtain of her hair, her white arms and feet, were luminous in that dark

place, and revealed the semblance of her body. His cowl was thrown back; he had bowed his head to his knees. She stood over him, looking down upon him, not moving. Her eyes were clear and wide, and her parted lips smiled. The rise and fall of her breasts could be heard as they stirred her gown.

She put out her hand and laid it on his head; she stooped to him as he looked fearfully up, and, meeting his face, kissed him. No word passed between them, but he rose and stood by her, and she took his hand.

Together, hand in hand, they went deep into the valley, and the night hid them under the stars, and the silence swallowed up the sounds of their bare footfalls.

VI

THE philosopher, now in broad daylight, sat barefoot in the hollow of his valley, and wrote diligently in a book. He paused, pen in hand, and looked over the folds of the hills where the haze of heat hung, blue, and brown at the edges. It lay upon the hill-tops like a mist. The sky was gray, and the land was pale, burned to the bone. Heavy masses of trees in the hanging wood showed lifeless and black. No bird sang; but there were crickets in the bents, shrilling inconceivably. The swoon of midsummer was over all—and Sanchia was coming.

He knew that she was coming before he saw her. She came along the edge of the plain above him, springing barefoot. He saw her legs gleam under her swirling skirt. He strained to see her, but could not get her face for the mist over his eyes. He waited for her, watching, feeling her approach. She began the descent of the scarp, timidly, as if she was playing with the thought of his bliss, which she held daintily in her hands. "Dangerously beautiful, my Beautiful One, art thou. Heedless always of thyself. Now a wind blows from thee to me. Thy herald, O Thou that shrillest on the wind!"

He heard her gay and confident voice. "Jack! Jack! Where are you?" He rose and went to meet her: she saw him, and suddenly faltered in her stoop. She stopped, poised as if for flight; he saw her wings fold behind her, and lie quivering where they touched each other.

Her heart urged her. "Go to him."
She looked at him. "I can't see him perfectly, and can't trust myself."

Her heart cried, "I have brought you so far. I daren't stop." Still she stood and flickered.

Senhouse mounted to meet her. Blushful and bashful she stood; but her eyes, deeply watchful, never left him.

He, too, had lost his tongue.—"Queen Mab! I knew that you were coming."

Her eyes were timid and her tongue tied. She was like a rueful child.

"How did you come, my dear?"

"I don't know."

"You came last night?"

"Ah, you knew me?"

"Well, Queen Mab?"

She had nothing to say.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he asked her, "why are you come?"

"I can't tell you, if you don't know." She looked at him, and he knew.

"You came to me—not because I love you?"

"No, no! Not for that!"

"You are beautiful beyond belief, Queen Mab. And you are the soul of truth. My dear one, do you love me?"

She hung her head, and looked up from under her long lashes. He saw, not heard, her answer.

He encircled her with his arm, and felt her trembling at his side. "My dear," he said, "I was writing my Memoirs. Now we'll burn the book; for I see that I am now going to be born."

She looked up at him laughing. She was the color of a flushed rose. "My bride," he said, and kissed her lips. She turned in his arm and clung to him. The storm swept surging over her; passion long pent made her shiver like a blown fire. They took their wild joy. . . .

He led her by her hand to the shade of the valley, where the deep turf is hardly ever dry. She was barefoot now, as he was, and bare-headed. In her bosom was a spray of dogrose.

"You are blue-gowned, like Despoina," he told her, "and indeed that is your name. I am to have a fairy wife."

"Artemis no more," she laughed.

"You fulfil all the goddesses. Artemis was your childhood. But let's be practi-

cal. What is to be done?" She faltered her answer.

"I have found out by myself what to do," she said. And then she kissed him. "It's done now."

They picked up their lives where they had dropped them. They were content to wait for the fulness of their joy. He busied himself with food for her; he cooked, and she helped him; they talked of his affairs as if they had always been hers.

Something stirred the practical side of him. She was to see him as near a man of the world as it was possible for him to be. It might have been a shock to her, but its simplicity was all his own.

"I must see one person, and you must see one. I'll go to your father, and you shall tell Ingram what's going to happen. We don't owe him much—but there's that, I think. I've a great idea of treating the world with civility. The one thing it has worth having is its sense of manners. Let us have manners, then. Don't you think so?" He held her close as he spoke, and with a strange discrepancy between sight and sound, looked at her with dim eyes of love, before which she had to close down her own. To his "Don't you think so?" she could only murmur without breath, "You mustn't love me so much—not yet, not yet!" but he pressed her the nearer and laughed his joy of her. "What! After eight years! And if I don't hold her very close, Mab, the tricky sprite, may slip me."

Then he returned to his moralizings. "You'll see Ingram, my blessed one, don't you think?"

She said gravely, with hard outlook upon the distant world, "Yes, I must see him—" and then, with a sudden turn to him and a wondrous veil of tenderness upon her eyes, "You know that I think what you think—from now onward." Their lips sealed the pact.

He broke away at last. "Practice! Practice! Do let's be practical. Think of this. My house is yours until we marry—that can't be for a week." A week! Thus was Senhouse practical. She blushed her answer.

"What will you do? I mustn't turn you out." He opened his arms wide to the airs of the down.



Drawn by Frank Craig.

Senhouse came back to her bedside and put a little flower into her hand.—Page 330.

"I sleep in the open. The stars for me. They shall see you wedded. Meanwhile, I shall wait upon you. But do let us be practical. We wait a week: we marry—but then what shall we do? Shall we reform the world? I think we shall do that in spite of ourselves; for if two people dare to be simple, there's no reason why two million shouldn't." She lay at peace, considering—her blue eyes, searching wonderfully into his, saw peace like a crown of stars.

"I'll tell you what I should like to do," she said. "I've thought about it this minute. It never occurred to me before, but I should like to teach, better than anything in the world."

He looked far out to the white rim of horizon. He took her very seriously. "It's the highest profession of all, of course. Let's think. I've begun on it already—oddly enough. And yet, you know, it's not odd. Nothing is—after our experiences. . . . We will teach. Woodcraft, weather-craft, husbandry, beast-craft, sky-craft. I can do that much for them. Lit. hum., Greek, Latin, English, Dante. History, shadowy; geography, practical. Tinkering, carpentering, planting. No mathematics—I can't add two to two."

"But I can," she told him. "I'll teach the babies—for we must have babies."

His eyes flashed upon hers, for one beating second of full interchange. Then he turned them away, and scanned again the hazy hills. But hers remained on their watch, charged with their wistful dream.

"Our school," he presently resumed, "I see it. We teach first of all Nature's face, and the love of it. We lead their hungry mouths to Nature's breast. No books! No books for them to glue their eyes upon. They shall learn by ear: their eyes have a better book to read in. Classics by ear and by heart, eh?"

She glowed at a memory. "You wrote to me about that. You said that, before the printing-press, people used to get poetry by heart."

He looked down at her where she lay at ease. "'As I have got you,' I said." She dreamed beneath her flickering eyelids.

"You had me then. I didn't know it—but you had. And you have me still.

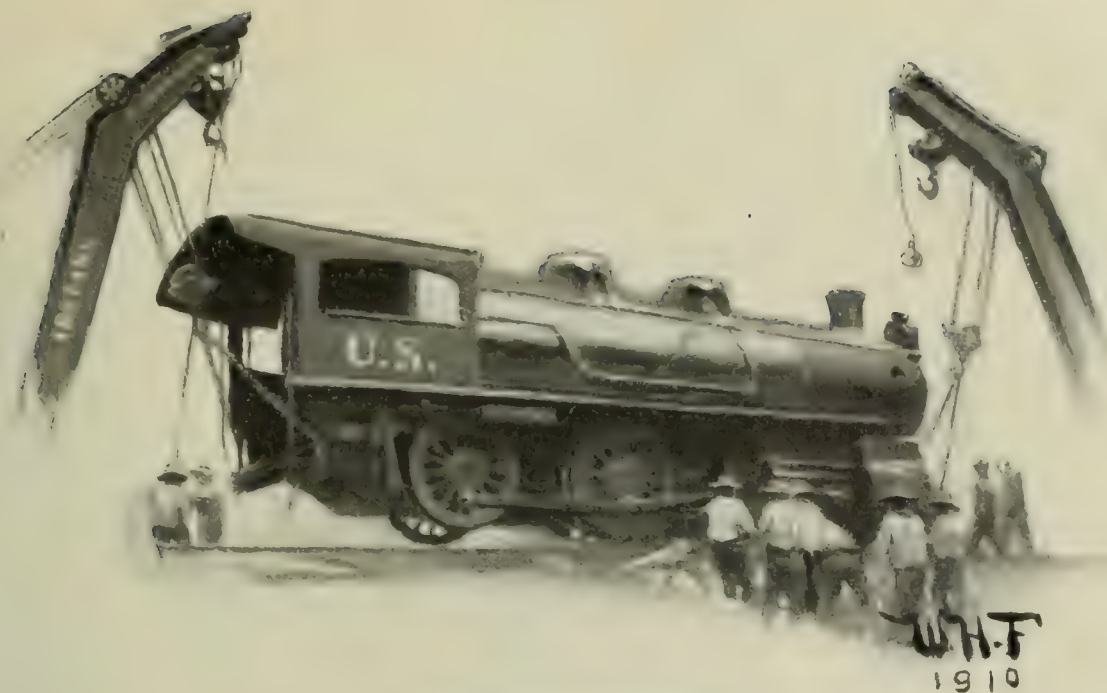
That's wonderful. But now I have got you!" She lay awhile under the spell of him and the thought, and glowed and blossomed under them until at last, flowering like a rose, she turned and hid her face in his arm. Senhouse, grave and strong, let her lie where she was; but he felt the throbbing of her bosom, and was moved to utterance. Nothing in the eyes he bent down to her beauty, and nothing in his words, betrayed the passion of his heart.

"The loveliest thing in all the world to me," he said, "is a beautiful thing bent in humility, stooping to serve. I shall see you teaching your children. They will be at your knees, on your knees; you will kiss them, and I shall go mad with joy. Flowers and you! Yes, we'll have our school. We'll teach people the beauty of their own business by means of the most beautiful things. Flowers and you!"

They talked long and late, walking down the valley to the farmstead for bread. On this, with milk and fruit, they supped, after Sanchia had bathed and clad herself in one of his Moorish robes. Hooded and folded in this, she sat at meat, and Senhouse, filled with the Holy Ghost, discoursed at large. The past they took for granted: the present was but a golden frame for the throbbing blue of the days to come.

Very early on the morning after the night when, as had been foretold, she was made a wife under the stars, Senhouse came back to her bedside and put a little flower into her hand. It woke her out of her dreams; glozed and dewy from them, she looked at it, and smiled at him through it. In gray-green leafage lay a little blossom of delicate pink, chalice-shaped, with a lip of flushed white. Watching him, she laid it to her lips. "My flower—our flower," she said, and watching him still, put it deep within her bosom. "My dear one, we have earned it."

"'Rest-Harrow,'" said Senhouse, in a sententious mood, "'grows in any soil. . . . The seed may be sown as soon as ripe, in warm, sheltered spots out of doors. . . . It is a British plant.' So says Weathers, the learned botanist. I praise Weathers. And I like his name." Then he kissed her.

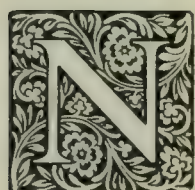


"And that was only an engine."

THE CANAL BUILDERS

By William Harnden Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



OW you're sailing up the Panama Canal. It won't be long now before the shipping of the world will be sailing up here too, I suppose. That's the Gatun locks up ahead where you see those towers. I made a trip a day from Porto Bello to Gatun with sand for the concrete-mixers. Guess I've navigated the Panama Canal about as much as anybody has so far."

The short, grizzled, Down-East tug-boat captain leaned from the pilot-house window and watched the brown waters ripple before the blunt bow of the little tug.

"We tie up right there at the sand-crane," he said. "Just go over on the west bank, and from there you can see the locks, the dam, the spillway, the Chagres, and all."

I made my way by the big, noisy concrete-mixers, where dusty negroes toiled with their heads bound in red handkerchiefs, and along the "scenic railway" that conveys the concrete from the mixers

to the cable-ways on the west bank. There, laid out below, was a vast maze of construction work. Concrete lock-walls rose within red iron framework. Semicircular lock-sills took shape between barricades of wooden frames. Cranes, locomotives, and men, like so many different varieties of insects, kept the picture in motion, while overhead the buckets of concrete sailed out on the cable-way, and dropped to the signal of a man with a white flag, to a group of West Indians, waiting, up to their knees in wet concrete, at the bottom of the form.

Oh, the magnitude of it all—the intricate system and the incomprehensible detail! Who of us can comprehend it? We know what we have to do and when it is done, but again I ask, Who can measure the magnitude of it? Not until we marvel at some almost trivial detail—that donkey-engine perched on the face of yonder hill, for instance. Then we ask ourselves how on earth they got it up there, and as we turn to gaze at a whole landscape converted into a labyrinth of just such problems, and think

of the fifty miles of it, we grasp for an instant a vague idea of the proportions of the enterprise.

A small, sunburned man under a broad felt hat came and stood beside me.

"We dump nearly three thousand cubic yards of concrete in there every day," he said. "No; it doesn't fill up very fast; the cable-ways waste a lot of time. No; the cables never break, but sometimes a tower-man will pull in on a bucket before he gets it raised high enough; of course, there's trouble then: usually gets a darky, and smashes up things generally."

The shadow of a buzzard skimmed across the ground before us, and my companion, with squinted eyes, watched the bird for a moment in its graceful flight; then he continued:

"It is remarkable that the people in the States can't make up their minds that this canal is really going to be completed. Now everything is in a perfect, systematic running order, and it's only a matter of time. There, that's the head man of this division, over on the dam. They're mostly army men in charge. They are all right, only they usually have to get some technical men to do the dirty work.

"That's a queer character down there cussing out that gang of niggers."

He pointed out a figure on a plank, over a gang of negroes, whose wildly waving arms suggested a ruffled temper.

"He is the boss of that gang," continued my companion, "and the other day he got down in the form himself, just as they fired a big 'dobey-blast over on the dam. A rock, about the size of a barrel, splashed in right beside him. It nearly drowned him with wet concrete, which dried on him

so quickly that they had to carry him over to the nearest locomotive and wash him off. If he looks mad now, you should have seen him while they had the hose turned on him.

"Now, if you want to get over the line to-day, you had better go over there on South toe and get that train of Western dumps. They have just come over with a load of rock from Culebra, and will be going back as soon as they are unloaded."

Just as I was picking my way across the lock-bed, the eleven o'clock whistles began to blow on everything that carried steam. It was like the noon hour in a young manufacturing city, and up the wooden stairs filed an army of mud-spattered negroes, army colonels, Irish bosses, engineers, and Spaniards. Some of the men from the west bank



The dirt-train conductor.

came sailing over in a cement-bucket, a hundred feet in the air. Dinner-time at Gatun, and for two hours the operations are abandoned to the simmering heat of the noonday.

Over on the South toe, I climbed up into the last car of the dump-train, and found the conductor and the flagman dangling their heels over the side and reading a three-weeks'-old newspaper.

"Yes, we'll be going as soon as No. 4 clears the main line," said the conductor.

A moment later the engineer pulled two short blasts on the whistle, released the air, and the train slid slowly down the toe, around a long curve, and out on the main line.

"Not much to see between here and Tabernilla," said the conductor; "canal's about down to grade here naturally—just have to chop down the trees and flood the lake."



Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

Some of the men from the west bank came sailing over in a cement-bucket, a hundred feet in the air,—Page 332.

Then, as his eyes wandered up the train, he noticed that the negro brakeman was absent from his position, half-way to the engine.

"Say, Oak," said he, "where'd the shine go to? He was there a minute ago. Don't suppose he went under, do you?"

"Guess not," said the disinterested flagman, who was busy making a cigarette; "didn't see nothing of him back here on the track."

"I got to find him, anyway," said the conductor; and he started up over the swaying train.

When about half-way to the engine he stopped, climbed over the end of the car, and was lost to view. Soon, however, he reappeared, followed by the missing brakeman. Following gesticulations hinted at rebuke and advice, and then the conductor came back and resumed his seat on the last car.

"Asleep on the frame," was his comment. "They certainly ain't very brilliant. Why, at noon they'll crawl under a train of Lidgerwoods in the 'cut,' and go to sleep with the rail for a pillow. "O you can't tell them anything," put in the flagman. "Why, even the darky engineers on those stem-winding, monkey-motoned, spiggoty freight-engines will stop a train anywhere along the line to chase guanas. Didn't I see a whole crew pile off with boards and shovels and everything to chase a pair of 'em just this side of La Boca last Sunday? No flagman out either; he was hunting guanas too."

And then he went on to tell how a few days before a big Panamanian section boss had sent one of his gang back to flag all the trains while the rest tore up a little track to put in a switch. A few minutes later a locomotive rounded the curve, running backward, jumped, and tipped over. After the first excitement had subsided, the flagman was asked why he did not hold the locomotive. He replied that they had told him to flag all the trains and that was only an engine.

"Most as dumb as the little Indians you see around here," said the conductor. "I had a passenger run for a while, and one day a little Indian about four feet high didn't have his fare. I told him I'd have to put him off—at the next stop, I meant. I looked around a minute later, just in time to see him walk off the platform into the jungle. They do it quite often; don't mind it a bit."

"That's the Chagres again, there," said the flagman, as we came in sight of the crooked, muddy river, through a gap in the jungle. "Harmless-looking enough now, isn't it? I've often wondered if

there was going to be water enough to flood that lake. A hundred and sixty-five square miles is some puddle, I'm here to tell you."

"Well," said the conductor, "she's harmless enough now, all right; but she's a terrible stream in her anger. Then there's plenty of water—nasty, brown, swirling water that eats away banks and washes out



The dynamite-man.



Baldy.

bridges. Why, I've seen the track right here with four feet of water on it. Just the other night they had a shower up in the hills somewhere, and the old crick rose ten feet, washed out the dam at Point One, and put six shovels out of business."

"There's more work for some one," said the flagman; "two months' work gone in two hours. Still, if it wasn't for the wash-outs and the slides, it would be a shame to take the money. Hello! here comes a shower; let's beat it for the mill."

We made our way over the jolting train, and slid down through the coal into the cab, just as the rain came pelting down.

"Tabernilla's got a board against you, Bill," shouted the conductor across the cab to the engineer, who was hanging from the window with a little stream of water running off the point of his chin.

"What is it? Back into the dump and get a string of Lidgerwoods?"

The shower went as quickly as it came, and while the engineer was changing the train of Western dumps for eighteen Lidgerwoods, the conductor and I waited in the shade of the despatcher's tower.

"No more Gatun for us," he said; "Las Cascadas to the dump here after this. Let's get over to the engine. Bill will be ready to go in a minute, and here comes old Mac. If he sees us, he'll take an hour

telling about the improvements that he made on the track-shifter and the spreader. Why, they wouldn't be able to build this canal if it wasn't for the new-fangled coupler he invented. There's a bunch of 'em down here just like Mac."

A few minutes later Bill had the big mogul merrily bending the string of Lidgerwoods along the crooked track that follows up the Chagres. The canal-bed lay to the west until we crossed the Gamboa bridge and slowed down for Gorgona.

"That's where all the repair-shops are," explained the conductor, "and they've got some men there who know their business, too. Before they got ahead on stock it had them guessing, though. Why, when they first put the air-compressors in to run the drills in the cut, the boilers hadn't come from the States. So one feller goes out into the jungle and

scrapes up four old, rusty, French marine boilers and puts 'em to work. He told me that every night when he went to bed he used to thank the good Lord that they'd stayed together for another day."

Just then the flagman joined us. "What do the people up in the States think of this job?" he asked. "When I first used to go home, people seemed interested, and used to ask a lot of questions; now they only say, 'When are you going to get the blamed thing done?' Don't blame the colonel for getting blue. Senate asking foolish questions, and then some bum newspaper man comes down here, stays two days, and says the colonel's methods are all wrong. Course the public believes it. Fine! Lots of kickers right on the job, too. It's usually the ones that have been up on the carpet for something, though, that make the worst row. Colonel keeps open house every Sunday morning just to listen to 'em, and if a feller's in the right he usually gets a square deal."

As the train rolled into Matachin we got signals to leave the main line and enter the cut.

About a mile up a tower-man held us up, and the train came to a grinding stop. On every side, steam-shovels and drills filled the air with their clamor, which was punctuated by an occasional blast.

"Better drop off here and go along with



Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

In the wake of their disturbance came the devouring, clamoring, wedge-formation of steam shovels.—Page 3, 6

that feller there," said the conductor; "he's the best dynamite-man on the job. Why, that feller peels oranges for lunch and then picks his teeth with little 'dobeys. Get him to tell you about Bas Obispo."

"Seeing the sights?" piped the hulk of a man in an unexpectedly squeaky voice. "Well, you'll see one in a minute. Just going to lift about seventy-five thousand cubic yards off the top of that hill back there. Accidents? Well, yes, one or two. See that ledge there? That's Bas Obispo. Put twenty-six men into clear there at one shot, and winged some sixty more."

His left hand involuntarily went to his empty right sleeve, and I knew that he had a vivid recollection of the disaster.

"Never knew what fired it," he said. "Some thought it was a high-temperature layer of limestone about thirty feet down. Some said short-circuit. All I know is that she blew about four hours too soon, and 'twas something wicked."

"Now, dynamite is very weird stuff," he continued. "You don't know just what it will do, and we have accidents right along—can't seem to help it. The more I know about dynamite, the more I find I don't know. The worst scare I ever got, though, outside of being blown up myself, was when the President came through here on an inspection-car. Orders had been given to have all switches spiked, all loaded holes fired, and no more to be loaded. All powder was to be put back in the magazines and locked up.

"All was fine as frog's hair as far as Empire, when I happened to look up, and there was a fool nigger sliding down into the cut right in front of the car with a fifty-pound box of dynamite on his head. He didn't even know where he got it, but anyway he dropped it. Well, sir, I expected to see that inspection-car and the high-and-mighties and the President of the United States just disappear—but they didn't. I've known dynamite to go off, though, with less excuse than that had."

"Those steam-shovels are great things, aren't

they?" he asked, after a lengthy scanning up and down the animated lines of operation between the walls of greenish-gray stone and red gravel.

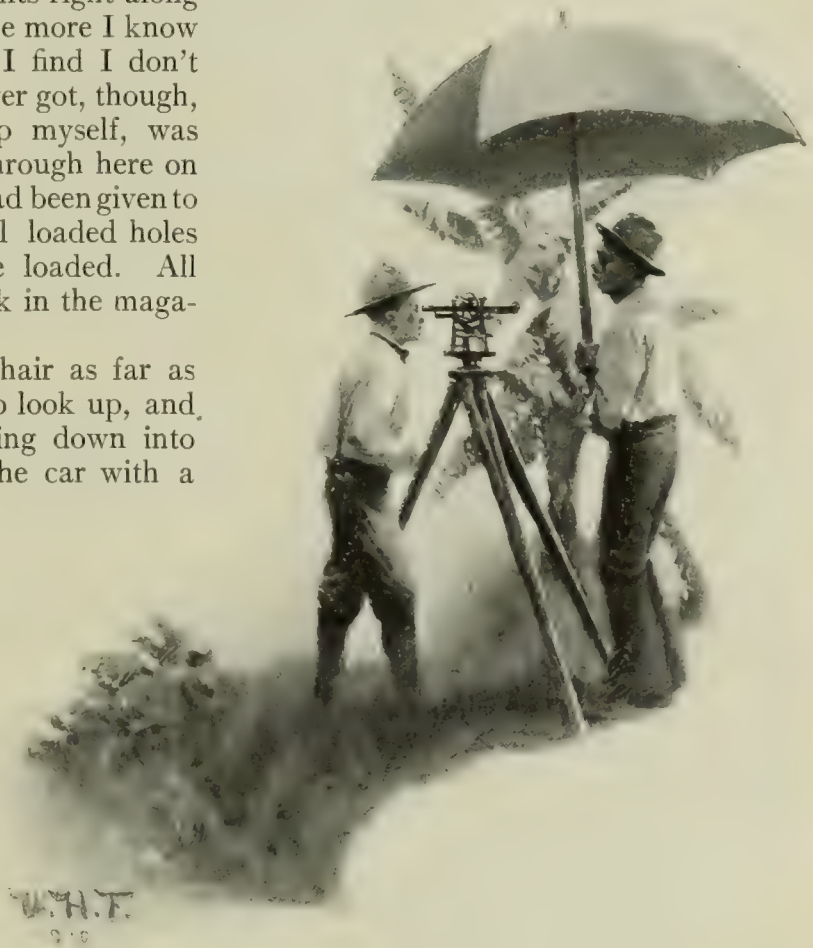
"Just like big, patient elephants," he went on, "that do just whatever the puny little man tells 'em to. Let's go over and see 'Baldy.' He is the best shovel engineer on the job when he is sober."

We made our way over the pilot-cut and neared 'Baldy's' shovel, which was groaning under the weight of a twenty-ton boulder. This it laid on a car with motherly care, and with a final caress swung back to look, in a near-sighted way, for another dipperful.

"Hi, there, Baldy!" shouted my companion.

"Baldy" saluted with a grimy hand, and then sought the whistle-rope to call the 'dobey man to blow up a rock that was too big to pick up. Then he swung the crane away, whistled a series of warning "toots," and sauntered over.

"Been blowing up any more Spiggotys?" he asked of my guide.



"Sure; got two yesterday," was the answer; "can't seem to teach them to get to cover. Let's get back of this car or they'll pot us."

We found shelter between the trucks of a Lidgerwood car while "Baldy" started to back in under the shelf. The space, already inhabited, would not admit him, so his head and shoulders remained exposed.

"Say, Baldy," jeered the dynamite-man, "you're bad as an ostrich—most as bad as Craney, here. He raced a Spaniard to cover behind a tool-box the other day. Dago beat him out, though—went by him the way the pay-car goes by a tramp. Craney ain't much of a trotter. The live wires went across right over the box, and while Craney was kicking the Spiggoty out he got mixed up in the wires somehow. Got such a jolt it knocked him about twenty feet.

When he got his bearings, the dago was back of the box again."

Just then the 'dobey went off, and after the subsequent shower of rocks we all emerged.

"What do you hear up in the States about Mr. Roosevelt's coming down here and taking charge?" asked Baldy. "He's sure got the proper enthusiasm, and that's what they need. We fellers can build this canal all right now, only it takes a mighty big man to keep us doing it."

After Baldy and Craney had gone back to their shovel, the dynamite-man told me that they had been together for eight years, and had become so expert with a big five-yard shovel that "they could catch red-bugs with it," as he expressed it.

As we walked on toward Culebra we met a flock of churn-drills chugging away con-

tentedly. Behind them, with their checked flag, came the powder crew, loading two tons of dynamite at a charge. In the wake of their disturbance came the devouring, clamoring, wedge-formation of steam-shovels. Everywhere snakes of dirt-trains wound back and forth with screeching flanges.

"Better step back a bit," my companion warned. "Ever since I saw a rock fly off one of those cars and take a nigger's head clean off, I get awful embarrassed every time I find myself too near the off side of a train. Rocks sure fly sometimes on the curves."

"Now I've got to go up there in that top berm and see how the tripods are making it. They had another premature explosion up there yesterday. That train there is going down through the cut. Go get on the engine and you'll find a good

feller there. He used to run the Dixie Flyer in the States till he saw this job."

I found a small, stooped man, with a calm gray eye, and minus one ear. He must have seen my look of inquiry, for he passed his hand over his head.

"Loose freight-car door on the Rock Island—dark night and I didn't see it coming." "Yes," he continued, "these are good engines for this job. Biggest moguls ever been built. 'Tis remarkable, too, how they stick on this bad iron. Some of it would give a boa-constrictor nervous prostration trying to follow it; seldom get off, though, and very seldom lay down."

He smiled as he froze the train with the emergency, as the conductor's red flag dropped.

"Good engines, and we've got some good



Craney.



Drawn by William Harnden Fester.

"They had another premature explosion up there yesterday."—Page 336.

boys runnin' 'em," he said, "as good as there be."

"See that shovel right there under the end of the Empire bridge." He pointed with a greasy finger. "That outfit has been on a vacation up to Gorgona. Struck some unexploded 'dobeys right there where he is now, only on this berm above. Blew the dipper cover clear across the cut. Cleaned the crane off and everything else clean down to the boiler. Your job don't look very good to you for a day or so after an accident like that or Bas Obispo. But then again, it's the money. As for me, I've been here four years now. Getting good pay, and, by George, I'm going to swing levers now until the old ditch is done—that is, if they'll let me. This is an American job right through, and I believe it is a good chance for the American people to show their patriotism."

This must have been an unusual declamation for the ex-engineer of the Dixie Flyer, for he mopped his brow and then his hands with a bunch of dirty cotton-waste and took a long drink of ice-water. Just as he resumed his seat the shovel blew the "go-ahead" signal.

"Hello!" said the engineer, as he reached for the throttle, "better drop down; I've got to move back to the shovel in the pilot-cut and let that next fellow in here. Go over and ask that civil engineer under the umbrella there about the time he staked out the relocation."

The young West-Pointer in khaki suit and puttees grinned and shook his fist back at the slowly retreating engineer, who was hanging from the cab window and smiling approvingly.

"Oh," said he, turning to his work, "he wants me to tell you about the time when I was first here and was out in the bush doing some surveying. I didn't know much about the trees and things, so of course the first thing I did was to fall into a black palm. It took them three hours up at the hospital to pick the thorns out of me. I've known that engineer there ever since New York was a flag-station, as he says. He used to live in my town, and used to let me ride on his engine when I was a kid and he was switching down in the west yard.

"Yes, that French junk is a pathetic sight," he went on, as his gaze rested on the old rusty cranes and engines lined up in

solemn file along the bank of the cut. "Well-made stuff it was," he said, "but entirely inadequate. Can't say too much for De Lesseps and his crowd. Why, we're using most of their original figures now. The graft was all on the other side. When they wanted a Spiggoty engine here some one over there would order a dozen and get a big rake-off from the manufacturers.

"Of course, they put up a few more statues than was absolutely necessary, and so managed to keep broke most of the time. Wise crowd, though. Once when they got stuck for coin they got a small steamer up here from La Boca, flooded the cut till she floated, and then took some photos of her and sent them to Paris—'Panama Canal at last open to navigation.'"

Then he continued: "That's Cucaracha slide there, just beyond Gold Hill, and here's Culebra slide over here. It is the slides and the floods that give the most trouble. That is just where the uncertainty of the time for completion lies. That shovel there at the bottom of Cucaracha has been there for six months. It's been just dig, dig, dig, and it comes down about as fast as they take it out. Oh, yes; it's only a matter of getting to a natural level; but when that is going to be is hard to tell."

Just then, up and down the cut, the shovels began to whistle for five o'clock, and the army of workers came swarming, like so many ants, up the banks. Back toward Las Cascadas heavy blasts began to shake the earth like so many small earthquakes.

"You'll find that your watch won't keep very good time here," said the West-Pointer with a laugh. "You see, they arrange the time so that they can have the best eight hours for work. Did you say you were going down through to Balboa? Better hurry up and get that first engine. They all put up down at Pedro Miguel, and it is time they were getting out."

I got up in the first locomotive, and soon we became one of a procession of locomotives which, like so many weary beasts of burden after a hard day of toil, filed out of the cut, over the uncertain track, to the round-house at Pedro Miguel. From the despatchers' towers, perched at intervals against the western sky, the tower-man waved the procession along with a white

Now Frederick Carroll was not so well known as some of the others on Mr. Sterling's type-written list, but experts in such matters had said that he was worthy to be there. Besides, Sterling had been impressed by the young man's independence, and therefore by his pictures; had bought some of them once, he believed; and wanted to help the poor artist along. He was a kind man, and wealth is a sacred trust, and we are here to help one another. After all, we have but one life to lead.

Mrs. Sterling, it may be added, observed that the Carrolls, notwithstanding their lack of outward and visible signs of inward and financial grace, seemed to have an effectual calling list. They were popular among a God-fearing colony of conservative wealth, where Mrs. Sterling proposed to be popular too. Every little thing helps.

Now, the Carrolls, too unworldly to see any such motive, were delighted. They thought it spoke well not only for their position in the world of art, but especially for the Sterlings' taste. It was encouraging to see their fellow-countrymen making progress. The Carrolls, too, were patriots. Besides, they needed the money. The children were growing up, and seemed to expect an education.

All the preliminary overtures were delightful. The Sterlings beamed upon the Carrolls and invited them to dine in the vast, new-smelling house in order to talk the project over. The Carrolls beamed upon the Sterlings and graciously overlooked the fact that the new-comers had not yet been invited to dine at "The Meadows," as the Carroll house was called on their letter-paper but never elsewhere.

Each side politely put the other at ease all through the long, elaborate dinner. "We cannot all have the sacred trust of wealth," was the benign attitude of the hosts, "but let us be kind to those not so blessed."

"We cannot all have birth, breeding, and a sense of the beautiful," was the tactful attitude of their guests; "let us keep them from suspecting it."

But all this was of no avail, as it turned out. For Mr. Sterling wanted a big allegorical presentation of the Search for Truth running clear around the library over the books, fine new books, all of them latest editions.

Fred smiled tactfully and suggested something else. "I used to go in for allegorical stunts when I was young," he said, "but I've lived it down since."

Mr. Sterling smiled too, but seemed to be keen for truth.

Fred stopped smiling and remarked that if he did anything at all it would have to be a representation of life—not a misrepresentation.

Mr. Sterling stopped smiling and suggested that it was his library.

"But it's my work," said the painter, smiling again.

This gave Mr. Sterling pause. Then he smiled again and said: "Twenty thousand dollars."

This gave Fred pause. Then he scowled and said: "You'd better get young De Courcy for the job. He's given to doing searches for truth."

Well, in the end young De Courcy got the commission, and Sterling got his search for truth, and Fred got nothing at all except a disappointment.

So the recurrence of Mr. Sterling in the Carrolls' orbit did not solve their financial difficulties at all. It only explained them.

If no man can serve two masters it goes without saying that two mistresses are still more out of the question, especially when one of them is so jealous as art is acknowledged to be by new students at the League every year, and the other so exacting as domesticity proclaims itself even more eloquently on the first of every month. It was fine to be appreciated by "the chosen few," but that didn't pay the plumber nor any other piper. It is commendable to cling to High Ideals but this did not lower the High Cost of Living. It is noble to be true to a heaven-sent gift, but Carroll also had heaven-sent children, and numerous other expenses entailed by a marriage presumably made in heaven too.

Well, it was bound to come out all right in the end. Aunt Bella said so, and Aunt Bella ought to know. She had a million or two and had never married.

II

WHEN the Fred Carrolls returned at last from abroad, brown and cheerful and serene, they took a house in town for the win-

ter, and the gossips out in the country—for even the most refined and conservative colonies have been known to include a few—nodded their heads over the teacups and said: "That aunt of theirs must have left them more than we thought!"

Aunt Bella's magnificent bequest for establishing the "Arabella Carroll Memorial Neighborhood House" down on the East Side, though hardly comparable with some of the other princely gifts of this golden age of Organized Charity, was nevertheless meritorious enough in size to get a head-line in the newspapers. The residue of the estate went, according to the will, share and share alike to dear Aunt Bella's beloved nephews and nieces. Now as there were a number of these, a conservative reading between the head-lines had at first made Fred's portion only seventy thousand dollars, though there were others who stated authoritatively that it was at least seven hundred thousand, arguing that the very fact of dear Aunt Bella's being able to give so much to the children of the East Side showed that her estate was "much larger than at first estimated."

Fred had been appointed one of the trustees of the Neighborhood House, and had hurried back to America in time to attend the "ceremonies in connection with" the laying of the corner-stone. He was now sitting upon the platform looking reserved and dignified, hearing what a good woman Aunt Bella had been and realizing how proud he ought to be of his heritage of high ideals and public spirit.

He looked plump and prosperous in his eminently becoming London clothes—"well-groomed" is perhaps a more orthodox phrase, though it must be confessed that he had taken on weight during his residence abroad. It became him well, however. It made him more "distinguished looking."

But it is to be feared that Frederick Carroll did not appreciate his sacred trust nor the distinction of being a useful public citizen, for as soon as the ceremonies were over he stepped into his waiting limousine and dashed up the brilliant avenue as fast as the traffic regulators would allow, delighting in the opalescent twilight, the purple tones, and the pretty girls. So much so that he failed to see the nods of a couple of old pals of his who were walking and who

nudged each other and smiled as he passed. He had regained his healthy exuberance during these two years. With rest came objectivity. He could see again. Morbid ingrowing thoughts had vanished and he had reached a period in his artistic career where he could appreciate the charm of New York. He no longer sought for the beauty of the Old World in the streets of the new, as cubs do when just back from Paris with long hair and false ideals. He took and enjoyed what was set before him, asking no questions, and got more stimulation out of it than from a bottle of champagne.

"You missed a great moment," said Fred when he joined Molly over the tea-table, for his wife had refused to go. "There I sat shivering in my last summer's suit, my pockets full of unpaid bills, wasting two good hours of daylight, and trying to look worthy of my heritage of high ideals while I listened to the mayor praise Aunt Bella's public spirit."

"I hate Aunt Bella's public spirit," cried Molly vindictively and she threw the afternoon paper describing the memorial across the room.

Financially speaking, the Carrolls were at the present moment worse off than ever. They merely *seemed* to be better off. But that was not their fault. Indeed they were so guiltless that they never even suspected it. Their pecuniary sensibilities were quite rudimentary. They knew how Aunt Bella had treated them, and assumed that others could guess by the Neighborhood House. There is nothing like having a clean conscience. But again, nothing looks so guilty as innocence. Everything they had done had been in the interest of art or economy. It looked like the evidence of ease and solvency.

When the residuary legatees found that their respective portions would be a scant ten thousand apiece, Archie Carroll, who was one of the executors of the estate, being a good, conservative, business-like fellow invested his legacy and the very considerable executor's fee in Steel Fives. Being also a notably kind elder brother, full of sound advice, he had suggested that the unbusiness-like Fred should follow his example.

But Fred did not see it that way. "That may be wise for you, Archie," said the artist

broad-mindedly, "but I can't afford such luxuries. It would not be business-like. I believe in putting one's capital into one's business." So he packed up, took the family to Europe, and stayed there until he got his legacy all nicely spent.

He had been bankrupt in health, hope, and ideas. The interest on a few Steel Fives would not have restocked him in these very necessary resources for the pursuit of his trade. The stay abroad did. He also accomplished some very good work over there, sketching with a congenial group of fellow-craftsmen, who knew his work, who liked him, who talked his own language. He got the inspiration of a change of scene. He studied the new schools. He fell into the swing of a new manner of his own. He achieved a new grip on life and a new view of his own life in perspective.

One of the chief advantages of going abroad is what you see at home when you get back. The Carrolls saw a whole row of mistakes, grinning at them from the rear. But they also saw a crowd of opportunities in front. There was a chance to make good after all. "You are still young. You must get back into the city, Fred. If not with the family then without us," said Molly, who could see sometimes better than he could. "Don't think about the family, think about your work. Think what the big men over there told you about it."

It so happened that on the steamer coming home they fell in with an old friend of theirs, an admirer of Fred's work, a gentleman of leisure who classified as "artistic and literary" inasmuch as he possessed a valuable collection of ceramics and went in for old prints and first editions, a flabby soul but a kindly one. He said he hated New York in winter—he was always hating things—and proposed trading houses for a year. To be sure, his town house, very nice and spacious as town houses go, was not so comfortable and complete as the Carrolls' country house, though it would have rented for five or six times as much money. The Carrolls, however, were so lacking in pecuniary consciousness that they never even thought of this sordid, commercial view of the matter. They hesitated only because they knew the house and wondered if they could stand the color of the drawing-room. "But it will only be for one

year," as Molly reminded Fred, and "beggars cannot be choosers," as Fred cheerfully reminded Molly. So they graciously accepted, and Fred's friend had the honor of saying to his acquaintances, "I have taken the Fred Carrolls' place for the winter—a simple little cottage, but it's only for a year."

The rest of the illusion of affluence followed as naturally and easily as brother Archie's sweet, smooth-running car. Archie still felt so cut up over Aunt Bella's public spirit that he had taken his family off on a long cruise among the Bahamas and had begged the Freds to use his car during the winter because George was the best chauffeur he had ever had and he did not want to lose him. Fred did not feel like accepting it at first, but Molly reminded him that he had refused to accept anything from Archie for the portrait of the latter's wife; a most interesting portrait showing the frivolous Julia (well known as a mollusc in the Carroll family gossip) posing as a perfect mother with the children entwined about her in a graceful group while she wore an appropriately low-cut evening gown.

"To-day in town," reported a member of the colony, "I saw Fred and Molly Carroll in their brand new limousine. It's a very smart one with an expensive purr and they have put their crest on the door."

Now it may be that the Carrolls considered crests and similar bravery rather unnecessary in the land of the free, especially when so fresh from a very different kind of colony in France, with different aspirations and absurdities. It is good for Americans to go abroad and see some real democracy occasionally. It's so quaint and old-fashioned. However, Fred could not very well paint out the crest, even though he was a painter. Besides, it was only for one year.

Archie's expensive limousine, by the way, was worth Fred's entire legacy. And yet instead of decreasing his capital it only seemed to put the Carrolls' fortune up another peg. It now soared well above the million mark, and they seemed to be getting richer every day.

"That chauffeur of Archie's is a nice fellow," said Fred to Molly with a whimsical smile. "He's lent me one of his fur coats." Why not? George, a clean-cut well-edu-

cated young American, had three coats and he had nothing against Fred. Even the coat was noted by members of the colony, but Molly's clothes, of course, occasioned more comment. "Doucet, I *think*, so rich and yet so simple—that indescribable something."

The acquisition of Molly's new outfit was characteristic of the Carrolls. "Before we spend all this money," Fred had remarked in a business-like manner at Paris, "you've got to get a lot of new things."

"We can't afford it," protested Molly weakly but with a gleam in her eye.

"We can't afford not to," replied her more practical husband. "Things are so cheap here, if you know where to get them, and the Lord knows when we'll ever be over again." So with the aid of her husband's talented eye for color and design, Mrs. Carroll became the complacent possessor of a brand-new trousseau, which was not only of the latest mode; any other wealthy woman could achieve that; but also of a subtle originality which many even wealthier women coveted. It should be added that Molly only consented to this extravagance upon the express understanding that Fred would get a new outfit for himself while in London. That was the way they usually compromised in the interest of economy. For "if I can afford it then you can," she declared logically. And so they dawned upon New York looking smart and quietly distinguished.

Now in town, of course, the Carrolls and their wealth were not taken so seriously. There were so many other people to think and talk about, and there was hardly enough wealth to make an impression upon our great and glorious metropolis—only two or three millions. The self-centred city hasn't time to go into details or look beneath the surface. It takes you on your face value.

It seems that this well-known painter and his charming wife had been living on the Continent for a great many years, where his pictures had been making all kinds of a hit at the salons. They were now comfortably settled down for the season in New York to "execute a few commissions" and to have as good a time as possible, like every one else, before returning to their "artistic" country place and their beloved garden in the spring. For the rest they had an atmos-

phere of cheerfulness and success combined with quiet dignity and comfort. We all like cheerfulness better than gloom.

III

THE guests now assembled at Molly Carroll's pretty dinner-table were of this broad elective acquaintanceship, old friends and new, lasting or temporary. Formerly the Carrolls were inclined to limit their circle of social intercourse to the "literary and artistic" crowd who are, of course, the real elect of the earth. But they had outgrown such narrowness. Perhaps they wished to spread the light. Perhaps they wished to sell some pictures.

At any rate their guests of honor this evening were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Sterling—the new Mrs. Sterling, the old one having died. Possibly the new house, which the colony now called Sterling Castle, had proved too much for her, though with a housekeeper and an assistant housekeeper and thirty servants even the Barocco exuberance oughtn't to have troubled her. As a matter of fact she had liked it, poor thing. It made her feel valuable, just as did the liveried servants.

The new Mrs. Sterling had been a successful emotional actress. She was still an actress, playing the star part of the wife of a billionaire, and playing it quite successfully too, though not emotionally so far as one could detect. She made an impressive entrance with her new master, wearing about her neck the dog collar of plump and priceless pearls he had given her as well as a peck or two of diamonds expensively crowded upon the covered and uncovered portions of her beautiful body.

She had not wanted to come here very much. She had known plenty of artists in her brilliant but less affluent past. She had not played her new part long enough to tire of it as yet. She still felt the glamour of rich people, just as some rich men feel the glamour of the greenroom. But she felt more reconciled to her husband's wishes after she had entered the house, which, though not comparable with her own, was surprisingly fine for a mere artist.

The Carrolls had not particularly wanted the Sterlings either, but they had never had a chance before to return the former Mrs. Sterling's invitation of several years ago,

and they wanted the old man to see that they cherished no animosity against him for that matter of the search for truth. Though as it happened Sterling had borne up very well without a Frederick Carroll decoration on his walls, as could be seen by his genial expansiveness. His country place had proved a great success; the colony had swung around at last, as he had known it would, and he was now a real patron of the arts as you could see by the way he patronized all artists. That was why he had insisted upon accepting this surprising invitation. He was still more surprised to find the artist so comfortably established. "This explains it all," he said to himself, thinking of the search for truth. It was too bad. Painters ought to be poor. For this collector of paintings, railroads, and other bric-à-brac held to the orthodox faith that for those who do the real work of the world, like manipulating the stock-market or jacking up the tariff, money was a good thing, but not for artists. It makes them lazy.

It is just possible that Molly derived a little mischievous delight in showing the Sterlings that a simple dinner could be good and that even better people would come to it than came as yet to Mr. Sterling's enormous house on the avenue. She seated him next to Mrs. Langham.

It was Aline Langham, the distinguished novelist, who not only wrote of the highest society, but belonged to it—a distinction far from common among writers in democratic America. For the most part they have to put up with the company of those who, like themselves, make books and pictures, not those who buy such wares. Mrs. Langham could not only satirize in fascinating detail the expensive entourages of our American aristocracy, but she possessed such things herself as might be seen when she took the air in the park in order to become refreshed for satirizing the vanity of riches. But good Queen Victoria endured a far more complicated domestic ritual every time she "drove out," although she, kind soul, was a simple old lady who could not have written one of Mrs. Langham's books to save her crown. In America all our women are queens. They deserve everything that makes for the dignity and grace of living, and those who jeer at such concomitants of an advanced stage of civilization only show that they are out of touch

with the *Zeitgeist* of our democracy or that they are envious, or else, worst self-revelation of all, that they have not had such things for many, many generations in their own family—an admission no self-respecting American should care to make.

Now the Carrolls, in the innocence of their hearts, had placed Mr. Sterling next to Mrs. Langham, supposing that the novelist would enjoy the opportunity of "studying" him. But that experienced lady knew the Sterling type by heart already. It is quite too common in America nowadays, thanks to a beneficent combination of natural resources and unnatural laws. But it is well known that there aren't nearly so many newly rich painters. Accordingly the authoress was quietly studying her host and hostess instead. Being a psychologist, she was naturally interested in observing the effect of a sudden accession of wealth—not much, to be sure; only five millions—upon a conscientious painter who had not only an eye for color but also for women, and upon his clever young wife who was not only ambitious for him but also for social success. Every woman, of course, was socially ambitious. It was sheer affectation, inverted snobbery, to pretend otherwise. Thus the unsuspecting Carrolls bade fair to be impaled upon Mrs. Langham's pen and held up before the magnifying-glass of her projective imagination to serve as a useful example to the world, Fred meanwhile feeling pleased that this brilliant and delightful woman had fallen under Molly's charm, and Molly that Mrs. Langham was one of those gifted beings who appreciated the genius of Frederick Carroll.

In passing it is worth observing that Mrs. Langham was a little perplexed to account for the meagreness of the Carrolls' menage—only one man servant, and a poor selection at that—for being a true literary artist she always observed servants with the carefulness of a highly paid housekeeper. Home has been woman's only sphere for so long that it seems difficult to break the immemorial habit of the sex. The Carrolls' simplicity appealed to her sense of fitness. It showed a commendable restraint, an artist's scorn of worldly display. It might be a pose, but a very clever one. Nevertheless she prophesied with a mental smile that they would soon grow tired of this oversimplicity. The dinner itself was very

simple too, and she wondered how this girl new to New York had discovered that simple dinners just then were very smart. The quick adaptability of the American woman is always interesting to novelists.

All this would doubtless have interested the Carrolls if they had only been aware of it. For Fred had run up such a large bar bill at the club purchasing wines for these simple return dinners that his name had been posted for non-payment of house charges. However, he would have been willing to admit that the dinner was good, and, in fact, he complimented Molly upon it after their guests were gone and they were talking it over. "Big, heavy dinners," he said, "are so vulgar, Molly, especially when attempted by poor people like ourselves."

Now there were others among those present who took thought of Molly's dinner and its relation to her husband's wealth. There was Carlton Stillman, the art critic, and his clever wife, who had sharp, black eyes which watched everything. Being in the art-critic business they were both rather critical of artists just as patrons of the arts sometimes patronize them. Mrs. Stillman tried not to be aware of Molly's very successful evening gown; for she feared it was a Paquin; and she sniffed inwardly at the frugal meal. She thought the Carrolls rather stingy, knowing perfectly well that if she and Carlton ever came in for any money—but then they never would; they had no rich aunts to endow them. Some people had all the good luck.

Carlton Stillman was an old friend of Fred's who had known him "when." So as he had failed as a painter himself it was difficult to accept Fred's affluence and his quiet air of having had it all his life as amiably as, for instance, the Sterlings, though they, it should be remembered, had even greater wealth. Nor could he look down upon it with the godlike detachment of a Mrs. Langham who had the novelist's indifference to the vanities and jealousies of poor human nature. When the Stillmans first entered the drawing-room and caught sight of these personages, Carlton and his wife exchanged glances as much as to say, "Dear me! Aren't we flattered?" They were, as a matter of fact, rather pleased but were too much afraid of showing it. So Carlton maintained a satirical smile all evening and confided to the woman he took

out, a broker's wife, that all this was going to ruin Fred Carroll as a painter. "He used to be a very good sort, simple and unaffected," said the critic, "but now that he has come in for all this wad of money—well, I see his finish." And Carlton shook his head sadly. It's a critic's business to analyze and understand.

"I wonder what they see in people like the Sterlings?" replied the broker's wife. She had a soul above money, not being the member of the family who had to earn it. She was quite literary and artistic, and devoted not a little of her husband's lucky turns upon these worthy causes.

"Oh, like seeks like," Stillman answered sagely. "Wealth wants to play with greater wealth. I shouldn't be surprised if Molly intended eventually to marry off that innocent little daughter of hers to one of those young Sterling reprobates."

Another friend of early days was there, but he did not take it so hard—the husband of the broker's wife. He had been one of Molly's admirers many years ago, but had got over it enough since his own "ideal marriage" to admire Fred as well as Molly. He was an athletic, generous-minded fellow, and was just glad to see these two delightful friends "so well fixed." Indeed, he thought seriously of buying a picture if the market went up another point, especially as he felt grateful for the opportunity of meeting the famous Mr. Sterling, "one of the biggest men in the street." He appreciated the honor, it seems, somewhat more than his wife did. In fact, he watched the big man all evening, remembered every word he uttered, and told his partners about it the next morning in the office.

Young De Courcey was there too. He who had sought for truth successfully for Mr. Sterling. He sat on Mrs. Langham's right, and, apropos of the propinquity of his patron on her left, he asked her facetiously if she had ever seen his search. "Well, it's worth going miles to see," he went on humorously, "though perhaps," he concluded in a worldly whisper, "Mrs. Sterling's house is a bit too far for you." Then turning brightly to the lady on his other side he told her about it too. She was the art critic's wife, and wives should always be interested in their husband's profession. When the conversation became general he decided to let the rest of the table

know about it all at once. "But all the same," he remarked, apropos of something his host was saying, in the authoritative manner of hosts at the end of the table, as to the relative advantages of town and country for working—"all the same, when one wants the work of real genius to gladden one's ancestral halls in the country, one comes to town to look for it. Isn't that so, Mr. Sterling?" he added, with a laughing glance at Fred. For he had never heard the truth of Fred's connection with the search.

Now the great man had not been altogether happy either with Mrs. Langham on his right or his hostess on his left. He wanted to talk high art with them, and they insisted upon talking high finance with him. It rather hurt his feelings, and then and there at Molly Carroll's little dinner he decided to give a large, expensive art museum to his native city out West where his mill-hands were dying of typhoid according to the laws of the survival of the fittest. And he did so, too, though Molly never got a word of credit for it. But when this glib young painter turned to him in that assured manner he was thoroughly provoked. In the respectful silence which followed De Courcey's facetious appeal, the great man smiled sardonically and said, "If you want to know the reason you got my library to do it was because my good friend Carroll here recommended you. I offered him twenty-five per cent. more than you got, but he turned the job down."

The hostess laughed quickly to make plain that it was all good-natured chaffing. So did the host and several of the guests, most of all young De Courcey himself. But after that he stared at the centre-piece and remained silent, crushed by the heavy hand of capital. That's the way with these infant industries unless we protect them.

Up to this point in the dinner De Courcey had been genuinely pleased at seeing a nice, quiet fellow like Fred in the lap of luxury. "He's a thoroughbred," he had remarked to Mrs. Langham. "Fits the frame so well." But now discovering himself under obligations to Carroll he disliked him for it. "What does he amount to, anyway?" he said to himself, with a glance at Fred, seated at the head of a brilliant dinner-table looking urbane and serene, and apparently without a care in the world. "Simply be-

cause he has money is no reason why he should patronize *me*." Alas, one must pay the price, even for wealth. And after that whenever any one at the club said, "Fred Carroll's money doesn't seem to have changed him," De Courcey always added, "But he takes too much pains to show that it hasn't changed him. He thinks we are thinking about his money all the time, simply because he is."

And yet it is safe to say that, as the dinner-party now arose, nearly every one at the table had given thought to the Carrolls' fortune, liking or disliking them for it, except the Carrolls themselves, who seemed to like every one (including themselves), beaming graciously upon all alike and now glancing at each other by way of mutual congratulation upon the success of the dinner.

Indeed, as Fred gallantly drew back Mrs. Sterling's chair, he felt so elated and expansive that he bestowed upon her a killing glance and said: "How unkind of you to go!" though he was longing manfully for a cigar by this time.

"But I am coming to your studio on Thursday," the emotional actress returned, "to see that painting you were telling me about."

"If you'd only let me paint *you*!" he sighed, though, having a keen eye for color and women as Mrs. Langham surmised, he observed that she was pretty well painted already.

"Ah, we can talk that over when you dine with us next week," said Mrs. Sterling, as he bowed her into the drawing-room beside the apparently unobserving authoress. Then, leading the men away to the library, he held a light for the broker's cigar and hospitably tried to talk about the unsettled condition of the market, though being utterly ignorant of such things he made a mess of it.

"Ah ha," thought the observant art critic, with a satirical smile. "That's what interests him now. Well, he'll probably lose it all. Then he may come to his senses and do some good work." For Stillman loved art for art's sake.

IV

BEFORE the season was over Fred and Molly occasionally touched that effulgent pinnacle of success which brought the illus-

trious Carroll name among the names of others present who had possessed wealth and social eminence as far back as the memory of the oldest society reporter could reach. Surely this sort of success ought to prove demoralizing to an impressionable young painter, even without the complacent consciousness of wealth: adorable women looking into his eyes and telling him how they adored his work, which they had never seen; teas in his studio so that they could see it and adore it afresh; younger painters asking him to come to *their* studios and kindly criticise *their* work. All this giddy whirl of flattery might reasonably be supposed to turn his head.

But, regrettable as it may seem, it did nothing of the sort. Perhaps the atmosphere of admiration made him gallantly ambitious to prove worthy of the praise of the women. Perhaps the attitude of respect made him conscious of his responsibilities as an adviser of youth. But more likely there was nothing conscious about it. He hadn't time to think about himself, nor inclination; he was too much interested in other people and outside things. It was an unconscious stimulation—the subtle psychic influence of approbation. In short, he was getting an uplift, and such things are quite as necessary as the dull weight of adversity, though Carroll's New England ancestry would have been loath to admit it. As Mrs. Sterling told him one morning in the studio, in the old days—she was beginning to call them the “dear old days”—she could never do her best except when she felt that the audience was loving her. “No wonder you were so successful,” said the painter, and he was spurred on to do his best upon the head he was making of her, even more than in his own dreary old days by the prattle of children's voices or the rattle of butchers' wagons.

The head was shown at the mid-winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. It attracted considerable attention. Those who did not like him said that this was because of the interest in the subject rather than the skill of the work. It attracted attention all the same. Moreover, it received an honorable mention in the competition for the Bronson prize. Some of his acquaintances were puzzled. They had hardly expected him to do anything serious.

“I always told you he could do good work—if he only tried,” said those who had not lost faith in him.

Mrs. Sterling had a great deal of faith in him. She bought two of the pictures that he was preparing for his own exhibition in the spring, before he had a chance to exhibit them. She, too, had become a patron of the arts. It ran in the family. One of the canvases she bought appealed to her as so divine that she could hardly stand it, so she turned her face away and wept beautifully. She was beginning to bore him dreadfully. That was why he said such nice things to her. She dropped into the studio at all hours, but as she sometimes brought friends and some of them were likely to buy pictures, Fred as the father of a family could not very well put her out.

In May came the “Exhibition of Paintings by Frederick Carroll,” at McPherson's.

It could hardly be said that the gallery was crowded, though Mrs. Sterling testified humorously that there was standing room only. At any rate, never before had so many people come to see his pictures, not only the usual sprinkling of those who paint or write or collect, but others who had gone to their country places by this time made special trips to town in high-powered cars. Perhaps their fluttering presence irritated certain of the critics. In the old days they had usually dismissed Frederick Carroll with a brief commendatory notice. Now they discussed him in long condemnatory notices, beginning “After a long silence.” Some of them took him seriously and spoke of his “distinction of manner.” Fred liked that. Another, a young man with elaborately fashionable clothes, said, “He paints like a gentleman,” which offended Fred's professional pride. Carlton Stillman summed it up authoritatively thus: “Leisure should be used for taking pains, not for showing that one is free from the necessity to do so.” And he implied a flippant diletante's scorn of being understood. For Art has to do with things as they seem, not as they are. Thus a work of art can seem so many different things to so many different men.

“You mustn't let a little thing like that bother you,” said an older painter to Fred. “It's much better than being dismissed with a light pat on the back and then forgotten.”

Another painter, a man whom Fred had never met, wrote a letter to the newspaper defending Frederick Carroll from the charge of dilettanteism, and paying his respects to critics who didn't know great work when they saw it. All of which drew more attention to the art of Frederick Carroll.

McPherson the art dealer dropped into the studio one day. "We've done very well," he said. "I'll sell the rest of them for you within a year if we work it right." You are getting something of a vogue. We must strike while the iron's hot. Get 'em on the run. We must have another show in the fall. It's the psychological moment.

"That's impossible," said Fred. "I've got to have some rest this summer."

"What have you in these old portfolios?"

"Old stuff, done several years ago, never exhibited. It's rotten."

But when McPherson looked at it he pronounced it "swell." He said: "It's in a different mood, but it's good work." Molly backed up the art dealer. So did an older painter, one of the big ones whose opinion Fred respected. And now a curious thing happened. Fred put his head on one side, squinted his eyes and decided that it was not so bad after all. In fact, he was quite pleased with some of the canvases. "A work of art can seem so many different things to so many different men." Fred was a different man now that success was coquetting with him.

V

BUT before the exhibition took place in the fall, just when the tide was turning, when articles were being written about the art of Frederick Carroll, when he was receiving honors, such as invitations to lecture before select gatherings of young women, when all life seemed bright with promise and good cheer, and just when Fred and Molly were presumably about to begin another triumphal tour heavenward in New York, the sad but interesting news went out that the Carrolls had lost their money.

"Yes, my dear, they've given up their town house and have moved into one of those co-operative studio apartments. They have rented their own place in the country for three years. They have even given up their car!"

"I suspected that something was the matter all along," said the broker.

"This explains their apparent lack of public spirit when it came to subscribing for charities," said the broker's wife.

"It all goes to prove," said De Courcey to some of the fellows at the club, "that you never can tell by outward appearances what is going on inside."

"I always knew that Fred wasn't a snob at heart," said another, "but I suppose he was worrying a good deal and that affected his manner." This explained it all.

Every one agreed that Fred and Molly were showing a beautiful spirit. They uttered not one word of complaint. To be sure they disliked giving up their house in the country, but they hoped some day to get it back again. Meanwhile the children were old enough to thrive in town and the family must follow the job. Even Molly's made-over Paris clothes did not sanctify her spirit, for she had intended to make them over all along. Paris styles are always a season ahead of New York's.

"Well, I told you he'd lose his money," said Carlton Stillman to his wife. "Now he'll settle down and work. He's got to."

And sure enough he had another exhibition quite early in the fall! This showed how industrious he had been since he lost his fortune. And when Fred's selections from his early work which he had been touching up during the summer were exhibited at McPherson's, Carlton Stillman was the first to sound the praise of Frederick Carroll's "new" manner. It seems that he had struck a fresh note, showing a more matured understanding of the irony and bitterness, the inherent pathos and yet the inherent beauty of this process called life.

"It must be fine to be a critic," said Molly to Fred.

Perhaps the other critics felt the same psychic influence, or else like the other painters they all agreed to stand by good old Fred Carroll in his time of trouble.

"That's the way to make these lazy artists work," thought Mr. Sterling, looking on. And perhaps that was the way the rest of the buying public looked at it, for McPherson sold all of these pictures in the new manner and most of those left over from the heyday of Carroll's affluence. Not



‘I hate Aunt Bella’s public spirit,’ she cried vindictively.—Page 341.

only that, but he asked for more. Fred refused, however, because he had promised Mr. Sterling to take on a big decorative scheme for the foyer of the magnificent museum that great and good man was building in a Western city. “Carry out your own idea,” said Sterling. “You’re the doctor. Only I’d advise you to let me invest the commission for you. You’re not fit to handle money. Fred, my boy.”

And yet, strangely enough, it was this very loss of his money that had been the making of him, as every one knew, including Mrs. Langham, who expressed the same idea in a more subtle way in her searching psychological story called “Redemption.”

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To be sure, Fred had originally planned to be a portrait painter. This worthy ambition was never to be carried out. But what of it? No one ever constructs his career according to plans and specifications. But now the Carroll children would at least have a chance to make the attempt.

“I always told you that you would win out in the end,” said Molly, apropos of Fred’s election to the Academy. “Sooner or later true merit is always recognized.”

“Well,” said Fred, with the becoming modesty of a man of achievement, “there’s one thing I can honestly say: what little I have accomplished in my life has been without any bluffing.”

ON THE ROAD TO HELL-FER-SARTAIN

By John Fox, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I



FITTINGLY, I thought, the road thereto starts for the Bluegrass Kentuckian from horror-haunted Jackson, the county-seat of Bloody Breathitt; Breathitt—almost the first mountain county in the State to inaugurate the terrible feud, and certainly the last to give it up, beginning one during the war, culminating it only a year or two ago in the death of one leader at the hands of his own son, and keeping it alive to-day. The little town was sitting quietly on the flanks of fourteen baby mountains when I swung from the cars one mid-August noon, and waited with other hungry travellers in the hotel bus until the uniformed autocrat of the train could change into his day-clothes and come along. That same bus, without a slack of speed, had been ferried over the muddy waters of the Kentucky River on a flat-boat when I was last there, but now, it rolled at about the same speed over a suspension bridge, built by the county, let to private individuals, and bringing in, as I was told, a tremendous yearly toll.

"Why doesn't the county reap the harvest?"

Nobody in the bus answered but one man, and he pleasantly gave me the laugh. I might as well have asked why in that county a man still has the cave-dweller's right to take his brother's life with little other risk to his own except from the dweller in another cave. The outside world couldn't very well omit Breathitt when it made law, and Breathitt accepted the gift with gratitude so far at least as it should serve the personal purpose of the man who held the law in the hollow of his hand. Not that there are not bitter complaints of lawlessness in Breathitt, and stern upholders of the law. There are: but I observed that the bitterest and the sternest were not allied with the party that happens just now to be in power.

It was lunch time—dinner-time it is in the mountains—and the little hotel was crowded, mostly with vigorous, active young men. The host was young, smooth-faced, and courteous, and straightway he requested me to "shake hands" with his guests. I shook—with all of them: a mission worker from Berea, a college on the edge of the Bluegrass; a school-teacher, a lawyer, a nervous, fluent Presbyterian minister, and a man from Missouri who was forming a stock company to purchase a high-priced stallion; and clerks, merchants, ex-feudsmen. Perhaps it was the holiday effect of Saturday, or of the coming base-ball game that afternoon, but the air had a wide-awake hustling quality in marked contrast to the slumbrous calm that I had known in that village before. Already I had learned that I could get a horse—a "good horse"—and many people told me as many ways of getting to Hell-fer-Sartain, which ranged according to opinion from forty to sixty miles away. Moreover, everybody told me to stay all night on the way with ex-Sheriff Callahan, and, as I had read in the papers only a few weeks before that he had been ambushed by his enemies as he stood in the door of his store, and was still in bed from his wound, I thought I might hear, see, and learn something of interest. It was nearly two o'clock Saturday afternoon, and I must be back in Jackson Monday morning, so I needed a good horse and a hurried departure. The base-ball team in variegated uniforms was passing when I went out to mount. The horse was there, a gaunt, bony, superannuated, drooping-necked old mare. I was aghast, but everybody in the crowd had ridden the old plug and everybody said she could move, and above all was willing. Just then she turned one sightless eye to me and I shuddered. "I rid her twenty-five years ago," said one bystander.

"For heaven's sake how old is she?"

"Nigh on to thirty," said another. There was nothing to be done and I climbed



"I rid her twenty-five years ago," said one by-stander.—Page 350.

astride, waved good-by to my friends, crossed the bridge, ambled under a trestle, and was soon winding upward on the road to Hell-fer-Sartain over in Leslie County far away.

II

ALONG a ragged ridge I rode a little way, and then down a narrow creek; a short way through a little valley and up another narrow creek to the toilsome top of another ridge. Most of the time the road was the creek bed, sometimes rocky, and sometimes of solid gray slate into which the wheels of heavily-laden wagons had worn ruts but a trifle wider than their rims, sometimes eighteen inches deep. The old mare was an expert mountaineer. She had but one gait on level ground—a swinging pace. Uphill she would go at a quick walk, and down hill stiff-legged, letting the force of gravity do her work, and making the avoidance of vertebral dislocation my work. When there was a little hollow she would break from this stiff-legged walk just at the right moment and let her own impetus carry her to the top of the next little rise. No mean physicist was that old mare, and assuredly she was willing. She

needed no switch, and she was so old, so poor, and so pathetically obliging that I straightway dubbed her "Old Faithful." I was to have a great deal of admiration and no little affection for Old Faithful before that trip was over. As it was Saturday afternoon, I met along the road idlers on foot and on horseback, and there was a group of them at every cross-roads, school-house, and store. In that county, too, the log-cabin was disappearing and the signs of the universal change going on among the hills were plentiful. Once in a creek-ravine an old hag tottered out of a miserable hut, and trembling on a cane, shaded her eyes with a withered hand and hailed me: "Got any tobaccer?" she quavered. "I been so sick I hain't had no chance of git-tin' to the store." I knew she wanted smoking-tobacco, and I had only cigarettes, several of which I tossed her.

"Shore they hain't pizen?" she asked, and as I rode away, she was still looking down at them untouched.

The sun was swinging low now, and at last I was approaching the river. Across the creek I could see the store of another Callahan, brother of the ex-sheriff, and on the edge of the little settlement, about it,

I met two boys, pillion-fashion, on horseback. The one in front had a reckless face, and his eyes were heavy with drink.

"Howdy," he shouted, and I could have heard him had he been a hundred yards away. Hazily his eyes took in the sightless socket of Old Faithful, and then caught my spectacles, and after he had passed he turned to his companion and again shouted:

"Both blind, by God."

No offence was meant and none taken by so naïve a comment and I rode on, laughing, toward the store on the porch of which sat a group of men. Brother Callahan was comfortably fat, humorous of face, and a bit sarcastic of speech, and he eyed me and Old Faithful whimsically. "A meetin'-house pacer," he genially characterized the old mare—his characterization of me being kindly withheld—while the rest of the group, one of whom, a beardless stripling with a huge revolver holstered under one arm "fixed" me (as

German students say) as only mountain folks can. Yes, I could telephone back to Jackson, and I could reach Sheriff Callahan's a little after dark, and Brother Callahan would telephone ahead that I was coming. Of course I had to tell my business (book-writing I put it) and I saw plainly that I was not understood, nor was my purpose in going to Hell-fer-Sartain, and I could feel the eyes of suspicion following me out of sight when I rode away. It was beautiful up that river; the dirt road was good, the branches arched overhead, and the slanting sun-rays shot through them and laid bars of gold on the lazy yellow stream. I met men on horses and mules, several of them openly armed, and all showing the holiday moonshine-aided spirit of Saturday afternoon. Dusk had fallen when I turned up the creek, and the first stars were peeping through it, when I saw

through the gloom a big white house near a white store close to the road, and I knew I was nearing Sheriff Callahan. A rather gruff young fellow met me at the gate.

"I'm afraid I've kept you waiting," I said.

"You have," he said, shortly, but with no ill nature, and he reached for my horse's reins. I went past a spreading shrub and

into a comfortable living room where there were a big bed, a bureau, and a wash-stand. My host was not visible, and it was not until I had washed up that he suddenly appeared: a big powerful man with black hair and a short black mustache, shifting watchful black eyes, and in spite of his size, with the lithe swiftness of a wild-cat in his every movement. I had met him before in the court-house at Jackson when a feudsman was on trial for a murder in which the sheriff was supposed to have had a hand, but he did not recollect me: he met so many people, he said, in explanation. He



"Shore they hain't pizen?"—Page 351.

was coatless, without waistcoat, and under the waistline of his black trousers was a tiny hole, and in the rear of those trousers was a similar little hole. To my surprise he asked me no questions whatever but put on a black coat (this black garb I was soon to learn was purposeful) and led the way to the dining-room where a silent dark-eyed girl who I presumed was his daughter served us as good a supper as a hungry man would want anywhere. There was little talk between us until we were seated in the hallway afterward. I observed that my host sat in the corner so that the bushy shrub outside the door shut him off from being seen anywhere from the mountain side, and so that he was visible only from the door of his own store, and that moreover not a patch of white showed about him from head to foot. He had been shot from ambush only a short while before,

and plainly he was guarding against a similar catastrophe. A week before the papers had reported him in bed nigh death. I cleared my throat:

"I am surprised to find you so well," I said, "I thought you were something of an invalid."

"Oh I'm all right."

"Ah, when did the—er—accident occur?"

"I was hurt," he said gravely, "just forty days ago."

Then we dropped formalities and Mr. Callahan rose and showed me the tiny holes in his trousers where the bullet had gone through. It was a narrow shave, and then he told me in detail and with no rancor the story. It had nothing whatever to do with the old Hargis-Cockerill feud at all he declared—it was a little personal matter of his own. Some months before a few men riding past his house had playfully fired into it. Mr. Callahan and his friends had run out and playfully responded, wounding one man and killing a mule. Forty days before Mr. Callahan was standing in the door of his store just after sunset when he felt a sudden sharp

pain in the groin, and tumbled to the floor behind the door. He thought at first that it was a sudden stroke of paralysis until the crack of the gun reached his ear, and when another bullet ploughed through the door which was meant to finish the work of the first in case that first had not properly done its work, he knew quite positively just what had happened. The first thing he did was to rise and drag himself to his telephone, so that within ten minutes bloodhounds were ordered from the Bluegrass. His six-year-old son was standing at the gate, and while the assassins were firing over his head, the little fellow saw the puffs of smoke on the hill-side, and heard the assassins running away. Mr. Callahan trailed his assailants with the hounds, got positive proofs, he claims, that they were the guilty ones, and then had them arrested and tried. They were dismissed, because, he further claimed, his enemies were in control of the courts—in answer to which, observers more or less prejudiced say that Mr. Callahan thereby got only a taste of the medicine that he had administered to others when he was the doctor of laws. Be





Mr. Callahan and his friends had run out and playfully responded.—Page 353.

that as it may it was hard for me to see while listening to his story how any man could have acted otherwise than he had, and as he may act hereafter—unless his party again gets in power when he will no doubt make his redress legal rather than personal. If he could be assured, he said, that his enemies would rest now, he would gladly take his memento—tapping the wound in his groin—and call it square.

“But they won’t and they will try to ambush me again.” So there he was with his little body-guard, a prisoner in his own

house, with a secret passage between house and store, appearing outside only when he must, and never knowing when a bullet would sing at him from the bushes; never standing in a doorway or before a window with a light behind him, clothed in black to give no aim to a rifle, and when he had to leave home, slipping off at night by some unfrequented way, and always—no matter where he was—in momentary danger of death.

“Why don’t you leave?” I asked.

“My business is here and my home,” he

said simply, "and besides they would say I was a coward."

All the time he talked, his little boy was cuddled in his arms and quite such paternal tenderness I had not often seen. "He is crazy about the sea," he said. "He's always asking questions about it, and what he wants most on earth is just to see it. I've told him all I know about the sea, but he keeps on asking questions that I can't answer. I told him it was as deep as these mountains are high."

"Seven or eight times as deep as these mountains," I said, whereat even the father looked incredulous, and then I took a hand and told the boy all I could think of about the ocean and its creatures, and the fishes that carried lights and electric batteries, and the lad drank in the wonders as though they were fairy tales which the father, I am inclined to believe, thought they were. There was a long journey for Old Faithful and me next day, and I must start at four o'clock in the morning.

I could get breakfast at his brother-in-law's Callahan said, and so I struck a comfortable bed (two sheets it had), and in the dark, next morning, Old Faithful and I were ascending the bed of the creek. The sunrise was bursting behind us when we reached the top, and far down the ridge I came upon a clearing in which were log-houses with dormer-windows and porches, vine-clad, artistic, and well built. There was a tennis court near the road and I almost gasped. It was Buckhorn College planted there by Presbyterians. I had heard of it but never before knew its whereabouts. I passed Buckhorn reluctantly, hoping that I should have time to stop there coming back, rode down the river, crossed, and drew up before the house of the brother-in-law. My host hesitated

half an hour later when I handed him the mite asked for my breakfast as though he wanted to give it back

"I don't charge preachers nothin'," he said.

I have been taken for a detective—a revenue officer—and for many other things in the mountains, but never before have I been honored with the suspicion of wearing the cloth. But it was Sunday morning, and I had said that I was on my way to church on Hell-fer-Sartain, which was yet three hours away.

III

MANY years ago a little story, just seven hundred and fifty words long and called "Hell-fer-Sartain," was published next to the advertisements in a certain American weekly. The author got the munificent sum of six dollars for it. He had sweated out his heart's blood on a book or two before that story appeared, and yet, when he got to New York

some six weeks later he found himself known for that little story. Bill Nye had been reading it on the platform, and Colonel Waring had read it before the authors' club—facts that went abroad throughout the land. The author saw a column of criticism about those seven hundred and fifty words and no mention of his name. Later he got the prospectus of some publishing firm's collection of the masterpieces of his country's literature which stated that at an authors' dinner it had been decided that a short story with the queer title of "Hell-fer-Sartain," and by an unknown author, was the best short story written in America! And that the collection would contain this incomparable gem. This story was mine, and for this reason I was on my way to see the scene of the story



He felt a sudden sharp pain.—Page 353.

at last. There was a church on Hell-fer-Sartain, and I had heard there was a Sunday-school known officially as the Hell-fer-Sartain Sunday-school; and, moreover, that a philanthropical lady had offered to give this school a library provided she should be permitted to design the book plates. Moreover, I had heard of the preacher of Hell-fer-Sartain, and he fitted the niche in which imagination would place him. About him I had heard these words:

"He's a good man an' there ain't a word agin him"—the speaker paused—"leastwise not for a long time. 'Bout fifteen year ago he got in a fuss with a fat feller an' he an' a friend o' hisn waited for him in the lorrel an' shot him but they didn't kill him. They're good friends now. The preacher paid the feller not to prosecute him, an' atter the thing was over he tol' as how bein' nervous he put a bullet between his teeth when he saw the fat feller comin', an' he was so blame nervous that he bit the bullet in two."

"And he kept on preaching?" I asked.

"Oh yes, folks have never held that up agin him." And he was still preaching on Hell-fer-Sartain. Now in the story printed, the creek had gotten its name from the fighting character of the dwellers thereon. As the teller of the story says to the listening stranger:

"Jus' turn up the creek beyond the bend thar an' climb on a stump an' holler about *once*"—that is one mountain method of issuing a challenge—"an' you'll see how the name come. Stranger you'll git hell fer sartain." As I was nearing the waters of the same I asked a mountaineer leaning on the fence about that name and he grinned:

"Folks say an ole bear hunter goin' up the creek met another one coming down. 'Whar'd you come from?' he says. 'I come

down a devil of a place,' t'other feller says. 'Well,' says the fust man—"you're goin' into hell fer sartain now.'"

From that point I was to ride up a little creek that trickled past my informant's cabin, and on top of the ridge I would strike Devil's Jump Branch of Hell-fer-Sartain.

Then I could ride on down to church. It was a wild ride up that little creek. I lost my way, recovered it, struck the head of Devil's Jump Branch, followed its rocky path, and in less than an hour I emerged at its mouth between massive superimposed boulders to see the placid stream I sought gleaming under more great boulders below. I halted in the road and looked back at those massive, moss-grown rhododendron-tufted boulders—that branch anyhow was well named—and I couldn't help thinking what a perilous leap at that point the old boy would have into his domains. As I rode down I was politely told the name of the creek by a man and by a woman, each without a



He was still preaching on Hell-fer-Sartain.

smile and each correcting my pronunciation to Hell-fer-Certain—for the present generation of mountaineers is losing its dialect fast. The church was at the mouth of the stream which was rather large and had deep pools that looked bass-haunted. Twisting down it for several miles, past several rather well-to-do looking cabins, I learned that preaching was going on a hundred yards from the creek in a school-house. There I halted. The bellowing tones of the preacher issued from the little frame school-house, and the windows of it were suddenly filled with curious faces regarding me. Half a score of boys were seated on the roadside and one of them took Old Faithful away to munch on a dozen ears of corn. The rest sat whittling, swearing, gossiping about the small goings-on in the neighborhood, about everything

but women; for in the mountains the tongue of gossip about women is curiously still.

"I was up to dance on Devil's Jump last night," said one, "an' I didn't git home till daylight. I'm purty tired."

"If you don't watch out, the preacher in thar'll be atter you. He says to Jim Perkins yestiddy, 'You air goin' to hell.' An' Jim says 'I reckon you'll git thar fust.'"

"He *was* atter me a minute ago," said the other. "He got to lookin' straight at me an' a-talkin' hell-fire an' damnation straight at me an' I come out. He better not say nothin' to *me* outside."

Presently I went inside myself. The preacher was tall and lank, his trousers were short, and his Adam's apple as big as Julius Cæsar's. One glance only he gave me. He wasn't well he said, but he would go on a little longer, though heaven knows

eyes on one youth who shifted in his seat, and a moment later, like his predecessor outside, stole out of the house. A little later, pleading, the preacher turned his eyes to another corner of the room where a girl sat with her handkerchief at her quivering mouth, and I saw tears loosening themselves from her downcast eyes. The rest, attentive or not, as their mood was, got up and left when they pleased, while others strolled in as they pleased: so, as I had heard many and many such sermons, I, too, soon followed their example and soon strolled out just as casually, but a little more marked than they.

I had been to Hell-fer-Sartain, and I had heard preaching there. If I went back now the way I had come, I should save six long weary miles. I was tired, as was Old Faithful, but I had not been to the mouth of Hell-fer-Sartain and I had not seen the



"You're goin' into hell fer sartain now."—Page 356.

how long he had been going on and yet would go.

"I believe," he chanted cheerfully, "as sure as I'm a-standin' here that there is a living hell of fire and brimstone into which you sinners here will go as sure as you're a-settin' here ef you don't repent an' be saved by the grace of the Lord." He fixed his

church there, and while my curiosity was satisfied, my conscience wasn't and so from sheer stubbornness I saddled Old Faithful and rode on down Hell-fer-Sartain through an avenue of cucumber trees. Never had I seen so many cucumber trees in my life as were on that one rocky road and had they only been starred with their great creamy

blossoms they would have been compensation for the whole toilsome trip. Disappointment awaited me at the mouth of the creek. The church there was closed, and above its doors was not the picturesque title of the stream, but some fern-like name that was easily traceable to some shocked feminine taste from the outer world. Half a mile on I got a dinner of cold beans and cold

were gone! On the other side of the mountain we parted and I rode on to Sheriff Callahan's where I got supper. As I was telling him good-by I asked him if the men who had shot him were neighbors of his and he smiled.

"You passed their houses, going and coming," he said.

"Why, I must have asked the very men



A girl sat with her handkerchief at her quivering mouth.—Page 357.

cornbread, and joined by a twenty-year-old school-teacher on a big black mule, turned my face toward Jackson. This young school-teacher was making money in his native mountains in order to study law outside; he had gone to school in the Bluegrass and he knew my books. Just then he was electioneering for his brother, who was running for a county office and he shouted his slogan to some natives playing base-ball up the creek, to the porches of the houses we passed, and when we met a voter in the road he stopped, while I rode discreetly on, and he never failed to overtake me with a wink of success. I'd like to wager that the brother won. Hell-fer-Sartain Creek had once deserved its name, he said, for there had been a "heap of devilment" done up there. There had been several fights in the school-house where I had heard preaching but everything had quieted down there as it was quieting down all through the mountains except over toward Jackson. Yes, the good old times

how much further it was to your house. I wonder if they thought I was—er—er" I was about to say a spy of his but his face was not encouraging, for the mountaineer is singularly unsympathetic with curiosity like this on the part of a stranger, and I left him with a fleeting wonder that he might have thought me possibly an emissary of theirs, which would have been humorous indeed as long as I was missing the tragedy that would have been easy in either case.

It was dark now, there were no stars, and the one good eye of Old Faithful must guide me along the pitch-black road. It was seven or eight miles back to Brother Callahan's store where I could stay all night. The ford was at the mouth of the creek on which he lived, and I was warned to be careful crossing it as the water was deep both above and below. How was I to know when I had gone seven or eight miles? I had no watch, and I could not estimate the probable distance by Old Faithful's

supposed rate of speed. How was I to know when I reached the ford? The sheriff said I could feel for it, as the Rough Riders tried to catch the Spaniards, I suppose—with my hands. It was a cheerless and delicate problem. At several houses I shouted inquiries, and at each house I got the cheering news that at each I was the same distance away from the ford, so that Old Faithful and I were at least holding our own. But soon, every house was dark, for mountain people go to bed early, and no more information was mine.

Suddenly, however, I got great comfort. However uneasy I was, Old Faithful apparently knew no fear and no uncertainty. On she went as confidently as though she were on the way to her own stable, and it occurred to me that during the twenty-seven blushing summers of her young life she had been over that road before and that she had not perhaps forgotten how to swim. So I let the reins loose on her neck and while I saw, as it seemed, many fords, I let her alone, and we ambled on through the dark for two hours and, it seemed, many more. And I did well to trust her, for without warning she suddenly turned down a steep bank where I could

see nothing and boldly entered the river. The swirling yellow struck the middle of my saddle skirts but I had the faith of ages in that old mare now and she was soon climbing the other bank precisely at the mouth of the creek. It was so dark when I reached the little settlement around Brother Callahan's store that I could not find either store or house. But one light was visible, and from its direction came a hymn of praise for blessings that I could not quite appreciate, and I rode across the creek toward it. The singer did not keep people all night; but he pointed the way through the gloom toward Callahan's store. After hallooing myself hoarse at it, a sleepy son of Brother Callahan's came out in none too good a humor, naturally, and showed Old Faithful to corn, and me to the "happy hay." I had been in the saddle just fifteen hours since four o'clock that morning, and I travelled the whole way again that night in my dreams; though it seemed that I had not fallen asleep before I was awakened by the same lad whom I had awakened. He was bringing me a pitcher of water. It was plain from his manner that I had been the subject of discussion that was not altogether flattering.



When we met a voter in the road he stopped, while I rode discreetly on.—Page 358.



"Comin' over on Hell-fer-Sartain agin?"—Page 311.

"D'd you say you were in the book business?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You sell 'em?"

"I make 'em." He stared incredulously and I thought for a moment he had done me the honor to mistake me for a publisher, but I was wrong, for at breakfast my general credibility seemed in question. There were two gentlemen present who lived on the classic stream of Hell-fer-Sartain, but whether they had come after me and had helped the atmosphere of suspicion or were on their way home, and still helped the wonder as to why I had been there, I didn't learn, but there was a distinct tendency to guy me more or less gently. And when after a few remarks about the world in general during which I had innocently remarked that I had been in Cuba during the Spanish war and in Manchuria during

the Japanese war they all but winked at one another openly.

"I heard a young feller tellin' once about all the places he'd been," said one, "an' I kept tab on him. I asked him how old he was an' he said twenty-six; an' I pulled the paper on him an' showed him by his own count that he was sixty-six."

Now, the bough from which this chestnut dropped must have been withered centuries ago, but it was told as a personal experience and brought the usual laugh. It was plainly at my expense but my vanity was so tickled at his overestimate of my youth which made me almost a contemporary of Old Faithful, that the offence of it passed me by and the winks this time were directed at my stupidity.

All were sitting on the porch of the store when I mounted the old "Meetin'-house pacer." One of the Hell-fer-Sartain men

was physically magnificent—tall, powerful, rugged of face, and smooth shaven.

"Comin' over on Hell-fer-Sartain agin?" he asked.

"If I do, I'm coming to see you," I said.

"Come along," he said, with sudden heartiness, and I think there was no more suspicion with him.

Back the way to Jackson I started and not a sound came from the little crowd behind me. Doubtless they watched me out of sight and, until one of them sees or hears of these lines and believes that I was paid for them and convinces the others, they will never understand how a stranger could ride night and day to Hell-fer-Sartain and night and day back. Up and down rocky creeks, over and down ragged ridges, and along narrow little creek valleys Old Faithful ambled me and it was nearly noon before I looked from the last ridge down on the fourteen hills of Jackson. I had been gone forty-six hours, and twenty-seven of these hours I had spent on the back of Old Faithful. All the way she had been willing, and there was never any other remonstrance from

her other than a patient sigh of weariness. I left her in front of the hotel with genuine regret and affection. I believe I should have bought her and had her turned out to graze for the rest of her life had I been sure she would have been well taken care of, and anyhow, I concluded I would hire her for a week that she might rest at least that long. But she belonged, the hotel proprietor said, to a boy who would put my money in his pocket, consider himself just that much in, and hire her out right away as soon as I was gone. So I acquiesced as we all do in helplessness when help seems useless and in suffering that we can't assuage.

I had been to Hell-fer-Sartain. If there be for the erring the good old-fashioned place in which the preacher over on that creek had such faith, I may, in spite of myself, get there, but willingly to either place, never!

On the way to the train I saw Old Faithful plodding along the road with a stranger on her back, starting out for another toilsome trip. I wish I had bought freedom for Old Faithful.



I left her in front of the hotel with genuine regret and affection.



Pescadero Point.

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

FVER since I first beheld that bit of California coast, I have wanted to spend some time upon its shores—time enough to know its changing moods, the whims and caprices of its weather, its dunes and rock-bound beaches, its wild solitudes, its unearthly phantom-like trees.

But how was this to be accomplished? One could readily enough drive round it in the daylight hours, but how pass the night? On all its stretches of wilderness no one lives nor is camping even permitted by the company in control.

One day, however, while riding over the tract, I spied a cottage huddled under some

pinos and found that it belonged to the forester and his family—sole habitants, sole guardians of these woodland solitudes. Upon inquiry, I also found to my chagrin that his wife had no room to spare and was, besides, unwilling to increase her already large family. But there is an open sesame to every door, if one can find the magic word. This time it proved to be my Spanish name that helped me, for she still remained a good Iberian guarding her king's portrait over her mantel-shelf.

The necessary permit from the company was comparatively easy to obtain, and two weeks later one late afternoon saw my tent arrive, with a cot, a trunk, and some canvases. In an hour all was in place, and

at six o'clock I joined the forester's household at their frugal supper.

I had of necessity pitched my tent at some distance from the house across a deep gully and had chosen a spot under a clump of live-oaks protected from wind and fog. I spent the first evening stretching canvases, and then turned in. The silence was intense; the breakers made no noise whatever, for I was on the lee side of the hills. Not a rustle in the trees. The chirp of a cricket and the buzzing in my own ears were the only sounds I could detect. Then, just as I was dozing off, I thought I heard a step. First faint, it came nearer and nearer, approaching the tent over the dry oak leaves—leaves on which no moisture had fallen for four mortal months. I listened and the footfall drew ever nearer—in fact was now very close. I lit my lantern cautiously and, raising the flap, saw—a tiny kangaroo-rat, whose hop on the dry oak leaves sounded, in the stillness, like the tread of a deer!

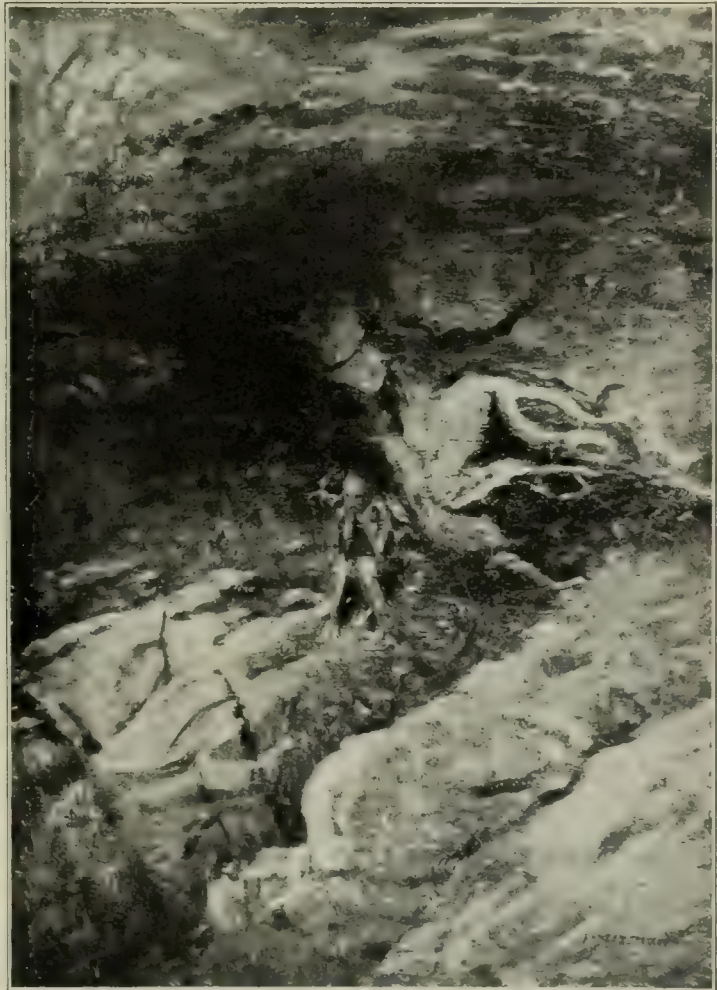
I was up very early in the morning, and, with my sketching traps, was soon out on Pescadero Point.

Weeks of work now ensued until I grew to know the form of every rock, the thrust of every tree, the changing aspects of sea and sky, the cool gray sunrises and the warm ruddy sunsets. In these spots, far from the road, close down by the breakers, not a soul came to intrude, not a voice but the great voice of nature disturbed the eternal solitude.

Near by and below, the western sea, despite its apparent calm, thundered on the jagged rocks and ledges—thundered to the southward against the bleak cliffs of Point Lobos; thundered to the northward as the coast abuts thickly grown with cypress; thundered at my feet against the gigantic foundation of Promontory Point, against its piled up boulders, round and glistening—such as the Cyclops might have hurled at fleeing Ulysses. By the water's edge little forests of sea palms reared their flexible

stems, yielding as the waves drove in, and, as the rushing waters receded, straightening up and shaking their hair like so many mermaids in the surf. Barnacles and mussels hung in great families to the ledges crusted with pink corallines.

Farther out at sea, clusters of bull-kelp bobbed their bulbs upon the waves, glistening, long-haired, like heads of South Sea Islanders. And sometimes a seal, scarcely distinguishable from them, would swim in close to shore, fishing, rolling his big eyes and twisting his head about, first to one side then to the other with that queer, ungraceful movement peculiar to short-necked people. Whales that now and then blew their spouts at sea and schools of porpoises were rarer sights, but rarest of all on that bleak coast was a ship out on the far horizon.



Hobgoblins, stunted creatures of the dark.—Page 365.

After all, the features of the coast, unique of their kind, are those fantastic cypresses that clothe its rocky promontories with their strange growth—strong, durable as



The strange groves of Cypress Point.

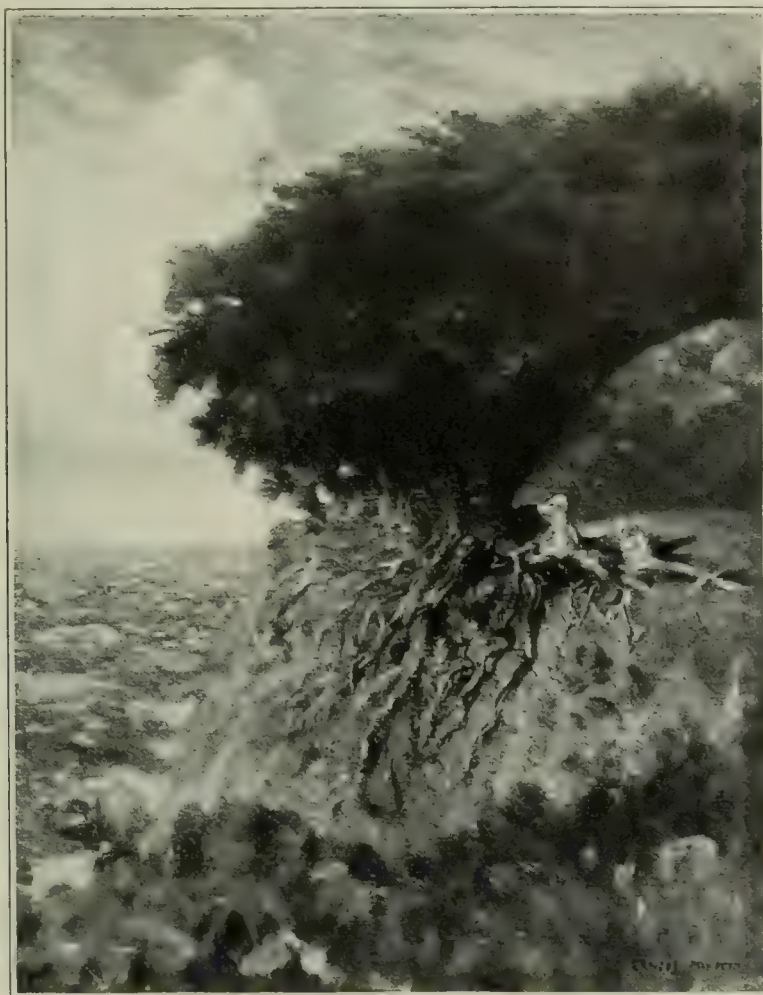
the rocks themselves, built to resist the stoutest gale. Away from the shore, they grow more reasonably, spreading their tops like giant umbrellas, full, thick, and resistant and of a rich velvety green. But close to the water, their lives are spent in constant battle with the wind, their young shoots lopped off, killed by the blast on the seaward side, forcing their growth constantly in one direction, driving them landward, and giving them that strange fleeing movement that, to my mind, is their salient characteristic. And in this battle, toppling, struggling with a one-sided weight, their great trunks throw out huge wedge-shaped buttresses, and their branches thicken aloft into queer elbows—flying buttresses as it

were, that present a thin edge to the wind, but a broad, flat surface to support the great weight overhead. Their limbs by this process become contorted and twisted into the strangest possible shapes, rendered stranger still by the presence of a ruddy sea-moss that clings close to their under side—the *trentepohlia*—of the color of rusted iron or of clotted blood.

If these trees are weird in the daytime; if their writhing forms stimulate the imagination in the fog; it is toward evening and at night that they become positively unearthly. As darkness falls, the younger ones of more conventional design, whose healthy bark is dark, lose themselves in the general gloom, and only the aged giants,

whose trunks are gray and ashen and hoary with moss, retain the reflex of the sun, writhing their maimed and twisted members in the darkness of the forest. Dead branches, lopped off by gales and mouldering at their feet, worm-eaten, moss-grown, become in the uncertain light "the little people," gnomes, dwarfs, hobgoblins, stunted

the forester's horses, I was able to push my field of operations farther and seek subjects at a greater distance, taking a lunch with me so as to spend the day, returning sometimes only after nightfall. Then I grew to know the strange groves of Cypress Point, filled with the mysterious gloom of Hades' kingdom—groves that the wind



Shrinking . . . away from the sea.

creatures of the dark, strange freaks of nature, whose limbs stand petrified in the act of running, and whose dead arms and gaunt fingers, prehensile, reach out for the belated wayfarer.

Each evening the fog would drive in from the sea, a thick white blanket that little by little obliterated every object, and every morning the rosy sun would rise to wage a battle royal against its ghostly cohorts, sometimes crowned with success, driving them fleeing seaward, sometimes remaining defeated, hidden, while the gray ghosts held the battle-field all day.

As time wore on, with the aid of one of

lashes without mercy, exposed to the full fury of the north-west.

The Point itself has been stripped naked and stands bleak and denuded, the trees, buffeted by constant gales, having fled the shore, shrinking as it were away from the sea, as if upon it they had beheld some nameless horror. And even in the dense groves behind, the trees live in stress and torment. Some, worsted in the struggle, have been hurled to the ground and lie there with roots reaching vainly in the air for sustenance, their trunks half buried in the winter's wash, stiffened, stripped of bark; their branches shattered on one



Groves where Dante might have walked.

side, wildly writhing aloft on the other. Others, dead, still stand, gaunt skeletons, half-petrified, eaten by worms and covered with pale green mould, awaiting final dissolution. Yet others, still young and vigorous, tired of the struggle, have spread themselves in despair upon the ground, their vigorous velvety tops forming an immense shrub no higher than a man.

In the sombre groves that lie yet farther inland, Dante might have walked and dreamed his tragedies, and through their solitudes the Erlkönig might dash upon his sable charger.

It was while sketching in these forests near Cypress Point one day that I noted a bluish haze overhanging the dunes that border the Restless Sea, in whose furious, intermingling currents I could make out the masts of a steamer that, like many another, had gone to perdition upon the jagged rocks. This haze was of such unusual occurrence down by the sea that I wondered and later on rode out to investigate.

As I left the last cypresses behind (for the grove ends at this point) and came out upon the dunes, on looking up toward the hills, I was startled to find a dense smoke overhanging the pine forests that hitherto had been hidden by the nearer trees, and to perceive my friend the forester fighting single-handed a vast forest fire. Coatless and hatless I pitched in with him, and we worked together for hours, lighting counter fires, digging trenches, or beating the blazing grass with green pine-boughs until at length relief came from town in the shape of a score of stalwart workmen.

What a sight it makes as the fire, whipped by the wind, scurries over the short dry grass, licking it up in an instant, leaving only blackness behind! Now and then the flames encounter logs covered with underbrush and around them create roaring braziers. Soon the overhanging pine boughs begin to wither and turn brown, and then, of a sudden, a great flame leaps to the very top of a tree, singeing every

needle. But the pine remains standing and apparently unharmed, for the fire has by now rushed on to further conquests. But if you watch a while, you will note, just above the ground, the tiny flames licking into and around the trunk, sapping the pitch, roaring and curling into the very life of the tree. Then without warning and with a great crash, down comes the giant, prone upon the ground, to be consumed at leisure by its arch-enemy.

It is in these sun-flecked pine forests that the stag makes his home, his coat harmonizing—nature's protection—with the dusty browns and grays of the tree-trunks and with the carpets of needles and cones that lie in great masses upon the ground. In them, too, you may chance upon coveys of quail so unsuspecting that, as long as you make no untoward movement, they unconcernedly go on with their feeding. In sandy spots you will come upon the tracks of the coon—prints that resemble the impress of a baby's bare foot. Coyotes, too, are frequent visitors in the denser woods, and a wild-cat or an occasional

mountain lion may yet be encountered, lurking in the deepest solitudes.

When tired of the woods, I went down by the sea.

On the bits of beach lay all sorts of gaudy sea-weeds washed up by the waves; vivid green ulvas intermingled with crimson sea-aprons; brownish feather boas, as if fallen from a lady's neck, entwining the shimmering strands of bladder-kelp or the parti-colored leaves of the iridea, dedicated to Iris, goddess of many colors. Here, too, I discovered empty abalone shells, opalescent and lovely as Pompeian tear-bottles, and, once in a great while, a chiton or sea-slug mailed in plate-armor like a knight of old.

At low tide how delightful the pools, lying in the hollows of the rocks like aquamarines, of the nereid green of Minerva's eyes—*γλαυκόπις Αθήνη*—their dark-toned fissures animate with life and mottled with pink corallines edged with silver! Cockle shells, purple and pearl-tipped, crawled by the score among the sea-weeds—the trees of these naiad gardens; owl-limpets and sea-urchins of varied colors clung in the deeper



Which lee coast is gentle in character.—Page 368.

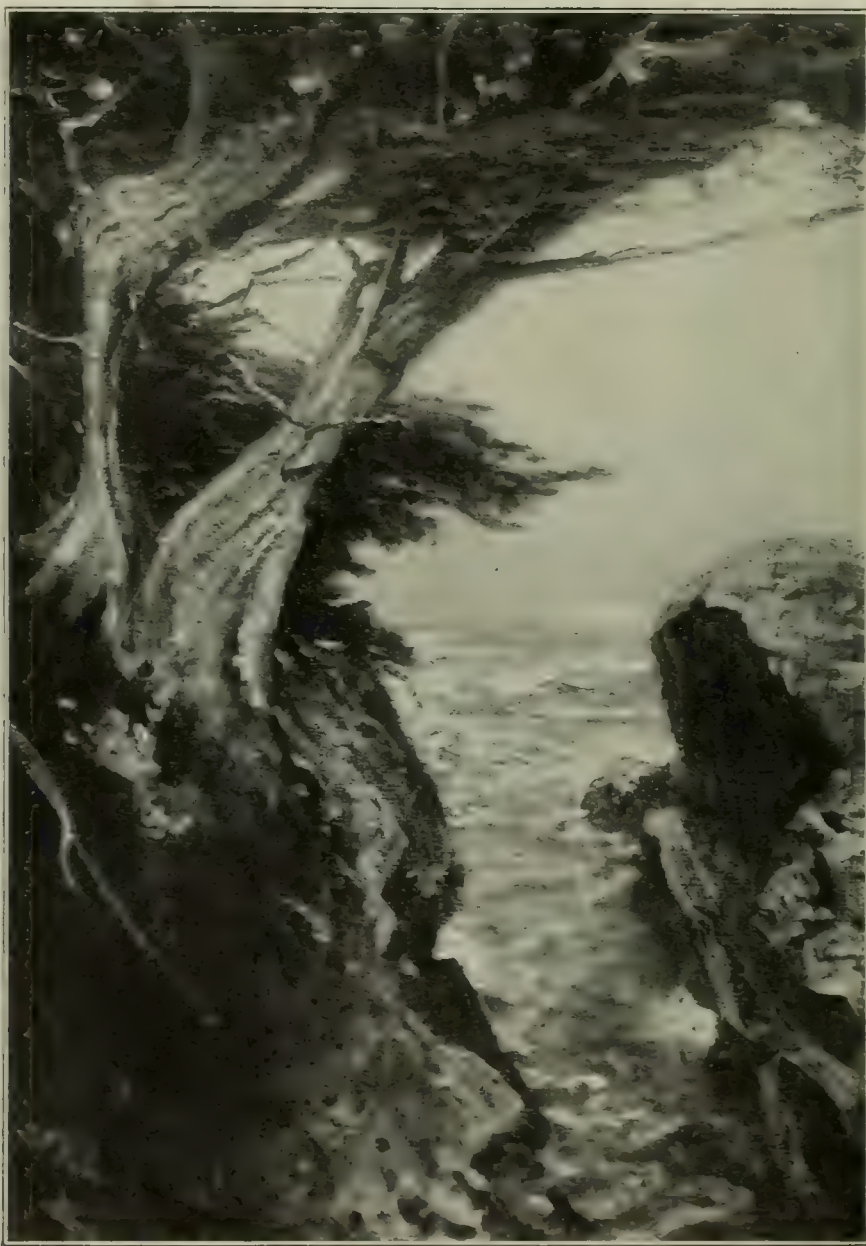
clefts; while hundreds of anemones, mauve, rose, or pale green, carpeted the deepest pools like daisy fields in spring-time.

Lying on the flat rocks, I watched the wonders of these water gardens: their shells and colored rocks, their forests of sea-palms; their big actiniæ, awake, with

the shores of classiclands. Neptune usually stills its waters as

"Along the surface of the tides
His sea-green chariot smoothly glides;
Hushed by his wheels the billows lie;
The storm clouds vanish from the sky."

From out the quiet grottos of Arch



Its headlands . . . fall sheer into the ocean.

myriad tentacles afloat, sensitive, awaiting their prey; their star-fish, easily mistaken for mottled rocks, digesting big fat mussels.

Some of the most beautiful of these pools lie in the fissures on the south shore of the peninsula, which lee coast is gentle in character—a pastoral andante after the agitato of the north shore—serene, limpid, suave as

Rock old Nereus might issue with his train of lovely daughters, his dolphins, and his tritons, and in its shady archway Proteus might sleep as he tended his flocks of seal. . . .

The surrounding rocks, whitened with guano, are the nesting-place and resting-place of countless sea-fowl, murrens and

gulls for the most part, that sit in solemn conclave, craning their necks and flapping their wings like the Penguin Areopagus on Anatole France's imaginary island.

Toward evening, as the level sun shot amber shafts of light through the combing breakers, I watched the gulls fishing on the beach, standing in line along the strand, running out as each wave receded, digging madly in the sand with their bills until driven shoreward again by the next breaker. In the distance the San Benito Mountains, serene, unfolded their undulating profiles, terminating in the rugged forms of Point Lobos, the land's last stand against the fury of the sea.

Later on, I rode down to this point—perhaps the wildest on the coast, a veritable chaos. Its headlands, higher and steeper than any on Pescadero Point, fall sheer into the ocean. In the causeways between, the sea whirls and eddies, beating itself against the cliffs, undermining them with long fissures or perforating them with cavernous water gates, in which as the waves rush in, the boiling foam mounts higher and higher, then subsides and a myriad tiny cascades flow out. I noticed one—a sort of blow-hole, a long perpendicular cleft—where, as each breaker dashed against the north front of the headland, a cloud of spray, like steam, would burst with tremendous force through the south side, the waves patiently cutting their way through the cliff, eventually to form one of those monumental arches that are so common along the coast.

The tides, as they go out, leave great basins of rock-bound water, quiet as mirrors, glazed, reflecting pictures of infinite variety and rarest color until, as a painter might draw his palette knife over a well-painted detail, a breaker bigger than its fellows overtops the rim, pouring a foaming

cataract into one corner, rippling the surface and destroying the marvellous reflections.

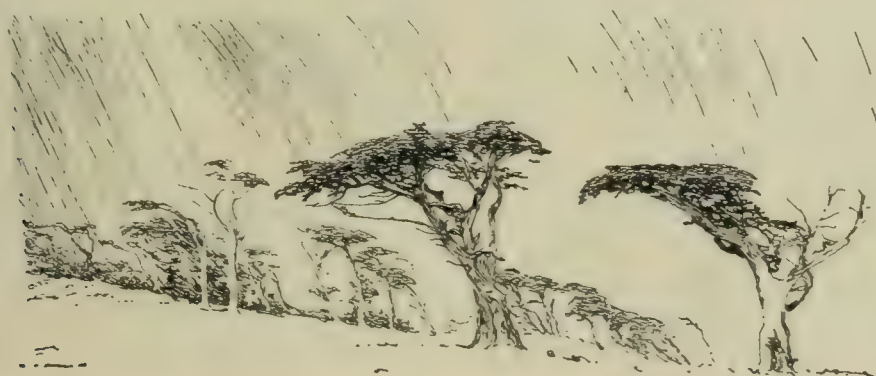
Around these basins Boecklin's triton families might gather and blow their whelks; or, hidden behind their rocky walls, his sirens lurk to lure their prey, and in the weird trees overhead his harpies roost. Out of reach of the highest tides the tragic cypresses grow again, writhing like lost souls of the Inferno, tortured, scarred, scrambling up the cliffs; clutching madly at the crevices with their roots, as if in mortal fear of being hurled into the boiling flood below.

Yet around their roots gardens bloom, filled with rare plants half aquatic, that derive their sustenance from the salt sea air. The mesembryanthemum, dressed in motley red and green, trails its festoons along the ledges, and the cotyledon stars the fissures with its clusters of pale green roses.

As the season wore on the winds grew fresher. On the lee side of Point Lobos all was quiet, but put your head above the top of the cliff and the wind whipped you like a lash. The trees, resistant as they are, swayed in the wind, their long lace lichens fluttering like old men's beards.

The ghostly fogs had ceased. Uninterrupted sunshine prevailed. At night the moon hung its crescent in the immensity of the sky; the drooping line of the distant hills, big by day, pushed close to the horizon.

Then in September came a day when the south wind blew. The whitecaps gleamed on a leaden sea. Gray clouds, the first in months, appeared in long streaks across the sky. Next morning I awoke to hear the rain pattering on the dry leaves and dripping from the oaks overhead. The long summer drought was broken—the rainy season was at hand.



MR. ROOSEVELT AND FRANCE

By William Morton Fullerton



DURING the last forty years three foreigners have aroused the imagination of Frenchmen: The Czar Nicholas II, King Edward VII, and Theodore Roosevelt. The Czar and the King of England have exerted an incalculable influence on French history. There are signs that the coming of Mr. Roosevelt may entail consequences which will be no less inextricably woven into the tissue of contemporary French annals.

The gravest exponent of British public opinion, at a moment when the English people were bowed as one nation, a homogeneous throng, round the body of their sovereign, welcomed Mr. Roosevelt's coming in language which it is pertinent to recall. The spectacle of the unfailing enthusiasm excited by Theodore Roosevelt as he passed from country to country was compared to the fervor aroused by Garibaldi, when his romantic exploits were still fresh in men's minds and his red shirt was the symbol of struggling causes. "There has been nothing like it in Europe since the days of Peter the Hermit," said *The Times*; and this great organ of British feeling undertook to account for the mystery of a phenomenon which the mere psychology of crowds is admittedly inadequate to explain. The reason why Mr. Roosevelt's progress in Europe has been such as the greatest monarchs have not always enjoyed was taken to be the fact that the substance of all his speeches has been one needful and welcome. Mr. Roosevelt came to a Europe which was sick and very weary of talk, perpetual talk, about rights; and it listened with avidity and hope to a man who spoke of duties, and spoke of them plainly and emphatically. The opportuneness of Mr. Roosevelt's message for his time is the explanation which was given of the astonishing success of his odyssey. I have no desire to reject this version of the matter. On the contrary, I fully accept this explanation; and in what I have to say concerning Theodore Roosevelt's visit to France I shall merely undertake to point out how particularly opportune, and how especially

impressive, was his message to that country. Even if Mr. Roosevelt had not opened his lips in France, his very presence there would have been an object-lesson.

I

It is a necessary preliminary to my argument to note that the great impression left by Mr. Roosevelt in France could not have been made if he had not arrived there with a singular prestige. He is the convenient symbol for Europe of American world-power; and France, in particular, has had excellent reasons of late for congratulating herself on having greeted Franklin with sympathy a century and a half ago, and for having aided the British colonies beyond the Atlantic to achieve their independence. At Algeciras she reaped the reward for her attitude during the Anglo-American difficulties of the eighteenth century. At Algeciras, the conciliatory intervention of President Roosevelt, by thwarting the German Emperor's efforts to destroy the diplomatic block on which France was able to take a firm stand in the defence of her Moroccan interests, did more than save that country from an humiliation which might have led to a European war. It confirmed again the fact, which Continental Europe had learned during the Spanish-American War, but which, if it had not been for Mr. Roosevelt's conspicuous personality, it might easily have forgotten—the fact that the United States exists, and that the Monroe Doctrine does not necessarily imply that the American Government ignores the presence of other Powers on this planet. Mr. Roosevelt, who had been a soldier in Cuba, and an official of the Navy Department, had also been the foremost promoter of arbitration among the nations. At The Hague, at Algeciras, and at Portsmouth he proved to Europe that America was no mere cartographic figment. For France, as for the rest of the European Continent, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt alone, meant the United States. His coming was the arrival of the magician who had made America to loom over the top of the

sea, and finally to become visible from Madrid, Paris, Berlin, and London, and even from China and from the islands of the Pacific.

Such was the European point of view. Its correctness or its superficiality need not here be discussed. The fact remains: for France, as for Europe, Mr. Roosevelt personifies an epoch of American history. The curiosity which the ex-president evoked in Paris sprang from a feeling of genuine and disinterested admiration for the man who had made the Republic of the United States more than merely visible to the naked eye, who seemed to have introduced it into the concert of the Powers; and the sympathy with which he was greeted in France was but the natural payment of a debt of gratitude to a man who had done that country signal service at a moment of grave crisis. Moreover, as chance would have it, he came to France "in the nick of time." He was the representative, it is true, of ideals which are not new, some of which, indeed, had been uttered by a foreigner more than twelve years before, but which had fallen then on stony soil. The time was ripe for his visit.

II

DURING the period in which the United States was materializing for European observers out of the mirage which had seemed for so long a time a mere cloud-bank in the Western Atlantic, the relations of the European States were evolving according to the laws of equilibrium, which, in the language of politics, means that those States were engaged in a struggle for the balance of power. Bismarck did more than create an approximately united Germany: he destroyed Europe. He pitted the Continental nations against one another in a reciprocal enmity which seemed likely to endure. The history of Europe during the last twenty years has been, in its broadest aspect, merely the often blind but consecutive effort to shatter German hegemony, to restore the concert of the Powers, and to establish equilibrium among those Powers. A necessary condition of the restoration of stable equilibrium in Europe was the renascence of France. England was a long time coming to this point of view, but Russia clearly perceived the fact only a few years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Frankfort, and

the result of her perspicacity was the Franco-Russian Alliance, and ultimately the Triple Entente between France, Russia, and England, which was a device for counterbalancing the prestige of the Triple Alliance.

No fact is more characteristic of our time than the Franco-Russian Alliance. But no fact was for a long period more misunderstood, even in France. The French Foreign Office left French public opinion in such complete ignorance of the real diplomatic bearings, and of the practical significance, of that alliance—which was interpreted by the nation as an earnest of ultimate recovery of Alsace-Lorraine—that when, in August, 1898, the Czar appealed to Europe in arms to meet for discussion of the problem of disbanding the standing armies, there was a spontaneous protest, a wail of disenchantment, throughout the whole French nation. When the young Czar visited Versailles in the autumn of 1896, he was piloted through the famous Galerie des Glaces, where the German Princes had proclaimed the birth of an empire won by the partial dismemberment of France. The presence in that accursed spot of a more arbitrary potentate than even a Hohenzollern drunk with victory was given almost a lustral importance by certain observers who had no difficulty in convincing the quick French imagination of their perspicacity. Nicholas II was conceived by them as a great and friendly monarch who had hunted the German spectre from that historic hall, and had purified it for French ends. If the French nation as a whole welcomed the Russian Alliance, it was because it felt that France could now hold up her head in Europe, and that one day perhaps she could tear up the Treaty of Frankfort. The burst of enthusiasm which greeted the Russian sovereigns on their several visits to France had no other meaning than this: "You are our friends, and some day you and we together will put Prussia in her place."

Thus, two great peoples, utilizing all the democratic forces of publicity at their disposal in our time, so transformed the arts of diplomacy that the union which they had formed could no longer be defined in the old idioms, and by such oft-used words as "treaty" and "alliance." But there was to be a rude awakening.

In 1898 the *Imperial Russian Gazette* published the appeal of the Czar in favor of dis-

armament. In France this publication was like an unexpected peal of thunder which seemed to shatter all the hopes of the nation. Was that, then, the meaning of the alliance with Russia? Public opinion in France, dumfounded before the blow, accused her rulers of having been duped by the Russian Foreign Office, which was represented as having acted in the interests of the two autocratic conspirators, the German Emperor and the Czar. An eminent historian, M. Lavissee, Academician and professor at the Sorbonne, expressed on this occasion the feeling not only of the masses but of the nation as a whole: "Never has our government taken care to explain to us the exact meaning of the alliance. It has thus far spoken and acted as if there were an understanding warranting vast hopes. It has encouraged the very natural illusions of a country given to enthusiasms. It has not perceived that we needed the real truths, naked and dry—harsh if necessary."

The "real truth" was that the French statesmen who had extolled an alliance with Russia had done so in the interests of peace, and that they were of the school of Gambetta, whose maxim was that if France could come to an understanding with Russia and England, she could do more than recover her position in Europe; she would be able to destroy German hegemony. In a period when the carking desire for *revanche* still dominated French society, it would have been impossible, in a democratic community like that of France, to undertake to dispel or even to temper "the natural illusions of a country given to enthusiasms," and to substitute for the misconstructions of French opinion as to the Russian Alliance truer conceptions of the European situation, and an exact notion of the scope of the defensive alliance with the Czar. The essential thing for those who were responsible for the destinies of France was to effect the alliance at all costs. Its bearing and significance could be explained later on. The disillusionment caused throughout France, as Frenchmen gradually grew to realize that the alliance implied no active policy of aggression culminating in the *revanche*, but meant the melancholy maintenance of the *status quo* as determined by the Treaty of Frankfort, and that all that subsisted of the "long hopes and the vast thoughts" of the early epoch of enthusiasm was the somewhat mystical faith of

Gambetta in an "immanent justice,"—this disillusionment was one of the most tragic experiences that ever befell a generous nation. France rose from the blow a sadder but a wiser nation. The experience tended to cultivate in it as a whole that spirit of positivism and resignation which had previously been characteristic of only a part of the people. It cultivated also the stoic courage to see and to take things as they are, which is the primary condition of practical statesmanship; and France, in seeking to readjust herself to the conditions revealed by her belated perspicacity, fell back upon the resolve to "make the best" of the best bargain which her rulers had been able to arrange in their efforts to restore her to her place in the world.

The Czar's appeal to Europe was examined in this fresh light. On reflection it was seen to be, after all, an utterance and an act inspired by some of the soundest of French traditions. What it really amounted to was the convocation of the *Etats-Généraux* of the nineteenth century; and it was not that by a figure of speech, but actually that. Only the conditions of our "laic" time, the multiple material conditions, had made such an appeal possible. Europe as a whole to-day is smaller than the France whose woes and *réclamations* were considered in 1789 by Necker and the king. But to-day, as then, there are corresponding "orders" which are interested in preventing the possibility of the reform proposed by the Czar. The National Assembly had decreed "fraternity," had cried *urbi et orbi*: "there shall be no more war." The time was not yet ripe. It was not ripe when the reform was extolled by Napoleon III. But it was all but ripe in 1898, and it is riper still to-day, because of the march of the factors, or rather the multiplication of the peculiar material conditions, which are transforming the very mentality of the race. Bismarck retarded the work of the French Revolution, gagging France and flinging Europe back into the old régime. Louis Napoleon had begun in the revolutionary spirit, but Germany blocked the way. At last France resumed her onward march, and—irony of ironies!—the Czar arrived with his historic appeal to the nations, showing himself thereby the real heir of the Revolution, the continuator of the work of the National Assembly.

There are two French ideals: that of *les droits de l'homme*, and that of *raison d'état*, and the struggle between them makes French history the most fascinating and human of all histories. The Czar, incarnating the first of these ideals, pointed the way to France, giving voice to her revolutionary spirit, her concern for right and human liberty, her scorn for privilege and *raison d'état*, and her sublime utopian logic. Three years after his famous appeal in favor of disarmament the Czar paid a second visit to France. At Compiègne, on Friday, September 19, 1901, he gave audience to M. Bourgeois, the French plenipotentiary at The Hague conference. This was the morrow of the day spent by the German Emperor on the field of manoeuvres of Bétheny, where at luncheon, in the casemates of the Fort of Vitry, the Czar proposed a toast in the following words:

"I drink to the brave French Army, to its glory and to its prosperity, and I like to look upon it as a powerful support for those principles of *equity* on which repose the general order, the peace, and the well-being of the nations." It was impossible to affirm more explicitly that the army of the Franco-Russian Alliance was the army of The Hague. "Equity," on the lips of a Russian emperor, was synonymous with "Justice," in the mouth of a Roosevelt. France had no longer any excuse for not understanding.

She did understand; not merely her rulers, but her people. And yet how many of their sentimental instincts were wounded, how many of their natural impulses arrested, by the certainty that "the principles of equity on which repose the general order, the peace, and the well-being of the nations," must henceforth be their only cult! The Czar had sown, in the teeth of a driving Gallic wind, the germs of pacifism in France. But the seeds had pushed to the light amid a rank undergrowth of aspirations toward "revenge." Was there no way of making a harmonious garden-plot of these blades of corn and of these scarlet poppies? Pacifism and war! Here were two reciprocally contradictory ideals. Could nothing be done to reconcile them?

The problem seems to have been solved by the ex-president of a friendly nation and a "sister republic." The rough-rider of Cuba had been the laureate of the Nobel

Peace Prize. Frenchmen awaited Mr. Roosevelt's arrival with anxious expectations, hoping to learn from his lips the formula which the United States had found useful and which might serve as a remedy for their *malaise*. They were not disappointed. Here is what the ex-president said to them at the University of Paris, in a lecture which has been disseminated by the *Temps* among some fifty thousand school-teachers throughout the country:

"The good man should be strong and brave, that is to say capable of fighting, of serving his country as a soldier, should the occasion arise. There are well-intentioned philosophers who declaim as to the iniquity of war. They are right provided that they insist merely on the iniquity. War is a horrible thing, and an unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is a crime of this sort because it is unjust, not because it is war. The choice should always be in favor of right, whether the alternative is peace or even war. The question should not be simply, Is there going to be peace or war? The question should be, 'Should the cause of right prevail? Are the great laws of justice once more to be observed?' And the reply of a strong and virile people will be: 'Yes, whatever the risk may be.' No honorable effort should ever be neglected in order to avoid war, just as no honorable effort should be neglected by an individual, in private life, to avoid a quarrel, and to keep out of difficulties; but no self-respecting individual and no self-respecting nation should submit to injustice." And dotting the *i*'s with a vigorous stroke, in a handwriting which all could read, the speaker concluded with an inspiring and illuminating definition of patriotism, and of its bearing on international relations. He seemed to be giving a voice to the finer idealism of French foreign policy under the Third Republic. The truly patriotic nation, he said, made the best member of the family of nations. It should stand up for its rights, but it should respect the rights of others. "International law," however, was not private law, and it lacked as yet a recognized sanction. For the present every nation must be the final judge of its own vital interests, and in the last resort must have the will and the strength to withstand the wrong which another

would inflict upon it. The nations were all for peace and justice, but "if peace and justice were at loggerheads they would despise the man who did not take the side of justice, even though the whole world were to rise up in arms against him."

No lips since Gambetta's had addressed Frenchmen with this lucidity and this authority. And the lips in question were those of the one distinguished foreigner whose sincerity was beyond suspicion. Mr. Roosevelt justified Frenchmen to themselves. He capped the work of the Czar, reconciling the two great principles which had presided over the evolution of French history: the spirit that had informed the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, and from the defeat of Ariovistus to the Treaty of Nimègue had animated the soul of the nation in its long struggle toward unity and *raison d'état*.

III

THE man who had thus eloquently expressed the aspirations and the anxious reflections of the French soul upon problems which concern the very existence of France as a nation, could be permitted to utter certain home truths which would have been tolerated from no one else, and Mr. Roosevelt made the most of his advantage. It was not merely a matter of his reminding a people who had inscribed the word "Egalité" on all their public monuments (not excepting the portals of their cemeteries—perhaps, the only place where it deserves to figure) that "Equality" is an absurdity; that there are degrees of worth, and thus degrees of legitimate superiority, and consequently of desert and social rank; and that only men who are equal are equal. It was not merely a matter of his pæan in honor of the man of action and character, which contained passages of withering scorn for the cynic who from his ivory tower watches the fray, fancying that it is vulgar to take part in the battle and "distinguished" to criticise, to count the blows dealt by others—utterances as stinging as those in which the Abbé Coyer castigated the aristocracy of his time for their indifference to the great civic, political, and commercial interests of the community; and utterances, moreover, that were singularly audacious in a society where so small a proportion of the Elec-

torate care to indulge in their right of suffrage. It was not even Mr. Roosevelt's haughty assumption to be speaking to the doctors of the Sorbonne as the Paul of a New Dispensation, and his venturing to assure these Gamaliels that all the science of the schools is as nothing in comparison with common sense and those qualities which, while giving a man self-confidence, give him at the same time a sentiment of his responsibility as a member of society. It was not Mr. Roosevelt fulminating as a kind of Protestant Savonarola, in the downright Anglo-Saxon way, that moved the heart of France. It was the mere fact of his existence as a type; the fact that a man who had been president of a republic should possess ideas of his own, and take himself seriously as a leader of men and a teacher, whereas in their own country the head of the State was a vague personage without known views of any kind, without initiative or authority, and a man who, if he were to venture to enunciate any ideas or to play a rôle, would expose himself, by virtue of the Constitution, to the French form of impeachment, and perhaps eventually be brought up for trial before Parliament sitting as a High Court of Justice.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt's visit to France coincided with the period of the general elections for the Chamber of Deputies. The ex-Minister of Finance, M. Jules Roche, who is a leading Paris editor, stood in those elections, as he had stood for many years, for a constituency in the Department of the Ardèche, and he was elected. In his address to his constituents, in which he thanked them for their confidence, he said:

"At the very moment when the ex-President of the United States was so magnificently expounding in Paris the conditions of a true republic and the rôle of a citizen, you were offering the example of an entire population of free citizens in a false republic, which is at the mercy of arbitrary action and the prey of anarchy. It was in vain that certain so-called republican electors trampled under foot the essential principles of a republic, and acted in a spirit of hostility toward liberty and right. You proclaimed in loud utterances, you as well as Mr. Roosevelt, that there is no republic without citizens, and no citi-

zens without the love and exercise of liberty, and no liberty without institutions which are its consecration and its guarantee."

M. Roche's electoral rhetoric should be taken *cum grano salis*; but the passage I have cited is significant in connection with what follows it. This is nothing less than the announcement of M. Roche's intention to propose a radical revision of the Constitution of 1875, in addition to the indispensable electoral reform; a revision which would embody two of the essential principles of the American Constitution—and yet the United States is a republic!—to wit: the guarantee of the necessary rights and liberties of the citizen, and a responsible president who would choose his ministers outside of Parliament. M. Jules Roche revives here ideas analogous to those of M. Déroulede. The latter is one of the most honorable and sympathetic of contemporary Frenchmen, and if ever the irony of fortune had lifted him to the Elysée, a long experience of France warrants my believing that he would have been a president of the stamp of Mr. Roosevelt: instead of which, France ostracized him as a danger to the State! But France, as it happens, does not need or want a president of that stamp. Neither a Déroulede nor a Roche is ever likely to rule her; and I have cited them merely because it is interesting to observe that their ideas which in the present state of the republic in France are bound to class them among the reactionaries, and almost to appear subversive, should nevertheless be commonplaces of republicanism in the great democratic community of the West.

Really, this would seem to imply a curious anomaly. It would suggest, at all events, that there are more forms and kinds of republics than are usually supposed to exist, and that there is no obvious reason for using the word in description of two communities governed in ways so radically disparate as are the United States and France.

Of course, M. Jules Roche, for his own political purposes, has put his finger on one of the essential differences between France and the United States. As he has observed with admiration, in the United States a responsible man is placed at the head of the State, whereas in France the fear of a "man" has for forty years been

the beginning of political wisdom. The fear of a "man" has been an inevitable state of mind of the French republicans, since the republic in its development has had to fight for its life amid a world of enemies surviving from the old régimes. The Constitution of 1875, under which France is now vegetating, was adopted by a majority of but one vote, and that Constitution was only one step—a moment of repose when the nation seemed to be marking time—in the secular effort, which has by no means as yet been realized, to organize the sovereignty of the people in a free country, with a responsible government that can be controlled by the nation. The spirit of unity, inoculated in the French soul by the monarchy, has above all been imposed by the geographical position of France. In the United States, on the contrary, the political tendencies were all centrifugal, and the natural principle was that of federalism until the unity of the nation was achieved—perhaps provisionally—by the enormous sacrifice of blood during the Civil War. In France the fear of a "man" was the form assumed by dread memories: the two experiments of the monarchy and of the empire, two foreign invasions, 1814–1815 and 1870–1871; and three revolutions, 1789, 1830, and 1848. As the astute historian of the Third Republic, M. Hantaux, puts it: "*les esprits éclairés qui dirigeaient l'Assemblée Nationale avaient la honte, la haine, l'horreur du pouvoir personnel, du despotisme et de la dictature. Donc la volonté nationale était unitaire, tandis que la prudence nationale était libérale.*" The Constitution of 1875, therefore, maintained national unity, and preserved the admirable scaffolding of government known as the administration, but did everything in its power to discourage personal ambition and to enfeeble such ideals of citizenship as were bound to be extolled by Theodore Roosevelt, the most authoritative exponent of the traditionally American political philosophy to whom France was ever likely to listen. "Rarely," says of the Constitution of 1875, M. Hantaux, "has a more complicated pagoda been constructed to shelter a more diminutive god." And he is right. All that Republican France desired was a visible figurehead at the summit of the monument. The type of *chef d'état* represented by a presi-

dent of the United States is a monster from the point of view of the Constitution of the parliamentary republic of France. "*Every act of the president of the republic,*" says clause 3 of that Constitution, "*must be countersigned by a minister,*" and these ministers are responsible not to the head of the State, but to the Chamber of Deputies, upon whom they depend. In the France of the Third Republic superiority of every kind has been damned in the name of *equality*, and suppressed in the name of *raison d'état*. Nothing resembling an organized democracy has ever existed in France, where the ship of state is still sailed by a small crew—the "Government of the ten thousand," to use Bismarck's phrase—who have seized and manned the Napoleonic administration and the political machinery. The rôle of the head of the State, as it has worked out in practice under the Third Republic, has shrunk to an even narrower compass than the delimitation fixed by the Constitution of 1875. Discipline, inter-subordination, beginning with the president, are the marks of French citizenship. There is no recognized place for individual initiative. French youth aspire to become "functionaries," civil servants, a part, however subordinate, of the vast machine; few dream of becoming leaders of men, and of "serving" the body-politic in the American way. All this has produced an automatic civic life in which the Chambers and the administration have directed the acts of committees known as governments. It is a state of things radically the opposite of that resulting from the American Constitution. A career like that of Mr. Roosevelt would be impossible for a public man in France, and were a Frenchman to try to test the elasticity of the French Constitution, and seek to secure the personal authority and prestige of a Roosevelt, he would quickly become the incarnation of all the reactionary aspirations in the country, and might, ultimately, as I have said, be impeached before the *Haute-Cour*.

IV

FRANCE, even republican France, suffers from the monotony of the bureaucratic automatism of its civic life, in which the form of ballot known as *scrutin d'arrondisse-*

ment prevents the education of the elector on any question of general policy and renders the deputy the creature of the State official. Yet the nation longs for a franker party organization, for the opportunity to discuss great national questions, for the thrill of a really democratic existence. There is no doubt that its citizens are eager to escape from the individual *veulerie* which tends to be the political fate of men who have not even, as under the Second Empire, the compensation of being able to satisfy their liking for a glorious *façade* and of cherishing the sentiment of respect. Now, Mr. Roosevelt, in his categorical way, voiced, with clarion-toned efficiency, the unexpressed longings of the republicans, while still seeming to speak the language of the liberal, even of the reactionary, opposition. The republicans, who one and all agree with him (as even the recent general elections tend to show), but who dared not openly confess it, since such confession would have classed them with the reactionaries, tolerated Mr. Roosevelt's home truths, solely because they came from American and "republican" lips; but from any other personality of his eminence—crowned head or other—many of the ideas to which he gave expression would have been held to verge on impertinence. The conservatives and the reactionaries, on the other hand, are always chiding the republic, and they welcomed Mr. Roosevelt as a timely visitor loaded with unexpected grist for their mills. "We told you so!" they cried to their republican compatriots. "What a lesson!" But the republicans were, in reality, no less delighted, since they, too, recognize the urgent necessity of reform; and the reform is coming in the spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's counsel. They agree that he has spoken "in the nick of time." His "providential" words strike home at just the right moment.

France has entered upon a period of unrest, of administrative and electoral reform, which is bound ultimately to transform the very foundations of her Constitution. It will not have been in vain that in this hour of crisis an ex-president of the "republic" of the United States should have fearlessly lectured the "sister republic" on the duties of citizenship, and that he should have said to modern France such things as these:

"A good citizen will insist on liberty for himself, and make it his pride that others should have it as well as he. Perhaps the best test of the point reached in any country by the love of liberty is the way in which minorities are treated there. Not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but there should be complete liberty for each individual to lead the life that suits him, provided that in so doing he does no harm to his neighbor. . . . In a republic it is necessary, in order to avoid failure, to learn how to combine intensity of conviction with a large tolerance for differences of conviction. Vast divergencies of opinion relative to

religious, political, and social beliefs will exist necessarily, if the intelligence and the conscience are not to be stifled, but to develop sanely. The bitter fratricidal hatreds based on such divergencies are not a sign of ardent belief, but of that fanaticism which, whether it be religious or anti-religious, democratic or anti-democratic, is itself merely the manifestation of sinister bigotry, which is in turn the primary cause of the downfall of so many nations."

Since Mr. Roosevelt's departure, France has been saying to herself, in the words of Dante when Virgil chided:

"The self-same tongue first wounded and then healed me."

THE POINT OF VIEW

"BE thankful for your successes," wrote Dean Hook to a young friend; "ignore your failures, and always be at tempting something new." Clauses one and two gave me a pleasant, platitudinous fillip, superficial as the thirty "claps" the children had applied that morning; but the last part of the dictum was a vigorous one-to-grow-on. I had been ruefully saying to myself that at thirty I had read all the books worth reading, and drunk the cup of my limited diversions; and that now it behooved me to settle down to contented acquiescence in the monotony of village customs and mental habits. Somehow that exhortation of Dean Hook to be always attempting something new, whisked me like a spirited horse around the corner of my inertia into the wide world.

The
Need of
the New

Perhaps I had been too steadily industrious. The iterated preaching of my house, my garden, my desk, had been, "Stay, be content, keep off the grass, have proper meals, sufficient sleep, save some money for old age"—a prescription to dull the keenest edge of thought. Possibly, to renew body and mind and spirit, I must make some progressive readaptation of my secure and peaceful life; stir into it some ingredient to check the crystallization going on

there, and thus keep myself in collodial condition. Possibly, to grow, I must do unhabitual things:

"None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture."

The Dean's maxim sticking like a snag in the stream of my birthday meditations, all sorts of flotsam and jetsam swirled about its sides. Every book I read, every sermon I heard, every least experimenter in the way of life, brought illustrations to my text. In studying *Hermione's* part in the "Winter's Tale," Mary Anderson suddenly determined to take the part of *Perdita* as well. Her chief authority was the strong resemblance between the two. To intrust *Perdita* to a person unlike the queen in looks, voice, or manner, would spoil its continuity. Had doubling the parts necessitated cutting important speeches, the idea would have been abandoned; but as only six of *Perdita's* lines were sacrificed, Mary Anderson did not feel guilty of vandalism in making this radical innovation. It proved her masterpiece. Catherine the Great, of Russia, could imitate anything, the crow of a cock, the purr of a cat, or the imperial dignity with which she ruled. In mastering strange parts she forgot royal

annoyances. Madame le Brun, delayed in a terrible road by a breakdown to her carriage, gathered up some of the wretched earth and tried to model a head of it. "I really achieved something that looked like a face, and the time flew." Fleeming Jenkin's mother was over forty years old when she lost a beautiful voice. She at once set herself to learn the piano, working eight hours a day, and attained to such proficiency that her collaboration in chamber music was courted by professionals.

Young Lady Burton asked a friend to teach her to fence, declaring that she wished to defend her husband when they were in the wilderness together. She set herself to learn everything which might fit her for a roving life, so that in desert or woods, with or without servants, she might be qualified for any emergency. She went to a farmhouse where she learned all domestic details, how to groom horses, milk cows, and tend poultry. One of the best dairy women in our Middle West, whose butter has taken many prizes, never milked a cow or saw a churn till circumstances made it necessary to take charge of an important dairy. She was over thirty at the time, yet she picked up the whole business almost instantaneously, because in the new work she regained that great motive power of the will, interest.

Dean Buckland tried in vain to induce the farmers of his locality to rejuvenate their fields. Finally, on the turf near his summer home, he sowed the word *guano* in that material, and in due course the brilliant green grass of the letters amply testified to the efficiency of the dressing. Where preaching of the new had failed, illustration won. Sedgwick was allured into geological studies by being appointed professor of geology at Cambridge. The statement sounds incredible; but he said: "Hitherto I have never turned a stone: now I will leave no stone unturned." Murchison, an officer in the dragoons, an excellent hunter and a keen horseman, hardly knew one stone from another. Lady Murchison, however, taking up the study of geology, he himself began that career, which made him the first geologist of his age. A French chemist begged Pasteur to study the silk-worm disease which was making such havoc in French industry. "But consider that I have never handled a silk-worm!" "So much the better; you will then have no ideas other than those which come from your own observation." He succeeded notably. "Fixed ideas are dangerous," he used to say; "try new roads." Chalmers had been abusing German theology,

when Tholuck asked him if he had ever read any German theology. "Well, now, I do not think I have; but I will begin German to-morrow;" and he did, declaring that his mind received new tone therefrom, and his spirit new enchantment. La Rochefoucauld lent himself to the play of the *Précieuses*, writing maxims, without ever suspecting that he would therein find the fame he had vainly sought in politics and war. Leschetizky, wounded in his right arm and unable to use it, composed a number of pieces for the left hand alone. One, a fantasia on "Lucia de Lammermoor," is very popular. Not to multiply illustrations unduly, the career of Watts summarizes them all. No individual of his age possessed so much and so varied information. Aside from chemistry and the arts and all physical sciences, he was curiously learned in antiquity, music, and the law. He was well acquainted with most modern languages and recent literature, and he found life thrilling to the end.

WE have all known persons who seemed to glory in their limitations: "I cannot sew; I cannot cook; I cannot read poetry." Possibly he was a clever man who refused to learn to row that he might never have to pull a boat for others. I have even heard that sailors, who would make good swimmers, hold off because overboard in mid-ocean, with no hand to help, and not a spar, they would rather drown end-on, the sooner the better, than fight for it. In such refusal speaks the soul of the deserter. Every occupation learned, every idea gained, is years of slavery remitted. I once fell into the habit of telling a friend who knitted that I too must some time learn it. The remark was repeated once too often for her patience. Instantly strong arms were around me, needles and a piece of plain knitting forced into my hands, and no excuses, no urgent calls elsewhere effected a release. Then and there, amid pouts and laughter, my fingers were put through their paces, sufficient directions sing-songed into my ears; and lo! to knit is now the solace of my dark hours.

Marcel Prévost, the most essentially French of contemporary writers, outlines in "Lettres à Françoise" the system of a woman's education. "Keep your taste for novelty," he tells her; "your trust in to-morrow; your instinctive faith in the world's progress. Be curious about the world in which you live—you will

The Tonic
of Attempting

have time enough to be reactionary. Experiment courageously in the fashions of the day." Did he forecast the extraordinary coiffures of this year of gracelessness? Yet perchance, since fashion departs before it can fade, it is the only thing in this old world that is perennially fresh. Conceivably, a psyche knot, or a preposterous pompadour, a rampant rat or a bulging bun releases the imprisoned soul of the factory girl, as a sprinkling of sudden perils in the hunting field uplifts the professional man, or as impulses from the vernal woods enlarge the horizon of the house mother. Athletes get muscle bound: we get thought bound, and need an outlet in some exotic action.

To the sorrow-weighted the maxim to be always attempting something new is tonic, medicinal, recuperative. For forty years Marianne North's father had been both her friend and companion, and after his death she had to fill up her hours with other interests and learn new habits of mind and heart. She went straight to Mentone to paint from nature. Specializing on botanical specimens, she travelled all over the world in search of subjects, giving her superb collection of painted flowers finally to Kew Gardens, where it rivals the herbarium in usefulness and interest. After Mr. Delany's death, his wife could never bring herself to her old pleasure of painting flowers, but she invented a method of making paper flowers in mosaic, copying the original marvellously. Beginning thus at the age of seventy-four, in eight years she did one thousand specimens, "with truth unparalleled," botanists coming from afar to use her collection for identification. When old interests have been snatched away, there is nothing like new ideas for creating new interests and soothing grief and loneliness. The study of a foreign language, geology, botany, ornithology, astronomy; or a handicraft, be it only the scraping and repolishing of a piece of old furniture; planting cabbages in orderly rows, cooking fancy desserts, or trifling with some of the hundred kinds of "cat's-cradle" which an industrious ethnologist has collected from many primitive peoples—these all bring relief from depressing routine. One dear old lady I know combats loneliness by concocting rhymes to the names of her friends, people hovering about to hear her jingles like bees about a honey pot; while another old lady who makes exquisite Irish crochet and point-lace asserts that she acquired her deftness by a youthful progression through such atrocities as hair wreaths, wax flowers, putty frames, and

perforated air castles. Like Mrs. Gamp, she added so many strings daily to her bow that she made a perfect harp of it. The aging have special need thus to seek new tasks and new impressions, to think outside the present circle of ideas, to pray to be kept from narrow pride in outgrown ways, blind eyes that will not see the good of change.

The crossing of the radical line between man's and woman's work affords unexpected diversion. I knew of a young woman who studied in a Western school of mines at the same time that her brother was taking a course of designing with a Parisian dressmaker. Benjamin Franklin travelled by coach from Philadelphia to New York. The journey took four days, and he knitted stockings to while away the time. Choiseul employed some of his leisure in exile by doing tapestry work in the drawing-room at Chanteloup, recounting delightful tales meanwhile of his long ministry to his distinguished guests. Jean Jacques sat outside his doorway making bobbin lace, and even carried his pillow about with him in the fields.

In the way of friendships wisdom urges that we live "in the stream of novelty as well as in the lakes of loyalty." New friendships are inspiring, and only by making new attachments can we escape threatening solitude. Society is an essential medicine for the shy. Fénelon advised his royal young pupil to gain some daily victory over his reserve: "Go into the world as a penance for your faults, as a duty to your house and name, and rid yourself of that hidden selfishness which pretends to a taste for a quiet, serious life."

Even in the field of ethics one may profitably roam as an adventurer. An excellent piece of roguery, quoth Jowett, "is never to say an unpleasant thing about anybody, no matter what the provocation." One might seek adventure by mastering the fine art of dress; by acquiring a picturesque vocabulary, by practising the golden rule. In Maeterlinck's fairy story, the Soul of Sugar broke off one of his sweet fingers for Mytle to eat. It grew again immediately, whereby his generosity insured him always new clean fingers. It was borne in upon Stevenson that his duty was not to make his neighbor good, but to try to make him happy.

Dr. Johnson sententiously remarked that the poet Gray was dull in a new way, which made people think him great. By the new face slipped over the old fact do the qualified enrich erstwhile commonplaces. Jules Simon's father

was a Napoleonist. He had in his office portraits of the royal family, but he was not proud of them till by turning them upside down, an ingenious arrangement revealed likenesses of Napoleon, his queen, and his son.

When Dr. Boyd found on his shelves antiquated books on science and theology, he refrained from donating them to the public library, but burned them, which savors of novelty. Young Herbert Spencer, too poor to hire a cab to drive him to a dinner party, took a roll of newspapers, one or two of which he would spread down over each muddy crossing, thereby making a little bridge over which to walk clean soled.

In the intellectual life the need of the new is imperative. The advantages of varied knowledge, in opposition to the idea that it is better to learn one subject thoroughly than to know something of many subjects, was the text of A. R. Wallace's first prize essay. Pres. Woodrow Wilson declares that the university of today should make boys as unlike their fathers as possible; not because their fathers are not excellent men, but because they are too specialized. We must try to generalize the boys again. "If La Bruyère had drunk, if La Rochefoucauld had hunted, if Chamfort had travelled, if Lacy had known foreign languages, if Theophrastus had been in Paris—they would all have written better still," explained the wise old Prince of Ligne. A later diplomatist, Prince Hohenlohe, whose omniscience was remarkable, dwelt upon the wholesome fatality by which he had held posts only long enough to overcome the initial difficulties and habituate himself to the place. "Then the inexorable hand of Providence intervenes and tears me away, and I seem to hear a voice saying that everything is going too easily for me, that my inborn laziness will get the upper hand, and packs me off to something new."

A chief end of literary study is to reveal new interests in life, to multiply the points of contact between the mind and human experience, to open out new ways of thought and feeling. A foreign language puts unfamiliar things in an unaccustomed way so deftly that we feel as though we had gained another sense: the words of our mother tongue, in Lowell's apt phrase, having been worn smooth by so much rubbing against our lips and minds. Moreover the man who learns Spanish to sell to the Spaniards may use it to read Cervantes; and

the student of old Homer finds his knowledge helpful in ordering bed and meals in modern Greece. In mere reading the sophisticated will not confine their choice to one kind of literature. Fiction should alternate with "thick books." To read only the best hundred books is to make of the week one perpetual Sabbath.

At a time when Joseph II of Austria wanted to have a finger in every pie, he forbade the reverend fathers of a neighboring monastery to sing through their noses; but a Capuchin soon came imploring permission to revert to nasalism. Like St. Anthony preaching to the fishes:

"Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way."

So up and down the ages the conservatives are crying, "Why cannot you let it alone?" while the young "girt with the priceless robes of inexperience" are pushing against the crusts of the old, responding to the call of every fresh moment, seeking enjoyment in energy, not dalliance, wholesomely exhausting each stage of life as it is lived, and hospitably entertaining conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions. Nor is their attitude one to be apologized for. Rather is it in line with the whole method of the universe. Everywhere, as Dr. Martineau says, in the lower life there is the spirit of routine; but everywhere the higher life is undulatory, in need of variation, developed through change. Variety of work and interests keeps life fresh and steady and sane. "However mistaken Byron and Shelley were," said Tennyson, "they yet gave the world another heart and new pulses, and so we are kept going." Without this impact of the new, the untried, the unhabitual, the most original of us grows stale and languid. Trying to divine, as Wellington put it, what is on the other side of the hill is not enough. Walt Whitman states our need thus:

"O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship, O Soul;
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores, on waves of ecstasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds . . .
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.
O my brave Soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther sail!"

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTURE IN COLOR



Grotesque, College of the
City of New York.

and frame, within the period of less than a quarter of a century, has—it has been suggested—through its insistence upon greater safeguards and higher standards in structural work, led to the adoption of more absolutely fire-proof and frost-proof material, as terracotta, and thence, naturally, to the introduction of color with this material, first in the strictly constructive members, then in the ornamental, tiles, medallions, reliefs, and finally in decorative and even monumental sculpture. But, while science is permitted to go on (somewhat haltingly at times) to the exploitation of entirely new fields, one after another, the fire-new presentations in art frequently prove to be either of doubtful value or the revivals of past glories—even when it is question only of the material processes, the technique. “Luca’s works in glazed faience,” writes a contemporary expert, “have technical qualities which have never

IN the gradual process of its development, or reconsideration, contemporary architecture in this country seems to be coming to the point of accepting freely the embellishment of colored sculpture. The adoption of the typical steel girder

been surpassed. In the first place, he used a clay that was well selected, washed and freed from all impurities; secondly, he employed glazes which were pure and beautiful in color, and predominant among these were a magnificent pale blue and a creamy white; thirdly, his works had the glaze evenly distributed over the whole surface and so preserved the beauty of his modelling; fourthly, he was extremely careful in the jointing of different pieces and he always fitted them together and eliminated all ragged edges and coarse joints.”* In the more impalpable qualities of the art, also, the contemporary sculptor, working with polychromatic faience and terra-cotta, will probably be content to rival the two great Della Robbias.

In the simpler color schemes adopted, the arrangement of white figures on a blue ground is frequently maintained to-day, as in the pediment of Dr. Parkhurst’s church, Madison Square, in this city. In the panels of the

Boston Opera House, representing Music, Drama, and Dancing, this blue takes on a greenish tinge. In the large medallions and reliefs on the façade of the new Vanderbilt hotel, in this city, now in process of construction, the color is more delicate, the figures being white and the background a delicate cream color. But for all

this work, sculptural and purely architectural, the number of colors, it is claimed, can be indefinitely increased.

The use of this material in building has become so extensive that, it is asserted, fifty per cent. of the visible construction of the



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Panels by F. G. R. Roth.

* Francis G. Plant, Art Director, Hartford Faience Company.

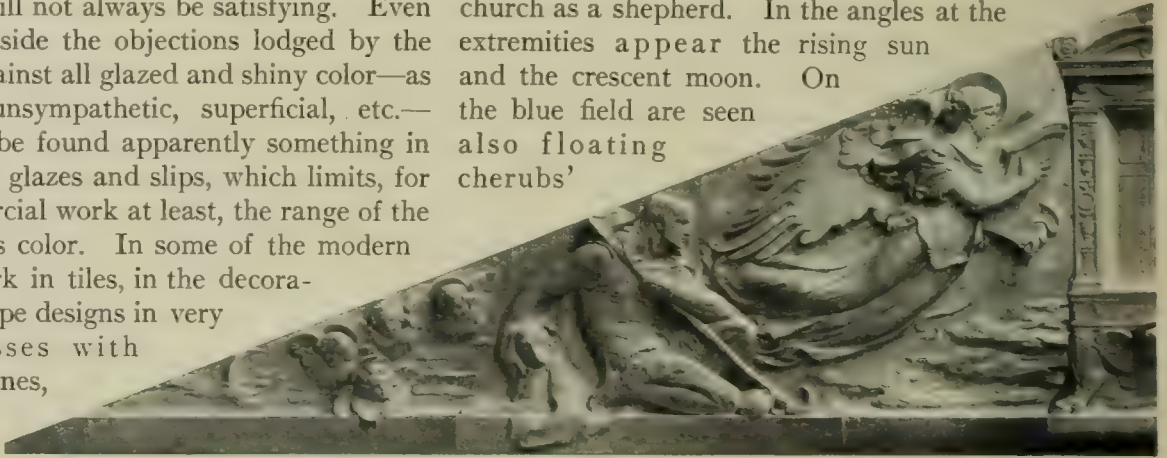
sky line of the "sky-scrapers" on Manhattan Island is of terra-cotta, and only about fifteen per cent. of marble, granite, and other stones. The rest is mostly brick.

If, however, we take for a moment the point of view of a painter, it may be admitted that this color will not always be satisfying. Even in setting aside the objections lodged by the tonalists against all glazed and shiny color—as repellent, unsympathetic, superficial, etc.—there is to be found apparently something in the clay, its glazes and slips, which limits, for the commercial work at least, the range of the charm of its color. In some of the modern interior work in tiles, in the decorative landscape designs in very broad masses with raised outlines, something more like the qualities the

painter strives for are obtained—the mellowness, richness, depth, smothered pomp—so to speak, the color living and working in the mass, ready to break out, threatening, to be hoped for. *Color*, in short. And even better results will probably be obtained.

Dr. Parkhurst's low-domed, Romanesque church facing Madison Square was designed as a colorful edifice, and the sculpture in the pediment was planned by the late Stanford White. The size of the figures, in very high relief, excited some apprehension when it came to their execution, and many devices were employed to insure success—among others, that of mounting a vastly enlarged photograph of the completed model, the size of the original, in the tympanum (forty-four feet on the base line) and inspecting it critically from the park below. From Mr. White's memoranda, H. Siddons Mowbray, painter, executed a careful design, indicating the color, and Adolph A. Weinman, sculptor, carried this out in a relief model of the dimensions required. From this model the Atlantic Terra-cotta Company produced the finished work, in the required colors, and the assembled pieces were carefully set in the brick work of the pediment, the touches of gold, in leaf, being afterward laid on by hand, though the metal, also, could have been applied and fired with the three colors employed. In the centre of the tympanum appears an upright tabernacle or shrine, bearing the cross and ball in gold on an orange panel and with the ornament also picked out in gold; underneath are clouds and a winged head: this rep-

resents truth; on either side are graceful floating female figures in adoration, one with a lyre and the other with a scroll, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Of the two kneeling male figures, that in armor on the right indicates the conquering or militant church, and that on the left the church as a shepherd. In the angles at the extremities appear the rising sun and the crescent moon. On the blue field are seen also floating cherubs'



Pediment in Dr.

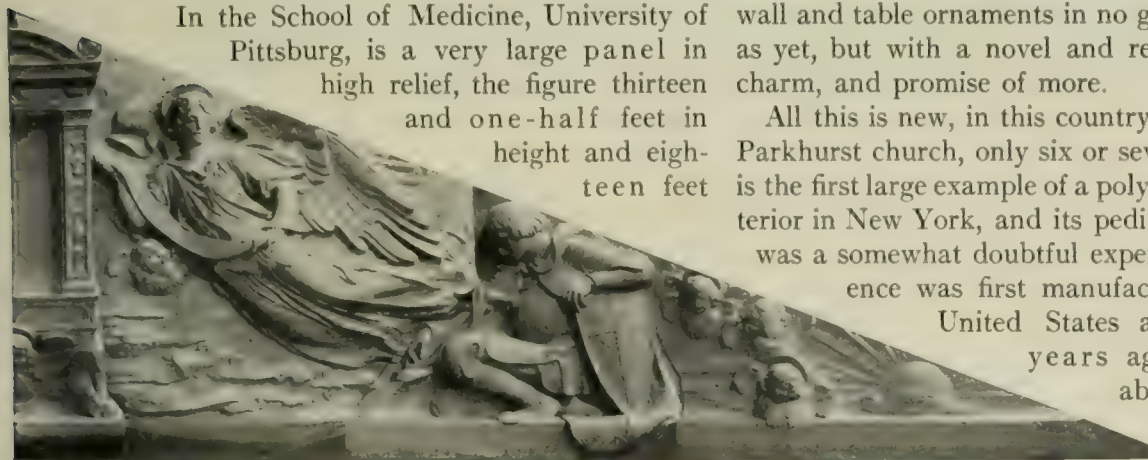
heads and wisps of cloud, and it is spotted with stars. The figures, etc., are of a glazed white, not too cold; the lyre and the lettering on the scroll, the halos of the two angels and of the cherub heads, the knight's sword hilt and the stars, are also gilded. The background is of a luminous blue, somewhat more luminous than is wanted, allowance having been made for the inevitable lowering of tone by dust and exposure to the weather.

The decorative panels over the main entrance of the Boston Opera House, Bela L. Pratt, sculptor, executed by the Atlantic Terra-cotta Company, are smaller in scale, also in high relief, and divided into square panels like gigantic tiles. These panels present in each a central figure or group, about half life size, and larger groups at the two ends.

For the decorations of the first two floors of the façade of the Vanderbilt hotel the scheme is more strictly architectural. In the great semicircular lunette over the central entrance very tall decorative terminal figures, nymphs and satyrs, six feet in height, eight in number, radiate from the centre like the sticks of a fan, separating very shallow arched niches and united by festoons and other light devices; over the light cornice of the second floor, on the three great bays of the building, are spaced large medallions, four feet in extreme diameter, bearing dancing figures in relief, and the cornice itself carries a handsome Paladion motif. In the interior of this building, when completed, it is intended to make still more ex-

tensive use of this decorative sculpture tricked out with color. All of it will be modelled from the designs of the architects, Warren and Wetmore, and under their supervision by Donnelly and Ricci, and executed by the Hartford Faience Company.

In the School of Medicine, University of Pittsburg, is a very large panel in high relief, the figure thirteen and one-half feet in height and eighteen feet



Parkhurst's church.

at base, of Esculapius, with his staff and serpent, gray in color, modelled by the sculptor Charles Keck for the Atlantic Terra-cotta Company. For the more or less Byzantine architecture of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the elaborate color scheme of the relief work of which—in red, green, yellow, cream tones, and sienna—has provoked much comment, this same company has provided nearly a hundred cherubic figures, creamy white against yellow, and other figures in high relief, a colder white against blue. Examples could be multiplied. Among them is a large panel in several colors representing knights tilting, seven feet in length, in Rookwood faience, by the sculptor W. P. McDonald, over a doorway in Westwood School, Cincinnati, Ohio. A very extensive field is opened by the possibility of exact reproduction of any classic work—as a panel of Donatello's children, by this company, in old ivory with touches of sienna.

In the field of smaller work, wall fountains, flower-boxes, vases, tobacco-boxes, panels in relief, etc., etc., the opportunities are innumerable, and the interior work offers certain advantages in permitting the use of soft, porous, and heavily applied mat glazes, not having to fear the assaults of wind and weather which will affect unglazed terra-cotta.

For fountains, the polychromatic exterior glaze decoration is peculiarly well adapted and has been used in a number of important cases.

A very ingenious and interesting diversion of this art has been presented in the little

animal figures in faience by the sculptor F. G. R. Roth, both in the round and in panels of various degrees of relief. In these, to a wide range of modelling, realistic and purely decorative, he adds an equally wide range of color, truthful and fantastic, and contrives to produce wall and table ornaments in no great numbers as yet, but with a novel and real decorative charm, and promise of more.

All this is new, in this country at least; the Parkhurst church, only six or seven years old, is the first large example of a polychromatic exterior in New York, and its pediment in color was a somewhat doubtful experiment. Fai-

ence was first manufactured in the United States about twenty years ago; and tiles about thirty-five, but the origin of the latter among

the Egyptians is traced back by some historians to about 5000 B. C., and their general use to about 1400 B. C. The Alhambra, the beautiful tiles of which have never been excelled, was commenced in 1272 A. D.; Luca della Robbia first employed faience about 1440 A. D., and to him is usually attributed the discovery of the method of producing opaque glazes which could be applied directly upon the body clay without the intervening coating of white clay, or "slip." This latter method, however, is still in use by the terra-cotta manufacturers whose wares, generally, are content with one firing, while those of the faience specialists, like the vases of the potter, enjoy two, before and after glazing. Consequently the latter are usually distinguished by a greater delicacy and beauty of finish, color, and surface texture which permits of their use in association with marble, bronze, and the finer stones. In "the production of glazes having the softness to the eye and touch of the non-reflecting mat surfaces of the faience of to-day, with their richer and more sympathetic qualities of color," the modern makers contend that they rival "the somewhat glassier textures which, even with such masters as the Della Robbias, represented their most advanced technical knowledge."* The possibilities of the non-reflecting mat surface for sculpture are of vital importance for the full development of the art.

In the tiles, which permit of a great variety of broad and decorative effects in landscape and figure design, the modelling is either in

* Sturgis Lawrence, Rookwood Pottery Company.



Panel by W. P. McDonald in the Westwood School, Cincinnati.

low relief or limited to raising the outlines, partly for the purpose of confining the color within its proper boundaries.

The clays, of different colors, in which occur sand, flint, and feldspar, are found in various localities. For the terra-cottas, broken pieces of the baked terra-cotta, called "grit," are added. From the model furnished by the sculptor, or from that made by trained workmen in inferior pieces, a cast is made, into the mould of this cast the prepared moist clay, the "body," is forced into every part, and when dry taken out and fired in muffle kilns.

The largest part of the drying takes place after the piece is turned out of the mould, either on the floor or in tunnels where artificial or waste heat is in circulation. In the circular kilns the flames do not touch the clay, but circulate in various directions through the hollow walls and down through the central hollow shaft according to three separate systems of firing, known by their respective names. For the larger pieces of terra-cotta, as those of the Parkhurst church, it is necessary to regulate this firing very carefully, that the moisture contained in them shall be completely expelled before the extreme heat is applied. The steam vent holes, left in the upper part of the kiln, are not closed for two days, then all peep holes and vents are stopped up and the highest temperature developed, frequently 2,250° Fahrenheit.

For the one firing of the terra-cottas, both

glazed and unglazed, it is usual to give six days to the firing and six to the cooling; for the faience, about fifty hours to the "bisque" and fifty more when it has been covered with the vitreous glaze. This glaze and the preliminary "slip" are applied by spraying on the principle of the air-brush. The shrinkage in the firing is very nearly fifteen-sixteenths of an inch to the foot in the plain pieces, and one inch to the foot for the glazes, which require a higher temperature, and this shrinkage is allowed for in the original modelling. The kilns are circular, built of fire brick, banded with iron, and frequently repaired; when they are filled, ready for firing, the doors are bricked up with a double wall through which horizontal flues are left for the circulation of the flames. The completed pieces, issued from the kiln, are trimmed by hand and the joints planed smooth to fit neatly, though the architect—unlike the sculptor—frequently insists upon the demonstration of this cement-filled joint.

The colored glazes and slips are made of mineral chemicals and clays, often imported from Germany and England, and frequently very expensive. A nice adjustment is required to make equal the coefficients of expansion and contraction of the glazes and the terra-cotta bodies to which they are applied. Otherwise "crazing" ensues, *i. e.*, the appearance of fine cracks in the glaze.

WILLIAM WALTON.



"The Drama," by Bela L. Pratt, Boston Opera House.



Painted by Anton Fischer.

AN OCTOBER DAY

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CASCORRA, THE FIRST CUBAN SIEGE

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



THE day after reporting at the always shifting headquarters of Maximo Gomez was spent by the *expedicionarios*, as all recent arrivals from the United States were called, in resting after the trying march from the coast, and in accustoming themselves to strange surroundings and to a manner of life entirely new even to those who had seen no little of rough life in the open. All day long there arrived trains of pack-animals laden with the cargo of the *Dauntless*, and before nightfall there was a stack of boxes and bundles that looked decidedly larger than the hull of that vessel.

During the day I had an occasional glimpse of our chieftain, whom I had met the previous evening. He was seated in a canvas hammock swung between a couple of small trees and spent most of the day going over his mail that we had brought with us from the New York Junta, the only means of communication with the outside world enjoyed by the insurgents in the field. He dictated a few letters to his secretary, and after the noonday meal took a nap. Upon awakening he swore roundly about something, addressing his remarks to his *asistente*, or personal servant. I did not at that time understand Spanish, but judged from his gestures and tone of voice that he was not complimenting that individual on his accomplishments. Shortly after this he sent for me, and having but recently witnessed his outburst, I approached with

some misgivings. A member of his staff, Major Miguel Tarafa, in times of peace a Matanzas banker, acted as interpreter. The general began by expressing his appreciation of the spirit which had impelled us foreigners to leave our homes and cast our lot with a people struggling for independence, and then bluntly asked me what I knew about artillery. I told him frankly that my accomplishments were limited, to which he replied by saying, "Well, you cannot know any less than another American who came down here and said he knew it all." He then stated that he would place me in charge of the gun brought down on the *Dauntless*, and also of another and smaller Hotchkiss, one of 1.65 inch calibre, that he had with him, and said further that I would have the status of an officer with the privileges pertaining thereto, but that I would not actually be commissioned until after I had "made good." Then passing from weightier subjects, he asked me if I had ever eaten sugar-cane, and I had to confess that my acquaintance with the edible properties of that plant were about on a par with my knowledge of artillery. "Well," he said, with a grim smile, "you cannot be a real rebel until you know how to eat sugar-cane," whereat he took one of several joints from the ground under his hammock, and with the fine Moorish scimeter which he carried in lieu of the omnipresent machete, showed me how to strip off the tough bark and get at the juicy pulp. He then had me try it

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with my own machete, and was no little amused at my awkwardness.

From that time he always took a great interest in me, and if we came in contact when there was an interpreter at hand he would inquire how I was getting on and how I liked being a "mambi," the complimentary term by which the Spaniards usually referred to the insurgents. He always called me "Capi," an abbreviation of the Spanish word *capitan*, captain.

He was a stern, hard-hearted man, with a violent temper, but had in his nature some streaks of human kindness, that shone luminously by contrast. He resembled exactly the many pictures of him that were published while he was in the public eye. He was a thin, wiry man with snow-white mustache and goatee, and was of pure Spanish descent, having the swarthy complexion of most Latins.

In looking over the force that General Gomez had with him, several surprises were in store for us Americans, the principal one being that it was composed almost entirely of white men. This is explained by the fact that the province of Puerto Principe, now known as Camaguey, has in its population a smaller proportion of negroes than another portion of Cuba. Later we were to see insurgent forces, from near Santiago de Cuba and Manzanillo, consisting almost entirely of black men. The officers of the force that we were now with were, as a rule, planters, cattle-raisers, farmers, or professional or business men from the towns, and were as a class the best men of the native Cuban population. Scores of them spoke English, having been educated in the United States or having lived there. At this period of the war they were well mounted, and were dressed neatly in white duck, which being the clothing of the country, really constituted the uniform of the insurgents, so far as they could be said to have any. All were provided with appropriate insignia of rank, and wore on their hats the tri-colored Cuban badge. The rank and file consisted mainly of employees of the plantations and cattle-ranches, and scattered among them a good many small farmers and cattlemen, with also clerks, mechanics, and laborers from the towns. They were ragged, and some, though not many, barefooted. They were armed with Mauser and Remington rifles and had well-

filled cartridge pouches. Their rifles were badly cared for, nearly all being not only rusty, but fouled from not having been cleaned after use. All mounted officers and men carried the long or cavalry machete, with a blade about two and one-half feet in length. These were formidable weapons for hand-to-hand work, and had all been brought to the island on filibustering expeditions, having been especially manufactured for military purposes by a firm in Providence, R. I. Dismounted troops carried in addition to their rifles, the short machete, used mainly in times of peace in cutting cane and brush. Earlier in the war, before the insurgents had been supplied with an adequate number of firearms, there had been a number of occasions when small Spanish detachments had been surprised and overwhelmed by superior forces of Cubans rushing them with the machete and cutting down all who did not surrender. The principal object of these attacks was to obtain the fine Mausers with which the Spanish troops were armed, but at the time of our arrival, the Cubans having been well supplied with rifles, and as the Spaniards were operating in larger columns and taking greater precautions to prevent surprises on the march, the machete had fallen from its high estate as a weapon of war, and was relegated to such prosaic work as digging sweet potatoes, chopping firewood, and cutting up beef.

Every officer and man carried a hammock made of canvas or gunny sacks, and immediately on going into camp swung it between a couple of trees, using it by day as a chair and by night as a bed. Nobody except newly arrived foreigners ever slept on the ground, and they only once, the various brands of ants and other insects that thrive in Cuba being particularly industrious and pestiferous.

The second morning after our arrival, the whole force assembled at this place started on one of those aimless marches that were the chief weakness of the insurgent leaders. The cargo of the *Dauntless*, except some ammunition and medical stores that had been distributed, was left behind under guard, to be removed a few days later and stored under sheds constructed for the purpose at a point more distant from the coast.

Reveille sounded at three o'clock, hours before daybreak, the few provided with coffee had some prepared, horses that had been grazing throughout the night tied to picket-pins were saddled, another bugle-call sounded through the darkness, we fell into column of twos, and the cavalcade started.

We new arrivals, all of whom except General Cabrera had marched on foot from the coast, had been provided with mounts, and I drew the first of the nineteen horses that I was to lose in one way or another. We were following a narrow country road leading in a southerly direction. Daylight came in due time, and then flankers and scouts were thrown out from the column. We foreigners were in ecstasies over the beautiful scenery, now that we had left behind the savannas and mangrove swamps of the coast, and were crossing the rolling uplands of the interior. A large part of the country was primeval forest, with here and there little clearings in which were grown corn, beans, sugar-cane, squashes, sweet potatoes, yucca or manioc, and other vegetables. There were also great *potreros*, or prairies, of thousands of acres of guinea grass from three to six feet high, on which grazed herds of fat, sleek cattle, at this period the principal source of the food-supply of the insurgents.

In this motley band winding its way across country we of the *Dauntless* in our New York clothes seemed strangely out of place, and looked about as ridiculous as we felt. At eleven o'clock the bugles blew "halt," and we scattered out along the margin of a wood. Horses were unsaddled and picketed to graze, hammocks swung, and fires started. A detail of men rode out to the most convenient herd and drove in a number of beeves, which were killed and dressed and the meat distributed in less than an hour. During the forenoon, as we had passed the numerous houses with their little clearings, toll had been taken in the form of such vegetables as were to be had. Also, some men had ridden a mile or two out on the flanks of the line of march and had come in with their pack-animals laden with vegetables. The beef and vegetables were cut up and placed in small iron kettles to boil. These kettles, which would hold, as a rule, enough for four or five persons, were carried on the march on the backs of

men or strapped onto saddles, to the great discomfort of the unfortunate beasts concerned. Those who had been unable to procure kettles roasted their food before fires.

A negro had been assigned to attend to the wants of the five foreigners who had come on the *Dauntless*, so that we were spared the hardships that would have been our lot if we had been compelled to hustle for ourselves in the midst of such strange surroundings. At one o'clock the first meal of the day was ready. We were fiercely hungry, and had no fault to find with the food set before us, it being very satisfying to healthy men with good appetites. Some weeks later we began to make deprecatory remarks about this "aijacco," or everlasting stew of meat and vegetables, and to long for the wheaten bread and mutton chops of other days. Luckily for our peace of mind, we could not look into the future and see the days when the whole country should have been desolated by war, when the cattle were all gone and we had to live almost exclusively on fruits and vegetables, and mighty few of those. When the lean times came and we rode for days fairly faint from hunger, when a piece of meat of any kind was a luxury, we looked back longingly to those days of comparative plenty in Camaguey and wondered how we ever could have been dissatisfied.

After the meal had been finished, all stretched out in their hammocks and slept for a couple of hours. Then the camp livened up, there were visits back and forth, card games, and some singing by those who had accomplishments in that line. The newspapers that we had brought down from New York were passed from hand to hand and read and reread until they were worn out. Just after dark came the second and last meal of the day, exactly like the first. Then groups gathered about campfires and talked until late at night. Then tattoo and taps, blown by a superb bugler, whose equal I have never heard in the United States Service, and we stretched out in our hammocks to sleep. Again at three o'clock came reveille and the beginning of another day's march. This march and camp have been described somewhat in detail, as they were typical of those features of our life for the next two years. Unless chasing Spaniards or being chased by them,

the Cubans rarely made more than one march a day, and this began two hours before daybreak and ended before noon. But there arose occasions when we tore through the country regardless of this custom. The first day's march of the column had been through a part of the country not yet touched by the war, but on the second day there was a decided contrast. As we approached the great Camino Real or Royal Road leading eastward from Puerto Principe, we saw on all sides the ruins of burned houses, and barb-wire fences had been cut until there was but little of them left but the standing posts and tangled meshes of wire in the grass. Before the war was over Spaniards and insurgents had clashed on nearly every league of that road from Puerto Principe to historic Guaimaro, a distance of seventy miles. We passed through the potrero of La Machuca, where a few weeks later we were to "mix it" with a column of the enemy under General Castellanos, and marched through the ruins of the little town of Sibanicu, and had pointed out to us three miles to the eastward the church tower of Cascorra, that obscure village so soon to add to the glory of Spanish arms; every survivor of its heroic garrison to receive the coveted "Cross of San Fernando," the Spanish equivalent of our Congressional Medal of Honor and of the Victoria Cross of Great Britain.

At ten o'clock we passed to the southward, and an hour later went into camp at the abandoned cattle-ranch known as La Yaya. The owner's house had not been burned, and General Gomez's staff established themselves in it, but the "Old Man," as we had learned to call him behind his back, ordered his hammock swung from a couple of trees across the road.

About two miles distant was the humble home of a very decent Cuban family, and soon there came an invitation for Huntington, Potter, Welsford, and myself to stay with them until we could be suitably outfitted for life in the field. Walinski did not accompany us, having gone to the westward with General Cabrera, and we never saw him again. The invitation to visit this family was no doubt the result of an intimation from some member of the general's staff, but nothing could have exceeded the kindness and courtesy with which we were treated during our stay. We chafed

at the delay, but finally there arrived our outfits, white duck suits, heavy shoes, leggings, and Panama hats, and we were ready for war. While we were being rigged out, General Gomez had gone on one of his usual aimless marches and had returned to La Yaya. He sent for me, and through Major Tarafa stated that he was going to attack the town of Cascorra, but with small hope of success, as it was known that the commandant was a man of exceptional resource and courage, and that the garrison, a part of the Fourth Battalion of Tarragona, was made up of Catalonians, those northern Spaniards famous for the desperate courage with which they usually defend any post entrusted to them. I told the general frankly, that so far as the artillery was concerned it could do no more than batter down the blockhouses and fortified buildings with common shell, the only form of projectiles other than canister with which we were provided, and that without shrapnel but little damage could be done to the defenders after they had taken to their trenches, which would be as soon as we began to blow the buildings about their ears. The result of this observation was a round cursing of the Junta for having sent no shrapnel. General Javier Vega, Gomez's chief of staff, was present at this conversation. He was a silent sort of man, and apparently knew as little as did his chief regarding the limitations of the small guns that we were to use.

After a few days we started on a long, roundabout march. I do not know where we went except that our course was generally to the eastward. We passed around the town of Guaimaro and saw the Spanish flag floating defiantly from the headquarters building, little dreaming that in a few short weeks it was to be lowered after desperate and prolonged fighting, and that the entire garrison would become our prisoners. On this occasion, a group of us, including the general and his staff, sat on our horses on a ridge only eight hundred yards from the nearest Spanish work. With us was the insurgent flag carried by head-quarters, so that our character was known to the garrison, but there was no exchange of shots. A well-directed volley at this time might have rid Spain of the fiery old guerilla, who through two wars had been a thorn in her flesh. After leaving Guaimaro, the gen-

eral concluded he would like to try out his two guns, the target being a rock in a pasture, distant about eight hundred yards. It was the first time I had ever had anything to do with firing a cannon, and my shooting was not good, but the shells when they struck the ground burst with a lively

building strengthened by bags of earth extending to the loopholes, which were about five feet above the floor. In times of peace this building had done duty as a tavern. About five hundred yards to the south-east, and lying directly south of the centre of the village, was a strong stone church, which



All day long there arrived trains of pack-animals laden with the cargo of the *Dauntless*.—Page 385.

bang and much smoke, and the onlookers were very much impressed. From here we marched back to La Yaya, passing north of Guaimaro. A day or two later the general announced that he was ready to try Cascorra, and sent General Vega and myself to select positions for the artillery. We set out accompanied only by a few orderlies, and leaving these finally in charge of the horses, crawled on our hands and knees all about the town, a task that consumed the entire day. The town was a small one, having under normal conditions a population of only a couple of hundred, but there were now but very few non-combatants left, they having either fled to Puerto Principe for the protection of a larger garrison or taken to the field with the insurgents. The garrison consisted of one hundred and sixty men, all infantry, and having no artillery. These troops occupied three defensive positions as follows: at the western or Puerto Principe side, at the point where the Camino Real enters the town, a brick

like the tavern was loopholed and strengthened by bags of earth. Both the church and the tavern were surrounded by standing trenches. On the east side of the town was a strong earthen redoubt defended by about half the garrison. This, as well as the fortified buildings, was surrounded by a maze of barb-wire entanglements, while the three works, which formed an almost equilateral triangle enclosing the town, were connected by closely built barb-wire fences. It was plain, even to a layman in the art of war, that we had a big job cut out for us. It would not be difficult quickly to render the church and the tavern untenable, but this would result only in driving their defenders to the trenches, where they would be in but little danger from shell fire, while the destruction of the small but substantial redoubt was a siege-gun job. Artillery positions were hard to find. It must be remembered that this was before the day of indirect fire, and even if it had not been, there was among us no one who could have

made use of it. We would have to be able to see our target. There was a low ridge fifteen hundred yards to the eastward of the redoubt, and I favored this position, knowing that from it we could destroy the church and tavern, and that we could not seriously damage the redoubt at any distance. It was believed that with these buildings battered down, the infantry could rush the trenches surrounding them, and then might be able to work up closely enough under cover of the houses of the town to stand some chance of getting into the redoubt. In the opinion of General Vega, the position preferred by me was entirely too far from the two most vulnerable defences, which it was desired to attack first. We had crawled through the grass to within four hundred yards of the tavern, and at this point the general selected the first position for the artillery. I was horrified, but kept my views to myself. The intervening ground was level, and covered with a growth of bushes and of guinea grass about four feet high, with here and there a few scattered trees of good size. During the day spent in spying out the environs of Cascorra we had not seen a Spaniard, but had heard the soldiers laughing and singing. Little they foresaw the storm that was soon to break upon them.

We returned to La Yaya late that night, and then things began to happen more rapidly. The next day Gomez and his eight hundred men marched over to the town and went into camp in several positions completely surrounding it. That night a detail of men under the engineer officer attached to head-quarters constructed a typical Cuban *trinchera*, a sort of parapet, at the position selected for the artillery. As we were to make use of this type of defence on many subsequent occasions, this one merits a brief description. Two rows of stakes about six feet high and three feet apart were driven into the ground, and the space between them filled in with tightly tamped earth, which was held in place by a revetment of poles and fence rails, laid one on top of the other inside the two rows of stakes as the earth was filled in. A gap about the size of an ordinary door was left for the gun to be fired through. There was thus protection for a few of the infantry support and for the ammunition and the men handling it, but

those actually loading and aiming the piece would be completely exposed. We Americans watched the work for a while and then walked over to camp in no particularly hilarious frame of mind. While a detail of Cubans had been provided to attend to the transportation of the guns and their ammunition and do other heavy work, we were expected to do the actual loading, aiming, and firing, and realized that we were up against it good and hard. We lay down in our hammocks, but I for one could not sleep a wink. At four o'clock we rose and walked over to the position. The parapet was practically completed, and soon the infantry support of about a hundred men arrived. A few of these found cover behind the parapet, but the majority were deployed on its flanks and lay down flat on their faces. The insurgents had surrounded the town so quietly the day before that it is doubtful if the Spaniards had suspected their presence. It must be taken into consideration that it was impossible for so small a garrison to send out patrols, as they would quickly have been cut up by the ever-watchful Cubans. The noise made in building the parapet must have been heard, however, although it was no doubt difficult to estimate the distance from their position. As a matter of fact, if a hot fire had been opened and maintained, keeping the bullets well down to the ground, the work would have been materially interfered with. The two hours remaining until daylight dragged heavily. It had been resolved not to use the smaller gun at this time, but the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, that had begun its warlike career over the Third Avenue saloon, was placed in position, the wheel ropes, sight, and other paraphernalia put on, a number of boxes of shells were brought up, and we sat down and waited for daylight to lift the curtain. It was to be the baptism of fire for four of Pagluchi's wards, and a sizzling red-hot one. Except for the calls of the sentries and occasional howl of a dog, the little town was as quiet as death itself.

At last the suspense was over, the darkness began to give way, and we could make out the upper part of the tavern, the view of the lower part and of the surrounding trenches being obstructed by the brush and grass. It had been left for me to decide when to open fire, and now I gave the word.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

A well-directed volley at this time might have rid Spain of the fiery old guerilla.—Page 388.



Sent General Vega and myself to select positions for the artillery.—Page 389.

The veterans, Jones, Joyce, and Pennie, rolled and lighted fresh cigarettes, Welsford sought solace in an unusually large bite from the remnant of his last plug of "store tobacco," Joyce handed an ugly-looking shell to Huntington who slipped it into the breech as Potter opened the block, Pennie took the lanyard, and I squatted behind the gun with one hand on the elevating screw and aimed at that part of the building visible, while Jones behind me moved the trail to left or right, as I indicated. In a few seconds I was satisfied, gave the screw a turn to lower the muzzle, and stepping from the piece climbed on top of the parapet to the windward of the gun in order to observe the shot, yelled "Fire" to Pennie, and the ball had begun. I had forgotten to place my hands over my ears and was almost deafened by the crash within a few feet of my head. A fraction of a second later I saw a burst of flame and smoke from the upper part of the building

and saw the bricks come tumbling, down. Jumping down at once from my exposed position, I landed on the back of a Cuban patriot who was lying behind the parapet and put him out of that battle, the first casualty in the siege of Cascorra. My shot had been a bit higher than was intended, but had done its work. As the gun had roared out and the smoke was seen pouring from the building, the Cubans all about the town raised a great yell of "Cuba Libre!" We rushed to the gun and soon sent in another, a centre shot that blew a lot of earth-filled bags to smithereens and made a fine hole. We had begun to wonder whether there was to be a fight or not, as not a shot had been fired in reply, but now the storm broke, and a fine blizzard it was. The air was suddenly full of those peculiar popping noises that we were soon to know so well, leaves dropped from the trees, there were odd movements in the grass, a patter against the opposite side of

our shelter was distinctly audible, and a bullet struck the tire of one of the gun-wheels with a sound like a blow from a hammer. The nervousness of waiting was over, the fighting blood in us mounted quickly, and with yells and cheers and amid the enthusiastic "Bravos!" of the near-by Cubans, we sprang to the gun and for a short time loaded and fired so rapidly that the barrel of the piece became badly heated. The parapet afforded excellent protection for those who were behind it, but the exact position of the gun was indicated by its smoke, so that an uncomfortable number of bullets came through the gap left for it. We could see only the roof of the church, and could not easily bring to bear on it on account of its angle from the parapet, but the men in the trenches around it made out our exact location from the smoke and soon began to take an interest in the proceedings. We were partially protected from their fire by the right wing of the parapet, though the ground all about us was made exceedingly dangerous. Less than a minute after the enemy had opened fire, a Cuban infantryman standing near us had his attention called to blood trickling down his once white trousers, and sank to the ground, calling on most of the saints in the calendar. The man had received a flesh wound, being shot through the thigh, but was so excited that he did not know it, thinking that some one had accidentally struck him. I have known of several similar cases. As I was aiming the gun for about the twelfth shot, I felt a hard blow on the sole of my left foot and made a fall that afterward cost me no end of chaffing and inquiries as to whether or not I had at some time been one of the ornaments of the theatrical profession. A bullet had split the sole of my left shoe and knocked off the heel, but had inflicted no more severe injury than a considerable bruise. Occasionally a man was hit and carried away, but despite all the uproar there were but few casualties. And so this strange little battle went on for an hour, now fast and furious for a few moments and now almost dying out for a like time. So far it had been a contest between about eighty Spanish infantrymen and a handful of men with a cannon. The Cuban infantry had not yet opened fire, as there was no satisfactory target for them and there was danger

of hitting their comrades scattered around the town, and the Spaniards in the redoubt could do nothing but listen to the sound and fury, as the tavern was in a direct line between them and our position. The building which had at first been our target had been almost reduced to rubbish, and we were firing low in order to make hits on the trenches around it, but it was unsatisfactory work, as there was no way to ascertain the effects of our shots owing to the intervening grass. Several times we dragged the gun from behind the parapet and took shots at the church, with no other effect than to damage the building somewhat and to draw an increased fire from its defenders.

We had accomplished all we could from our present position, so I walked over to General Gomez's head-quarters, distant about four hundred yards, and suggested that we keep up a slow fire during the remainder of the day and that at night a new parapet bearing on the church be built. This was agreed to, and I started on my return to the gun. On the way I walked over to where our ammunition-mules were standing to see how they were getting on. A couple of them had been slightly wounded, and while I was looking them over, one big fellow received a Mauser bullet through the nose. He was cropping grass at the time, and for a few seconds shook his head vigorously and then went on eating. We Americans took a great interest in those mules, having been told by the Cubans that they were "countrymen" of ours, as they had been taken from a sugar plantation the owner of which had bought them in the United States.

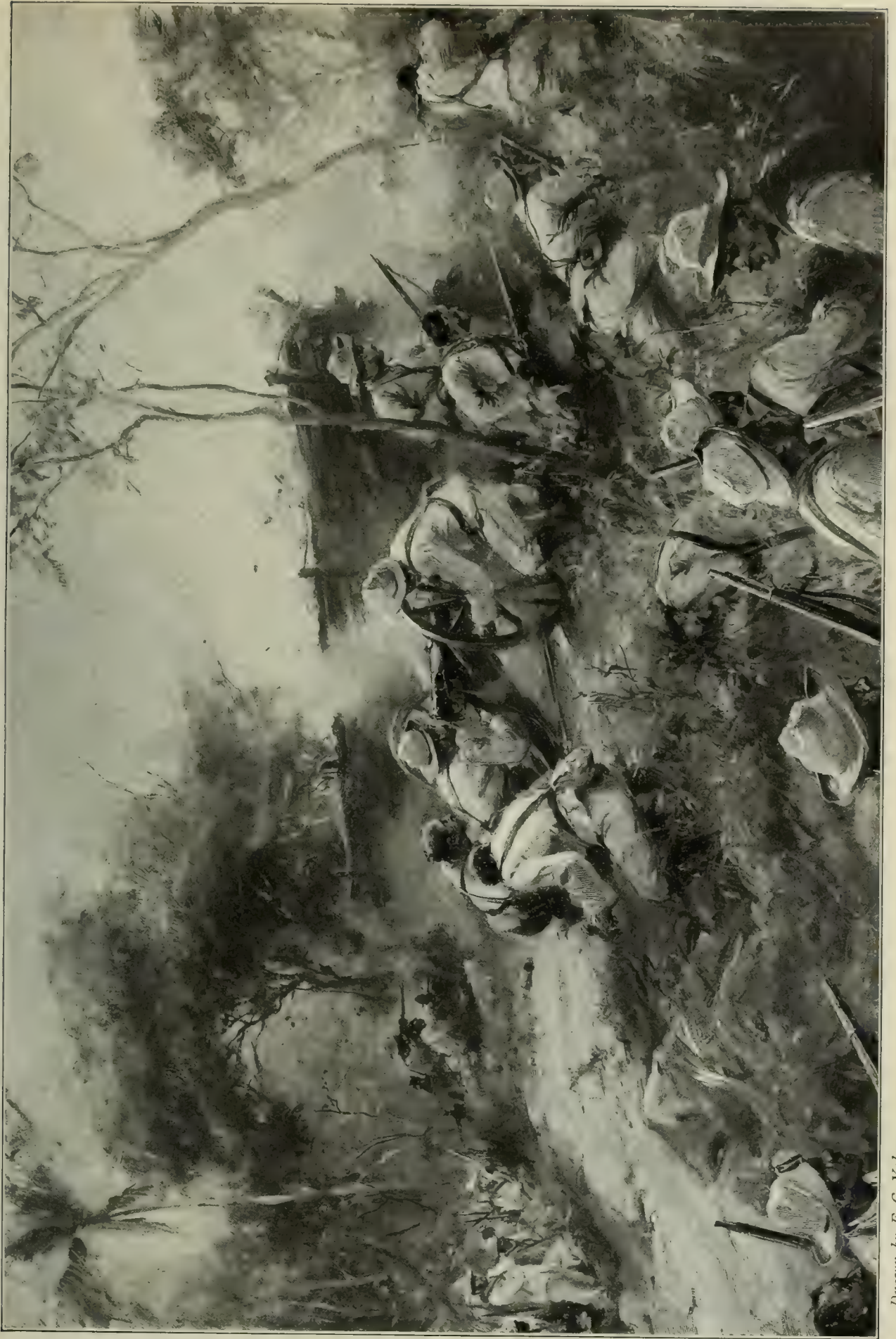
The gun had become so heated by a rapid spurt of firing toward the last, that the breech-block had expanded to such an extent that it could not be worked. The mechanism was taken apart and thoroughly oiled, but we finally had to resort to pouring water on the affected parts, a very slow process, as the supply had to be brought from some distance, and naturally was not cool. The Spanish fire had died down to an occasional volley, and our "battle" was beginning to drag. We sat around behind the parapet discussing the incidents of the day, and about every half-hour sent in a shell just to let our friends the enemy know that we were still on the job.

At dark we returned to our camp near head-quarters and I had a long talk with the general, who expressed his keen appreciation of the way we had done our work. He was apparently in doubt as to the next step to take. I took the liberty of telling him that he would never take the town unless he was willing to throw in his infantry just so soon as we had destroyed the church. It must have seemed abominably cheeky for a man just out of his first fight to be giving advice on military matters to a man who had been under fire before he was born, but no offence was taken. The general explained that while his men had captured some small towns by surprising and rushing the garrisons, they had never yet made an assault on men on the alert in good trenches, protected by entanglements, and he feared that they were not equal to it. A repulse, he said, would badly demoralize them. He felt that they could take the church and tavern positions, but with the redoubt bearing on both still in the hands of the enemy, no advantage would be gained. His men could not successfully assault this, the real key to the position. It was evident that the promised parapet bearing on the church would not be built that night.

The second day was a repetition of the afternoon of the first, a shot about every half-hour at either the tavern or the church and an occasional volley from the trenches in reply. That evening we Americans talked the matter over, and Jones and I were delegated to say to the general that if he would have a good position constructed that night from which we might effectively shell the church, and give us an hour in the morning in which to destroy that building, we would gladly lead an assault on that and the tavern positions, fixing two hundred as the number of men required for the enterprise. It was our theory that if we made the dash the Cubans would follow us, and that once in the shelter of the trenches, we could not be driven out by fire from the redoubt, and if the eighty men in the latter made a sortie against us, which was unlikely, their work would quickly be occupied by a force kept in hand for the purpose. In view of the successful assaults made subsequently by the Cubans at Guaimaro and Las Tunas, I have not the

slightest doubt that we would have succeeded, though at heavy cost. Several Cuban officers, hearing of our proposal, volunteered to assist in leading the attack. At one time the general came near yielding, but finally came out with an abrupt "No," telling us that we were madmen. He gave us the cheering information, however, that he was going to order the construction of another parapet for the gun, much nearer to the trenches around the ruins of the tavern, where our view would be unobstructed by grass and brush, and that he expected us from this new position literally to blow the dons out of the ground. Jones and I maintained a discreet silence until out of earshot, and then made a few unprintable remarks about the turn affairs had taken.

Among the officers serving with the insurgents was General Avelino Rosa, a Colombian, exiled for political reasons from his own land. He was a man brave almost to rashness, but exceedingly impractical. General Rosa was in direct command of the force of infantry and dismounted cavalry surrounding the town, and had worked some of his men nearer and nearer to the tavern position by taking advantage of inequalities of the ground, and during the second day of the bombardment had livened matters by exchanging shots at short range with its defenders. He had reported to General Gomez that by taking advantage of the cover afforded by a ravine we could obtain a position within two hundred yards of the tavern, where we would be in full view of the trenches and could undoubtedly destroy them. He was ordered to construct the necessary parapet that night. This in itself was an extremely ticklish operation, but the material was prepared at a distance and placed in position as quietly as possible. The work had to be carried on intermittingly, as at the slightest noise the Spaniards opened up with volleys. The parapet was completed just before dawn, having cost the lives of several men. It was very short, extending only about eight feet on each side of the opening left for the gun. The upper part had been built across the top of the opening with a hope of affording some protection to those actually handling the piece. Before daylight a detail dragged the much-abused Hotchkiss quietly into the ravine



Drum by F. C. Yohn.

Never anywhere have I seen the equal of what was poured into us during the hour that we held this position.—Page 396.

and along it until we were directly opposite the new position, when it was hoisted out, the unavoidable noise drawing a fire that killed one man. I felt morally certain that we could never serve the gun from here, but it was agreed among us that whatever might occur, we were not to show the white feather or ask to be allowed to get out. Months afterward Pennie and I, visiting the ruins of Cascorra, paced the distance from our parapet to the trenches and found it to be two hundred and sixteen yards. Here we were protected from the fire of the church by intervening buildings, but, to the dismay of all concerned, it was found after it was too late to remedy the defect that we were exposed to fire from one corner of the redoubt. So far, the smaller gun, the two-pounder Hotchkiss, had not been used, but on this same night a position was constructed for it about two hundred yards to our left rear, and placed under charge of Jones.

We waited in our new posts until it was thoroughly light before opening fire, but not so with the enemy. With the breaking of day the Spaniards made out the exact location of the little parapet, the construction of which had drawn their fire during the night, and opened on us hotly, but without result, as we were in the ravine a few yards to the rear of the gun, where also was a strong infantry support under General Rosa. When it was thoroughly light we crawled out of the ravine on all fours, and sent in a shell that landed squarely on the low line of earth-filled bags that capped the low parapet of the Spanish trench, exploding with a bang that sounded almost as loud to us as the report of the piece itself. The men at the two-pounder were awaiting the cue, and almost immediately we heard its sharp crack, and a shell whistled past us. We had fastened a rope to the trail of our gun, and immediately dragged it behind shelter to be reloaded. Again it was pushed up to the gap and fired. The Spaniards were replying furiously, and the worst of it was that their bullets were all coming close down to the ground, and were aimed at the gaping porthole which they could so plainly see. It has fallen to me to participate in a good many fights in Cuba and the Philippines, but never anywhere have I seen the equal of what was poured into us during the hour that we held this position. The air was

fairly alive with the sound of bullets, and their patter against the side of the parapet was so incessant that it would have been impossible to count them. The bark on near-by trees was cut to ribbons, and small bushes on our front were destroyed. After a few shots from our gun, the head cover connecting the tops of the two wings of the parapet was blown to pieces, a result that should have been foreseen, as the barrel of the piece was not sufficiently long for the muzzle to clear the parapet. Under such circumstances, aiming the gun, the only part of its service which was required to be done while it was exposed, was enough to try the nerves of any but a wooden man. Fortunately this was the work of but a couple of seconds, the target being so plain and so close at hand. In an attempt to keep down the Spanish fire, our infantry supports opened vigorously and added to the racket and confusion, but under the circumstances could not be expected to accomplish much, the enemy being too well sheltered. We were in a bad box, and I am sure all hoped to be ordered out of it soon. We were tearing up the tops of the Spaniards' trenches, but their fire was not diminishing, and they were constantly repairing the damage by filling bags of earth in the trenches and placing them in position without exposing themselves.

The fight had lasted about three-quarters of an hour when I noticed some thirty Spanish soldiers, the first I had ever actually seen, leave the redoubt and dash for the tavern trenches. They covered the ground by short rushes, throwing themselves prone about every sixty yards. At first it was thought that they were going to attempt to rush our position, improbable as such an enterprise seemed, but it was merely a reinforcement for the worn-out men who were making such a gallant fight against us. I attempted to take a shot at them, but the gun missed fire.

I was aiming the fifteenth shell when a bullet struck one of the trunnions almost at my nose. My nerves had been getting pretty shaky from several narrow escapes in sighting preceding shots, and I must confess that I threw myself flat on the ground and rolled to cover. Joyce jumped over me, quickly sighted the piece, and sprang from the gun. The imperturbable Pennie, lying on the ground and smoking



Taking the trail-rope, we made a quick run.

a cigarette, jerked the lanyard and fired the last shot from this terrible death-trap. General Gomez had delegated to General Rosa the necessary authority to discontinue firing from this position whenever he thought best, and the latter, who was near at hand, ordered us to take cover in the ravine, abandoning the gun for the time being, although it was in no danger of capture, owing to the proximity of strong supports. Now that they had put the gun out of action, the Spaniards concentrated

their fire on the Cuban infantry and inflicted several casualties. It was necessary to recover the gun, so in about half an hour three of us crawled stealthily out of the ravine and wriggled our way to it. Taking the trail-rope, we made a quick run, and despite a hot fire reached the ravine and tumbled down the bank with little ceremony, pulling the gun after us with such haste that it landed up side down in the bottom. The two-pounder, being in a less exposed position, continued to fire at

intervals during the day, but with practically no effect, owing to the small size of its projectiles.

I reported to our chief, and half expected a wiggling because we had been unable to slaughter all the Spaniards in the trenches, but on the contrary was very kindly re-

was momentarily expected. There had been about twenty casualties so far, all except one from shell fire, whereupon we amateur artillerymen patted ourselves on the back at the first opportunity. The first shell of the fight, taking them by surprise, had killed three men in the tavern.



We saw two officers leave the redoubt and proceed on foot to meet the bearer.—Page 399.

ceived, General Rosa having made a somewhat glowing report of what we had done.

That night two Cuban non-combatants, despite the vigilance of the Spaniards, succeeded in escaping from the town and came to our camp and were brought before the general, who abused them roundly for having remained under the protection of the enemy while their countrymen were undergoing the dangers and privations of the field. They were a very abject pair, and told all they knew about conditions in the town, and some besides. The garrison were badly worn out by the constant vigilance imposed, but apparently were well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and were improving their defences every night. They also stated that an assault

Early the next morning, the fourth day of the siege, the general sent me with General Vega to look for a position from which we could fire on both the redoubt and the church. For the time being he was through with fighting his artillery at long pistol-range, and quickly approved when informed that we had chosen the low ridge east of the town, this being about fifteen hundred yards from the redoubt, and eighteen hundred from the church. It had the further advantage that a shell clearing the redoubt would almost certainly land in the much-battered tavern position.

The two-pounder was left where it was to amuse our friends in the tavern trenches, and I was ordered to take the larger gun around the town to the ridge. The dis-

tance was so great that it was not considered necessary to construct cover. About noon we opened, landing the first shell squarely in the centre of the work, and until dark fired slowly, as our ammunition was now running low. Occasionally, just to vary the proceedings, we paid our respects to the church, though I managed to miss it a couple of times, the end instead of the sides being toward us. The Spaniards were not inclined to expend much ammunition on us at this distance, and kept up a slow fire, evidently using their best shots for the purpose, as their shooting was fairly accurate. We suffered no casualties here during the two days that the ridge was occupied, though the gun was struck once. Our infantry support, which had had the unhappy faculty of catching bullets meant for us, was some distance to the rear and flank, and consequently out of danger. A portion of the Cuban infantry still held onto the ravine near our old artillery position, and kept up a useless fusillade.

The next day, for the first time, the general visited the gun while it was in action. On one occasion, just as it had been laid, he looked through the sights and jokingly remarked that we must be trying to shoot over the target, and said he would try his luck. He gave the screw a sharp turn, lowering the muzzle, and then himself pulled the lanyard. The shell ripped up some of the scenery about three hundred yards short of the redoubt, but the reader can rest assured that nobody thought of laughing. I relieved the strain by assuring the general that the cartridge must have been defective.

About the middle of the afternoon he came again, accompanied by his entire staff, and we realized from the looks on the faces of all that something was about to take place. The general, sitting on the ground a few paces from us, dictated a letter to his secretary, and after it had been copied, signed it; a Porto Rican major in the Cuban service, a gallant fellow whose name I cannot now recall, mounted his horse, and holding aloft a white flag, trotted toward the redoubt. Some time previously instructions had been sent to all the Cuban detachments to cease fire. The appearance of the Porto Rican in the open was the signal for a hot fusillade directed at him, despite the flag of truce. For a time it seemed inevitable that he must be hit,

but he never faltered. We had about concluded that the enemy would not recognize the flag, when his fire died out, and we saw two officers leave the redoubt and proceed on foot to meet the bearer. They met about four hundred yards from the Spanish works; the plucky officer delivered his letter, and was compelled to sit on his horse with his back to the enemy's position until a reply from the Spanish major could be delivered, when he galloped toward us. That night a member of the general's staff showed us the correspondence. General Gomez's letter was a brief and courteous communication complimenting the commander of the garrison on his heroic defence against such great odds, and suggesting that he had done all that duty demanded of him in that respect, and ended by demanding his surrender, assuring him that he and his officers and men would be as well treated as the limited resources of the Cubans would permit. The Spaniard's reply was equally courteous, but stated that he would defend his post to the last extremity. A short time later firing was resumed, but this sort of fighting had become pretty monotonous to all concerned, and not much spirit was shown on either side.

One of the bits of information brought to us by the two non-combatants who had escaped from the town, was that the garrison of the church position, with the exception of those actually on duty in the trenches, slept in the building at night, taking it for granted that we could not then use our artillery. The result was an order for me to sight the gun at the church very carefully before nightfall, station a guard over it, and have the piece fired at ten o'clock. I did not exactly like this task, as it savored somewhat of assassination, but carried out my instructions. It was subsequently learned that this shell killed and wounded four men.

The siege had now lasted five days, and practically nothing had been accomplished except to kill some Spaniards, damage their works considerably, and all but wear out the garrison. There were only about thirty shells left for the twelve-pounder, and a hundred shell and canister for the smaller gun. A supply for both guns had been sent for to a *deposito* far away in the woods of Santiago province, but could not arrive for some days.

The next four days the artillery was out of it, but the infantry kept the town closely invested, and denied sleep and rest to the harassed defenders. During this time one of the few Cubans remaining in Cascorra was caught trying to sneak through the insurgent lines at night. The next day he was tried and condemned. As the trembling wretch was led through our camp to die it made us sick at heart, as did many an event of like nature afterward. But any American who will read of the cheerful manner in which his ancestors hanged each other during the fighting between patriots and Tories in the Carolinas and Georgia in our Revolution can throw mighty few stones at the Cubans or any one else. Another tragic incident was the trial and execution of an insurgent officer. We could never get the straight of this, as our comrades were very loth to discuss the matter with foreigners, but it was rumored that he was found to have been in correspondence with the Spanish authorities in Puerto Principe.

In the early days of the investment, without our knowledge, the Spanish commander had sent a sergeant through our lines at night, and this man by the greatest resource and courage, travelling by night and hiding in the woods by day, had succeeded in reaching the railway line north of Nuevitas, whence the news that Cascorra was undergoing siege was telegraphed to General

Castellanos, the commander of the district of Puerto Principe in the city of that name. The result was that one day a mounted messenger dashed into our camp and brought the news that a large column was en-route from Puerto Principe, and was being observed and harassed by a small force of cavalry. During the siege various organizations had joined us from near-by parts of the island, and the general now had about fifteen hundred men. He ordered us to expend at once all the remaining artillery ammunition on the town, not with any hope of taking it, but to do as much damage as possible before its impending relief. We begged that we be allowed to save what little we had left and use it in the fight with the advancing column, but he would have none of it. So that night a parapet, the best we had yet had, was constructed at the astonishingly short distance of one hundred and eighty-three yards from the tavern trenches. The brief fight there the next day until we could expend our thirty shells was in a milder way a repetition of the third day. The Spanish fire was hot, but not so well directed. Nevertheless, at such short range it was serious work. Three men were killed behind our short parapet, and toward the last I heard a bullet strike Joyce, and turned around just in time to hear him say with the utmost self-possession: "Well, this reminds me of a little



The infantry followed and attacked their rear-guard repeatedly.—Page 401.

story." A man who can make such an off-hand remark as a bullet tears a big hole in his thigh probably deserves the palm for self-possession. We had a hard time carrying him out under fire. He was sent to one of the lonely hospitals in the bush, and so missed our great victory at Guaimaro, but was back to duty long before Jiguani. A few more shots and the twelve-pounder was through. That night the rain poured in torrents, the Cubans were drawn from about the town and concentrated a mile to the westward, all except a small escort for the two-pounder, which enlivened the night by fighting until its last cartridge was gone. The next day we remained in a sodden camp. The siege of Cascorra was over, but every hour couriers raced madly into camp with news of the whereabouts of the column of two thousand five hundred men with ten guns under General Castellanos. The next day was an eventful one, but is not a part of this story. The guns were sent away under escort, but we artillerymen at our request were allowed for the time being to join the cavalry as volunteers, and were provided with carbines. Couriers came in faster and faster, and finally we heard the crackle of rifle-fire to the westward as the Spanish column came on, brushing aside the tormentors hanging on its flanks. Then came the clash, the battle of La Machuca. There was no hope of preventing the relief of the town, but the general was determined to make the Spaniards know that they had had a fight, and he certainly accomplished that purpose. The day was a perfect one and the entertainment of the best. For three hours the Spanish volleys and the rattling irregular fire of the Cubans made a pandemonium, added to by the booming of the Spanish batteries. A thin film of smoke drifted above the tree-tops, and all was excitement and noise. But the Spaniards broke through and entered the town. Certainly

visitors were never more welcome. They camped there that night, and the Cubans fired on them incessantly. It is a safe guess that not one of them had a wink of sleep. The garrison was increased, the ammunition supply replenished, and the defences improved, and on the evening of the next day the column issued from the town on its return, and the Cubans were promptly upon them. They made a few miles before nightfall and bivouacked, peppered all night by their tormentors. The next morning about three o'clock they resumed the march. The whole fifteen hundred of us were drawn up on both sides of the Camino Real to give them another fight, but the column turned to the north-westward, passed our left flank before our dispositions could be changed, and headed for the railroad between Las Minas and Nuevitas. The infantry followed and attacked their rear-guard repeatedly, while five hundred of us mounted men, under the general himself, hung onto their left flank. It was a lively and exciting day. A few shots would grow into a heavy roll of fire, to die out in a few moments, and begin again in another quarter. And so we swept along all of a beautiful day. Just after dark, as they were going into bivouac, the last clash with the rear-guard occurred. The next morning the mounted men made a savage attack on the advance-guard, and a lively scrimmage ensued in which we had three killed and sixteen wounded. Poor Potter, one of Pagluchi's wards, had both legs shattered and had his horse killed under him, and spent the next year on his back in one of the lonely hospitals. He never returned from Cuba, but became a resident of Puerto Principe, where he lives to-day.

The Spaniards reached the railroad on this forenoon, and we marched eastward to meet General Calixto Garcia, and in combination with his force to more than wipe out the failure of Cascorra.

[The third of General Funston's papers, "The Fall of Guaimaro," will appear in the November Number.]

AN IMPRESSION OF THE KING'S FUNERAL

By Mary King Waddington

LONDON, Tuesday, May 17, 1910.



WE arrived Sunday night, having had a long crossing in spite of the smooth sea and blue sky. Almost as soon as we left Calais we got into a fog—most curious—a belt of low-lying thick white mist and bright sun overhead. It grew thicker as we got near the English coast. Our fog whistle sounded all the time and whenever it stopped we heard others near us—most disagreeably near—and we just crept along and got to Victoria two hours late. Elsa was waiting for us, but had not been there since five o'clock, as they telephoned the station-master, who said the boat was late owing to the fog, and he would let them know as soon as the train left Dover. Hilda's most hospitable house was filling. Her son arrived about an hour after us, having also had a thick fog, and her brother, Maurice, British Ambassador in Spain, was twelve hours late. He was, of course, obliged to come for King Edward's funeral.

I found various letters and despatches from the Earl Marshall's office and the French Embassy, saying I would certainly receive an invitation for the funeral service at Windsor, but there seemed to be a doubt for C.'s.

We started out early Monday morning to walk across the park to the Harcourts', in Berkeley Square, to see if they had been able to do anything about the invitations. We found them both just arriving from Nuneham, where they had gone to spend a quiet Sunday. He looked tired, as if he had been doing too much. He has a great deal on his shoulders, as all the details of the procession and lying in state pass through his office, and the constant changing of plans, inevitable when so many people and so many sovereigns have to be provided for, must be most worrying. I wanted very much to see the lying in state at Buckingham Palace. I thought it would say more to me than the official func-

tion at Westminster Hall. Besides, I was afraid of the crowd at Westminster. There were to be no privileges of any kind. Every one must pass in the file—dukes and costermongers walking side by side. May H. advised me to write to Sir Charles Fredericks, Master of the Household, and to take the letter myself to the palace. I wrote it at once in her boudoir. They called me a taxi (which are fast replacing the time-honored hansoms) and C. and I drove to the palace.

It was Whit-Monday, bank holiday, and there were people everywhere, almost all in black or purple. Scarcely a color to be seen. A silent, respectful crowd was standing around the palace. We first wrote ourselves down for Queen Alexandra, the Empress of Russia, and Queen of Norway, then drove around to the equerries' entrance; found there an old servant who knew me. He said Sir Charles was there—he would take the note up at once. We waited a few minutes; many people were coming and going. Then the servant reappeared; said Sir Charles was upstairs and took us up. As we passed through all the rooms and corridors I knew so well and where I had so lately seen King Edward receiving his guests with his charming, courteous manner—it seems impossible to realize that that chapter was closed and that we should never see him again.

Sir Charles was waiting for us in the gallery with one or two English friends, members of the Household, and took us at once to the Throne Room. The coffin, slightly raised, was standing at one end of the room; an altar behind it with two silver candlesticks; a cross and vases and wreaths of flowers. There were no flowers on the coffin, two wreaths, one on each side, resting against it. The coffin was covered with a white pall, which had been used for Queen Victoria's funeral and had been embroidered by the ladies of the Royal School of Art of Old Kensington. It was almost hidden by the Royal Standard draped over it. On the top was the iron crown (the

crown of England) from the Tower. On a cushion, lower down, was the King's royal diamond crown garter, sceptre, and orb. The flag of his company of the Grenadier Guard at the foot. At each corner of the coffin stood a Grenadier in full uniform, facing *outward*. Sir Charles told us it was an old English custom; the soldiers were supposed to guard the coffin from any attack or desecration. They stood perfectly motionless—their heads bowed over their muskets as if in silent prayer. Two officers, also in full uniform, stood on each side of the room at a little distance from the coffin. They are relieved every half-hour; they began by standing an hour but could not continue it. I can't imagine how they could stand even for half an hour. They are so perfectly still, like statues.

It was a wonderful sight—the simplicity of it—so beautiful. No decoration, no black draperies, nor silver stars, nor tapers, nor masses of flowers—nothing but the coffin with its flags and crowns. The great King lying there peacefully in his last sleep, guarded by his faithful Grenadiers. It was very quiet; no one but ourselves, one or two English, and an Indian prince. The corps diplomatique had defiled before the coffin earlier in the day.

As we came out we met the relieving squad coming in, marching slowly, their arms reversed and with that peculiar heavy tread of the English slow march. We met more people, all in deep mourning, coming up the stairs and across the court, going, evidently, to have a last look at their King.

We went to Marlborough House before we came home to write our names. It is the only house in England to-day where a flag flies top-mast. There were soldiers and royal carriages going in and out. Many people, some foreigners—suites probably of the royalties who are arriving every day—were also writing their names.

A royal carriage drove out, as we were standing there, with Mr. Roosevelt inside. He only arrived this morning—had already been to Buckingham Palace with the corps diplomatique, and had just been received by the King and Queen.

We went back to the palace this (Tuesday) morning to see the procession start for Westminster Hall. We were told to be there before ten o'clock, as it would be impossible to cross the lines of troops later.

There were people everywhere—long black lines perfectly grave and silent; many more were dressed in black, and all the cab drivers had crape bows on their whips. We drove into the court, where a stout policeman immediately stopped us, but the sight of our pass from the Master of the Household made everything right. Troops were already assembling in the court. We were shown at once upstairs, where we found Sir Charles in the gallery. He was in full uniform and was much too busy to attend to us. He gave us in charge of a page (the English royal page always amuses me, as he is usually a stout, bald-headed, middle-aged gentleman), who took us upstairs to a charming room on the front of the palace, directly over the great gate-way. We heard afterward that it was the sitting-room of King Manuel of Portugal's apartment. It was full of heavy, handsome furniture (we found some of the chairs difficult to move), and was most carefully arranged, particularly the writing-table with paper, pens, cards, telegraph forms, and pencils of every description.

We had some time to wait, but did not mind it. We were so interested in seeing the troops pass. All down the mall as far as we could see the road was lined on both sides with Grenadiers. It looked like a long stretch of red walls. Every now and then staff officers in brilliant uniforms and waving white plumes would gallop along between the lines. Sometimes a squad of policemen would cross—sometimes a royal carriage—and always behind the red wall a dense black crowd surging and wavering when the soldiers backed in upon them.

After we had been there some little time one of Queen Alexandra's Maids of Honor whom we know very well came in and she showed us a great many people; also borrowed a newspaper from one of the pages so that we might see the order of the procession. She was in very deep mourning—a crape veil down to the hem of her dress behind and a long one of chiffon in front and no white anywhere. Our black was perhaps too light—plain black cloth—but we had understood we need only wear crape at St. George's Chapel. C., who had only been once before in London, for three days in August, was much interested in everything. The Life Guards looked splendid on their big black horses (black devils, as the

Egyptians called them when the regiment went to Egypt and the enormous beasts were landed from the steamer). The Highlanders and Beefeaters from the Tower made a fine patch of color. A detachment of sailors, in straw hats, drawn up in front of the big gates, looked almost like boys in the midst of the bearskins and helmets of the soldiers. We saw the royal carriages—all scarlet and gold—drive in, and one felt the emotion of the crowd when the empty gun-carriage came in and disappeared inside the gate-way.

About eleven o'clock a company of Grenadiers, who had been drawn up just in front of the central gateway, moved forward a little and one of the officers came in front holding the colors, which looked very heavy, with both hands straight out in front of him. It is the youngest subaltern in the regiment who has the honor of carrying the flag. He stood motionless for nearly half an hour, and exactly as the clock struck half-past eleven he lowered it in salute, the flag lying on the ground at his feet, and at that moment the gun-carriage with the coffin and royal emblems and drawn by artillery horses moved slowly out of the big door. It was the same carriage that had taken Queen Victoria to Windsor. The minute-guns began, the famous bell, "Big Ben," of Westminster, tolled, and the muffled drums and bagpipes added their mournful notes. King George, in full admiral's uniform, walked directly behind the coffin between his two oldest sons; a little behind, the Duke of Connaught, looking very handsome and soldierly, with his son, Prince Arthur; then came the King of Denmark and a Russian grand-duke and other foreign princes who had already arrived. After the kings and princes came a brilliant group of equerries, aides-de-camp, and gentlemen of the household, all in uniform with decorations.

The Grenadier officer who had raised his flag as the gun-carriage passed out of the great gates of the court-yard, lowered it again in salute, and Queen Alexandra's carriage appeared. A splendid equipage, rather like the fairy coach of our childhood, all scarlet and gold, with glass sides and four footmen standing behind. It passed out very slowly. We saw the Queen quite distinctly. She was dressed entirely in crape with the white widow's cap, and

we saw her face very well through the veil, which seemed of a lighter crape than the long one behind. She was perfectly composed—very pale—her face looked like a mask, as if she had braced herself for a supreme effort. The Dowager Empress of Russia, Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), and Princess Victoria were with her.

In the second carriage was Queen Mary with two of her children and the Queen of Norway. Then followed five or six state carriages with the other princesses.

We waited till the whole procession moved off, hearing the strains of the funeral march in the distance, and as we came downstairs we crossed many people in deep mourning who had evidently been seeing the procession from different rooms in the palace. I felt as if I were in a dream—every window was shut—one did not hear a sound; and all these black-robed figures moving noiselessly about in the galleries, which I had always seen full of light and flowers and a happy brilliant crowd, seemed unreal. It was a most melancholy impression.

Maurice told us the arrival at Westminster Hall was very striking. The great doors opened wide, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England, and all the officers of state waiting to receive the coffin. He saw Queen Alexandra quite well; said she looked beautiful as she passed into the hall.

I went for a drive with Hilda in the afternoon—the streets were interesting. *All* the shop-windows black and stands covered with purple being put up all along the route where the cortège will pass on Friday. Black and white and purple draperies hanging everywhere. Royal carriages with red liveries constantly passing as kings and princes are arriving every hour almost. Hyde Park looked like an enormous camp. They are putting up quantities of tents in the park as there is not sufficient accommodation in London for the immense body of troops that will be assembled the day of the funeral. We dropped C. at a cousin's for tea and were glad to go home.

C. came in at seven quite pleased, having "assisted," as we say in France, at the arrival of the King of Spain. Maurice came in to tea with his sister Marie where C. was, and suggested that they should both come with him to the station where he was

obliged to go to receive the King of Spain. They all took themselves off to Victoria where a crowd was waiting outside, the royal carriages and purple carpet on the platform showing that a sovereign was expected. Maurice passed in at once but the young ladies were left in the crowd, when happily a Spanish secretary, who Marie knew, appeared and insisted on their coming inside and taking their stand on the purple carpet. There were only three other ladies—the ambassadress and two secretaries' wives—I fancy the young man thought it would be a good thing to have a few more people to await his King. In a few moments King George in civilian dress, with his oldest son, the Duke of Cornwall—a little sailor—appeared on the platform; then followed in rapid succession the Duke of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg (mother-in-law of the Spanish King), and the English gentlemen who are attached to his suite. C. thought King George looked very well and the little sailor quite sweet—a round-faced shy English boy—but the King told Maurice he was tired—"these sad days were also very busy ones—there were so many things to be thought of."

The royal train arrived very punctually. The two kings embraced, King Alfonso kissed his mother-in-law's hand, who embraced him on both cheeks. There was a few minutes' talk and some introductions on the platform and the party drove off—King Alfonso to Kensington Palace where he is staying with Princess Henry of Battenberg. The royal equipages are very smart and well turned out. And the red liveries with the band of crape on the sleeve makes a great effect.

Thursday, 19th May.

It is still divine summer weather. Such a blessing for the people who are standing hours in the line to see the public lying-in-state in Westminster Hall. We hear wonderful experiences from some of our friends who waited three or four hours in the crowd, advancing an inch at a time. No one jostled, no one was impatient, no one spoke. They say it was an extraordinary sight—the line was three miles long. Our young cousins went at six this morning and saw very well. They got back at half-past nine.

We could not make up our minds to attempt such a fatiguing performance, much as we wanted to see it, and had given up the idea, when a message came from "Lulu" Harcourt, saying he would take us in by the parliamentary entrance (at the last moment they decided to allow members of Parliament to take in two persons at a time), if we could be at Berkeley Square by half-past ten. We went, of course, and he took us down in his carriage, which passed everywhere. Circulation anywhere near Westminster for private individuals was almost impossible. It was a magnificent sight. The doors wide open—the catafalque in the middle of the fine old hall, which dated from William Rufus, almost over the place where Charles the First heard his death sentence. It is the first time for many years that a British monarch has laid in state publicly, and it was a splendid frame for such a pageant. The catafalque, with the coffin raised much higher than in Buckingham Palace, was a gorgeous bit of color. The high candlesticks threw down rays of light on the flags, jewelled crown, and royal emblems. All around stood officers in full uniform, their white plumes and scarlet tunics standing out well from the gray walls—only one figure quite black in face and uniform, an Indian officer, standing motionless.

What was, however, more striking than the coffin, with its brave show of royal pomp and power, was the silent black mass of humanity that flowed into the hall from the upper door—dividing as they came near the catafalque into two lines, which framed it in a living wall of mourning. There were all sorts and kinds in the crowd, some quite old men and women, working people, and some quite of the upper classes. Some of the women were crying; one or two knelt but were not allowed to remain long by the police, who gently but firmly urged people on. One quite old woman was holding up a big boy seven or eight years old—one saw her poor thin arms shaking with the burden. The whole floor was carpeted so there was no noise and the impression was extraordinary.

I think C.'s appreciation was right. She thought it a wonderful sight and a splendidly arranged function, but to her there was nothing religious in the scene. She would never have felt like kneeling and

making a prayer—whereas, at Buckingham Palace you felt the majesty of death. It was impossible not to kneel before what remained of King Edward.

While we were lingering a moment some one shook hands with me. It was Monsieur Cambon, our ambassador, who was piloting the French mission, which had just arrived—I couldn't see M. Pichon, but I made out General Dalstein, Military Governor of Paris—a fine, martial figure standing out tall and erect in the crowd.

We waited some little time outside (as Harcourt had people to see) and met various friends. We saw some curious details. A young officer in full uniform, evidently going to replace another on duty, drove up in a brougham. He was bareheaded when he got out of the carriage and was followed by a servant carrying his helmet, which he could not put on in the carriage—the plumes are so high. We also heard a nice-looking old couple, from the country, earnestly beseeching the policeman to let them pass. They had arrived at four in the morning, had had no breakfast, and were exhausted. The man replied that he had not had any breakfast either, but that he could not make any exceptions.

We drove about again all the afternoon. The streets are full—stands in every direction. We inquired at St. George's hospital the price of one seat, as we wanted one for our French maid, who is very small and couldn't possibly see anything from the sidewalk. A *standing* place, *not* in front, was five guineas, and she would have to be there at seven in the morning, which, of course, was impossible, as she had to dress us both for Windsor. We heard of a balcony at Rumpelmeyers' in St. James Street, where there were places for six people, for which was paid two hundred guineas. I am sure places were to be found easily and quite reasonably on the other side of the park near Paddington, but the difficulty would be to get over.

There is one touching popular demonstration all along the route that the cortège will take to-morrow. Thousands of laurel wreaths—made by poor people and sent from all parts of England—are hung on the masts that are on each side of the road straight away to Paddington. One or two ladies have taken charge of the distribution. The wreaths are sent to them and they will

see that all arrive. Some have bows of black or purple ribbon; some a little paper tied on—evidently an inscription of some kind but we couldn't see from the carriage. We made a final turn in Hyde Park. There are two or three different sets of tents and everybody busy putting up tables, sheds, etc., for kitchens and washing. We walked about a little—the afternoon was lovely, the red hawthorn in Kensington Garden quite beautiful. We ended at Kensington Palace, as we wanted to write ourselves down for Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Royal carriages were standing in the court, sentinels at the gate, and three or four enormous footmen in very handsome red-and-gold liveries in the hall of Princess Henry's apartment, evidently the King of Spain's servants.

We were rather anxious about our cards for St. George's Chapel. Nothing had arrived. Mine and Francis's had gone to Paris, and though I had explained it all at the Embassy there was so much confusion at the Earl Marshall's office that mistakes might very well be made. We were much pleased when we came in to dinner to find all the cards for the special train at 11.50—seats in St. George's Chapel and invitation to lunch at the Castle in St. George's Hall after the ceremony. Maurice dined with us. He had seen lots of people, including the Emperor of Germany, in the distance. Harcourt told us rather an interesting thing when we saw him just before dinner. They sent him word from the Earl Marshall's office this morning that the German Emperor wished to go to the lying-in-state at Westminster Hall and that they would like him to have the file stopped for an hour, from three to four, so that his Majesty could make his visit quietly and without being crowded. He said he would give no such order—that it had always been said that the lying-in-state at Westminster was for the people—that every one must take chance alike. It was the last day, thousands of people were waiting patiently, and he couldn't add another hour to their weary wait, but that he would arrange that the German Emperor should make his visits quite easily. The Emperor understood the situation and wouldn't hear of the file being stopped, and word was sent to Harcourt that King George and the

Emperor would come about three o'clock. He met them at the parliamentary entrance and took them at once into the hall, a small space there being railed off for the members and their families. The two sovereigns stood a few minutes in the enclosure looking at the streams of people who were coming all the time and passing silently and reverently around the catafalque. Then King George said they would like to go nearer. Harcourt let down the rope and lifted his hand. Instantly the crowd stood still and waited while the two monarchs knelt before the coffin. He said it was most interesting to see the people who were already in the hall. They didn't know which to look at—the dead King lying there in the midst of his people or the two living ones making a last prayer for the one who had "gone before," having finished his work in this world. When the two came back to the enclosure Harcourt again lifted his hand and the steady, noiseless march past went on.

LONDON, Friday, *May 20, 1910.*

Nothing can be imagined more lovely than to-day. Even in the narrow city streets the glimpses of bright blue summer sky, with scarcely a light flake of cloud, tells us that King Edward has his own weather for his last journey to Windsor. The household was early astir. H. and her party are going to see the procession from the terrace of the German Embassy, and as they have to go some distance round to avoid the troops, they are leaving at seven o'clock. C. and I and our ambassador can take it much more easily as the official train leaves Paddington at 11.20. In ordinary circumstances it is only a twenty-minute drive to the station, but to-day, with the vast accumulation of people and soldiers, there may be some difficulty in getting through the lines even with our pass. As we were quite ready we decided to start a little before ten.

M. looked splendid in his uniform and grand cordon. It is a pity that collars are suppressed for to-day. He has one beautiful one which would have made a great effect. C. and I wore long black cloth dresses; had bands of crape on the body, crape veils down to the hem of the dress behind and long chiffon veils edged with crape over our faces.

We had no difficulty in getting to the station. Officers and soldiers and big omnibuses filled with soldiers were going the same way. The tents in Hyde Park glistened in the sunlight, and we passed through black walls of people—all most grave and quiet. They had certainly been standing there for hours. All the stands along the route were full—every one in black. We arrived at the station about 10.30 and thought it would be better to take the first train that started. It would always be interesting at Windsor. We met Lady Harcourt, dressed also in deep mourning, and all went down together. We were not quite sure if our cards would do for an ordinary train, but M.'s tall figure and glittering garments smoothed all difficulties.

The country looked lovely and all the way down people were seated in the field. Children in clean white pinafores with black ribbons in their hair, or black bows on their straw hats, were tumbling about on the banks among the daisies and buttercups, waiting to see the train pass. Windsor looked magnificent as we came near, with its fine old towers standing up grim and gray against the deep-blue sky. There were many boats on the river—one or two excursion steamboats filled with people. Evidently many had come down even before us. There were foreign officers walking about on the platform and a very foreign-looking group of twelve or fourteen men in high hats, dress coats, white ties, and tricolored scarfs. We found out that they were the deputation of the Municipal Council of Paris and Biarritz, who had come over to pay their last respects to the monarch they were always so delighted to welcome to France.

Windsor was alive with troops and people—all the windows and balconies filled—every one in black—a long line of Grenadiers keeping the road and steep hill up to the castle clear—behind them a compact mass of people peering through the very little space between the soldiers who stood almost shoulder to shoulder. The police passed us through the line and we walked up the hill through the great archway into the court-yard, St. George's Chapel facing us.

Already quite a number of people were assembled. They had piled up wreaths and crosses of flowers outside—hundreds

were sent, and they made a splendid effect of color between the smooth green grass and the old gray walls. Some of our party thought there was too much color, that it looked almost gaudy. I didn't. There was already so much color in the extraordinary blue sky and the young green of the trees and grass. It seemed all in keeping, as if Windsor was doing her best to welcome her King.

The chapel looked too beautiful—no decoration of any kind—nothing but the old gray walls and tiers of seats covered with purple velvet running up each side—the big nave quite empty to leave room for the procession to pass. There were not many people—a few ushers and gentlemen of the household showing every one their seats. We found our places at once in the first section, close to the choir—one of the young men of the household, a nephew of Prince Radolin, had charge of them. We told him we wanted to go out and walk about a little as we had a long wait, over two hours, and he promised he would keep them. I told him I would complain to his uncle, the ambassador, if he did not take care of us, but he remarked smilingly that the sea was between them—he could not do him much harm. The sun was very hot when we went out, but we established ourselves in a shady corner near the entrance, from where we could see every one who came in. There was a constant movement of troops and court carriages, black-robed figures, men in every uniform under the sun—the judges a striking group with their black gowns, colored facings, and curly white wigs—one jet-black gentleman, his face emerging from the stiff gold-embroidered collar of his uniform, and people everywhere—on the roof, on the grass behind the soldiers—all quiet and perfectly well behaved. We saw all the diplomatists—heads of the missions (no young ones were invited)—come, and then went back to our places about twelve o'clock. The chapel had filled up. Many—women in deep mourning and men in uniform—had taken their places. The side doors were open—the sunlight streaming in over the tops of the trees, but there was no sound of life anywhere. We didn't hear any footsteps on the thick carpet and the women all looked like phantoms gliding in—some quite inside who had places in the choir—

some clambering up to their seats—heralds in their gorgeous scarlet-and-gold garments—members of the household—pages—ushers—under masters of ceremonies—all in uniform, standing about seeing that everything was ready. A prominent figure was Sir Walter Parott, organist of St. George's Chapel and a personal friend of King Edward. He dined one night at Windsor when I was staying there. He was dressed in his official robe as doctor of music—a white moire gown with crimson facings and collar. We saw various people we knew. The men in plain black clothes seemed almost conspicuous among all the uniforms. Mr. Pierpont Morgan and some of King Edward's French friends—Prince Murat, M. de Breteuil, Marquis du Lau, and one or two ecclesiastics, were the only ones.

Exactly at one o'clock the cannon began to fire every minute and the bells to toll. The long procession of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury—ending with the choristers—passed slowly down the nave to the great doors. Every one rose as they passed and the women put down their veils over their faces. Very soon we heard the distant strains of the funeral march coming gradually nearer. There was no other sound except the stamping of the horses' feet and the word of command to the soldiers. Suddenly it stopped—there was the dull roll of the muffled drums and the long wailing note of the bagpipes and three or four sharp whistles. I did not understand but C. did, being an admiral's daughter. She said that means the marines are lifting the coffin from the gun-carriage—their work was done. Then the procession moved up—a great number of heralds, gentlemen at arms, officers, and members of the household, some stopping in the aisle and making a wall of color through which the white-robed figures passed, the choristers singing the beautiful words of the burial service, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

There was no organ—nothing but the voices—Sir Walter Parott standing in the gallery beating time—the tears running down his cheeks. Just in front of the coffin came the Lord Chamberlain and steward—Lord Althorpe and Beauchamp—walking backward with their white staves of office in their hands—then the coffin,

carried by the Grenadiers, the white pall and the Royal Standard covering it—the crown, sceptre, and orb were carried on a cushion behind. Directly after the coffin came King George in full uniform, leading Queen Alexandra by the hand—a slight, graceful figure, veiled in crape, her face just visible through the veil, the blue ribbon of the garter gleaming through the black draperies. Then followed the German Emperor—an erect, soldierly figure, also in uniform—leading the dowager Empress of Russia, looking very like her sister, Queen Alexandra, only not quite so tall. She, too, was covered with crape and the blue ribbon of the garter. They were the only ladies in the procession. Queen Mary and her children were seated in the royal pew in the choir or inner chapel. Then followed all the kings—a stately procession. Some of them, the kings of Denmark, Greece, and Norway, very tall. The two Southern monarchs, Alfonso of Spain and Manuel of Portugal, interesting—one always wonders what their future will be. The King of Portugal looks so young—a round child's face—a big boy that his mother might still spoil as in a school-room. It was impossible to distinguish all the archdukes and princes who passed and the special envoys.—Mr. Roosevelt I saw quite well in his plain black, but only the head of M. Pichon, our special envoy. There was not room in the choir for half the procession. The aisle was filled with officers and envoys in every variety of uniform—the Chinese in light blue embroidered garments, and a very tall dark man with a long beard and high pointed cap who looked like an Armenian bishop. I never saw such a splendid effect of color. All the aisle—as far as one could see—was a mass of gold and scarlet and light blue—ribbons of every bright color—swords and epaulettes shining in the sunlight. It was quite wonderful. We were so near the choir that we heard every word of the service.

What impressed me more than anything else was just at the end—after the coffin had been lowered into the vault (and I can't exactly understand why, as I am not English)—the Garter King at Arms advanced a few steps and read very slowly and distinctly the proclamation announcing the death of "His most High—most Mighty

monarch, King Edward VII by the Grace of God"—then a pause and he read a second proclamation announcing the accession of King George in the same old-fashioned terms. There was a longer pause. He advanced a few steps saying in a loud clear voice like a clarion—"God save the King!"—the words rang through the little chapel and one or two old officers near me were crying quite frankly and wiping away the big tears. One felt that the people would have liked to respond but they could not—the words fell on an open tomb.

As soon as the royalties had left the choir we went in. It looked very dark and mysterious, lighted by candles, and black-robed figures still in the stalls, the banners of the knights of St. George hanging over each stall. A silent procession was passing out past the open vault where the coffin was. It had been lowered about six feet. I saw it quite plainly—nothing on it but the Royal Standard—the crown and sceptre—all the emblems of royalty taken away. Every one bowed and courtesied as they passed all that was left of their dead King who had done so much for his country during his short reign—not quite ten years.

We lingered a few minutes in the side chapel where Prince Eddie is buried. It was filled with flowers as was a tent put up in one of the court-yards. The air was heavy with the scent. We followed the crowd to the castle, going up the big staircase where Queen Victoria's statute stands and into St. George's and Waterloo Halls, where luncheon had been prepared for all who had been invited to the ceremony. Very handsome, with quantities of servants, and everything one could possibly want to eat or drink. The sovereigns, princes, and special envoys were lunching with King George. Of course one saw a great many people. All looked as if they had lost a personal friend. I talked with one or two of King Edward's special equerries whom one had always seen with him in Paris or Marienbad, and all said the same thing, that his death was sudden and a surprise to every one; also that he met it like a man and so pluckily—making a good fight till his breath and heart failed—feeling he had still so much to do.

We found our ambassador surrounded by various friends and colleagues. I was glad to see the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Mar-

shall) who looked very well in his uniform. I thanked him for all the trouble he had taken about our invitations. He said he was very glad we had received them as they were so overworked at his office it was not possible that some mistakes should not be made.

After a short time there was a general departure. The great quadrangle was filled with carriages to take the guests to the station, where special trains were waiting which started as soon as all the places were taken. People were still sitting in their places—on the stands outside—to see the kings and queens start for London. Already there was a difference—less tension—people were walking about, talking in their ordinary tones—quiet always, but not standing—in the hush of expectancy, waiting to see their King pass up the hill through the great gates of the castle for the last time.

PARIS, *May 28.*

I never saw such a magnificent tribute of loyalty as the whole nation paid to their King. For fifteen days he filled the heart and mind of every one. There was no distinction of politics. All were Englishmen and all mourned their great loss. I found a very genuine sympathy when I got back to Paris. At a large dinner I was at (all French) two or three days after I returned there was but one opinion as to his great qualities and of all he had done for his country. And one man, an ambassador, said, "Not only England but the whole world was the better for his reign. His death is an immense loss to France." He knew the country and the people well and was so wise in his way of dealing with them. Of course his friends were in the Faubourg St. Germain and the clubs, but he knew all the leading men and politicians of the Republican party, appreciated their cleverness, and always wanted to meet them when he came to France. He knew perfectly well that Paris salons and clubs did not represent the opinion of France, and though one could not expect him, as King, to have much sympathy with a republic, he was sympathetic and helpful as a friend, as he knew quite well it was for the interests of both countries to be on good terms and to work together.

He loved France and all the people loved him and were delighted whenever he came.

I always thought he reminded them of their beloved Henri IV. To me, personally, it is a real sorrow. He was a steady friend to me for forty years—never failed me and always did what I asked him when it was possible. So many times I have had something to say to him when he was busy or preoccupied. I had only to say, "May I speak to you, sir, for five minutes," and instantly he gave me his attention and did what he could. One of his great qualities was the courteous, interested way in which he received people. Any one at all prominent in politics or literature or anything of any class or nationality could always have access to him. He put them at their ease at once and made it not only possible but a pleasure to them both.

Some people, especially his own subjects, were very frightened of him—were too shy to speak or express an opinion. I remember seeing him one evening talking to a lady of high position who was half paralyzed with shyness. When he moved off he said to me: "I did my best, but I can't make conversation entirely alone when I never get an answer—the subject must naturally drop."

I could tell a hundred instances of his kindness and desire to give pleasure. One night at the Foreign Office in London, at a very large, crowded party, I was asked if I could present an American girl to the Prince (as he was then). I did not think it would be easy. The Prince was not well—he had hurt his knee and walked with a cane, and looked tired. He was sitting with a group of royalties and ambassadors, and it did not seem a propitious moment for an introduction. However, I was willing to try, particularly as the young lady was a goddaughter of President Lincoln. I said to the United States Minister: "Show me your young lady—tell her to stand a little forward and I will see what I can do." I went back to my place near the royal group and asked one of the English ladies what she thought. I must say she was most discouraging, but while we were talking Princess Christian heard a little of what we were saying and asked me what I wanted. I stated my case and said I could not make up my mind to ask the Prince as he looked tired. "I will see what I can do," she said, and a few minutes later she left her place and went to speak to the

Prince. Almost instantly he got up, walking with his cane, and came over to me. "What do you want me to do, Madame Waddington? Who is your protégée?" "Not mine, sir. A godchild of President Lincoln, who is in London for a day or two, and whose great desire is to see the Prince of Wales." "Pray, bring her to me." I made a little sign to the young lady, who was standing on the outskirts of the "circle"—not in the least shy. She came forward. I named her, saying she was the godchild of Mr. Lincoln. The Prince shook hands with her—talked a few minutes—said she ought to be proud of her godfather, and then added: "Now that you are here you ought to walk about a little and see some of the rooms and the people." "Thank you, very much," she replied, looking straight at him with her big blue eyes; "but I don't want to see anything else. I only wanted to see the Prince of Wales, and now that I have seen you and talked to you I don't want anything more." He was much amused and she was quite satisfied. The corps diplomatique were quite aghast at such an unconventional proceeding, and two or three of the colleagues asked me who the young lady was who had been signalled out for such an honor.

The last time I saw King Edward was here just two months ago, when he did me the honor of breakfasting with me on his way through Paris to Biarritz. We were a small party of friends, and my two little grandsons, aged five and three and a half,

were of course much excited by the prospect of seeing a king. The eldest one is called William after his grandfather, who was for ten years French ambassador at the Court of St. James. They were dressed in their white sailor suits and were standing on the wood-box in the anteroom when the King came in. He noticed them at once, asked Willy what his name was and said it was a very honorable name to bear and shook hands with them both. The baby was a little shy and did not speak, but Willy remarked casually, "I take a cold bath now every morning." "Quite right, my boy," said the King. "You could not do a better thing." I said: "We have a very good English nurse, sir, who brings them up very hardily and don't let them cry when they are hurt." He turned at once to Nanna, who was standing behind her boys, and shook hands with her, saying: "You are quite right, nurse; that is the way to make men of them." It was one of those spontaneous, kindly things he did that made people love him. He was charming that day; gay, easy, and did not seem preoccupied with the state of politics in England.

I took leave of him at the head of the stairs, thanking him for the great pleasure he had given us, and his last words were: "I shall write to the Queen and tell her I have seen you and perhaps you will write to her." I certainly did not think I should never see him again; and even now, with the sound of the funeral march still in my ears, I can scarcely believe it is true.



WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

THE PHI BETA KAPPA POEM, HARVARD, JUNE 30, 1910

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

ALL day long in the city's canyoned street,
Through a forest of watching folk on either side,
I saw a river of marching men, like a tide
Flowing after the flag: and the rhythmic beat
Of the drums, and the bugles' resonant blare
Metred the tramp, tramp, tramp of a myriad feet,
While the red-white-and-blue was fluttering everywhere,
And the heart of the crowd kept time to a martial air:

*O brave flag, O bright flag, O flag to lead the free!
The glory of thy silver stars,
Engrailed in blue above the bars
Of red for courage, white for truth,
Shall bring the world a second youth
And draw a countless human host to follow after thee.*

II

Old Cambridge saw thee first unfurled,
By Washington's far-reaching hand,
To greet, in Seventy-six, the wintry morn
Of a new year, and herald to the world
Glad tidings from a Western land,—
A people and a hope new-born.
The double cross then filled thine azure field,
In token of a spirit loath to yield
The breaking ties that bound thee to a throne.
But not for long thine oriflamme could bear
That symbol of an outworn trust in kings.
The wind that bore thee out on widening wings
Called for a greater sign and all thine own,—
A new device that spoke of heavenly laws
And steadfast lights to guide the people's cause.
Oh, greatly did they hope, and greatly dare,
Who bade the stars in heaven fight for them,
And set upon their battle-flag a fair,
New constellation as a diadem!
Along the blood-stained banks of Brandywine
The tattered regiments were rallied to this sign;
On Saratoga's plain it fluttered bright
And jubilant to hail the hard-won fight;
O'er Yorktown's glorious scene
Of victory it flew serene;
And when Manhattan saw

The last invaders' line of scarlet coats
 Move down the street, and fill their waiting boats
 And sullenly withdraw,
 The flag that proudly flew
 Above the rattling drums and shrilling pipes,
 Heading the battered line of buff and blue
 Along the winding highroad of Broadway,
 Was this that leads the great parade to-day,—
 The glorious ensign of the stars and stripes.

*First of the flags of earth to dare
 A heraldry so high;
 First of the flags of earth to bear
 The blazons of the sky;
 Long may thy constellation glow,
 Foretelling happy fate;
 Wider thy starry circle grow,—
 And every star a state!*

III

Pass on, pass on, ye flashing files
 Of men who march in militant array;
 Ye thrilling bugles, throbbing drums,
 Ring out, roll on, and die away;
 And fade, ye crowds, with the fading day!
 Around the city's lofty piles
 Of steel and stone
 The lilac veil of dusk is thrown,
 Entangled full of sparks of fairy light;
 And the never-silent heart of the city hums
 To a homeward-turning tune before the night.
 But far above, on the sky-line's broken height,
 From all the towers and domes outlined
 In gray and gold along the city's crest,
 I see the rippling flag still take the wind
 With a promise of good to come for all mankind.

IV

O banner of the west,
 No proud and brief parade,
 That glorifies a nation's holiday
 With passing show of troops for warfare dressed,
 Can rightly measure or display
 The mighty army thou hast made
 Loyal to guard thy more than royal sway
 Of law-defended liberty.
 Millions have come across the ocean-foam
 To find beneath thy shelter room to grow,
 A place to labor and a home;
 Millions were born beneath thy folds, and know
 No other flag but thee;
 And other, darker millions bore the yoke
 Of bondage in thy borders till the voice
 Of Lincoln spoke,

And sent thee forth to set the bondmen free.
Rejoice, dear flag, rejoice!
Since thou hast proved and passed that bitter strife,
Richer thy red with blood of heroes wet,
Purer thy white through sacrificial life,
Brighter thy loyal blue wherein new stars are set.
Thou art become a sign,
Revealed in heaven to speak of things divine:
A sign of Truth that dares
To slay the lie it sheltered unawares;
Of Courage fearless in the fight,
Yet ever quick its foemen to forgive;
Of Conscience earnest to maintain its right
And gladly grant the same to all who live.
Thy staff is deeply planted in the fact
That nothing can ennoble man
Save his own act,
And naught can make him worthy to be free
But practice in the school of liberty.
The cords that hold thee firm on high
Are faith in God supremely wise and just,
The only sovereign of the earth and sky;
And never-failing trust
In human nature, full of faults and flaws,
Yet ever-answering to the inward call
That bids it set the "ought" above the "must";
In all its errors wiser than it seems.
In all its failures full of generous dreams,
Through strife and struggle rising without pause
To self-dominion, characterized in laws
That pledge fair-play alike to great and small,
And guard the rights of each beneath the rule of all.
These are thy halcyons, banner bold,
And while these hold,
Thy brightness from the heavens shall never fall,
Thy broadening empire never know decrease,—
Thy strength is union and thy glory peace.
Look forth across thy widespread lands,
Let all thy stars to-night be eyes
To see the visionary hosts
Of men and women grateful to be thine,
That joyfully arise
From all thy borders and thy coasts,
And follow after thee in endless line!
They lift to thee a forest of saluting hands;
They hail thee with a far-off ocean roar
Of cheers; and as the echo dies,
There comes a sweet and moving song
Of treble voices from the childish throng
That runs to thee from every school-house door.
Behold thine army! Here thy power lies,
Dear flag: the men whom freedom has made strong,
And bound to worship her by willing vows;
The women greatened by the joys
Of motherhood to rule a happy house;
The vigorous girls and boys,

Whose eager faces and unclouded brows
Foretell the future of a noble race,
Rich in the wealth of wisdom and true worth!
While millions such as these to thee belong,
What foe can do thee wrong,
What jealous rival rob thee of thy place
Foremost of all the flags of earth?

V

My vision darkens as the night descends;
And through the mystic atmosphere
I feel the creeping coldness that portends
A change of spirit in my glowing dream.
The multitude that moved with song and cheer
Has vanished, yet a living stream
Flows on and follows still the flag:
But silent now, with leaden feet that lag
And falter in the deepening gloom,—
A weird battalion bringing up the rear.
Ah, who are those on whom the vital bloom
Of life has withered to the dust of doom;
These little pilgrims prematurely worn
And bent as if they bore the weight of years;
These childish faces, pallid and forlorn,
Too dull for laughter and too hard for tears?
Is this the ghost of that insane crusade
That led ten thousand children long ago,
A flock of innocents, deceived, betrayed,
Yet pressing on through want and woe
To meet their fate, faithful and unafraid?
Nay, for a million children now
Are marching in the long pathetic line,
With weary step and early wrinkled brow;
And at their head appears no holy sign
Of hope in heaven;
For unto them is given
No cross to carry, but a cross to drag.
Before their strength is ripe their shoulders bear
The load of labor, toiling underground
In dangerous mines, and breathing heavy air
Of crowded shops; their tender lives are bound
To service of the whirling, clattering wheels
That fill the factories with dust and noise.
They are not girls and boys,
But little "hands" who blindly, dumbly feed
With their own blood the hungry god of Greed.
Robbed of their natural joys,
And wounded with a scar that never heals,
They stumble on with heavy-laden soul,
And fall by thousands on the highway lined
With little graves, or reach at last their goal
Of stunted manhood and embittered age,
To brood awhile with dark and troubled mind,
Beside the smouldering fire of sullen rage,
On Life's unfruitful work and niggard wage.

Who Follow the Flag

Are these the regiments that Freedom rears
 And trains to serve her cause in future years?
 Nay, every life that Avarice doth maim
 And beggar in the helpless days of youth,
 Shall surely claim
 A just revenge, and take it without ruth;
 And every soul denied the right to grow
 Beneath the flag, shall be its secret foe.
 Bow down, dear land, in penitence and shame!
 Recall thine ancient oath, so nobly sworn,
 To guard an equal lot
 For every child within thy borders born:
 These are thy children whom thou hast forgot!
 They have the bitter right to live, but not
 The blessed right to look for happiness.
 O lift thy liberating hand once more,
 To loose thy little ones from dark duress;
 The vital gladness to their hearts restore
 In healthful lessons and in happy play;
 And set them free to climb the upward way
 That leads to self-reliant nobleness.
 Speak out, beloved country, speak at last,
 With simple words that all must comprehend,
 As thou hast spoken in the past,
 And clearly say:
 My power shall defend
 The coming race on whom my hopes depend:
 No Moloch of the Market shall despoil
 Their youth of promise: on my sacred soil
 No child shall bear the crushing yoke of toil.

VI

Look up, look up, ye downcast eyes!
 The night is almost gone:
 Along the new horizon flies
 The banner of the dawn;
 The eastern sky is banded low
 With white and crimson bars,
 While, far above the morning, glow
 The large and liquid stars.

O bright flag, O brave flag, O flag to lead the free!
The hand of God thy colors blent,
And heaven to earth thy glory lent,
To shield the weak, and guide the strong
To make an end of human wrong,
And draw a hundred million hearts to follow after thee!

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

By John Fox, Jr.

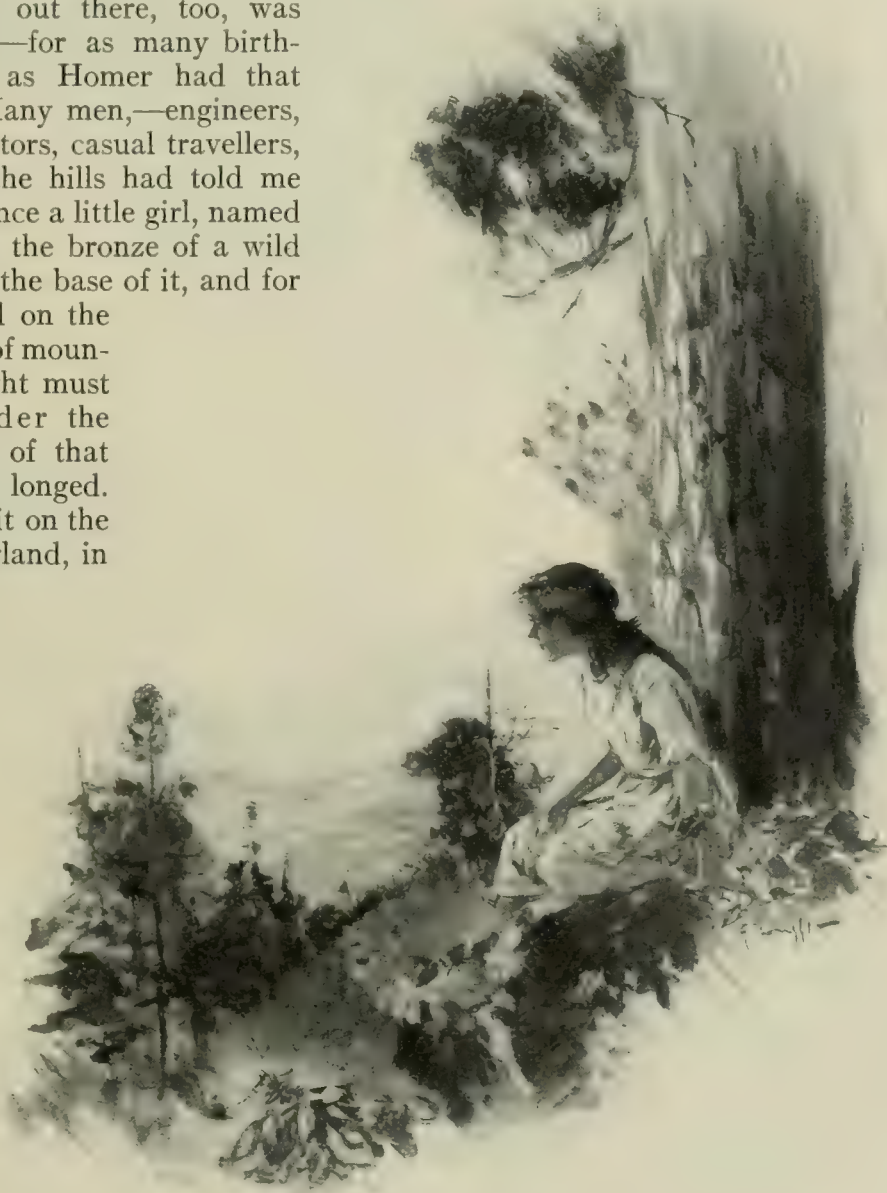
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



ONE more straining climb, and we drew rein on the crest of the Big Black Mountains. Beyond us the great masses of the Cumberland lay in majestic sleep, and the land agent pointed to one sweeping depression in its outline:

"That's the gap where the Red Fox lived." Somewhere out there, too, was the Lonesome Pine—for as many birth-places, apparently, as Homer had that Lonesome Pine. Many men,—engineers, land agents, prospectors, casual travellers,—coming in from the hills had told me where it has stood since a little girl, named June, with hair like the bronze of a wild turkey's wing sat at the base of it, and for the first time looked on the limitless blue waves of mountains that she thought must run on and on under the sun to the very end of that world for which she longed. This man had seen it on the crest of the Cumberland, in Dickinson, or wild Buchanan, that man in the lawless Pound; this one at the head of this creek, and that one again in the Crab Orchard on top of The Little Black or towering on the very summit of the Natural Tunnel that was driven through a ridge of lofty cliffs by a little stream of water so that only the track-layer's hand was

needed to build the railroad that runs through. I understand, moreover, that the stranger coming up from Cumberland Gap has that pine pointed out to him through the car window; but as for myself I had heard of it so long ago that I had forgotten from whom, and about it I had only a



A little girl, named June, . . . sat at the base of it.



Where John Hale was wont to turn toward Black Mountain.

vague memory that it lifted itself, if still alive, somewhere in the wilds north-west of the Big Gap that cuts through the Cumberland here in the south-west corner of Virginia. I had gone down the tortuous rocky way of Hell-fer-Sartain; I had gone up to the very source of Kingdom Come; now I was on the trail of the Lonesome Pine.

II

MARCH was opening gently, and so I should see it, as the story puts it, "giving place with sombre dignity to the passing burst of spring." Past June's boarding-house and John Hale's office my way had led, close to the old shingled school-house where the little girl went to school, and on almost under the shadow of the big beech where was her little play-house. Then into the mouth of the great gap which was bleak, gray, and suffused with misty blue, and on past Calaban's moonshine cabin to a clangy little town whose houses clung like swallow's nests to steep hill-

sides where John Hale was wont to turn toward Black Mountain and the pine of dreams. Looking for the real pine, I kept on to another little town where Talt Hall (alias Rufe Tolliver) "killed him a policeman." There I swerved to the left of the county seat, where Rufe paid the death penalty for that killing and the Red Fox swung from the same scaffold and turned toward the wilderness of the Pound. A land agent was with me as companion and guide—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, whose voice was slow and whose face was smooth-shaven and creased with tiny wrinkles of humor that meant a kindly heart. Where, in years gone by, we had ploughed through mud knee-deep between this town and the county seat, the agent and I ambled comfortably along a macadamized road built by the government as an educatory suggestion—but only for a few miles: for soon we turned up a little stream that is called Guest's River, and the road of ages was again ours. Up that sluggish, steep-banked, narrow little

stream, past mines and smoking coke-ovens and through cleared bottom-lands to the first sign that it was Saturday afternoon—and the first sign of the chief occupation up that way—three men squatted on the roadside, their faces flushed, their eyes stupid, and their heads wagging foolishly—moonshine! At the next house the agent stopped and rode to the rear of it and back to me again. "Get any?" I asked, and he smiled. "Was offered a dram."

The little valley spread out into a prosperous-looking farm and then narrowed again. To the left of the road two women sat on the porch of a little cabin.

"Where's Sam?" shouted the agent, and one of them cried back cheerfully:

"Oh, up the river thar a-suckin' a bottle as hard as he can suck." A few rods on we met several boys afoot—all flushed.

"They've been after it" said the agent, who seemed to know everybody personally, though, of course, everybody in the mountains says "how-dye-do" to every passer-by.

"Don't mind if I give you away?" he asked presently. I knew what he meant, for the mountain community, like all others, resents being pointed out in print as unusual, or peculiar, and I had already had my troubles.

"Not at all."

"Well, if you get into trouble, I'll do your fighting for you." I knew he would and on that trip I knew he would have to, for I had long ago given up carrying a pistol: it is useless for the stranger against the odds, one is less apt to get into trouble, and more inclined, as the mountaineers say, "to talk the other fellow out of it." The agent, too, was unarmed.

"I got tired of carrying a gun. No need for it anyhow. I've always treated these fellows right. I gave them to understand there was to be no trespassing and so forth and they knew I meant it." From the house on the right a slouch-hatted, middle-aged man showed a red-splotched face in the door.

"Hello, Sam!" It was the bottle-sucker the woman characterized down the road. "Heard you were a little out of humor." An old woman and two girls appeared and the girls began to giggle.

"I reckon I'm a-drinkin' myself to death," said Sam cheerily but weakly.

"Can't you do anything with him?"

"No," said the old woman in a matter-of-fact tone. "He ain't got no sense."

"I want to buy that poplar timber," the old man went on, "ef one o' you men can sell it to me."

"Well," said the agent, "if you don't

stop drinking, you won't need but just enough of it for a coffin."

"Now that's the truth," said the old woman whose face was tolerant, patient, but genuinely concerned, while the girls giggled again—the condition of affairs seemed to strike them simply as funny and that was all.

"Why, he's been drunk since Christmas," said the agent as we rode on. "And he's full of other poisons than alcohol. The acid of the beer on the worms makes verdigris; the stuff's not clean and it's new. You can't tell how some of it will affect you."

Now I had supposed that moonshining in the mountains was on the wane, and so it is generally: but in that region where local option had cut out competition and the opening of mines had made a flush



"A-suckin' a bottle as hard as he can suck."

market the trade seemed to flourish and the trail I followed was slippery with the stuff.

"What about the revenue officers?" I asked.

"Oh, these mountain fellows are too sharp for them. They keep spies out all the time—men, women and boys who give signals by hollering, shooting off a gun, or with a horn."

Soon the river separated into three forks, Critical Fork, Devil Fork, and up the third—Bear Pen Fork—we went through dense dark undergrowth and through thick woods toward Fox Gap in the Big Black Mountains.

"A hunter had a fight with a bear up on that spur," the agent went on, explaining the name of the fork. "He was on a scaffold waiting for it. The bear climbed up and got him off and both were found dead—the bear shot and pecked up with a tomahawk and the man torn to pieces. He was buried up there and two oaks have grown together over his grave."

Ahead of us were two boys, a big one and a little one, in the road—each of them whittling with a wickedly curved knife.

"Got any moonshine, Cajé?"

Cajé hesitated with a badly concealed glance at me, while the little fellow wormed one bare toe into the dirt.

"Oh, he's all right," said the agent.

"I could go back and git it," said Cajé slowly. "Take about twenty minutes." The agent nodded toward the little fellow.

"The revenue officers got hold of him and his little brother not long ago to keep them from warning the moonshiners; and that little fellow slipped off to one side and let off both barrels of his shotgun and the still was gone when the revenues went up the hollow." The little chap looked conscious and we left him still modestly worming his toe in the mud—Cajé striding along on foot beside us. By and by he pulled a very small bottle from his hip-pocket, thinking evidently that we were hard pressed. "I got a little here, sweetened, fer my own use" he said and passed it up. A wet tongue was enough for me.

At the bend of the road the young mountaineer turned down a ravine and



in fifteen minutes we saw him coming back with something under his coat.

"What are you going to give him?" I asked.

"Seventy-five cents," said the agent decisively.

"Oh, give him a dollar anyhow. He walked two miles."

"That's nothing to him."

"He'll have to go for more," I urged.

"That's nothing—time and distance mean nothing to these fellows." The young fellow pulled a quart bottle from his coat that seemed to be filled with water, and the following formula was now gone through:

"If you were over in Kentucky now," said the agent, "and wanted a quart of liquor, how much would you give for it?" The moonshiner answered with perfect seriousness:

"This ain't a full quart, but ef it was, I'd leave seventy-five cents."

The agent drew three quarters from his pocket.

"Well, I ain't givin' you anything. I'm just goin' to play crack-a-loo with that wagon track": and forthwith he slowly and skilfully tossed the coins at the rut in the road, the mountaineer watching him without a smile. We left him there standing by the quarters, and once I started to look back.

"No use," said the agent, "he won't pick 'em up till we are out of sight. He can't swear we gave him the money, we can't swear that he took it—and there you are."

On upward we went climbing toilsomely and in half an hour we were in Fox Gap, fronting those great still masses of the Cumberland and the sweeping dip where the Red Fox—preacher, "yarb-

doctor," and murderer—had housed himself and planned the deviltries that had removed him to a permanent but doubtful home.

III

A CASTELLATED bush-covered pile loomed up to our right.

"There's a piece of masonry for you," said the agent, and around it we went and

down into the darkening cove, amphitheatrical in shape, densely wooded and steep, with the rolling green of a farm far, far down at its feet. From every point of the heavens clouds were shouldering to the zenith, lightning flashed, and there was a growl of thunder. Blackness capped the cove, rain-drops tapped the leaves, and the horses of their own accord began to hurry.

"Did you ever notice that horses travel better just before a storm?" I asked.

"I have."

"Electrical disturbance?"

"I reckon not," drawled the agent. "I reckon you and I would do the same if we were on foot—to get something to eat and get out of this storm." That storm was coming and we had no sooner slightly fortified ourselves against it with the moonshine than it burst just as we crossed the North Fork of the Pound. The thunder crashed from as many points as the cannon at Balaklava and the lightning flashed the world into sight every minute, it seemed, or zigzagged bewilderingly above us as though Lucifer was again assailing the celestial heights. The horses got frightened now and in the gloom in front of me the agent's horse went up a bank and down a bank and into a wire fence nearly tearing his rider's slicker



"They keep spies out all the time."—Page 420.

from him. "I believe my horse is blind," he shouted cheerfully, and so I went ahead with but better luck. Literally for an hour we travelled by the flashes of light-

"You've *got* to keep us all night."

The family was just finishing supper, host, hostess, their two small boys and two girls—one dark-haired, peach-bloom



"That little fellow slipped off to one side and let off both barrels of his shot-gun."—Page 420.

ning, going as far as we could see by one flash, stopping to wait for another one, and then going ahead again. Meanwhile as a trivial detail the rain was pouring and the wind swished it this way and that as though cackling witches were slinging water at us with wet brooms. In time a light glowed far down to the left and no shipwrecked mariner ever saw a more welcome gleam. At the agent's imperious "hello," a door opened.

in complexion, and comely of figure. The girls were, the hostess said:

"My sister's children. Their daddy hung hisself," she added calmly and aloud. In a moment she was getting our supper ready—corn-bread, fried pork, eggs, and hominy.

"Would you mind not turning over one of those eggs?" I asked. She looked surprised but she did it, and looked at the result critically.

"Well, now, they do look better that



He slowly and skilfully tossed the coins at the rut in the road.—Page 421.

way." The host had been ill with fever all spring but he insisted on going out to take care of our horses. Two visitors came—to learn doubtless even in that storm who we were. We sat down to supper and the hostess alone talked, for the girl was demure, shy, helpful, and silent, and what the hostess said chiefly was:

"Eat all you can—eat all you can." Not a soul had even heard of the Lonesome Pine. After supper I took another dram of the moonshine—to help dry out my clothes—and the agent was right; nobody could tell just what the stuff would do to him. Ten minutes later I stepped out of the house with the agent and reeled into his arms, deathly sick, and I went at once to bed. I was up at daylight all right again, to the same breakfast and the same hospitable cry—"eat all you can, eat all you can." Formality had passed and anybody who pleased said his say. Even the dark, demure one stolidly told her story:

"I found him a-hangin' to a rafter 'bout eight year ago. He got a rope one day and we seed him always a-stretchin' it. One mornin' he told us to go on with

breakfast an' he'd be back in a minute. I went out to look for him an' he'd climbed up on a rafter an' jumped off."

"Deranged," said the hostess, and I wondered how often the girl had told the story, for she seemed to take a placid, grewsome satisfaction in the importance with which the incident had clothed her. There was no sadness that forbade a change of subject.

"Any amusements around here?" I asked.

"Might' nigh none," said the hostess. "The boys gits drunk an' the gals git married too early."

"How early?"

"Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen."

"My sister married at seventeen," said the demure one.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"How did you escape?" Her first smile came.

"Reckon I had better sense."

"I tell her not to marry at all," broke in the hostess. "If a gal's got a good home an' can stay there an' be a good gal, she's better off. She don't know

what trouble an' worries she gits into, gittin' married." And there you are—even out in the wilderness of the Pound is the familiar out-in-the-world view.

black-haired mountaineer, ever heard of it, but he had known the Red Fox well and had helped him dig into the Indian chief's grave in the little gap above his



"He could see a fly across the valley thar with that glass."—Page 425.

"She doesn't care when she falls in love," I said, which I had heard somewhere before, and the girl flushed faintly.

"That's so," she said.

Soon we were in the saddle again going up Phillip's Creek over a ridge and down a steep mountain toward Indian Grave Gap, one of the fabled homes of the Lonesome Pine. There was a lonesome cove down there and a lonesome cabin, but there was no towering pine anywhere, nor had the occupant of that cabin, a typical

cabin. With him leading the way and his three boys following we were soon sitting on the heap of stones that mark the resting-place of the dead brave.

"The Red Fox seed visions you know," said the mountaineer, "an' he tol' me that the sperit of a Injun stepped from behind that tree thar an' tol' him thar was a peck o' gold down in that thar grave. He said he'd guarantee it an' I shorely believed the gold was thar: an' I went to diggin', the Red Fox chiefly a-watchin' *me*. I found

a pipe—a peace-makin' pipe, the Red Fox called it: and then I come to a big flat rock that I couldn't budge, so I stopped an' the Red Fox didn't go on. That was thirty year ago, an' I al'ays meant to git under that rock an' I'll do it yit when I git the time." The agent winked, for if there was one commodity that was drugging that mountaineer's market it was time. Now, as a member of a volunteer police guard over at the Gap I had had the dubious pleasure of assisting at the last obsequies of the Red Fox on a raised platform over which a noose dangled, and this talk was of interest.

"Yes, I know'd him mighty well. I used to go 'round with him an' his big spy-glass a good deal. He could see a fly across the valley thar with that glass. Why, atter he killed them parties you fellers hung him fer, he tol' me he was a-settin' up on the mountain watchin' the folks a-layin' 'em out an' a-countin' the bullet-holes he had put through 'em. I nuver heerd him say nothin' about no Lonesome Pine, but ef thar's anybody who knows whar it is, hit's Uncle Hosey Bowlin." The agent looked up interested, and it developed that Uncle Hosea was an old man of whom I had often heard—who, up in the nineties in age, yet walked to and fro fifteen miles to his county court and would hold a horseman in a jog-trot to keep up with him.

"Uncle Hosey was a-runnin' a ole feller fer the grave a long while ago. This ole feller dug his own coffin from a poplar log and kept hit in his house for four years. When anybody come in to see him, he would git in, fold his hands, and close his eyes:

"'How'd I look?' he says.

"'All right,' I says—'fits fine.' Atter four years he went under in that thar coffin and left Uncle Hosey above ground."

The agent broke in suddenly:

"When was your boy killed?"

"Three year ago." The mountaineer's face showed no surprise at the question—no emotion whatever.

"Who killed him?" There was a glint in the eye now, a tightening of the lips, and two of his boys moved slightly.

"Vanover."

"What for?"

"Don't know. Jus' got hit inter his head an' follered him up till he done it. He lived right thar in that house with me fer two year and I thought him an' my boy was as good friends as could be. I chased him toward Jackson an' passed him in the night.

"Trying to arrest him?" I asked.

"Alive or dead," said the agent.

"Ruther dead," said the mountaineer. "I meant to open on 'em both—t'other feller was helpin' him git away. They was two to one but I didn't figger on that. I'd as soon git t'other

feller as Vanover—fer helpin' him git away. Both left the country but I hear he's back here now an' then. But I know hit's a blind to keep me from knowin' jus' whar he is." So this mountaineer had his tragedy and the seeds of a feud were right there ready to sprout, for his boys were drinking in a spirit of revenge which showed in all, apparently—strange to say—without a sign of heat.

"The Red Fox was a peaceable citizen for a long while," the mountaineer said as we were leaving, "but he got to totin' a gun an' keepin' bad company." And as we rode away: "I hear as how Uncle Hosey is ailin' some."

The agent nodded back over his shoulder:

"He pays five dollars a year for the rent of a thousand acres, and I've collected three dollars in four years, but it's a good thing to have a tenant here even for nothin'—it keeps people from cutting timber and trespassing."



"I just stepped home."—Page 426.

On the way the agent halted to make speech with a patriarch whom he called Uncle Tommie and who was languidly hanging over a fence. Uncle Tommie, too, had never heard of the Lonesome Pine.

"Tell us about that fight," said the agent. Uncle Tommie looked sheepish, but in spite of the agent's wink to me he started bravely:

"Well, I went up to Bill's to git some leggin's. I tuk a dram or two and Bill said somethin' an' I up and knocked him down with a chair." Uncle Tommie stopped and, catching the drift of the agent's wink, I asked:

"What did *he* do?"

"Got his gun but I tuk it away from him. I'd 'a' emptied it into him if it had been loaded."

"Did nobody else interfere?"

"Oh, yes, his boy stabbed me in the wrist with a jack knife."

"What did you do to him?"

"Nothin'—didn't pay no attention to him. I just stepped home." We rode on

—the agent laughing silently, and presently he turned in his saddle:

"Uncle Tommie came back from that fight and said he had left his leggin's. I said I would go for them, and Uncle Tommie poked his head out of the door and yelled after me: 'I left my hat thar too.' An' he just stepped home! He will be telling that story that way as long as he lives."

Winding up a creek for an hour, we came upon a log-house drowsing under apple-boughs, and there on the porch was seated Uncle Hosea with his son, his grandson, a handsome chap, and a neighbor. From all we got a hearty welcome. Uncle Hosey's head was bald on top but long white locks hung down on either side. His eyes were bright blue, his face was mobile and smooth-shaven, and he was perfectly toothless. He was spirited and humorous. His brow was broad, he had a better accent and used better language than the average mountaineer, and he knew what was going on in the world. He was the



first mountaineer I ever saw who claimed descent from Pocahontas, and he reeled off his pedigree fluently. His grandfather was in the Revolutionary War, the tale of which he had heard from him over and over, and he himself entered the Civil War when he was forty-four years of age.

eyes sparkled and how his tongue wagged! An ancient had died recently in the county claiming to have been one hundred and sixteen years of age and Uncle Hosea was indignant.

"Why we was boys together and we went into the war together and we give



"I'm afraid this is the kind of a dinner you describe in your book."—Page 428.

His father had settled near there in 1795, and he himself had killed deer, panther, bear, wild-cat and had trapped beaver. He had never used tobacco but he drank "all he could git." Uncle Hosea admitted this, he said, to a temperance advocate once:

"The temperance feller said, 'Yes,'" quoted Uncle Hosea, "'an' if you hadn't 'a' drunk nothin', you would have had to be shot on Judgment Day.'" Thereupon the agent pulled a pint of moonshine and Uncle Hosea's eyes sparkled. Having no teeth he put his tongue into the neck of the bottle and withdrew it, guiding the liquor down his throat. Then how his

our ages at the same time then an' he was only four years older than me then, an' I reckon I been agin' as fast as him *since*." Then his grave-faced son took up the cudgels:

"I seen that old man four different times an' each time he jumped his age from six to ten years."

"An' I tell you," chimed in Uncle Hosea, "hundred-yearlings are skase."

I approached the issue now with genuine concern—had Uncle Hosea ever heard of the Lonesome Pine? The old man's brow wrinkled doubtfully and my heart fell and rose as the brow grew smooth again.

"I niver heerd o' no Lonesome Pine, but I knowed a tree that old hunters usen to call the Lone Pine sixty year ago." That was close enough for me—I had run that pine to earth at last. It was on top of the mountain, Uncle Hosea said, at the head of a little branch, and stood at the foot of some great cliffs right on the State line. Uncle Hosea had once been hunting with his father and their dog had trailed a bear to a cave near the foot of the pine.

"'Take holt o' that dog,' pap said, 'an' I ketched him by the scruff of the neck. Pap put his gun into the hole an' whistled. The ole bear riz up and pap shot her through the head. We dragged her out an' she had a cub not much bigger'n a gray squirrel. We toted it home and mother put the little feller to her breast an' nussed it. Mother had nussed wolves an' fawns an' most everything, an' she said that little cub put his paws on her breast an' nussed gentler than wolf, fawn, or any baby she'd ever had.'"

It was good to know that the trail of the pine led back to pioneer days and it was almost uncanny to be talking with a man who had lived them. Suddenly his son turned his keen eyes full on me.

"Didn't I see you guardin' Talt Hall?"

Hall was the Rufe Tolliver of the story—and at his last obsequies, too, I had assisted.

"I was there," I said a little uneasily.

"I remember ye. Talt wasn't half as bad as he was painted."

I let it go at that and put no further shadow on the memory of the deceased.

"I was at the county seat once when you fellers was guardin' Talt," he went on, "an' some dogs chased a cat into the jail. The guards thought the Kaintuckians was comin' an' they was skeered to death. I seed the Red Fox go plumb under a bed." That incident I did not recall but I expressed no doubt of the truth of it and went back to the Lonesome Pine.

I would never be able to find it alone, said Uncle Hosea. I wouldn't know it if I saw it, and nobody but Uncle Hosea knew where it was. It was too bad but we had to give up the search then and there; for as the mountaineer who had dug for the bones of the Indian chief said:

"Uncle Hosey was ailin'."

IV



The old farmer complained that his breeches were ragged.—Page 429.

Two months later I took that weary trail again and the artist who draws these pictures was with me—himself bound also for Hell-fer-Sartain and Kingdom Come. We started early one May morning and went miles through snowy dog-wood. For dinner we pulled up at a cabin that had an atmosphere of its own. There were pansy beds and other non-mountain flowers in the yard. The porch was clean, the floor through the open door showed freshly scrubbed, everything was neat as a pin and no company was expected. Then a girl appeared—and it was June! She wasn't quite as pretty, of

course, and her hair hadn't exactly the bronze on a wild turkey's wing, but she was as keen, alert, and intelligent and she showed such a disturbing conception of her point of view and of my own that I could not make out which she thought was the more humorous. Dinner was ready and, as we were taking pot-luck, she was apologetic:

"I'm afraid this is the kind of a dinner you describe in your book," she said demurely, and I almost gasped. But it wasn't that kind of a dinner and the girl knew it, and for Hale's sake I hope that June turned out even half so good a cook. Our young hostess had never been out in the world, she said, but she seemed to know it pretty well through her books which she had read with profit not only to her mind but to her speech which was clean-cut and at times startlingly polysyllabic. After dinner the artist took snap-shots of her with his camera, and when he wanted to take her

father as well, the old farmer complained that his breeches were ragged and that he wasn't "fixed."

"Oh, go 'long!" said the girl, "that's just the way they want you." The artist was distinctly impressed:

"I thought you were drawing the long bow about June in that book," he said, as he rode away. "I had no idea that so near the real thing could be alive."

It was curious, but all the way, on the previous trip, I had met scores of men and boys in the road and now we scarcely saw one. There was another reason for the apparent depopulation than the fact that it was not Saturday afternoon. The revenue officers had made a raid up that way since I had travelled it, had destroyed half a dozen moonshine stills, and had captured a dozen prisoners, so that perhaps the good-natured moonshine friend with whom the land agent had played crack-a-loo in the road was now playing the same game with a comrade in a prison cell—but I hope not. One would never have known that there

was a drop of moonshine or a moonshiner in the world on that trip, and while we saw no moonshiners we were doubtless seen and watched by many from the bushes.

Late in the afternoon we found Uncle Hosea under his apple-boughs, comfortable, well-cared-for, but still ailing and genuinely distressed that he was yet unable to take us where we wanted to go. Once more, then, I had to turn back on the trail of the Lonesome Pine. I am still waiting for Uncle Hosea to improve, and if he ever gets strong enough, I shall strike that trail again. It may be, however, that the pine which lives only in the memory of that one old man will, as far as any man can know, die with him. But though no mortal eye may see and know it again, may it still stand, "catching the last light of sunset, clean-cut against the afterglow, and guarding the pass under the moon—green among dying autumn leaves, green in the gray of winter trees, and still green in its shroud of snow—a changeless promise that the earth must wake to life again."

REVELATION

By Julia C. R. Dorr

I REARED an altar to an unknown God
 Whom ignorantly I worshipped. To its shrine
 I brought rich gifts, oblations rare and fine;
 And in each pleasance where my young feet trod
 I sought the fairest flowers that gemmed the sod;
 Plucked roses, lilies, sprays of eglantine,
 Myrtle and amaranth and lush woodbine,
 To wreathe the altar of that unknown God
 Before whose shrine my heart knelt—justified!
 Yet oft I feared! One night when winds were mute
 And pale stars trembled in the heavens above,
 "Tell me thy name, thy blessèd name!" I cried.
 Low came a whisper, soft as silver flute,—
 "Fear not, O child! My only name is—Love!"



"SILENCE"

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I



HE busy, cluttered room was far from spacious, save overhead. Plaster casts stood in its corners and a few death-masks hung on the walls. In its centre a large figure, built up in red clay on a rude framework of timber, rose toward the dingy skylight. About this figure swarmed a number of young people in bedraggled blouses; and in front of it the genius of the place, also in a blouse, worked a bit of wet earth between thumb and forefinger as he explained his conception to a little knot of visitors.

"It will stand in a niche, perhaps. Or within a doorway. Or between a pair of Doric columns. Miss Frelinghuysen, won't you please take that last cloth off the forehead? And, Simcox, you might put another handful of clay on that wooden elbow."

A large, stout girl ran up a short step-ladder, stripped off a soaked brown cloth, and dropped it upon a pile of others that already stained the floor. At the same time a lithe young man perched for an instant, Mercury-wise, on a corner of the castered platform and clapped a pound or two of red clay over the only part of the framework that still protruded.

"There; that's better," declared the sculptor. And the figure, with the last of its beauties unveiled and the worst of its defects temporarily corrected, stood forth for the consideration of the callers.

"*Kolos-sal!*" exclaimed one of the party, clapping his hands and drawing in his breath. He was blond, ingenuous, foreign-looking—a young German baron who had landed only the day before and who had been hurried at once to view the newest prodigies in American art.

"Overwhelming!" murmured the lady

who had brought him, working her ample bosom and quieting down a tendency to wave a black lace parasol.

"*Pyrami-dal!*" pronounced a bohemian confrère from the floor below, a leisured painter who had led up the matron and her party from his own quarters. He threw his slight figure into a stiff pose, placed his forearm across his mouth and nose, and looked out, with an effect of stern sadness, at this first large rough presentation of his friend's idea. The figure itself was in the same posture and promised to speak the last word in the "simplified." It was enveloped from crown to heels in a single large and seamless piece of drapery. Brow, breast, arms, feet—all save the heavily shadowed and inscrutable eyes—were wrapped as in a solemn winding-sheet. "*Ça ira; oh, most decidedly!*" cried the painter, with vivacity. "Vincent, my dear fellow, I congratulate you!"

"Ach!" said the young German, "I see those columns; he is withdrawing through them to the tomb. 'Hail und farewell!' he says, before leaving us for 'that undiscovered country toward whose bourne—toward whose bourne—'" He turned for help to a young woman in a black-plumed hat—a hat like a catafalque.

"Toward whose bourne each mortal must depart," breathed the young woman with rhythmical obsequiousness.

"Bravo!" cried the guide, dropping his pose, clapping his lean hands, and giving the *improvisatrice* a sudden smile. The sculptor shuffled his feet.

"At present," he said, "we offer you little more than life-size. Whether we ever

reach the really heroic or the colossal depends, of course, on——"

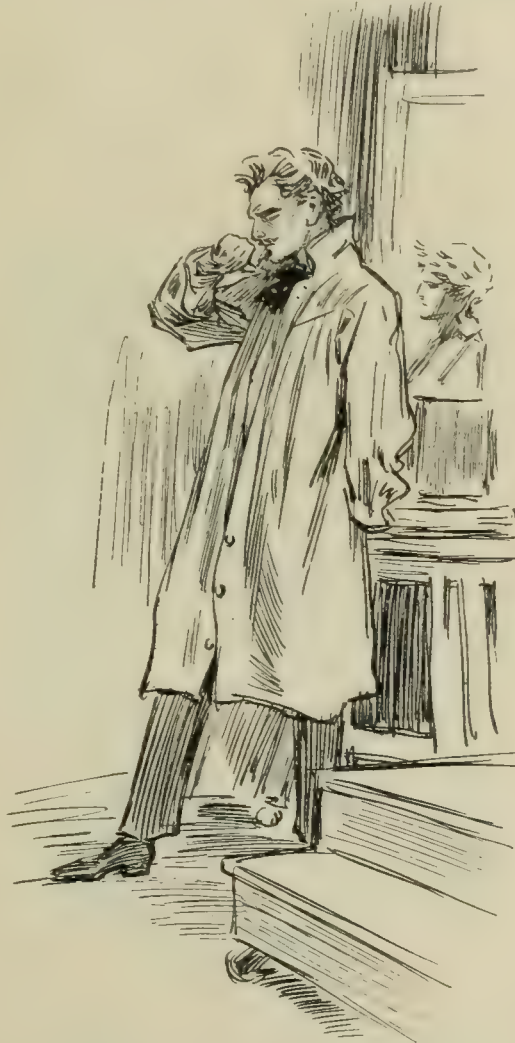
There was a sudden sharp jingle behind a green burlap curtain. "Miss Foster, won't you see what the telephone wants? Depends, of course," he resumed, "on fortune and circumstance.—Well?"

"It's the Girls' Industrial Club, over in Passaic," reported Miss Foster, removing a smear from the receiver. "If they can choose between 'Modern French Sculpture' and 'Donatello's Contemporaries,' they'll take the French Sculpture."

"Very well. Will someone please make a note of it? Saturday, at eight-fifteen. Simcox, you'll see about the slides?"

The young German still stood entranced. "He pauses for a moment within that dark doorway—a yawning portal which is soon to swallow him up. And before he yields this pleasing, anxious being to—to decay—he—he——"

"Leaves the warm precincts of this cheerful shop
And casts a longing, lingering look our way,"



"*Pyrami-dal!*" pronounced a bohemian confrère.

completed the painter, with a triumphant glance at his rival in the poetical art.

The outer door opened suddenly, and a shabby boy in an official cap entered with little ceremony. "Vincent!" he called, extending a thumb-marked envelope.

"Here," said the sculptor. "Put it on my desk, Miss Frelinghuysen. I suppose it's about that special meeting of the Art Commission—I believe I am to speak." He returned to the figure. "Columns and a doorway—yes, I think I favor that idea, myself. Really, I need the help of your imagination. To ask you to judge of my design without accessories, without space

and perspective, and from an undersized, half-finished sketch—I'm not sure I ought to have let you see it at all!" he declared, with a sudden frank compunction.

"If this is only an undersized sketch—!" cried the painter.

"I jumped straight from that," said the other, indicating a tiny figure, scarcely more than a foot high. "I have full faith in the idea," he added gravely.

"Yes, you have your idea, and you have your sketch. But"—drawing a step nearer his friend—"have you your—your 'patron'?"

Vincent shrugged—an eloquent, deprecatory No.

"Ah! waiting for the right man to die?" the other went on incorrigibly. Miss Frelinghuysen performed a complicated grimace. It contrived to convey reproof.

"He must be some one who was good und great und distinguished," began the young German, with a serious eloquence. "Some one who has noply ended a nople career——"

"Thank you," said the sculptor gratefully.

"Yes," chimed in the painter, "we must have some one who was fully worthy; some one who appreciated art and was fired with a high ambition to have his name and fame handsomely perpetuated in enduring marble——"

"Or granite," said the elder lady.

"Or bronze," suggested the younger.

"Or gold and ivory," amended the painter, suddenly veering from his earlier notion.

"Marple, marple," said the German baron seriously.

"Bronze!" insisted the younger lady,

setting aside her deference and bobbing her catafalque: "the dark mystery of the great Beyond."

"Granite!" insisted the elder, again struggling to control her parasol: "the utter inexorableness of Fate."

"Gold and ivory—" began the painter, throwing out his arms to compass a chryselephantine hugeness. But he saw his friend's face, and stopped.

There came a knock at the door. Vincent was glad to answer it in person.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," said a penetrating female voice, "but I wonder if Bertie Foster would lend me her alcohol lamp. I'm trying to have a tea, and the janitor's wife has cleaned me up till I can't find a thing——"

Meanwhile the young students continued to swarm about the figure. One filled in the dubious area around its feet; another tooled some technique into the robe; a third fiddled over the thumb. None but the master himself might touch

the eyes, the forehead, the great fold of drapery above it—for here resided, potentially, all the mystery and solemnity toward which the whole collective endeavor moved. Vincent, returned from his needy neighbor, sent a homing glance toward that most significant passage in his creation.

"Going or returning," he said, with a smile, "our friend will speak no word."

"So stark! So mute!" intoned the matron, embroiling her gloves over the handle of her parasol.

"So much to be told us!" murmured the young lady of the plumes. "Yet not one word of warning, of consolation!"



"Toward whose bourne each mortal must depart," breathed the young woman.—Page 431.

"He is in—inhibited," pronounced the young German scientifically. "But that he is forbid, he could a——"

"Indeed he could!" cried the painter, with a mock shudder.

Another knock at the door, an address that was humble yet urgent. Miss Foster, who opened this time, gave the visitors a glimpse of a tangle of black hair above an anxious, middle-aged face. "Can we use the 'Count' to-morrow?" she asked Vincent, in behalf of a dependent who possessed nothing in the world besides an invalid wife, four children, and an admirable torso.

"No; some time next week," replied Vincent. But the anxious face refused to retire, and the voice persisted in a broken jargon vibrant with entreaty: the need of an "advance" was in the air. "You'll find a dollar in the third left-hand drawer," murmured the sculptor to his assistant.

Before the door could be finally closed, a soprano voice, some distance down the corridor, rushed through a rapid chatter of words, to the accompaniment of a vigorous galopade on a piano, toward an "effective" finale:

"*'Adieu donc pour toujours, adieu donc pour toujours . . .*
Pour——tou-JOURS!'"

Miss Foster shut out at once the forlorn model and a smart patter of obligatory applause. Now came a little volley of observations from the painter's small party—all in that general tone of résumé which heralds a departure.

"So deep!"

"So mysterious!"

"So sublime—and so cruel!"

A second volley—the scattering fusillade of courtesy.

"That nymph is charming."

"That bust really possesses character."

"That group is most ably, admirably composed."

A third volley—taps.

"We have enjoyed these few moments so much."

"This has indeed been a precious privilege."

"We have already encroached too long on your valuable time."

The party moved toward the door. One backward glance, by way of parting tribute, toward the new work which had brought them there.

"It is a grand thought. It is worthy of a fine title. How"—their guide's hand was almost on the door-knob—"how do you intend to call it?"

The artist smiled wanly.

"Its name," he said, "is—'Silence.'"

II

HORATIO VINCENT, at the age of thirty-five, was just coming

into his own. He had passed through the period of portrait busts and park fountains and soldiers' monuments to expand in the larger and fairer realm of the ideal. All his more recent subjects exacted the homage of capital letters. His attention went to such big concerns as Fate, Humanity, the Soul; and the latest of his doings dealt, as has been seen, with the Mystery of Death and Futurity. In most cases labor had been its own reward; but once or twice some conception of his, not having been too utterly lofty and vague, had produced "practical" results. And he was hoping that this "Silence" might do the same.



"Here's a column or so . . . about somebody who has just died of apoplexy at the Hotel Gotham."—Page 434.

Gertrude Plant was hoping along with him. No, Gertrude was not the young woman under the catafalque; that bird of passage had never appeared before and never appeared again. Gertrude did not at all run to ostrich plumes. She habited herself in a compromise between "dress reform" and "art nouveau," and went in for cool grays and sad browns and exotic embroideries. Miss Frelinghuysen and Miss Foster and the other girls would look her over covertly yet carefully whenever she came in—which was twice or thrice a month—to see how the Great Ideas were getting along. Sometimes they quizzed, and sometimes they copied. But they all understood that Gertrude's hopes were paramount to her clothes, and that the clinching of a single big commission would bring to fruition the fondest hopes of two faithful hearts. Let but the Silence be broken by the scratching of a pen busy over a big check, and Felicity would turn her face toward both.

Yes, they were all waiting, as happy-go-lucky Templeton had so bluntly intimated, for the right man to die.

Miss Frelinghuysen kept the death-masks and read the obituaries. During the past fortnight she had been reading assiduously, for the "Silence" had been cast in plaster and was now not only ready to look at but was also ready for the bronze-founder or the marble-cutter. She was running over the morning paper when Gertrude Plant dropped in to view the figure in its latest stage.

"Faugh!" exclaimed Miss Frelinghuysen; "how the rich cling to life!" She turned the leaf. "Here's a column or so, however, about somebody who has just died of apoplexy at the Hotel Gotham. He's from Kentucky. 'Reuben H. McEntee, of Lexington, the well-known stock-breeder and turfman. . . . Owner of Leonie K., 2.03 $\frac{1}{4}$ Prominent on the Eastern circuit. . . . Well'"—with a deprecatory glance toward her chief—"this is hardly work." Miss Frelinghuysen descended from her stepladder, threw away her *Times*, and lumbered over to a "This-tledown" which represented a private speculation of her own.

While Alicia Frelinghuysen went on with her problem of communicating an airy elfin abandon to so many pounds of plastina,

Vincent and Gertrude, standing side by side, were taking a long look together at their "Silence." They saw it, greatly enlarged, dominating a long stately avenue of tombs and funereal cypresses. A band played a dirge; a multitude bowed in hushed and reverent awe; and an impassioned orator recalled the gifts, graces, and services of some great personage who had lately passed into the Shadow. Nor were the gifts and graces of the artist ignored—as they so frequently are. "In this magnificent statue," our pair heard the orator shout, "we have the very incarnation of the mystery of life and death. Rich in honors and achievements, our dear friend and leader has passed into the beyond. To-day he knows—but may not speak. . . . Ah, would that those lips might be unsealed, that those eyes, dark with mysterious Knowledge But the dread reign of silence remains unbroken. . . . !"

Neither of the pair gave one thought to Reuben H. McEntee; yet a month later the executors of Reuben H. McEntee stood in Vincent's studio.

The one was a banker; the other was a prosperous tobacco-grower. Miss Frelinghuysen found the first lank, and the second pudgy; neither, as she muttered disdainfully, was at all "sculpturesque." Nor did either know anything about art; and each took a jovial satisfaction in the fact that the other was as ignorant as himself. The will of their dead friend had devoted toward the fit monumental marking of his grave a sum that might amount to some twenty thousand dollars; and the responsible spenders of so considerable a fund might well reconcile themselves to their ignorance of graven images.

Vincent set his jaw and went to work on them. He would have preferred to immortalize a different kind of eminence. He blew up his figure to all sizes; he provided it with all sorts of backgrounds and accessories; he hinted at the co-operation of architects and of landscape-gardeners; in indignant desperation, he worked his hands, his smile, his shoulders, his whole vibrating aura. But all to small purpose: these two hard-headed business men cast over everything the pall of a jocular doubt. The figure before them seemed singularly bald and bleak. Where was its anatomy?—all wrapped up in a big blanket. Where were

the folds of this blanket?—absent, though surely the funds at their disposal ought to secure a fair number of creases and ridges. Was any one statue enough? Might they not be expected to provide something with a statue on each corner? They began to hint about a granite contractor, in Louis-

whom this glorious creation was to be dedicated. They saw a long, lean figure in black broadcloth and a slouch hat; he wore a goatee, and had a cigar stuck offensively in one corner of his mouth. Stop-watch in hand, he stood high up, with others of his kind, in a gaudy little pavilion,



The one was a banker; the other was a prosperous tobacco-grower. —Page 434.

ville, who would do them a fair-sized temple, with several effigies of suitable character, for eight thousand dollars or so. Vincent's intimation that he might expect twelve or fifteen came to them with a distinct shock.

He had stood up to them less from a desire for their distinguished patronage than from a determination to defend his precious Idea. "I don't much care," he said to Gertrude Plant, in describing this first interview, "whether they take it or not. I almost hope they won't. In fact, if it wasn't for you, dear girl . . ."

Just as they had contemplated together the unveiling of the "Silence" itself, so now they co-operated in a vision of the man to

the master of hippic revels. Then they took off his long coat—though they left him the cigar—and sent him flying round the track in his shirt-sleeves, behind some two-year-old harnessed to a "sulky" . . .

"Odious!" exclaimed Gertrude Plant. "Thank heaven, we have never had to have him here!"

"If we had never had to have those others, either!" returned Vincent.

He waved off the Kentuckians with a gesture of tragic protest. How could they be expected to appreciate such a triumph of severe selection, of studied simplification? How could they understand that, by very virtue of this simplified severity, his tomb would detach itself from all other

tombs, would infallibly focus upon itself the attention of every spectator, learned or simple? As was she of Melos among Venuses, so would be this monument among monuments. But those barbarians had gone on in a loud, off-hand way, and they had gone out in a loud, off-hand way. They would think it over; they would take counsel; they would enlist the services of some competent critic, if one, by good chance, were found. . . .

"Oh, I have had 'competent critics'!" Vincent declared to his Gertrude. "They come from stone-yards; they do notices for 'art journals' you never heard of in all your life; they——"

"Hush, dear!" said Gertrude. What indignity, what humiliation he was undergoing—and all for her sake! And now—the ground being cleared for her own activities—she launched out upon a comprehensive review of the multiplied crudities and ineptitudes and downright asininities with which her long haunting of this and other studios had stocked her memory. Vincent glowed; and together they condemned Mr. Bird Hascomb, of the Stockbreeders' National Bank, to the lowest circle of art's inferno.

But Mr. Hascomb saved himself—for a time, at least. It occurred to him to carry his problem to the vice-president of the metropolitan bank with which his own bank was in correspondence, and this person, by some happy chance, was also a director of the Art Museum.

Well, Alonzo Wetherington Wygant accompanied Hascomb and his coadjutor to the studio. The "Silence" now stood before a provisional background which suggested more or less successfully the architectural possibilities of the scheme. Wygant was immediately and eloquently in Vincent's favor. He was in the artistic swim; he always joined joyfully in the *dernier cri*; he was ever ready to take the last excesses of any contemporary art movement without blinking an eyelash.

"Why, Hascomb! Why, Prickett!" he cried, flouncing his bushy side-whiskers and twirling his eye-glasses, "this is the very thing you want! Seize it at once! What has delayed you? What have you been thinking of? Nymphs with each curl accounted for? Angels with every feather numbered and certified? Faiths and Hopes

with polished bracelets and undercut lingerie? I trust not! I trust not, indeed! Why, this grand, noble, simple, self-explanatory thing would reflect the greatest credit on your dead friend and on your own artistic taste. Here we have a clear and direct and straightforward presentation of one of the great rock-resting fundamentals of human existence. Nothing frivolous; nothing superfluous; all bespeaks a grim majesty that no word of mine . . ."

Despite the needlessness of his own words, Mr. Wygant went on improvising with charming fluency for ten minutes more. The two visitors from Kentucky were impressed, and almost convinced. Wygant, on leaving, whispered a word in Vincent's ear. "Make it fifteen, at least; people respect only what they pay for." Wygant dealt habitually in large figures—for him twice fifteen would have been a bagatelle. Vincent resolved to summon all his force and to compel his halting tongue to name Wygant's figure.

A week later, the figure had been named, and the executors, though with some misgivings, had tentatively accepted the artist's idea.

III

A MONTH passed and the matter still remained more or less open. An architect had been called in and had proved himself fluent. A landscape-gardener had been summoned and had shown himself eloquent. Each had his idea. The architect wished to subordinate the figure to an extensive monument; and the landscape-gardener desired to engulf the monument in a vast park. They had to be reminded that even the most extensive cemetery-lot is not boundless. It was Mrs. Shurtleff who told them so.

Mrs. Shurtleff came from Kentucky. She was a firm-faced woman of fifty-five. For years she had been Mr. McEntee's housekeeper, and she was down in his will for a good big sum—a disproportionate one, as others of the heirs felt. She had done much to lift the burden of loneliness that had afflicted her employer's last years; and now and again her housewifely arts had agreeably made good the shortcomings of Saratoga and Sheepshead Bay. If there was to be a monument, she must have something to say about it.

She had come a long way, and she had not come to remain silent. Her cue was that of a high expressiveness. She felt, in fact, the cloaked presence of Dubiety. She had no idea of presenting a simple front through whose few rectangular doors and windows any one might gaze into the privacies behind: no, hers the task of rearing a vast and complicated façade whose ornamental intricacies none should penetrate. Action, motion, flutter, glitter—thus was the average eye to be dazzled and defeated.

Though she talked much and well, as she sat there in rich and mournful black, certain lacunæ still persisted. No widow developed; no children. But the studio refrained from inquiry; the less it positively knew, the better it was satisfied. Yet Miss Foster, who admired statesmen, would have welcomed a term in the State legislature; and Miss Frelinghuysen, who was warm-hearted, would have given glad acclaim to the faithful support of some struggling college or asylum. But no such credentials were forthcoming. Reuben H. McEntee gained little as the soft, bright, glancing words piled up. In the end he remained but the well-known turfman and the dear friend of Clarissa Shurtleff.

Mrs. Shurtleff had formed a lofty and elaborate ideal. It called for all the florid definiteness of a bridal trousseau. It demanded the interlocked pomp of panels, urns, carvings, balustrades. Not a single

big idea, but a mass of little ones; and it was on this basis, productive of verbal opportunity, that she did her talking. The young ladies, despite the brilliant, bedizened loquacity of her discourse, soon seized

her essential quality. They declared among themselves that she had no real right to say anything in the matter, and unobtrusively turned their backs upon her; and Gertrude Plant, coming one day to the studio door and hearing within the soft, rapid, even flow of the woman's speech, refused to enter and took refuge, for half an hour, with a miniaturist farther down the hall. If she scorned Reuben H. McEntee as a detached figure, she detested him in the light of his social and domestic relations. And as for the creature who had come in to unsettle a matter already settled—well, silence indeed were best, if it were possible.

"Be patient; be civil!" Vincent had begged her. "It's all

for you, dearest. It's disagreeable, I know; but can we let things fall through, now?"

One morning, a week or two later, there was a noisy rat-tat-tat on the studio door. Before any one could answer it, the door opened and a young man strode in. He was a wild-eyed, slapdash specimen, and he announced, in a tone not wholly devoid of truculence, that he was Gerald McEntee, of Cincinnati, and that he wished to know about the monument.

It soon became apparent that the press, on both sides of the Ohio River, had been



"So that's the thing, is it?"—Page 438.

busying itself with the demise of Reuben H. McEntee, with the manner in which he had bestowed his considerable fortune of three million dollars, and with the adventures of his executors in the art circles of the East. "Reuben H. McEntee was my father," declared the young man fiercely. "I shall have something to say in this affair—and so will my mother and sisters!"

Young McEntee's eye swept hawklike over the room. "So that's the thing, is it?" He pointed at the shrinking figure with a brown, sinewy finger: it was impossible that any one should pronounce the word "thing" with a more stridently contemptuous emphasis, or that any finger should shake with a more passionate and incredulous disgust. Then he turned his sharp, fierce eye on the artist; Vincent felt that he was viewed as little better than a conspirator—he had combined with certain flagrant and rascally persons to rob a son of his rights. He, in turn, saw this young man as one of the contentious brood of a "common-law" wife. Gerald McEntee would have his say, it was easy to foresee, about the rôle played by Clarissa Shurtleff, and about the integrity of Messrs. Hascomb and Prickett. He himself should not be the only rascal to be pilloried.

McEntee continued to glare about the place. He seemed almost too outraged for coherent speech; and he may have been a bit embarrassed by his novel environment. But Vincent, with an inner ear now attuned to finer things than mere speech, heard everything he thought. "Such a sum for such a work as that? Are you a madman? Are you a thief? Do you think I shall stand calmly by and let such creatures as you and Hascomb work your will? Can you believe that my mother and her children, after years of disgraceful neglect, will submit to such further injury as this?" Glance and gesture made much of this internal discourse as plain to Vincent's assistants as to himself. Miss Foster frowned; Miss Frelinghuysen began to titter. Simcox, who was sprinkling a bunch of clay nymphs out of a big watering-pot, looked loyally at the master, set down the implement on the muddy floor, and gave his shirt-sleeves a further roll. "I can do it," his look said.

Vincent made a gesture of dissent. He was occupied with a vision of Gerald McEntee's mother, and as the picture was

founded upon the only data available at the moment—those furnished by her son—it was not flattering. The room was enriched by the presence of a woman whose dark iron-bound visage flamed with a vulgar determination. She was there to urge, to clamor, to contend, to expostulate. She made the room ring; and she might be relied upon to make other rooms ring. His ears tingled; his head swam. . . .

"But why am I wasting words on *you*?" cried the son of Reuben H. McEntee. If his stress on the word "thing" had been contemptuous, his stress on the word "you" was abysmally insulting. "I'll do my talking in Kentucky! I'll do my talking in the courts of Kentucky! That will dispose in short order of Hascombs and Shurtleffs and lumpy plaster images! You will learn mighty soon and mighty plain that——"

"Yes, yes, do your talking in Kentucky," said Vincent, motioning him toward the door. The violent young man, with one rabid glance, threw himself out, and Vincent dropped into the nearest chair. He put his hands up to his ears. He had presumed to evoke Silence; and Silence had produced, for her first-born, Clamor; and Clamor, as something told him, had but begun its lusty career. Yet he only said:

"Simcox, why did you set down the sprinkling-pot? Was it to turn on the fire-plug?"

Simcox grinned, but grinned speechlessly; enough had been said.

IV

TEN or twelve days later another young man presented himself at the studio—a trim, alert, self-confident chap who lost no time in naming the newspaper he served. Vincent often entertained the angels of the press, and one more or less of these celestial visitants mattered little. He gave them news paragraphs, synopses of his art talks, photographs for reproduction: they had space to fill and he had reputation to make—one hand washed the other. But though he knew most of the people who "did" art, he was unable to place this particular youth. Indeed, the new-comer confessed himself the reverse of informed, and threw himself ingenuously on the artist's mercy. Vincent always preferred modest ignorance to bumptious ignorance; it also pleased

him to find this particular newspaper disposed to give a little more attention to matters of art. It was a sheet which treated news with a rich violence for the populace; it industriously turned the happenings of the current day into a certain crude sort of fiction. Now, happily, it was welcoming art in another form. Vincent, who was nothing if not a born evangelist and propa-

"Ah, yes; yes. A judge? An educator? An—an eminent statesman?"

The talk inevitably became personal—increasingly personal—exclusively personal. Before Vincent fully realized it, his ingenious caller knew as much as he himself knew—in fact, much more—about the Bluegrass Millionaire (as the old fellow was doomed to become known) and about



Three columns it ran—three sickening columns.—Page 440

gandist, welcomed with generous enthusiasm so fine an opportunity to widen the field of his influence. His eagerness was militant in many places besides Passaic.

"Tell me what it is, and all about it!" said the young man, with engaging directness, as he stood before the figure. "We're not always 'wise' to everything—we have to handle too many sorts of things for that."

Vincent warmed over again the phrases which he had employed, during many Saturday afternoon receptions, with various earnest women, old and young, and with occasional painstaking elderly gentlemen, handsomely dowered with leisure.

"I see," said the visitor, nodding eagerly. "And it commemorates Mr.—?"

"Mr. McEntee, of Kentucky."

his domestic concerns, and about his executors, and about the new tribe crying aloud for justice from Cincinnati, and about——

"Oh, how could I have talked so much!" poor Vincent was moaning in self-accusation, twenty-four hours later.

"You didn't," declared Miss Frelinghuysen stoutly. "He knew three-quarters of it before he came. We have just put in the 'heart-throbs' and the 'human interest.'"

"Heart-throbs won't help us with Hascomb and Prickett," moaned Vincent.

"Perhaps they won't," admitted his assistant soberly.

For there had been much in that newspaper report to sober the most light-hearted.

Three columns it ran — three sickening columns of inflated, repetitious verbiage, and nearly three-quarters of it all had been put direct into the mouth of Horatio Vincent. It was he who, in *propria personâ*, told the shabby, hapless tale. Oh, the maddening reiteration of those quotation-marks as, brace after brace, they opened a new paragraph! And the two-column cut of his admirable photograph of the figure in candid, clear-cut plaster had come out as a mere black amorphous smudge!

"No, it won't help with Hascomb and Prickett," Vincent had declared. He was right. It didn't.

The afternoon papers took up the theme. Friends quizzed; visitors smiled; rivals sniggered. Vane Templeton let loose a girandole of airy impudence. The amount of printed chatter became prodigious. Vincent sighed for a hermitage in some limitless desert. His own "Silence" had become profaned and hateful; only the merciful silence of Nature could poultice his wounds.

Much of this miscellaneous gossip and comment must have reached the executors. Their joint letter, when it came, was in Hascomb's hand. In civil paraphrase—"Oh, can't he say it and have done?" cried poor Vincent—it explained that legal and financial considerations made a final decision at present impossible. The letter rambled on, with a touch, here and there, of the oratorical classicism still dear to the South; but it gave plain hints that somebody had talked too much, and it ended with an intimation that if the opportunity were presently seen to turn the work to other account, that opportunity had best be embraced.

"They're glad to get out of it," Vincent declared that evening to Gertrude Plant. "They've never felt sure of themselves, anyway."

"I am glad to have them out of it," she replied bravely.

Vincent thanked her, but he felt disappointed and resentful. He had thought to raise a chaste and severe temple to Silence, and this lovely structure had been overwhelmed by an avalanche of mere talk. And that talk was far from over. Indeed, it was scarcely begun. Booming reverberations from Kentucky were already in his

ears. He heard the jargoning of lawyers, the jangling of court machinery: a flood of charges, appeals, demurrers, exceptions, perorations, as the tribe from Cincinnati fought for its rights under Reuben H. McEntee's will—or outside of it. Presently he heard his own voice mingling with the others. The attorney for young Gerald was toying with him just as he himself had often toyed with a handful of clay. "Please state the precise circumstances under which——" Or, "Kindly repeat the exact words that were employed when——" Thus spoke the smiling, teasing lips, while he, a man of peace, a devotee of the quiet life, flushed, fidgeted, stammered, and felt himself ridiculous. The face changed; another inquisitor, aflame with professional ire, hectored him on behalf of Clarissa Pamela Shurtleff. "Can you be perfectly sure that any such thing was said?" Or, "Are you ready to swear under oath that such an incident actually took place?" He felt himself sinking into bottomless mortification as the whole court united in regarding him for the paltriest fellow in the world.

His next Saturday reception brought a crowd, a jam. Half the world happened in to drop a part of speech the more upon the verbal cairn under which the "Silence" now lay buried. The studio put on its most gallant front. Defeat; defeat; but the little garrison would march out with arms and colors. Vincent wore his best frock-coat; Miss Frelinghuysen set forth tea and vanilla wafers; and Gertrude Plant, along with her mother, faced things till the end. Among the callers who crowded the narrow room was Alonzo Wetherington Wygant.

Mr. Wygant felt himself a much-injured man. The Southerners had wounded him in his tenderest point—his connoisseurship. He pronounced their course to be both indelicate and ungrateful. He aired his grievance to many, and more than one listener felt, with him, that he had been abused.

But Mr. Wygant possessed a good deal of resiliency, and he could easily bound from one thing to another. He had not come alone; he had brought with him an art-loving friend—one inclined to purchase, if purchase would but render the purchaser conspicuous. Wygant transferred his al-

legiance from the " Silence " to that group of nymphs which had been living for some weeks under wet rags and the watering-pot, but which had recently emerged into plaster.

" George," observed Wygant genially, " how would those young persons, done in marble, look on your lawn at Greenwich? None too bad, say I." And he added that once the sculptor's name were mentioned to week-end guests, not a soul among them would fail to recognize it. " A ' Vincent,' " said Wygant, with simple warmth.

Then he gave the artist his elbow and declared beamingly that mere words had never downed a good man yet—quite the contrary. Then, in a whisper, he added: " Have your nerve!"

" George " was magnificently liberal, and

fully " up," on the instant, to a showy stroke. In the thinning throng he exchanged a dozen words with Vincent, and he harassed the last of the lingerers with the complacent boasts of possession. " It will make you a marked man, George," said Wygant, retiring, arm in arm, with his friend.

" Never mind the tea things," said Vincent to Miss Frelinghuysen; " go." " Never mind about me and dinner," said Gertrude to her mother; " go." The two remained alone together in the darkening studio, before the great, mournful, mysterious figure which had been the centre of so many hopes. Fortune had come, finally, if obliquely. They were too happy to speak. Silence, so long deferred, had been reached at last.



WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE

THE CAMPAIGN FOR AN HONEST STANDARD

By Francis E. Leupp



FROM power-sites to pint-measures seems a far cry, yet in pursuit of its conservation policy the government of the United States is concerning itself with both subjects. Before any great question can be intelligently considered, its students must be equipped with terms of precision. While, therefore, one committee of Congress is devoting its attention to mammoth coal deposits and priceless water sources, another has before it a bill to fix the size of a berry basket. This contrast simply illustrates two extremes of the same principle; for the policy of conservation, broadly interpreted, means the avoidance of waste, whether in large or in little things; it covers not only the husbanding of the undeveloped natural resources to which posterity must look for its means of subsistence, but a more reasonable cost of living for our own generation. On Poor Richard's theory that the penny saved is the penny earned, the conservation of human energy by minimizing its wanton expenditure is as important in a way as the protection of a mineral bed or a spring-fed lake; and when we learn that every strawberry sent from Florida to Massachusetts must be repacked before it is offered for sale—because the pottle in which it travels north may be of any size the shipper prefers, whereas the statutes of the Bay State prescribe the size of the box or basket in which it shall be exposed in the markets there—we can understand why Congress takes cognizance of so apparently petty a business.

To learn that the law demands that a certain receptacle shall hold an honest quart or some specified fraction thereof does not help us much unless we know what a quart is, and for a definition we turn to the Office of Weights and Measures in Washington. In the old times, this office occupied a small space in the build-

ing rented for the Coast Survey, where the metallic standards were kept under lock and key and the correspondence regarding them was carried on. Its chief beneficiaries were the custom-houses and mints. To-day it forms an important part of the national Bureau of Standards, which has a home of its own on a picturesque wooded knoll a little way outside of the city. The bureau is lodged in a group of buildings not only adapted for the preservation of our recognized standards of length, cubic contents, and weight, but equipped with laboratories and machinery for ascertaining new and exact units of force, resistance, conductivity, tensile strength, elasticity—in short, of substantially every quality of matter which, in scientific research and the practice of the useful arts, calls for accurate definition. Its director, who worked out and set going the present organization, is Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, formerly a professor of physics in the University of Chicago. Besides a record of scientific attainment and a conspicuous talent for administration, he has a happy gift for gathering about him a corps of young investigators as well charged with rational enthusiasm as he is.

Until about ten years ago, the United States had the unenviable distinction of being the only great nation without such a bureau. As a result, American manufacturers of scientific apparatus were obliged, in order to compete with their foreign rivals, to send their products abroad to be tested and certified. It was probably such galling admissions of inferiority which did most to spur Congress into providing an independent establishment for this country. Our Navy Department is no longer compelled, in order to insure itself against deception in the candle-power of the incandescent lights it buys, to send them to Germany for standardization. In the single matter of the purchases of paper for the public printing, which amount to a million

dollars a year, the bureau has already saved the government hundreds of thousands, by changes it has effected in the specifications on which bids are invited, and afterward frustrating attempts by contractors to furnish something inferior to the standard fixed. It is rendering like aid to all the purchasing agencies of the government, and, for a fair compensation, to private business concerns.

Whoever has seen anything of sick-rooms knows the indispensable part played there by the clinical thermometer. One of the first steps the bureau took was to invite thermometer-makers everywhere to send in specimens of their wares for comparison, and a strange condition of things was disclosed. So wide a diversity of standards obtained within the industry that it would have been possible for a fatal disagreement to occur between three or four physicians called into consultation on a delicate case, if they carried thermometers made at different factories. The discovery wrought a revolution, and now most American makers of clinical thermometers send them to Washington for test, accepting as their common standard that fixed by the government; while the prudent retail purchaser demands with his thermometer a certificate issued by the bureau either approving the accuracy of the instrument or stating the amount of correction necessary in reading it. The most progressive manufacturers, indeed, have been steadily improving their machinery under the guidance of the bureau, so as to turn out a higher average product.

Not only clinical thermometers, but many of other kinds, are sent to the bureau for test and correction. The importance of this privilege to the business world may be guessed from the case of a thermometer submitted by a New York concern, where an error of one-sixteenth of a degree made a difference of fifteen thousand dollars paid in one year for coal purchased on the basis of its calorific value.

In such lines of manufacture as steel, glass, and porcelain, there are processes where one vital factor is a temperature too high to be gauged by any mechanical thermometer. To miss this pivotal point by never so slight a fraction of lack or excess may completely transform the character of the fused material. That means waste

through spoiling, a heavy aggregate increase of running expenses for the factory, possible delays of months in the completion of the work, and an added cost to the consumer for the finally perfected article, because it has to be sold for enough to pay for the many failures as well as for the one success. A few years ago, the decision when the desired temperature had been reached was a matter of shrewd guesswork, or at best of cultivated instinct; and operatives who could "read the fire" commanded high salaries. All this uncertainty is disappearing before the bureau's experiments in optical pyrometry, which are now making it possible to measure the heat of the fire by the quality of the light it sends forth.

Among other undertakings of popular interest has been the research required in providing for the utmost precision of the volumetric apparatus used in administering minute quantities of high-potent drugs like antitoxins; for the correction of photographic lenses to insure their greater fidelity of reproduction; for ascertaining the trustworthiness of gas and water meters of various types, the strength of cloths, leathers, and twines, and the durability of building materials. These are but a few of many, but they will convey some idea of the latitude of this department of the bureau's work.

Returning to our ordinary weights and measures: most of those employed in the United States were brought bodily from England. There, in the earlier days, they differed even in the several counties; but by degrees, as intercourse between all parts of the kingdom grew more intimate, it became necessary to find some units which could be nation-wide in their use, and rooted in governmental authority. Into the American colonies had been introduced many of the local standards, so that, when our present Union was formed, each State had its own system, and in the country at large there was chaos.

All the wiser heads among the fathers recognized the importance of bringing about some orderly plan, and Washington, Adams, and Jefferson repeatedly called the attention of Congress to the power conferred upon it by the Constitution to "fix the standards of weights and measures." But the jealousy with which the States were guarding their individuality would

have made it politically embarrassing for any law-maker to press a programme which might force upon one State the surrender of its own standards in favor of those of some sister State. So it was not till 1830 that Congress, having had its notice sharply drawn to inequalities in the methods pursued at different custom-houses, investigated the whole subject and enacted a law prescribing for the use of the Treasury Department the avoirdupois pound, the English yard, the wine gallon, and the Winchester bushel familiar to our generation. Six years later, it directed the Secretary of the Treasury to deliver to the Governor of each State a complete set of these standards.

The States so generally responded that the pound, yard, gallon, and bushel are now for the most part uniform throughout the country, but the exceptions are too serious to be ignored. In some States, for instance, the gallon of certain materials is defined in pounds: twelve pounds of honey being a legal gallon in Nebraska, six and one-half pounds of kerosene in Kansas, seven and one-half pounds of linseed oil in Ohio, and eleven pounds of sorghum molasses in Indiana. These weights do not agree with the gallon fixed by Congress at two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches. In other cases the old ale gallon of two hundred and eighty-two cubic inches is legalized, while in a few States the old ale or milk gallon is the legal dry gallon, though about five per cent. larger than the corresponding unit derived from the Winchester bushel.

The bushel itself still varies widely in the measurement of particular commodities. Thus, a coal bushel ranges through six States all the way from 2,419½ cubic inches to 2,748—a difference of more than one-eighth—and like variations are found in the lime, coal, and coke bushels. Coal is sold in some States by the ton of 2,000 pounds, and in others by the ton of 2,240 pounds; but the greatest vagaries appear in the liquid barrel, which swings from twenty-nine gallons in New York to forty-two gallons in Texas. It is plain, therefore, that there is room yet for some reforms which will enable the purchaser in one State to know what he is buying in another without an elaborate calculation in decimals.

Nor are the existing standards traceable to an origin so stable that they could be verified promptly by a scientific process. How many women, buying a yard of ribbon, know that they are measuring the length of the arm of King Henry I of England, who established that standard in 1120? The inch, from which most of us construct the yard, was not invented till nearly two centuries later, a statute of the reign of Edward II defining its length as that of "three barley-corns, round and dry." As the English had by that time become absorbed in agriculture, or commerce in its products, this industry furnished another unit in the reign of Henry III, when, though the penny was made the common basis of weight, its own stability was insured by the requirement that it should weigh the same as thirty-two wheat-corns taken from the midst of the ear!

The eccentric pedigrees of our inherited standards will account for the welcome accorded to the French plan for measuring off a quarter of one of the earth's meridians, dividing this into ten million equal parts, and adopting one such part as the unit of length, under the name of the metre; the idea being that, even if all the concrete official standards in the world were simultaneously destroyed by some cataclysm, the scientists who survived the disaster could measure off the quadrant again and re-establish the metre with accuracy. Confidence in this forecast was somewhat shaken, however, by the discovery, when geodetic science had reached a higher stage of precision, that the first measure of the quadrant was so far at fault as to affect the length of the metre by the thickness of a sheet of the paper on which this magazine is printed.

Trifling as the error seemed to the popular eye, it was enough to set the physicists searching once more for an unvarying natural standard. The swing of a pendulum, and a number of other constant media, were considered, but the inquirers appear to have settled finally upon the length of a wave of light, which by general consent offers an ideal solution of the difficulty. The metre, in spite of its slight shortcoming, is so well intrenched that probably no attempt will be made to dislodge it as the unit in daily use through most of the civilized world; but, since the proportional

relation between the standard metre and the wave-length has been definitely determined, the metre can be described in wave-length terms and reconstructed at will; and from the metre can always be worked out the necessary units of bulk and gravity.

Having decided what shall be the standards of size and weight and volume, it remains to enforce a proper respect for these in the daily transactions of life; and here, in spite of all the clamor about the cost of living, it is strange how little the complainants seem disposed to do for their own protection. To stir them to action, the bureau has set afoot an unostentatious but effective campaign of education.

Mrs. Housewife, having ordered a bill of groceries amounting to four dollars and eighty-three cents, tenders a five-dollar banknote in payment. Her change she scrutinizes to make sure that she gets her full seventeen cents, and in honest money; but it does not seem to occur to her to make equally sure that she has received sixteen ounces in every ostensible pound of butter, a whole peck of potatoes, or a full gallon of syrup. She fails to notice whether the package of Eatemup Grits she bought to-day is as large as the package she bought a month ago, or to compare the price of Brightfire's Breakfast Bacon, put up in those dainty little jars, with that of the bacon she used to get by the pound. And when, at the close of the semester, she is footing up her domestic expenses and sighing over their continued increase, she lays all the blame upon the apparently moderate advance in the price-list, instead of charging part of it to her own confusion of prices with values, gross with net weights, and trade with standard measures. Doubtless she would be shocked to learn that every barrel of flour she buys lacks four pounds of its professed weight; yet that very fact has developed in the District of Columbia, whose people, consuming three hundred thousand barrels every year, spend forty-two thousand dollars for flour which they never receive!

Investigations made or inspired by the Bureau of Standards show that the manufacturers of a certain breakfast food who, before the enactment of the pure food law, used to stamp each package with its putative weight, have quietly ceased to do this.

Not one purchaser in a hundred suspects, till his attention is called to the change, that he is not buying in a package as many ounces as of old; yet as a matter of fact there has been a shrinkage of more than thirty per cent in its weight, and an increase of fifty per cent in its pound price. Indeed, the package used to-day can be set down bodily inside of the package used two years ago, with plenty of room to spare. The other day a housekeeper who had paid a dollar for a sealed and labelled pail of lard, took the empty pail to market and had it refilled by weight at a cost of only fifty-six cents. One brand of bacon is sold in packages for forty per cent. more than the cost of the same grade open on a butcher's stall; the corresponding disparity in dried codfish sometimes amounts to more than sixty-two per cent.; and there are varieties of crackers which, bought by the box or in bulk, show a difference in cost of one hundred per cent.

This is no disparagement of package edibles as such. A great deal is to be said for them in spite of any degree of comparative expensiveness. In point of selected excellence, appetizing appearance, cleanliness, economy of space, and convenience of pantry storage, they are far superior to the carelessly kept and roughly handled goods dug out of a barrel with a scoop, or chopped off with a cleaver, or poured from a box into not-too-well-kept scales. Tenants of apartments appreciate their condensed form and their readiness for immediate use; and most of us who have become fastidious in our tastes will continue to buy the more costly articles in defiance of the economists. The prime consideration is that every one should know what he is buying and how much he is paying for it.

The reform movement, after several years of effort, is still sporadic; but all big reforms begin with germinations in separated spots, the growths gradually expanding till they merge and cover the whole ground. We see such a process now under way in New England, where the ceaseless activity of Massachusetts is making itself uncomfortably but wholesomely felt in neighbor States hitherto apathetic. In 1891, for example, the Massachusetts legislature enacted a law proscribing milk jars and bottles which fall short of their pretended meas-

ure. The first year's inspection showed that nearly half the receptacles then in use were deficient. What happened? As soon as a batch were condemned, they were bought by the junkmen and shipped into Connecticut or Rhode Island, where there was no statutory bar to their use. One hundred thousand short bottles thus found their way into Rhode Island alone. When the people of that State awoke to the imposition, they procured from their legislature a law to stop it, and all the short bottles were promptly dumped into Connecticut, a small surplus continuing their westward travels till they invaded New York.

It took Rhode Island fifteen years to become indignant enough to act for its own relief: communities are large bodies and move slowly. Yet they are, after all, only aggregations of individuals; and every mail brings to the Bureau of Standards evidence that individuals here and there are beginning to appreciate the need not only of definite laws on the subject of weights and measures and a vigorous administration of them, but of such uniformity in both laws and administration that false standards driven out of one State shall not find refuge in another.

A physician complains that he recently ordered several gross of one-ounce round prescription bottles of a glass factory, and received bottles holding six drachms, not eight. Three-ounce bottles of medicine he found to contain only two and one-half ounces. He has discovered that in the sale of crystalline medicines, what passes over the apothecary's counter for an ounce is really only four hundred and thirty-two grains, not four hundred and eighty; also, that the pint bottles in which beer and malt liquors are sold contain as a rule twelve ounces instead of sixteen, while the quart bottles show an even worse shortage.

A Maine woman who raises squabs in order to keep her invalid husband supplied with what he needs, carries the birds to market herself, weighing them before starting. The weight the marketman places upon them governs, however, and, as it is always short of hers, she goes home every time with less money than she is entitled to.

A dealer in oil and olives, doing business in Philadelphia, has to pay for his goods on hoghead measurement gauged

in New York, where the importations are entered. When he sells them again, it is by his own measurement in broken quantities, and the sum of his sales never equals what he is charged for in New York.

The fruit merchants of Massachusetts, who are behind the movement for a federal definition of a berry basket in inter-State commerce, are not the only representatives of their trade who are anxious for compulsory uniformity in the measures of fruit packages. An enormous business is done in Western apples for Eastern markets; a reduction of the number of apples in a box from fifty to forty-eight means a saving of four per cent. to the producer; hence the shipping interests are resisting the efforts of the retailing interests to have the inside dimensions of an apple-box regulated by law.

In the paper industry, leading manufacturers and dealers are seeking a satisfactory basis for the measurement of their commodity, so as to reconcile trade phraseology with fact in any transaction. One dealer, speaking for a large association, complains that the manufacturers, in handling most grades of their product, wrap the article sold in a coarser grade of paper, often so heavy that the wrapping alone makes two or three per cent. of the total weight of the package. "A customer," he says, "buying a bundle of fifty-pound paper, may receive forty-eight pounds of the paper he has purchased and two pounds of the coarser grade, but he is billed and pays for fifty pounds." This is a trade custom, so encysted that it may require a great deal of time and effort to pry it out; but the significant point is that the desire to get rid of it is now active within the trade itself.

One branch of the bureau's educational campaign is carried on through a national conference on weights and measures which meets yearly in Washington under its auspices. Facts brought out in the discussions there, if they can be accepted as typical, indicate a deplorable laxity in the petty trade of the people, if nothing worse. The delegates who cite them are men charged in their own communities with the custody of the local weights and measures and with the execution of the laws relating thereto. Even in the States where regulation is most stringent, it appears that confiscations include, to this day, spring-

balances with sliding fronts, dry and wet measures with false sides or movable bottoms, "five-pound" boxes of creamery butter which hold only four pounds and eleven ounces, "ten-pound" pails of lard which contain only eight pounds and three-quarters, and the like.

Some States make elaborate provision for the legal measurement of the great natural products which are piling up fortunes for a few persons, while leaving the hand-to-mouth element no defence against the hucksters who sell them their daily supplies. Several communities in which electrical power is in common use for domestic purposes are without laws for its measurement. A few cities have far eclipsed most of the States, in adopting ordinances to forbid the sale of small fruits and groceries by the "cup," "can," "bag," or other indefinite measure liable to mislead ignorant customers, and placing fines upon the sale of vegetables and fruits in boxes or baskets faced with a quality of goods deceitfully superior to those found in the lower layers.

More ingenuity is expended on counterfeit weights and measures than on counterfeit money, it is safe to say; and a great deal more than, applied to an honest purpose, would make the fortunes of the inventors. The driver of a wagon delivering kerosene oil to retail customers was caught reducing the capacity of a five-gallon can which he used for a measure—and which had been officially inspected and marked on the outside as of full capacity—by setting up inside of it two blocks of wood as large as building bricks, and bracing these against opposite sides, where they would be hidden by the shoulders of the can, by forcing a slender stiff stick lengthwise between them. Coal has always been a favorite medium for the practice of fraud. The variance between the 2,000-pound ton which is legal in most of the States, and the 2,240-pound ton which is legal in others, is confusing, and the difficulty of weighing so bulky a commodity is prohibitive for the ordinary householder, whose only protection lies in dealing with merchants of established reputation. One shrewd fellow in Washington, D. C., carried on a thriving business for a long time by soliciting small orders from his friends at less than the customary price and delivering 1,000 pounds

as a half-ton, instead of the 1,120 to which his customers were entitled under the local law.

In some cities the street pedlers use a balance of German manufacture. In Germany it is forbidden because it is recognized as so potentially iniquitous an implement, and it is made for export to those countries where, as in ours, the standard laws are uncertain or lax. One of our American labor-saving devices, however, is quite as bad. This is a cheap "computing scale" used by many a small tradesman on the pretext that, as it tells him not only the weight of the goods he is selling but what he must charge for them at so much a pound, it spares him thus much mental calculation; but as the instrument is inexact enough to leave always a trifling margin of uncertainty, he feels justified in giving himself, and not his customer, the benefit of that. Another scale, outwardly of the conventional pattern, is so constructed that the weights will weigh true or false according to the position in which they are set on their plate; and one, specially designed for use in a hardware store, is connected with a magnet concealed under the counter, and so placed as to exert its influence on the pan in which nails and similar metal goods are weighed.

Even the best of scales can be used by an unscrupulous dealer for bad purposes. He may appear annoyed by the rattling of the pan against its iron holder, and slip an innocent-looking wad of paper under it; or, if he keeps a small and not over-nice butcher-shop, he may leave the pan unscoured, so that, by successive weighings of fat meats, it accumulates on its inner surface a thick smear of grease. For this smear, as well as for the folded paper, the customer pays for an extra ounce or so at the rate charged for his groceries or his meat. And what do these trifles signify? In a city where the inspectors have to visit ten thousand shops annually, it has been estimated that half of them contain at least one scale which is short-weight by an ounce, and that a reasonable average use of such scale would be forty times a day. Counting three hundred business days to the year, the loss to the purchasing public in that period would amount to three million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the larger part would

fall upon the class of small purchasers least fitted to stand it.

The growth of the conferences in attendance and interest shows a marked improvement in public sentiment everywhere on this question of the honest measure. States which had lost or mislaid the standards presented to them by the Federal Government have hunted these up; some which kept theirs in out-of-the-way places have provided for their more convenient storage; others which had left theirs to suffer damage by exposure and neglect have had them readjusted and brought into regular use. Co-operation for a common end which means a pecuniary benefit to all the people has brought about a neighborly feeling between State officers who once stood aloof; and their nightmare bogey of "centralization" has been exorcised by the discovery that the authorities at Washington are making no effort to usurp tyrannically the police powers of the States, but rather trying to aid the States in making those powers effective for good.

The final result of the agitation will, of course, be complete uniformity all through the country in matters affecting weights and measures. Whether it will take the shape of a general remodelling of State laws and methods to conform to some scheme pronounced by the conferences to be most feasible, or whether the whole business will be voluntarily turned over by the States to the Federal Government, remains to be seen. Possibly a middle ground may be preferred, Congress prescribing in positive statutory terms a system of standards and units which must prevail in all transactions, and providing for the prosecution of offenders engaged in inter-State commerce, but leaving each State free to punish malfeasance committed within its own exclusive jurisdiction. The one great essential is to have an accurate and unchangeable basis for all business involving questions of quantity, and a terminology which shall mean just the same thing in Arizona that it means in Vermont.

Nor is the ideal of uniformity merely national. The interest long felt throughout the civilized world in the establishment of a universal system of standards is evidenced by the meeting, in 1870, of an international conference at Paris to consider certain phases of the subject. The Franco-Prussian War had a depressing effect on the attendance that year, but at later gatherings the business made such progress that the French Government, on whose initiative it had been started, set apart a plot of ground about two acres in area, in the Park of St. Cloud, just outside of Paris, declared it neutral territory, and dedicated it to the uses of an International Bureau of Weights and Measures. A universal metre and kilogramme were adopted by the conference of 1889, and stored in a subterranean vault on the premises, where they are accessible only when three independent officers with different keys come together. Exact duplicates of these standards were distributed among the governments represented at the meeting.

The neutralized head-quarters of the International Bureau stand on the same footing as the High Court of Arbitration at The Hague and the office of the Universal Postal Union at Berne; and the movement which culminated in its foundation was as spontaneous, and grew as naturally out of the needs of the world in our generation, as these other great monuments of advanced civilization. Nay, back of its economic phases, notable as these may be, lies one yet broader and more important. Standardization on a world-wide scale points to the symmetrical union of industries all over the earth; greater facility of commercial intercourse, and hence more of it; the elimination of a thousand misunderstandings, once the most fruitful source of controversy; and the cultivation of closer ties, based on better acquaintance, between the people of the chief producing nations. In brief, it may, under the right direction, become a powerful factor in the establishment of universal peace.



An Aruimi Type.



A Congo Boy.



A Congo Girl.

THE REAL AFRICAN

By Herbert Ward

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SCULPTURES BY MR. WARD



ENTRAL AFRICA is a land of strange and fatal enchantment.

There is an inexpressible charm in picking one's way through localities that have never before been visited by a white man; seeing strange types and hearing new languages. To be alone in the very centre of the African continent, where nature and human nature are alike in a crude state; to be far away in the midst of a primitive people whose nature is wild and uncultivated—people who are simple, savage in ignorance, timid and ever fearing for their lives; to be the one delegate, as it were, of the modern world in the midst of countless thousands of human beings whose minds are the minds of primitive mankind; to live free from all the petty conventionalities and ramifications of civilization; to be able to forego all the artificial necessities of our modern home life; to give free play to that strong, inward craving for true natural liberty,—these are some of the subtle attractions that inoculate every man of African experience; these are the charms which cast their spell upon all African travellers,

and which have held so many of them fascinated for long years.

It has been my good fortune to have passed five years of my life among the savage inhabitants of Central Africa. Entering Africa in the year 1884 under the auspices of Stanley, I served two and a half years in pioneer work connected with the newly formed Congo State. Whilst still in Africa, Stanley arrived with his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, and I was enrolled, in 1886, as a volunteer officer of that expedition and faced once more the far interior.*

I took to Africans from the first. They appealed strongly to my sympathy by reason of their directness, their lack of scheming, and by the spontaneity of everything they did. My confidence ripened as time went on and I found myself imbued with a profound sympathy for African human nature. Of all the aboriginal races with which I have come in contact during my travels in New Zealand, Australia, Borneo, and the Far East, the African appeals to me as being the most transparently human.

* Works by Herbert Ward: "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," "My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard."

Among the native tribes of the Congo region of Central Africa there exists no form of history. There is no written language. They have no signs or characters; no traditions and no memorials of the past. It is as though an opaque curtain hung behind the living generation, concealing everything that passed before their time. It is considered a bad omen to allude to any one who is dead. Such an allusion is only made by accident, and is immediately redeemed by a snapping of the fingers.

No record is kept of dates. Consequently natives are ignorant of their age. The only epochs that remain marked in their minds are associated with such events as the occasion of a tribal fight or the killing of an elephant.

Their lives are as wild and unchecked as the tangled growth of their primeval forest homes. There is nothing to occupy or to stimulate the mind, which lives, thinks, and acts for the moment. They possess a faculty of indifference, the obvious outcome of the precariousness of their lives.

When not fighting for bare existence, their minds are focussed upon methods of satisfying their animal wants. Despite the present condition of these forest tribes, there yet remain signs of a former condition of superiority. A world of human nature lies hidden beneath their dark, forbidding exteriors. Upon many occasions I have

had revealed to me evidences of humane and tender feelings.

The eyes of the Congo forest dwellers are never refreshed by a distant view, and there is no bright sunshine in their country to gladden their hearts, for the sun's rays seldom or never penetrate the eternal forest gloom in which they spend their lives.

With danger lurking behind the trunk of every tree, and with an ever-present fear of capture and death, they live their days and years; they pass through periods of modified joys and sorrows, knowing nothing of the outside world, living without hope and without regrets.

Nothing is lasting in their lives, the keenest heart-ache, the bitterest grief is soon forgotten. They live only for the present, without prospect or retrospect.

In view of the growth of modern tendencies in relation to questions of socialism and

equality, much that is instructive may be gathered from a study of the existing conditions of the life of the African savage. In Central Africa we have a complete object lesson before us of the ultimate results of life under conditions of equality. It would seem that the social state of equality which is observed by primitive mankind is now the aim and ambition of the most highly civilized communities. Social equality appears to be the first and last ambition in the history of mankind.



Le Chef de Tribu.

Throughout Central Africa the spirit of enterprise among the people is restrained, not to say crushed, from the fear of exciting the envy and cupidity of their fellows. As an instance:

One who builds a better house than his neighbor's will have his house pulled down forthwith. Should a man exert himself to amass native riches, he courts the enmity of all his fellows and becomes doomed to an early death. Ambition to excel, which is such a natural attribute of human nature, receives no encouragement in Central Africa. Coinciding with this state of life, we find the people living in a state of anarchy and ignorance, without a constitution, without a history, and even without definitely established habitations. They lack even the ambition of conquest, and they are content to pass their lives in a state of mental atrophy.

The extraordinary virility of all the Central African races may be ascribed to the following principal reasons: Firstly, to the plurality of women, for, generally speaking, one finds the number of women is greatly in excess of the male population, the reason for this being that men are so frequently killed in their incessant intertribal battles. It necessarily follows that the strongest and most enterprising of the men is generally the owner of the most wives, and consequently the fittest male becomes the father of the most children.

Their children are like ours. The pleasures of the African child are the pleasures of all children. Their mothers coo to them and use flowery and endearing terms. Whilst still mere babies, after being bathed

and laid out in the sun to dry, they toddle about helping to catch small fish or to snare birds, and they play at cooking food in the burning embers of their mothers' fire. Little boys make miniature bows and arrows; they paddle miniature canoes and ambitiously imitate all the pursuits of grown-up people. They have no guiding voice to correct or to curb their natural animal instincts. They are the offspring of parents whose union was merely transitory.

Home life does not exist. Huts are generally built in long rows. Women and very young children dwell together, but the men lead a primitive club life of their own. They have no artificial appliances for comfort. There is practically no reserve or privacy in their lives.

There would appear to be solid foundation in support of the following theory which accounts for the apparent arrest of the intellectual faculties at an early age. Certain it is that Central African children are exceedingly intelligent and quick-witted. The subsequent arrest of the intellectual faculties has been attributed to the premature closing and

subsequent ossification of the sutures of the skull, thus arresting the normal expansion of the brain.

The Congo languages may be described as onomatopœic, a word which may be defined as representing a system of coining words from sounds. For example, in the same manner that our children say "Puff-puff" to indicate a train, so the African savages will use the words "Watamba tam-ba" to describe men who march in large bodies, in imitation of the sound of their



Defiance.

footsteps. "Watuku tuku" was also coined by them to designate white men, because they associated them with the sound of the engines of their river steamers. The first syllable "Wa" in each case represents the plural prefix denoting people.

Their languages are rich and liquid, and contain a preponderance of vowels. The

the missionaries, in setting up type to print their translations of the Scriptures into Kikongo, had to send home an order for an extra stock of vowels and F's.

It is a fact worthy of remark that the first sound a Central African baby utters, like our own babies, is the word "Mamma." This same word "Mamma" I have heard uttered on more than one occasion by wounded Africans as a last dying articulation.

Central African natives are naturally eloquent and ready speakers. They are adepts in the use of metaphor. They reason well and they are ready debaters. The sonorous effect of their speech is greatly aided by the soft inflections and the moist euphony of their language.

The best illustration of the naïveté of Central African character occurred to me at a place called Manyanga, situated in the cataract region of the Lower Congo. It was during the hottest part of the day, and I was sitting on the veranda of my grass-thatched hut gazing upon the troubled waters of the cataracts, thinking of the particularly tragic incident which ended the life of Frank Pocock, perhaps the most tragic circumstance connected with Stanley's memorable travel across Africa in the year 1877.

From where I sat, I could



A Congo Girl.

beauty and plastic form of these languages are noticeable, suggesting the softness of Italian, the grace of French, and the precision of English.

The most natural peculiarity of the language is the prevailing use of prefixes in place of suffixes, and an alliteration which amounts almost to rhyme. It is interesting to remember that this euphonious peculiarity is also found in early English.

Soft, pliant, and musical, the language is governed by an alliterative concord. There are but few consonants, of which, in the Lower Congo language, the letter "F" is the most frequently met with. In fact,

see the troubled waters swirling and foaming below the huge rocks against which the poor brave fellow had been dashed to death.

A party of natives returning from a market wended their way toward me, and the spokesman, by every persuasive power of speech, endeavored to sell me a skinny goat for treble its value. The interview ended abruptly, and a few minutes later I was watching the little party embarking in a canoe, paddling their way up-stream, keeping close to the shore, until they attained a point at which it was customary, but at all times hazardous, to steer the



A Congo Savage.

A native drawing a fish in the mud.

frail round-bottomed dug-out across to the north bank, a distance of some five hundred yards, through violent and ever-changing whirlpools. About half a mile below this point the water churned itself into foam as it swept over a succession of enormous rocks, and represented a threatening danger to those who crossed the river.

Listlessly, at first, I watched the little party in their wabbling canoe until they had reached the critical part of their journey, the point at which they had to manoeuvre their canoe so as to escape the vortex of a powerful whirlpool.

My apathy soon gave way to a feeling of keen apprehension as I observed the frail canoe being carried away, broadside on, in the swiftest part of the channel. The paddlers had evidently lost control, and the occupants of the canoe appeared to be overcome by a sense of impending disaster, for they began to sway the canoe from side to side in their endeavors to aid the paddlers.

By the time I reached the river's bank all was lost, for the canoe had sunk, and in its place were now merely a few black specks bobbing here and there, with occasionally an arm thrown up in wild despair.

In a few minutes all was ended, and the poor fellows who had been drowned were swept away by the terrific force of the stream. To my amazement, I perceived one individual who still kept afloat and who swam bravely back toward the south shore. Running along the river bank I kept pace with him as he drifted, and the tension of watching the poor man's efforts became acute. At the time, it seemed miraculous that the man should have power enough to reach the shore, but he did. My surprise can be imagined when I found that a child, a chubby little boy of four or five years of age, was still clinging around the man's neck.

Overcome by excitement and by admiration for the man's prowess, I aided him to land, and took the two survivors to my hut, where I collected everything I could lay my hands upon likely to be considered valuable in the eyes of a native. At the same time, as I presented the man with modest gifts, I told him that he had that day performed a deed which would greatly please white men. I told him that he was a plucky fellow for having saved a helpless child from imminent death. He replied:

"Yes, he is saved. I tried many times to shake him off, but he clung too tight!"

In order to relieve the monotony of my station life, I endeavored to institute an athletic meeting among the natives of the surrounding villages. Such a thing was an entire novelty in the country, where, indeed, the advent of the white man dated but a few months back.

The chiefs with whom I discussed the matter readily agreed to bring their most powerful young men on the day appointed. They assented to my suggestions with so little surprise as to make it difficult for me to realize that I was introducing to them an entertainment of quite a strange character. Early on the day fixed for the sports I was startled by gun firing. Volleys were fired at regular intervals; indeed, the firing lasted until about ten o'clock, by which time I found my station crowded by between five and six hundred natives.

To provide refreshments for the party I had three large pigs roasted whole, and, in addition to a limited quantity of palm wine, which was scarce at that time, I had my two zinc baths filled with water so as to save my guests the trouble of going down-hill to the stream, which was some three hundred yards away.

I soon discovered that the unanimous wish of the people was to begin proceedings by partaking of refreshments, and although to my idea this was quite contrary to the usual custom followed at athletic meetings, I gave way. By noon provisions

were exhausted, and there remained at the bottom of the two baths only a little greasy water where the natives had stooped down to drink after eating their fill of fat pork.

The first item on the programme was a hundred yards race in which every one seemed eager to enter. It was in vain that I tried to persuade them to relinquish their spears and shields; they explained to me that they could run just as well with them as without them.

The starting of this race was a most laborious business; handicapping was out of the question, and the line, when they all stood ready to go, extended for some distance. I had arranged to start them with a pistol shot. After numberless false starts and a good deal of angry wrangling, wherein one-half of the company appeared to lose their tempers and the other half to become sulky, I at length succeeded in getting them off.

Immediately all was chaos. The native idea seemed to

be to win by disabling one's adversaries, and the race resolved itself into one wild struggle, in which most of those engaged found themselves on the ground.

The winning post was passed by about fifty men *en masse*.

I at last realized the difficulty of the situation. It was perfectly hopeless to explain matters. Every man who started in the race came to me clamoring for a prize, each one arguing that as he entered for the event he was justly entitled to reward!

Angry words were soon followed by blows, and during the remainder of the



A Congo Wood Carrier.

afternoon I found myself in the midst of a violent, turbulent mob of people who were apparently bereft of all reason.

The various chiefs next came to me for payment not only for their services, but also for the services of their people who had run in the race, and also for the gun-powder which they had expended in the morning, in order, so they said, to give the affair a good send-off.

It was late that night before my station resumed its normal quiet, and as I stretched myself out for the night, it was with the full conviction that the time for introducing sporting events in that part of the country was not yet ripe.

One day, whilst strolling through a native village, my attention was attracted by the piteous moaning of a woman. I found her lying upon a heap of refuse—banana peelings, sweepings, fish-bones, and rubbish, all seething in the hot sun. The poor creature appeared to be in great distress. Her body was smeared with blood and filth, and the flesh was literally torn from either side of her face, leaving her temples bare and raw.

In her agony she had clawed and torn her flesh with her finger nails. Her despair was indeed pitiful to behold, and I sought to soothe her, but all in vain.

Turning to a native who was standing by I inquired in the native language:

"What ails this woman? What manner of malady is this? Quickly tell me words to explain this."

The savage shrugged his shoulders, and with a scornful toss of his head he replied:

"That woman's baby died a few days ago. See! She bleeds herself with grief. That is all!"

Grief! The pathos of the scene would have moved a heart of stone. There at my feet was a revelation of savage feeling, of love and grief, of the deep emotions that can be enjoyed and suffered by one even of a cruel, cannibal race. As a mother, this woman had cherished and loved her child; as a savage, ignorant of faith and forlorn, she mourned her infant's death.

The following incident impressed me as being typical of African vanity:

It was in a market place, and the inhabitants of all the country-side were there, buying, selling, haggling; each individual talking incessantly, and quite indifferent as to whether any one listened.

Presently I detected the sound of angry voices. Said

the Chief of Fumba to the Chief of Lutete:

"How poor are your people! A chief of people so poor is scarcely a chief at all. Do you not suffer from hunger? Are you not cold at night because you have no cloth? And your dead, is it not hard to place them in the ground without any cloth around their bodies? Your children, too—why, our slaves at Fumba own more wealth than your people of Lutete."

In the course of a heated reply I heard the Chief of Lutete allude to the forthcoming market of Nkandu. Said he:



Les Fugitifs.

"Your words are the words of envy. At the Nkandu market we will show you that you lie, that your words are not true words. Wait, O Chief! Wait for the next market day."

This little dispute interested me, and I made a point of attending the next market.

Everything went on as usual until noon. Suddenly I heard exclamations of astonishment and wonder. Hands were placed over open mouths in token of surprise as the people gazed upon a long procession which slowly wended its way up the hill. These were the people of Lutete, and they had come to answer the taunts of the Chief of Fumba by a parade of their wealth and possessions.

There were probably two hundred men and women, and the chief, who led them in person, was most gorgeously attired. He carried a scarlet parasol, encircled with gold lace. Upon his head he wore an English lifeguardsman's helmet; around his neck he had the wooden circlet of a tambourine with its little brass cymbals jingling, and he wore next to his naked body the scarlet tunic of a militia uniform, which, together with some yards of multi-colored cotton cloth wrapped round his waist, with the ends trailing in the dusty ground behind him, completed his dress. The costumes of his followers were no less amazing in their incongruity, and the whole formed a collection of so varied a nature as would have aroused the interest of a Houndsditch clothier. The parasols of all shades and

descriptions; the yards of cloth and cotton goods; the rows upon rows of glass beads which adorned the bodies of the women; the jingling of the bells; the brave show of old flint-lock guns; the queer uses to which some of the garments had been put, all made a picture not easily to be forgotten.

Without a word being said the cavalcade entered the market place and in a most dignified manner they marched through the throng of admiring and dumfounded spectators, only to retire in the same order as they had come, still without uttering a word, whilst we all stood gazing in astonishment and silence as they followed the narrow serpentine path which led them back to their village in the valley below.

A touching incident, illustrating the sentiment of gratitude, followed my efforts to give relief to a suffering baby.

Some months

later, I was surprised in the middle of the night by seeing a dark shadow cast upon the entrance of my tent. A woman's voice, hushed in tone, said to me:

"Here, O white man, take this egg! Many moons ago my baby suffered. You gave it medicine and it is well. I am a poor woman; I have nothing. But—O take this egg!"

Much touched by her words I arose from my bed, accepted the egg, and placed it in one of my boots for safe-keeping.

The following morning, whilst my caravan was getting ready for the day's march, I gave the egg to my cook, instructing him to poach it for my breakfast. A few min-



Le Sorcier.



The Idol Maker.

utes later he returned to me, holding in his hand a broken egg-shell, saying:

"Master, that egg was a bad one!"

As a contrary illustration, I must cite the instance of a man who suffered from a form of skin disease. By dint of simple remedies I succeeded in purifying the man's blood, and, in fact, the patient proved so amenable to my treatment that at the end of a month I told him that he was perfectly cured and might go home.

"Yes, O white man!" he replied. "But

what will you pay me? I have been with you many days, a whole moon has passed, what will you pay me for all that time?"

As an amusing instance of African human nature I recall a native who visited me in my tent at dawn. He told me that he knew of the whereabouts of elephants. He led the way. After travelling several times the distance he had previously indicated, I expostulated with him for lying, and refused to go further. It was the early part of the afternoon. He replied:

"Oh, you had better come on now! It is further for you to go back to your camp than it is to go where the elephants actually are."

An interesting friend of mine was Lumemba, living in the Cataract region of the Lower Congo; he once said philosophically:

"I have worked for white men and have had much hardship. I have been flogged for making mistakes, I have had my pay stopped, and I have seen much trouble. Now I will worship God and live quietly by the side of the Mission Station listening to the missionary, who says that it does not matter whether we be rich or poor, for rich and poor alike enjoy the same chances of going to heaven. What use is it for me to work? No! I will sleep."

In 1886, when proceeding to take command of the Station of Bangala, a populous district of the Congo Independent State, one thousand miles in the interior, I travelled up the Upper Congo on board the sternwheel steamer *Le Stanley*, my companions being Captain Deane, and Dr. Oscar Lentz, a well-known German scientist.

Arriving late in the evening at a village called Lulungu, situated on the south bank, we applied to the people for provisions, for we had on board some four hundred native followers, a portion of whom were Houssa soldiers, these latter being attached to Captain Deane, who was on his ill-fated journey to take command of Stanley Falls Station.

The Chief of Lulungu informed us that his people were in great trouble. They were at war with a neighboring village, and daily they had sustained heavy losses; in fact many of their people had been already captured and eaten, and they feared that they would very shortly be overpowered by the superior number of their adversaries.

We held a palaver, and it was agreed that we should enter into the matter at sunrise.

The following morning endeavors were made to parley with the chief of the hostile village. Spears were hurled at us, and our overtures were treated with derisive yells.

Dividing the two villages a stockade had been formed about twelve feet high, composed of the sides of old canoes which had been split lengthways. The Houssas fired a volley through the stockade, and Deane gave the word to rush forward.

Clambering over the stockade, we fell on the opposite side in a confused mass, during which time the natives continued hurling spears at us, and firing occasional shots from their one or two flint-lock guns.

For several minutes the scene was one of indescribable confusion, and the noise of shouting, shrieking savages had a peculiar awesome effect upon the nerves.

After making two or three plucky stands, the warriors incontinently bolted to seek cover in the high grass of the neighboring swamp. In retiring they set fire to their village, and as a strong wind was blowing, the grass huts crackled and blazed until we found ourselves enveloped in sheets of flame. Stifled by the smoke, singed by the fire, and half-blinded, we suffered considerable discomfort. A few minutes sufficed to convert the village into a mass of charred, smouldering sticks and poles.

The Lulungu people immediately rushed toward the river, calling us to follow. There, attached to stakes, immersed to their chins in the water, we found four Lulungu captives in a pitiable plight. Following the habit of the country, their captors had subjected these poor captives to a process of soaking preparatory to their being killed and eaten.

Throughout Central Africa one finds a remarkable system of communication between villages by means of drum tapping.

It is evidently of very ancient origin, and has been referred to as the forerunner of writing. Travelling through Africa, one's arrival is always anticipated by this means.

The drum that is most commonly used for this purpose consists of the segment of a hard red-wood tree, some six feet long and about two feet in diameter, the inside of which has been hollowed out by means of a small adze-shaped tool. This is a work which occupies much time and considerable patience. One side being left thicker than the other gives the means of producing two distinct tones.

They first "call" the town by a series of taps. They can argue, and they are able even in war time to communicate with their enemies and make terms. This applies more particularly to the riverine tribes who, finding that sound travels better over water, are in the habit of taking their drums to the water's edge. Their signals are repeated from one village to another.



Les Bantus.

Seeing, they see not : and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand.

The drum is beaten by two wooden sticks capped by balls of rubber, and the system consists of irregular taps upon the two notes. In spite of all my efforts I was never able to acquire any practical information concerning their methods. But I can personally vouch for the wonderful accuracy with which they conveyed tidings and doings.

By way of testing their powers I once asked for the despatch of a canoe manned by four men, to be sent from a village on a distant shore. They duly shoved off, and after a few minutes I asked them to telegraph that the canoe was too small, that they were to return, and that what I required was a larger one with an increased number of men. Instantly the canoe returned to the shore, and a larger one set out

more fully manned, my order being promptly and perfectly executed.

The natives frequently send word to each other by means of drum tapping, as to the whereabouts of elephants, hippopotami, or buffalo, and calling all hands to go and hunt them. They give the description of the place, so that all can meet together at a given spot and join the hunt.

The natives become greatly excited by the booming of a drum; and it is a curious fact related by natives that chimpanzees in the forest have been noticed to have been affected by the rhythmical beating of a drum.

On my passage home from Africa I travelled on board a Portuguese steamer. When within about twelve hours' steam of the island of San Thomé, which lies on the

equator, off Gaboon, we sighted a cap-sized boat. The weather had been rough, and a heavy sea was still running. We lowered a boat, which proceeded with difficulty toward the derelict. Our astonishment was great when we found that two Africans were clinging to the overturned boat. Soon we had them on board, two forlorn men, who were quite exhausted. After a little rest and nourishment we succeeded in obtaining their story. They were both slaves, belonging to a cocoa plantation. Three days before they had attempted to escape from their cruel bondage in an open boat. Having no knowledge whatever of their bearings they merely rowed, with true African unreasoning confidence, in the direction of the rising sun. They were caught by the storm, their boat was capsized, and they had passed three days clinging to the bottom of the boat without food of any description.

Their survival was the more remarkable from the fact that the ocean in the vicinity of San Thomé is one of the most shark-infested portions of the coast.

We naturally felt great pity for them, and they were the recipients of various presents, including a very handsome clasp-knife.

That same night there was a disturbance between these two men. It was discovered that the man who had received the clasp-knife was deliberately attempting to kill his comrade, and had already inflicted some deep flesh wounds. The trouble arose from a spirit of envy. One man had been allotted a blue blanket and the other a red blanket, and the man with the clasp-knife was envious of his companion's blanket, which he preferred to his own. It was a deadly quarrel over a mere question of color.

Living as we do, generation after generation, in a condition of continuous progression, surrounded by so much that is complicated and artificial in our lives, it is difficult for us to really understand what life means to the African savage who dwells in harmony with wild and unrestricted nature.

With reference to the native's disregard for human life, it must be remembered that the motive does not always proceed from mere malignity of nature. Sometimes it is due to superstition, sometimes to fear. The people are sometimes over-ready to

attack through dread of being attacked. They kill lest they should be killed. It is very true that a slight motive is often enough for taking human life, but that does not prevent them—even the worst cannibal tribes—from having a disposition that is in some respects amiable and very easily conciliated and amused.

Human nature is always the same; it does not change. We all know that there are certain qualities indigenous to the human mind. These identical qualities which we share with Africans should surely be regarded, more than they are at present, as bonds of sympathy and conciliation in uniting men's affection for one another.

That "untaught nature has no principles" is a familiar axiom. In the case of the African savages, one is often too ready to estimate them as beings of nature, untaught, a degraded race, without conscience or even scruples. True it is that so they appear, for they have none of those finer feelings or sentiments which are known to us as mercy or charity; but the result of intercourse with even the lowest types affords abundant testimony of their being in possession of an instinctive conscience. It is also true that they are naturally cruel, that they rob and murder and even eat the bodies of their fellow-men; but the fact must not be forgotten that they are not conscious of wrong in so doing. An African savage seldom does that which he feels intuitively to be wrong.

The natives of Central Africa possess a clear intelligence within the limits of their own experience. Under the influence of good example they will surely relinquish their evil customs, for their natures are capable of better things. It is as sure that they will improve under good guidance as it is unfortunately sure that Europeans of an inferior moral and intellectual standard, prompted by greed, who have been thrown among them have, in too many cases, assimilated a double measure of the native's lower qualities. There must be hope for the future of a people who are so amenable to kind and judicious treatment. We should always bear in mind that the savage of to-day serves to indicate to us how far we ourselves have advanced from a similarly primitive condition.

It has been my experience that the longer one lives with Africans, the more one grows to love them.



John Howard Payne.



Washington Irving.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

[1821-1828]

Edited by Payne's Grandnephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

FIRST PAPER

INTRODUCTION



THE following letters are published for the first time.

In preparing them for publication I have eliminated uninteresting portions, and have introduced only a few explanatory notes, leaving the letters, so far as possible, to tell their own tale.

The letters from Irving to Payne came to me from my mother, who was a niece of John Howard Payne, being the only child of Payne's youngest brother, Thatcher.

The letters from Payne to Irving are from letter copybooks which I secured sev-

eral years ago at an auction sale in Philadelphia of some of Payne's papers.

It was John Howard Payne's habit to preserve all letters he received and to retain copies, either written or impressed in special books, of all letters that he wrote, so that when he died in Tunis, in 1852, he left an accumulation of letters besides other manuscripts, which if they could have been preserved intact would have been now of great value and interest.

Of Payne's numerous brothers and sisters only his oldest sister Lucy, the widow of Dr. John Cheever Osborn, and his young-



1906.



1817.

Drury Lane Theatre

est brother, my grandfather, Thatcher T. Payne, survived him.

The latter was an invalid, and was therefore obliged to attend to the settlement of his brother's estate by correspondence. The result was, his requests for information and his directions as to settlement were ignored, and instead of the furniture and library being sold to satisfy the claims against the estate, everything, including valuable paintings and all papers

and manuscripts, was sold or otherwise disposed of, and no accounting ever rendered. In 1864, after the death of both Mrs. Osborn and my grandfather, my mother, who four years before had married my father, Rev. Lea Luquer, began a correspondence with Mr. Amos Perry of Rhode

Island, then Consul at Tunis, who thoroughly investigated the whole matter and advised her that the testimony of witnesses then living proved that, although the furniture, library, pictures, etc., had been sold, no manuscripts or letters had been offered at either of the sales, and that although most of the papers had disappeared, he had discovered several boxes of them which had evidently been rejected as valueless. At my mother's request these boxes were for-



M. Talma as Hamlet.
From a painting by L. Lonsdale.



Charles Kemble.

warded to her, and were the only effects she ever recovered from her uncle's estate. In one of these boxes were the Irving letters which form the basis of this article, besides fragments of diaries and other papers.

Early in 1906 a sale of manuscripts, formerly the property of John Howard Payne, was advertised to take place in Philadelphia. Upon investigation I found the collection



R. W. Elliston.
Lessee and manager of the Drury Lane Theatre.

consisted of some remnants of Payne's most valuable scrap-books, manuscripts, and letters which had been so mysteriously dispersed in Tunis, and that until quite recently they had been in the possession of the late Wm. Penn Chandler, the Consul at Tunis who succeeded Payne. Because of the many years elapsing since these papers had disappeared, it was not possible to recover them by process of law, so I attended the sale and bought such of the letter-books, scrap-books, etc., as I cared for. In the letter-books I found copies of Payne's replies to many of Irving's

letters, as well as copies of letters to others on the same subjects, which, taken together, form a nearly complete narrative. I have also introduced a few other letters which help to illustrate the trials and tribulations of play production, about which the correspondence centres.

The translating and adapting of plays for the English stage was taken up experimentally by Irving, but

was followed for some years by Payne as a profession, and their association in this work as revealed in this correspondence is an interesting feature of their friendship. This friendship probably began in 1806, when Irving was a young man of twenty-three and Payne a precocious boy of fifteen. Irving had been abroad for two years travelling in search of health, and returned to New York early in that year to resume his place in the coterie of youthful writers and young men about town, of which he was a brilliant member, and which included his brother Peter and his brother-in-law Paulding.

Payne had come to New York from Boston the previous year to take a position in his late brother William's business office, which his father's financial difficulties made necessary. Unfitted though he was for business pursuits, his precocious literary and social talents attracted the attention of several men prominent intellectually and

diary, on the first anniversary of his début, that his profits for the year had been \$10,000, which had enabled him to relieve his father's financial difficulties, and at the same time provide himself with a good equipment for his professional career. His popularity, however, did not increase, and although his career was reasonably



John Howard Payne.
From a water-color by Jarvis.



John Howard Payne.
Painted on ivory by Wood.

socially, and resulted in his introduction into the literary society of the day at an unusually youthful age. It was undoubtedly at one of these "Bohemian" gatherings that he first met Irving. Payne in his dedication of "Richelieu," the play whose vicissitudes are so fully described in these letters, and which was finally produced and published in 1826, mentions their friendship as of twenty years' standing.

However, it is not probable that their friendship progressed much beyond the bounds of acquaintance for some years, for in June, 1806, Payne was sent to Union College, and remained there until 1808, when his father's business failure compelled him to leave and do something for the family support. His talents and inclination indicated probable success in a stage career, and having secured an engagement, he made his début at the Park Theatre in New York, in February, 1809. As the "American Roscius" he had great success, and notes in his

successful, he determined in 1812 to try fresh fields, and sailed for England to seek his fortune in the London theatres.

During the three years of Payne's life as an actor in America, he undoubtedly renewed and cultivated his friendship with Irving and his brother Peter, for both had a liking for actors and the stage, and it is evident from a letter or two I have from Peter Irving to Payne, just after Payne arrived in London, that their acquaintance at that time was one of cordial intimacy, although Irving had been in England for a year or two.

Payne's career on the English stage was a repetition of his career on the American stage, his popularity not increasing with passing time, for as he grew older he lost something of his boyish beauty, and his talent as a man was not so unusual and appealing as the same talent in a youth.

His diminishing fortune as an actor, therefore, inclined him to other pursuits,

and in 1815, on the advice of a friend, he translated and adapted a French play which was successfully produced at Drury Lane, under the title of "The Maid and the Magpie."

For the next fifteen years, until his return to America, he devoted himself mostly to this kind of work, dividing his time between London and Paris, according to the varied necessities of producing and marketing his wares, and the state of his pocket-book.

In 1819-20 he attempted the management of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and failing disastrously was, in accordance with the illogical system of the time, imprisoned in the debtors' section of the Fleet, until a successful adaptation of a French play "Thérèse," produced at Drury Lane, provided funds for his release.

In 1823 while in Paris under contract to supply operas and plays to Covent Garden, he wrote the libretto for an operetta, "Clari," the music being furnished by Sir Henry Bishop. A song being later required for one scene in the opera, he wrote "Home Sweet Home," and suggested the music which Bishop so well fitted to the words.

So much briefly as to Payne's career up to the time of these letters.

Irving during the same period also passed through many trials and experiences. He had made his reputation as an author by the "Knickerbocker History of New York," published in 1809, which so pleased his brothers that in order to provide means for Washington to fully develop his literary talents, they organized a company with Washington as a sort of sleeping partner, arranging for him to share in the earnings without having to devote much time to business. The company's affairs prospered at first, but were so badly affected by the War of 1812 that Washington Irving was compelled to go over after peace was declared in 1815 to try to help Peter save the company from disaster. This he was unable to accomplish, and they were obliged in 1818 to go into bankruptcy. These matters had taken so much of his attention that for some years Washington Irving had not had time for writing, but when relieved from his business worries, he went back to his literary work with renewed energy, and speedily enhanced his reputation and re-

plenished his coffers by the publication of the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," the latter soon after this correspondence begins.

That these two men should have drifted into close friendship is not strange, for they were fellow-countrymen in a foreign land, had mutual friends, similar tastes, and were both striving to make their living by the pen.

The first letter is not dated and there is no clew as to the period when it was written other than that it was at a time when Irving and Payne were both in London, and one of Payne's plays was soon to have its first production.

It is written on a piece of paper torn from a letter to Payne from James O'Leary, which Irving found at Payne's lodgings.

The next three letters were written before Irving began his attempts at play writing, but show his keen interest in Payne's affairs, and his friendly efforts to help the latter on in his literary career.

Payne had gone over to Paris in 1821, as soon as he had compounded with his creditors and had been released from the Fleet. Irving was in Paris also that year until the 11th of July, returning to London for the coronation of George IV.

Irving in his diary mentions Payne as at this time occupying "the first floor of a small house in a garden," and goes with him to call on Talma. He also notes that "Payne is full of dramatic projects, and some that are very feasible."

THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER.

The letters in this instalment are from Washington Irving to John Howard Payne unless otherwise stated.

DEAR PAYNE:

I find you have many applications for orders, and should feel delicate about applying for any—but I know they cost you nothing & that you are anxious to have your friends present. I mean to get Newton & Leslie to accompany me & make a party to persuade the folks not to hiss. If you can furnish us with orders—so; if not we will go at our own expense & consider ourselves at liberty to hiss as much as we please.

We will call at your lodgings on our way to the theatre, if you have spare orders

leave them for us. I wish to hold out no menaces; but I have in my possession a cat-call that has been of potent service in helping to damn half a score of new tragedies.

Yours truly,

W. IRVING.

Addressed:

*Mons^r. J. H. Payne,
Petite Rue de St. Pierre No. 16,
Pont aux Choux,
à Paris.*

LONDON, 41 Gr. Marlboro' St.

Aug^t. 1, 1821.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I rec^d your letter of 16th July about the 23^d or 24th but have been looking out in vain for the parcel containing the dramatic piece.¹ It has not as yet come to hand. I had intended before this to have gone to my sisters, in the country but have remained in town in daily expectation of the arrival of the parcel. I wish you would enquire after it, and forward it without delay, to the above address. I called on Hazlitt² a day or two after my arrival. He is not the Editor of the Magazine,³ but writes for it at the rate of 16 guineas a sheet. (I. E. a guinea a page) The Mag: is at present owned by Taylor & Hessey. He told me he would speak to them on the subject, and thought it probable they would be induced to take writings from you, on experiment, at the same rate. Though of course they would not want above half a sheet, say 8 pages from one author per month, as they like to have a variety of styles and authors. He told me he would either call on me or write to me after he had seen Taylor & Hessey. I have heard nothing from him as yet.

As to your wish respecting M^r. Rush⁴ I do not know whether I shall ever have an opportunity of talking freely enough with him to make the suggestion. I called on him a day or two after my arrival but he suffered ten or twelve days to elapse before he returned my call; and then talked a few minutes with M^r. Newton,⁵ at whose lodgings I am, and took leave before I could

¹ "The Borrower," a play which Irving tried to place for Payne in London.

² William Hazlitt (1778-1830), essayist and writer on the drama and the stage.

³ *The London Magazine*, bought by John Taylor and Hessey in 1821, and published by them at 93 Fleet Street and afterward in Waterloo Place.

⁴ Richard Rush (1780-1859), United States Minister to England, 1817-25.

⁵ Gilbert Stuart Newton (1794-1835), artist and nephew of Gilbert Stuart. He was a very close friend of the artist C. R. Leslie, whom he met in Paris in 1817. He painted a portrait of Irving, having been introduced to him by Leslie.

come down stairs; making some apology that he had to go to call on some one at Dicks coffee house. He is rather whimsical in his arrangements about visitors and I had not seen him for many months before I left London last year for Paris. I do not care on my own account; having no inclination just now for any society—but I felt chagrined as I wanted to speak on your concerns.

Price¹ is here beating up for recruits. Philips² will go out on a regular engagement. Charles Kemble³ seems inclined to pay America a visit. Price has offered Braham 10,000£ for one year. Braham⁴ lends a listening ear and I should not be surprised if he should be tempted to go a year or so hence. Kean⁵ having behaved like a fool and a jackanapes in America, and completely quarrelled with his own bread and butter, has come back post haste to London, and resumed his throne at Drury Lane with a flourish of trumpets from Elliston.⁶ Both manager and actor have been completely balked. Kean has failed to draw houses, and in consequence of sudden indisposition, and the advice of his physician, has resolved not to appear again until next winter!

The Coronation Piece at Covent Garden draws bumpers. A show of the kind is now acting at Drury Lane, but I have not heard with what success.

I have heard nothing of the Solitaire—it certainly has not yet been published; but may possibly be in hand. I see that the Surry Theatre has got hold of the pretty little piece "L'auberge du grand Frederick," which pleased me so much just before leaving Paris.

Let me hear from you, what you are about. I stay almost entirely at home, and

¹ Stephen Price, American theatrical manager, who succeeded Elliston as manager of Drury Lane Theatre in 1826, which place he held for about four years.

² Henry Philips (1801-1876), a famous bass singer who joined the Covent Garden troupe in 1823.

³ Charles Kemble (1775-1854), the famous actor and manager and father of the no less famous Fanny Kemble. He became manager of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822, and after many vicissitudes was rescued from his financial difficulties by his daughter's successes subsequent to her début in 1820.

⁴ John Braham (1774-1856), a popular tenor singer, who joined the Drury Lane troupe in 1805, and remained with them nearly continuously until his retirement.

⁵ Edmund Kean (1787-1833), the eminent tragedian, who after his early trials as a barn stowner leaped into fame at Drury Lane Theatre in 1800, where he continued, except for brief intervals, until his death.

⁶ Robert William Elliston (1774-1831), a most versatile and popular actor, manager of Drury Lane Theatre from 1819 to 1826, and of the Surry Theatre from 1827 until his death. He was notorious for his eccentricities on and off the stage.

have been but twice out of doors for five days past; yet I am in a dreadfully idle vein. The closeness and thickness of the London air seems to have got into my brain. I wish my self back again at Paris a dozen times a day.

Do not fail to enquire about the Mss. and forward it immediately; as I want to go into the country.

Yours most truly,

W. IRVING.

Same address.

LONDON, Aug. 23rd, 1821.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have rec^d your letter of Aug. 12th. Your piece ("The Borrower") came to hand the day after I last wrote to you; having been lying at the office where the Ambassador's Bag is opened, the packet being considered too large to send by the twopenny post. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to do any thing with it. I saw Elliston the morning after I received it. He read the piece that same day, and got George Lamb¹ to read it. I saw him by appointment the same evening behind the scenes; but he said it would not do. It would be considered an imitation of Diddler.² He regretted the thing extremely, as he wished to serve you, and he was particularly in want of a small piece, just at that time, to precede his coronation spectacle. The latter I know to be the case, as to the former you are the best judge. He was extremely civil and put me on his free list. I find by his talk that he has an agent in Paris at a weekly salary. I forget his name.

I then got Miller³ to offer the piece at the Haymarket (the covent garden theatre being 'closed'). I should have offered it myself in person but Terry⁴ has never had the civility to respond to some advances I once made to his acquaintance. I told Miller however to use my name as sending and recommending the piece. I heard nothing further until last evening,

though I wrote in the interim, urging a prompt reply. Last evening I rec^d the piece with a note from Little Miller who says: "I received the Farce from Mr. Terry yesterday. He had previously written to me to say that he had read it very carefully, but that his opinion was that it would not be successful on representation. He regretted this, because they want *one act* pieces at the Haymarket theatre, and I regret it because I should have been glad to have been serviceable to the author."

I know, from other sources, that they are much in want of attractive novelties at the Haymarket.

Hazlitt has gone out of town without letting me hear from him on the subject of the Magazine; though he had frequently promised to do so.

I feel extremely chagrined at not being able to give you more profitable reports; but I hope that the pieces which you have sent to Mrs. Glover¹ may be more successful. Should she be out of town, and the pieces be sent to me I will try to do something with them. I intend leaving town myself however, in the course of four or five days, as I am anxious to see my sister² and her family. When I return to town I will let you know; and I hope I may then be able to render you more effectual service. I am terribly hampered and tied up at present; being anxious to get something ready for the press, but not being able to command my time and my mind sufficiently to do anything. I am therefore in that uncomfortable state of being neither able to employ my time for myself, nor to spare it for others. Staying home to write, but not being able to get my thoughts home enough for the purpose.

You suggested in your first letter that I should write something about N. B.³ in my next work. I have no intention of the kind; but could you not get some interesting anecdotes concerning him, and swell them out, either for a Pamphlet or for a magazine, for the latter I think it would certainly command cash. Talma⁴ could give you many curious anecdotes. Those

¹ George Lamb (1784-1834), politician and dramatic critic.

² Jeremy Diddler was a character in a popular play "Raising the Wind," by James Kenney, produced in 1803.

³ John Miller, a publisher of plays. In 1822 Irving writes to Brevoort that Miller "is a most deserving and meritorious little man, indefatigable in the discharge of any commission intrusted to him, and moderate and conscientious in his charges." He devoted himself almost exclusively to American business.

⁴ Daniel Terry (1780?-1829), an actor for many years at Covent Garden Theatre. From 1813 to 1822 he acted in the summer at the Haymarket.

¹ Mrs. Samuel Glover, née Julia Betterton (1779-1850), the leading comic actress of her time.

² Sarah Van Wart, Washington Irving's next older sister, who was the wife of Henry Van Wart, and lived near Birmingham.

³ Evidently Napoleon Bonaparte.

⁴ François Joseph Talma (1763-1826), the famous French tragedian, to whom Irving was introduced by Payne in April, 1821.

relative to his private life, familiar habits, manners, talk, dress, &c., &c. would be most interesting. All the world knows him as a public character and every scribbler scribbles about him as a politician. Facts are what are most interesting, and the less comments the better—collect all kinds of anecdotes, good bad or indifferent—from all kinds of people—tell every thing you have ever heard or seen—you are on the spot to collect facts. So long as you tell anecdotes no matter how much you tell. Send the Mss. to me, care of Newton, 41 Gr. Marlboro St. and I am sure I can get something for it, if only a guinea a sheet from a magazine.

Let the whole appear candid and good humored; without leaning to either side.

P. S. I shall leave the "Borrower" sealed up, in the hands of Mr. Newton.

Payne to Irving (from a written copy by Payne)

PARIS, March 30, 1822.

*Washington Irving, Esq.,
Care of J. Miller, Esq., Bookseller,
69 Fleet Street, London.*

MY DEAR IRVING:

If I could convey to you any idea of the pleasure it gave me to find you still remembered there was such a being, it would, I am sure, be some recompence for the trouble of which I have unknowingly been the cause. I am so isolated, and my feelings are become so distempered by annoyance, that these electrical thrills of early and national association, are at times the only things that can revive the consciousness that I belong to a world and have my friends and my relations and my country, like other people. "I am unused to any sudden touch of joy and it o'er-comes me."

I only got your letter at noon this day. There is a gentleman going off tomorrow morning at six, and I have only just seen him; (8 in the evening) so, as I must be at his Hotel with my letters at eleven, I must be brief, for which, no doubt, you will feel not a little grateful.

First, with regard to the magazines. I send a M.S.S. which I chanced to have by me. It is a free translation but make no ceremony about it, if you think it wont do.

If it will, you can take anything you can get for it, no matter how little. I will write an article on the Theatres and try and send it to you in a few days, as Kenny talks of going over in a week, or so. I think a regular number to be called "The Story Teller," or some name of that sort, might be kept up in a Magazine, making an introduction, and giving a monthly portion to the extent of what I now send.

The little Tales I have mentioned would be very easily done. You will be able, from the M.S.S. to tell me how much of such writing would make a sheet; and that will be a guide as to measure. I think the little scraps of jeu d'esprit and anecdote, of which every magazine and paper here has at least half a column, if judiciously selected, and thrown into one focus, would make another excellent permanent and spirituelle contribution, to be headed "Flashes" or "Sparkles" or anything you like. The analyses will be more difficult and expensive, as I must first buy the books and then read them, two important operations; and what may be yet more difficult in many cases, I must understand them too, which is more than their writers can, sometimes; but this I will try as soon as I can get a little before hand in money matters.

You know the history of my correspondence last summer with Elliston. He tried to fool me. I saw his scheme; I insisted on his being explicit, then he became silent. My wants forced me to overlook one or two indignities; and I sent him two pieces which happened to meet his wants at the moment. He took them on his own terms. He was to pay me for a week's work and then employed me three months without pay into the bargain. I gave "Love in Humble Life" for (a promise of) £20 down, and "Adeline" for £30 the copyright and £15 every third night, till it should reach 100 guineas.

I hope you will excuse me for asking you to call on Elliston for me, and to endeavour to impress upon him the necessity of letting me have my money. I enclose a draft, which, if he makes any difficulty, it would

be well to get him to accept, and perhaps Miller might get it discounted.

You may also ask for the M.S.S. of "Love in Humble Life" which is my property, and my original M.S.S. of "Adeline."

I have lately got quite intimate at Kenny's and have dined at Mr. Villemel's, where I met *Moore*, who was very civil.

With a thousand apologies,

Yours most gratefully & sincerely,

J. H. P.

Have the goodness to give my little farce of "The Borrower" to Miller to hand to Mrs. Glover.

Addressed:

Monsr. John H. Payne,
No. 25 Rue de la Colomnier,
Hotel de la Louisane,
Faubourg St. Germain,
Paris.

LONDON June 8th 1822.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have suffered an enormous time to elapse without writing to you; but in truth I am behindhand with all my friends and have suffered such an amount of epistolary debts to accumulate that I am almost in despair of paying even the interest. Miller has no doubt told you long since of the success or rather want of success with Elliston. I called on him twice without seeing him, and being unwell & lame at the time I had to commit the matter to Miller. Elliston did not pretend to dispute your claims but plead poverty and incapacity to pay. The last time I saw him he told me he had been paying you off in weekly sums to Mrs. Glover, so I suppose the debt is liquidated before this. He appeared to be rather sore at your having dunned him through others; & thought it was rather exposing the nakedness of the Land. I do not think it worth your while to deal with him hereafter. As Covent Garden is in new hands you might be able to get your pieces brought out there; & Charles Kemble who is at the head of the management is a gentleman and a man to be depended upon.

The manuscript you sent me I could not get any thing for at the London Magazines to which I applied. They thought the stories had not sufficient interest & point & would prefer something not so merely translation.

Hessey one of the proprietors of the Lon-

don Mag: would like to have something from you entirely original & would then judge how much he could afford to give per sheet. I could do nothing with the plan you proposed about republishing lithographic plates of Bonapartes history with accompanying details. There has been so much published about Bonaparte that the public is rather sated with the subject; & the expense of the prints &c. would not be paid, by the additional sale.

I had hoped to have received from you the theatrical essay which you promised to send by Kenney¹; but Kenney has never arrived and whether or no the manuscript is sleeping in his pocket at Paris I cannot say. I should think you might do something very good in that line. I want to see you *swimming without corks*—throwing by translations and reconstructions and writing something from your own brain. A set of essays, tales &c. taken from your own dramatic experience & invention would be more likely to succeed than any thing you could translate.

I have published a couple of volumes² lately, which seem to be well received. The getting them ready for the press has been a grievous task for me, as I have been out of health ever since my return to England. The confinement of body & tasking of mind necessary for composition have retarded my recovery and I am still subject to lameness & to inflammation in my legs. I shall leave London in the course of a week or two, for a watering place on the continent probably Aix La Chapelle, and shall see you in Paris towards the latter part of the autumn.

Before I go out of town I will have a talk with Charles Kemble about you, as I am on very good terms with him, and I will endeavour to secure a favourable reception for any thing you may send to his theatre.

With best wishes I am my dear Payne

Yours truly

W. IRVING.

¹ James Kenney (1780-1849), dramatist. In 1817 he collaborated with Payne in writing "The Portfolio, or the Family of Anglade," produced at Covent Garden Theatre on February 1st of that year. In 1821 he was residing in the offices of the old Chateau of Bellevue, near Paris, built by Louis XV for Mme. Pompadour, and was engaged in adapting French plays for the English stage. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft the actor, whose daughter Fanny was an actress and dramatist. Irving in a letter says, "Kenney is a very worthy and a very pleasant fellow; a thin, pale man, with a gentleness of demeanor and manner, and very nervous."

² *Bracebridge Hall*, published in England on May 23d, and in America on May 21st.

P. S. I have this moment heard that Stephen Price is just arrived in London—22 days from n. york. Of course on a recruiting expedition—Price means to visit Paris soon.

Early in 1823 Payne was living at "No. 156 Galerie des Bons Enfants, au dessus du Salon Littéraire, Palais Royal, Paris," where he wrote "Home Sweet Home" for his operetta "Clari," which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, May 8, 1823.

His success in disposing of "Clari" and two plays, "Ali Pacha" and "The Two Galley Slaves," to Covent Garden in March encouraged him to rent a cottage at Versailles, where he could work undisturbed, using the apartment in the Palais Royal as an office. The cottage had a large garden and the rent was fifty dollars for nine months. Later he gave up his Versailles cottage, and rented apartments in the rue Richelieu No. 89, which he sublet to Irving except for one room which he reserved for his own use when in Paris.

Addressed:

Monsieur Howard Payne,
Palais Royal No. 156,
a Paris

HAVRE, Sept. 27th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE

The situation you mention on the Rue Richelieu is very central & desirable—but the price (150 fr) is rather beyond what I wished to go to in the present state of my purse. I shall, however, either take the apartment myself, or find some other tenant for it, so do not let your mind be troubled on that head. I had many doubts as to the apartment on the Rue Basse, on the score of horses, grooms, &c. but why did you not think again of the old womans fragment of a palace in the place du carrousel. However—*n'importe*, I dare say the quarters you have taken will suit me very well—it's near the Bibliothèque Royale which is a great convenience in the winter time.

I was on the point of writing to you when I rec^d your letter—I want to know your address. I forget your number in the Palais Royal (I believe it is No. 156) and I am not certain whether you may not have quit your nest there. Let me know by return of Post as I want to send you the Mss.

of *Married & Single*.¹ I shall do the needful with Richelieu² in a day or two. I have been much out of sorts, and am troubled with a return of my old complaint in the ancles, which will oblige me to take baths daily. It is but a slight attack as yet, and I hope soon to drive it off—it was that job of writing that brought it on. I must be more cautious in future. Let me know what are the number of rooms in the apartment. I want but two as I doubt whether my brother³ will come to Paris in the winter. I want a warm southern exposure—as my health requires that my rooms should be free from chill, & dampness. Let there be a good sopha in the sitting room.

I hope you are getting Azendai⁴ in order.

If you put your letter before 5 oclock A. M. in the box for the estaffette (which you will find in the Bourse) it will reach me the next morning.

I shall leave this place in the course of three or four days for Paris.

Yours truly,

W. I.

DEAR PAYNE:

I have touched up the song for you and have looked over the married & single of which I have here and there merely altered a word. It may be altered a little in one or two places with advantage but I cannot see on what ground it was declined. It is better than three fourths of the pieces that

¹ "Married and Single," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, July 16, 1824, and is credited to Poole by Genest, who states that Poole adapted it from the French and had a dispute over it with Elliston. The cast was as follows:

Beau Shatterly	W. Farren
Scamper	Vining
Melford	Cooper
Ferret	W. West
Bickerton	Pope
Capt. O'Rapper	Lee
Mrs. Bickerton	Mrs. Glover
Fanny	Mrs. T. Hill
Mrs. Shatterly	Mrs. Jones

² "Richelieu," or "La Jeunesse de Richelieu," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre under the title of "The French Libertine," on February 11, 1826, with the following cast:

Duke de Rougemont	C. Kemble
Dubois	Warde
Lamotte	Power
Dorival	Cooper
Comtesse de Fleury	Mrs. C. Chatterly
Madame Dorival	Mrs. Sloman
Jannette	Mrs. Glover

The name was altered because the French Ambassador was related to Cardinal Richelieu. The play was acted only six nights, because of objections to the plot.

³ Peter Irving (1771-1838), older brother of Washington Irving, who was his partner in early literary work and later in the commercial enterprise which ended so disastrously in 1818.

⁴ "Azendai," a play which was literally translated by Payne and rewritten and adapted by Irving. It was apparently never acted.

are accepted and succeed. You have improved & heightened it in your translation. I shall be out of town tomorrow (sunday) and on monday am going to show the wonders of the day to my nephews, but shall be at home until qr. past 9. on tuesday I shall be at home all the morning.

Yours truly

W. I.

Saturday 4 oclock.

Charles Kemble to Payne

Addressed:

*Monsieur Payne,
No. 89 Rue Richelieu,
à Paris.*

Oct. 10, 1823.

MY DEAR MR. PAYNE

I would willingly lend you the sum you stand in need of, if I possessed it; but I am sorry to say, a poorer man lives not in England than myself—which you will easily conceive when I tell you that I have four children whose education drains me of every penny I can scrape together. I have applied to my Co-partners to advance the money; but their answer is—they have it not: and this I know to be true also; for our Houses in spite of all the expense we have been at, this Summer, are very indifferent, and it is but sorry consolation to know that the receipts of Drury have been infinitely worse than ours. If we should improve, which I trust we shall shortly, I will make another application to "The Committee" and I will hope with better success. if your Farce be ready, dont you think it will be better to send it, than wait for Azendai or Richelieu? if "The Committee" like it, I am of opinion, that it stands a chance of being brought out at no distant period. I saw Poole the other day; but he did not say that he was employed about anything for the Theatres. Kenney did not take ill my not seeing him while I was in Paris, I hope—pray excuse me to him on the score of the shortness of my visit and remember me most kindly to Talma. I am, always yours most truly

C. KEMBLE.

C. G. Theatre,

Oct. 10th, 1823.

About the first of November, Payne goes over to London to try and dispose of the plays in hand, but is obliged to conceal

his identity under the assumed name of J. Hayward to avoid his creditors.

Irving sends his letters addressed to J. Hayward, Esq., 22 Lancaster Street, Burton Crescent, or to J. H. Payne, Esq., care of Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

Addressed:

*J. H. Payne, Esq.
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
Fleet St.,
London.*

PARIS Nov. 5th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I rec^d your unhappy letter from Dieppe & deeply commiserate your situation—but hope by this time you are safe over the channel and over your troubles. Nothing new has happened here of any consequence. Your Lamp case was ably argued before the Justice by Marianne, and compromised for 20 francs—so I think both you and the Lampist got very well out of the affair. I hope you will not get another lamp mania, unless you have a chance of getting hold of the Lamp of Alladin. Your dog dirtied himself out of all toleration so I have sent him into exile. Marianne told me you were to give 15 francs a month to some Dog Landlord on the Pont neuf to take him en pension which was paying enough to support a christian soul and fifteen francs more than the dog was worth—luckily the scoundrel who had the impudence to make such a demand was not at home when Marianne called, so you are saved this piece of imposition. . . . The chimneys smoked and have all been bedevilled by the fumiste, so that I suppose they will smoke worse than ever; being what the French term *perfectionnés*. Your room has been painted and papered under the directions of the indefatigable Marianne—& thus your household matters all go on in good train.

I expect my brother in town tomorrow to pass the winter & am turning the Salle a Manger into a bed room for him. I have nearly rewritten *La Jeunesse*¹ but have

¹ "La Jeunesse de Henry V," as rewritten, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre under the title of "Charles II or the Merry Monarch," on May 27, 1824, with the following cast:

King Charles	C. Kemble
Capt. Copp	J. Fawcett
Rochester	Jones
Edward	Duruset
Mary	Miss M. Tree
Lady Clara	Mrs. Faucit

It was very successful and was for a long time one of the standard comedies at Covent Garden.

made no songs for it. It will be difficult to turn it into an opera I fear—we shall see when you come back.

I have the Roullier¹ and will forward it to Miller by the first opportunity with the other work you mention; but the steam packet has ceased to run from Havre & my brother having left there, I cannot forward them that way. I am in hopes some private opportunity will present in a day or two.

I hope to hear from you towards the end of the week.

Yours very truly,

W. I.

Same address.

PARIS, Nov^r 12th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

Your letter of the 7th relieved me from the most painful anxiety on your account for the long time that had elapsed without hearing from you, and the terrible storms that had taken place in the interim made me fear that some misfortune had happened to you in crossing the channel.

I shall now look forward with a less painful interest to your next letters, to know the fate of the dramatic experiments. Let me know, if Azendai is approved, about what time it will be wanted—I shall write songs for it as soon as I can get in the rhyming vein again. I believe I told you that I had rewritten Henry V—tho' somewhat hastily. It will now I think make a very pleasing drama, with the assistance of a few songs—to make it a complete opera would be very difficult.

I wish you to ascertain whether Kemble has rec^d the corrected copy of the Freyschütz² from Livius³ & what he feels disposed to do in the matter. I wish Abu

¹ "Roullier" or "Roulier," a play also alluded to by its English name "The Waggoner."

² "Der Freyschütz." Five versions were produced in London in 1824, as follows:

English Opera House, July 23d, for second time.
David Theatre, August (adaptation by Amherst).
Surrey Theatre, September 13th (adaptation by Ball).
Covent Garden Theatre, October 14th (adaptation by Barham Livius).
Drury Lane Theatre, November 10th (adaptation by Soane).

The version first produced is said to have been a literal translation and may have been furnished by Payne. The cast was as follows:

Casper	Bennett
Rodolf	Braham
Killiam	Tayleure
Lamiel	T. P. Cooke
Kuno	Bartley
Ottocar	Baker
Agnes	Miss Noel
Ann	Miss Povey

³ Barham Livius the dramatist.

Hassan¹ to be offered to Elliston, by Miller, as from Livius. Before leaving London ask once more for the music at Burchills.

I send you the Roulier by the Diligence from the office in Rue notre dame des Victoires—directed to the care of Miller. The carriage will be paid here. It will leave Paris today, to be delivered in three days.

Give my most affectionate remembrances to Leslie² & Newton. They must both write to me. Bring with you any thing you can lay your hands on that will be interesting and amusing in new publications &c &c—& that you can beg borrow or steal—but do not buy—I want Newton to send me a copy or two of the engravings from my likeness.

My brother is settled in the *Salle à manger*, now converted into a bed room. I hope he will pass a good part of the winter with me.

The tranquility of my hermitage has been a little interrupted of late by my having been discovered by a fashionable acquaintance, and entangled in a succession of fashionable engagements. I have fought as shy as possible however, & hope to extricate myself speedily and creditably; though for the present I have occasionally to put on my silk stockings of an evening.

No letter has come for you from Milan. There are two from England, which I do not think it worth while to send as you will doubtless see every body there you want to see. There is also a letter with the Havre postmark—probably from England.

Marianne presents her homage to you—she will have your apartments ready for you. She says an English lady from the Boulevard du Temple called here with a letter for you which she declined leaving.

Let me know when you may be expected here. . . .

My Brother desires to be remembered to you—Will you tell Mr. Miller that my Brother received the parcel which he sent to his care at Havre—containing the Ms. of the Freyschütz for me. He would have replied to Mr. Miller, but tho' it unnecessary to put him to the expense of postage merely to acknowledge the receipt of the parcel; as it was probable I would do so from Paris.

¹ "Abu Hassan" or "Abul Hassan," a German opera, translated by Irving at Dresden.

² Charles Robert Leslie (1794-1859), the artist. He illustrated several of Irving's books and painted his portrait in 1820. He painted Payne's portrait as Young Norval in 1814.



Charles R. Leslie.



G. Stuart Newton.

From an original pencil drawing, owned by Charles Henry Hart.

I hope you are housed at Leslies—and wish I were there with you for a day or two; to have a good round or two of talk with Leslie & Newton.

Yours truly W. I.

I wish a copy of the last edition of *Knickerbocker*—Murray will no doubt furnish it free cost.

Charles Kemble to Payne

DEAR MR. PAYNE:

I return you the Newspapers and with them I send *Azendai*; which, I am of opinion, would succeed very well in *two Acts* with pretty music; but the subject of which did not strike me as of sufficient importance for three.

Yours always and truly,

C. G. Theatre
Nov. 18th, 1823.

C. KEMBLE.

Henry Robertson to Payne

Addressed:

J. H. Payne, Esq.,
at Mr. Miller's,
Fleet Street.

THE COVENT GARDEN
19. Nov. 1823.

SIR;

Mr. Kemble having mentioned to the Committee of Management your Tragedy of *Richelieu* I am requested by them to ac-

quaint you that they shall be happy to produce it, but in consideration of the circumstances of the Theatre not permitting them to pay so liberally as formerly, and the piece being an adaptation from another they regret that it is not in their power to offer you more than two hundred guineas to be paid by 3 instalments for the 3rd, 6th and 9th Nights. The present circumstances of the Theatre will not justify their giving more but they hope they shall have a future opportunity of being able to remunerate your talent better. Will you have the kindness to inform me if you are disposed to accede to this proposal.

I am,
Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

HENRY ROBERTSON.

J. H. Payne, Esq.

Payne to Robertson

[In Payne's handwriting on the blank page of Robertson's letter, but the signature has been cut off for an autograph.]

Answer

Thursday Evening 9 o'clock
Nov. 20, 1823.

SIR,

I am this instant favoured with your communication in the name of the Committee of Management of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. I beg leave to re-

turn my best thanks for the offer it conveys respecting the Tragedy submitted to their decision.

I am at a loss to understand the bearing of the degree of merit due to the author of a dramatic work upon the question of remuneration from a Theatre. The value of a production to such an establishment in pounds, shillings and pence, appears to me the only point admissible in such discussions. The quality of literary desert is for another tribunal.

Still, could I afford to sacrifice the work in question for so *very* much under the allow-



James Kenney.

of my power to leave the work in question upon any other terms than those which Mr.

ance established by the law of theatrical custom, I should do so with peculiar pleasure to the Management of Covent Garden Theatre, equally through gratitude for recent politeness and because the character of Richelieu has been moulded with distinct reference to Mr. Charles Kemble, whose talent would give it a value it might no where else obtain. But this sacrifice my circumstances forbid: and I am sorry to add that it will be entirely out

Dear Mr. Payne
I return you the newspapers and with
them I send *Pyramus*, which, I am of opinion, would
succeed very well in two acts with pretty music;
but the subject of which I can not think me of
of great importance for this -
Yours always & truly
C. Kemble
P. S. The
Nov. 8. 1827



Surrey Theatre, Blackfriar's Road.

Kemble did me the kindness to convey, and even then only with the understanding that it appear within three months.

With every acknowledgment of the obliging attention of the Committee,

I have the honor to be

Addressed:

J. H. Payne, Esq.
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
Fleet St.,
London.

PARIS, Nov. 22^d 1823

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have rec^d your letters of 16 & 18 yesterday, after remaining several days in doubt, from the tenor of your preceding letters, whether both pieces were not smothered in the cradle. Don't cry out before you're hurt, nor send *conjectural* bad news, for want of real—all seems to be going very well—Kemble has accepted Richelieu in as short a time as could



Mrs. Glover as Estifania.

Engraved by T. Wright from a drawing by Wageman.

be expected, considering that he had others to consult, who had to read a long play before they gave judgment.

I don't care which theatre takes *Azendai*—nor do I care much if either of them takes it—I beg you will let it be understood I ask nothing as a favor, and by no means advise their accepting a piece, as extending a kind of patronage. I feel perfectly independent of the theatre—tho' I feel more and more that I have dramatic stuff within me. "A plague o' both these houses" they shant make "worms meat" of me I promise you.

What are you groaning and fretting about—you are getting money enough from the Coburg to keep you going, and the Roulier will bring you in a *rouleau* (excuse my small joke) and the Richelieu &c will bring in money for future expenses—& in the inter-

per you. I will forward the letter part of the unknown
 hope I shall have a talk with Charles
 the other day. a very good terms with him and
 I will endeavor to secure a favorable reception for my things
 in many and other places.
 With best wishes I am, my dear Payne,
 Yours truly
 Wm. I.
 P.S. I have heard that you are in the city and
 I am sure you will find me a very good friend.
 - I am sure a good friend to you.

2. Payne
 Mr. John H. Payne
 No 25. (Wm. & Co. Calapoor)
 Hotel de la Reunion
 (Henderson & Co. Calapoor)
 D. I. 1/2

From Washington Irving to John H. Payne.

im you will have other things on the anvil—
 Where then is the necessity for whining and
 croaking—wait until the plays are damnd,
 and then you may whine and be d—d too.

The Jeunesse is copying out & will be
 sent you in a day or two, to see if it is likely
 to meet with a market. I think it will
 make a most entertaining piece being much
 improved. If you are about to depart you
 had better defer your departure until it ar-
 rives that you may offer it. It will do for
 either theatre. I will send the “mothers
 curse” & as many other curses as you
 please with it, and hope they may prove
 blessings to you. . . .

Write to me whenever you please, or

rather when ever you are in good humor,
 but no croaking letters—fabricate good
 news if you please, but suppress all bad
 —& let us have no suspicions and doubts
 & constructions—Dont get into pets with
 managers—nor cut your fingers in cutting
 your bread & butter. I suspect there’s
 more in that cutting letter of Elliston’s than
 you imagine. I doubt you’ve been coming
 “captain grand” on him on some previous
 occasion—above all things don’t doubt &
 despond without good reason, remember
 fortune is an errant female—and most apt
 to play false to those who doubt her.

Yours ever

W. I.

I have rec^d a letter from the Post office London mentioning that there is a letter there for me on which 1/2 must be paid before it can be for^d will you have it released from bondage.

Same address.

PARIS Nov. 26th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I yesterday forwarded by the Diligence the Ms. of *La Jeunesse* and at the same time "The mothers crime," & "Le contrabandier" directed to you, care of Miller. *La Jeunesse* as you will perceive is altered in title to *Royal waggery &c.* The title however may be altered hereafter—I wish you would present the piece either in your own name or if you would prefer it, fabricate a name, as of a friend resident near Paris, which name we may afterwards make use of, but at all events do not let my name be implicated in the thing. The Play, if accepted, may be altered and modified a little if judged expedient, and some few songs written for it; tho' I should think it would do as it is. The scrap of a song of capt. Copp was hastily done and does not satisfy me—it is not characteristic. I give you here another scrap to substitute in lieu of it—and let it be stopped short at the critical word, by the daughter's putting her hand upon his mouth—he need afterward only sing two or three first lines.

In the hurry of sending off the Ms: the names of the dramatis personæ are not inserted.

King Charles II
Rochester
Edward—a page
Captain Copp
Lady Clara
Mary,—daughter to Copp
Servants, tapsters &c.

Do not suffer yourself, under any circumstances, to make a sacrifice of any of the pieces; if the theatres make difficulties, withdraw the pieces at once—they'll accept them at some future time. Don't let them think they can beat you down & get bargains out of you. I do not wish *Azendai* to be suffered to be in managers hands to be debated upon by those skimd milk gentlemen whom they have for privy councillors. I sent it to see what music would be necessary for it. Get it out of their hands at once & bring it back to me. If Elliston does not

accept "married & single," put it in your trunk—a few alterations may give it much additional value, by giving more importance to the females. . . .

Let me hear often from you—remember me affectionately to Leslie & Newton—and believe me

Very truly yours

W.

P. S. Your room is quite in order for you—the upholsterer having at length finished his job.

Was anything done about Abu Hassan & have you heard any thing about the Freyschutz.

Alter the title of the Ms: play to "*Charles & Rochester or Waggery at Wapping.*"

Same address.

PARIS Nov. 29th

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I scribbled you a hasty letter yesterday with respect to *Azendai &c.* On second thoughts this morning I have cut down *Azendai* to two acts. They are long ones, but I think the dialogue and incident will carry them off cheerfully. I shall not add any songs—I cannot bestow any more labour on the piece—particularly as it is now a two act piece. I would not have touched it again but that I wish to have a chance of trying whether I really have dramatic talent. The piece can be embellished with marches and melodramatic music. If you have time copy it and offer it at which ever theatre you think it would fare best at—or be most likely to be readily and handsomely received.

I think you are unreasonably piqued with Elliston—a thousand circumstances might have happened to have hurried him suddenly out of town, without recollecting his engagement with you—recollect what a hurried being a manager is and what a harried head Elliston has. If you do not like to present any thing to him let Miller present it. Do not mention to Elliston—should it be presented to him—that I am the author of *Azendai*. There is no need of his knowing it—say it is from a friend.

I hope you will be able to raise funds on some one or other of the pieces to enable you to hold out for better terms for *Richelieu*—but at any rate do exactly with respect to that play as you may feel inclined.

If you see Newton tell him should Mr.

Murray¹ deliver to him the parcel I wrote about—I would thank him to forward it to me by coach—unless you are coming off immediately & will bring it with you. I want it as soon as possible.

I am my dear Payne Yours truly

W. I.

Marianne desires to be remembered to you.

Same address.

(Postmark, Dec. 2, 1823.)

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I write in great haste, that you may know how to act as far as I am concerned on the dramatic articles you have in hand. "With regard to Richelieu & married and single," *act precisely as your own interests & emergencies may dictate*—as to the Waggeries, I have nothing to do with it—or with any of the other pieces forwarded you in print—if you can make any thing by them so much the better; I wont share a far-thing.

I am my dear Payne

Yours truly

W. I.

Nothing new here. If I see any thing that I think may answer for you, at any of the theatres I will forward it & take the chances of its finding you yet in London.

Same address.

PARIS, Dec. 17th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have rec^d your letters dated at various times, the latest dated the 12th and am really concerned that you have so much vexation and difficulty, but hope all will clear up pleasantly & profitably—do not suffer yourself to be discouraged—and do not on any account suffer yourself to get on ill terms with the managers. Deal with them always coolly & good-humouredly—it is the most dignified the most advantageous and the most comfortable way. Exert your own discretion as to the disposition of the pieces. I shall be satisfied with any bargain you may make; recollect only, that I do not wish my name, on any account, to appear in connexion with them. It would be quite injurious to my present plans. Should Azendai *not be already accepted* and in *train for performance* I wish you to withdraw it definitely. It cannot I fear be repre-

¹John Murray (1778–1843), the publisher.

sented without my name leaking out as the author. Should it however be in hands & committed beyond recovery, enjoin secrecy on Mr. Kemble in regard to my name.

I send you five Plays in which Leontine Fay¹ performed, viz: *La Nouvelle Clari—La Petite Lampe merveilleuse—La mariage enfantine—La petite Folle & La petite Sœur*. . . .

Do not give yourself any trouble about Abu Hassan & the Freyschütz. You have enough already to occupy you, & it would be only time & trouble thrown away.

Marianne desires to be remembered to you and is impatient for your return. I hope to see you before long comfortably reinstated in your little nest with money in both pockets. I know of nothing new here that would interest you. A new piece is making a great noise—*L'école des Veillards*²—I have not seen it. Kenney slept in your quarters not long since—He says nothing of coming to London. Let me hear from you when you have any thing to say & believe me

very truly yours

W. I.

Same address.

PARIS, Dec. 29th 1823.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have received your letters of Tuesday & Wednesday last—the latter enclosing the draft on Lafitte for 800 francs, which shall be appropriated according to your wishes. I am heartily glad you have been able to break bulk and dispose of part of your cargo. It will give you means to live on quietly till you can dispose of the rest to advantage. I thank you for your liberal offer of sharing the proceeds of both pieces; but with one of them I have nothing to do—it is entirely your own. I can only share on married & single. Do not give Azendai to any of the theatres—as my name has been committed with it to C. Kemble I wish to withdraw the piece. I can make a better thing of it hereafter—just now I do not on any account wish my name to appear in connexion with any of the pieces. As to Richelieu & Rochester let them appear in your own name and to save your conscience say that they have been revised and occasionally touched up by a literary friend.

¹Leontine Fay, a French actress.

²"Des Veillards" or "Ecole des Veillards," a play being acted at the Théâtre Français with Talma and Mlle. Mars in the cast.

Marianne shall enquire after the Parcel sent to you on the 17th inst. She inconsiderately neglected to take a receipt at the Bureau.

In all your dealings with managers be particular in keeping cool & not taking offence. You will not now be pushed, I trust, for means, and need not ask for loans from them, which only lets them see that your necessities may induce you to make sacrifices.

Wishing you a merry christmas & happy new year I am very truly

Yours W. I.

Addressed:

*J. Hayward, Esq.,
22 Lancaster Street,
Burton Crescent.*

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I rec^d some days since your play by Mr. Sinnett. It has the materials within it to make a most beautiful & attractive piece & one that will do you great credit. I have been at work at it & have, as you will think, slashed away unsparingly, but it is excessively redundant and requires to be pruned in language, scenes & plot. I have cut many things out of it that are good in themselves & may be put by for future use; but which overcharge the dialogue and embarrass the action. It will take me yet two or three days to put it in order & then I trust it will be a thing that will take at once with the managers. It varies so much from the original that you may lay claims to absolute authorship in it, and as you need not fear being jostled in this piece by rival adapters, I hope you will take care to make a good bargain. I cannot tell you how much satisfaction I feel in seeing you turn such a good piece of work out of your hands. . . .

I have paid the rent of the apartments for the current term; that is to say till the end of march; but absolutely I shall have to give them up at the end of that time as I shall take apartments before the close of the term in the country. I wish you would think what's to be done with them as I see no prospect of your return. I have kept on from term to term, because I did not like to abandon the apartment and leave it vacant, but in many respects it does not suit me; and its position in the midst of dirty streets prevents my taking the exercise in winter

that is necessary to my health. If I remained in Paris I should like to be near the Tuilleries.

When you finish Perkin Warbeck let me see it—I may do you some good in correcting it. I am happy to find you are so well employed; but let me again and again press on you the importance of management in your expenses: that you may make your industry available. You have it in your power to make twice—three times as much as you need to spend; but through a little mismanagement you are continually toiling to make up foregone & needless expenses. I trust you will arrange your affairs better in future & getting yourself once out of the mire will jog on your way comfortably and creditably. I may bore you a little by the iteration of this topic, but I trust you will properly understand the motive which dictates it—not a love of finding fault or a desire to wound your feelings, but a sincere and earnest wish for your welfare.

Mr. Sinnett is Waiting for the letter so I must conclude.

Yours very truly, W. I.

PARIS Jan. 17, 1824.

In Irving's biography it is stated that on January 27, 1824, Payne wrote to Irving that he had sold "Charles II" and Richelieu to Covent Garden Theatre for two hundred guineas, and that as Irving's letters were missing, it was not known whether the price was satisfactory to Irving or not. The missing letter follows and indicates that the profits from the venture did not encourage Irving to continue his dramatic work.

Addressed:

*J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
New Bridge St.,
Blackfriars,
London.*

PARIS, Jany. 31, 1824.
Rue Richelieu No. 89.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I wrote to you yesterday inclosing a letter from Marianne. Since then I have rec^d your letter inclosing a Bank note of 50£ which shall be disposed of according to your wishes.

I am perfectly satisfied that you have done your best as to the Mss: I only regret that you did not find more liberality on the part of those you dealt with. Still I

am convinced the operation will turn out very beneficial for you if you manage matters properly. . . . Richelieu & Rochester if tolerably performed will do you credit & operate favorably for you in future dealings. You must not hesitate to claim them as your productions; though to satisfy scruple & obviate cavilling you may say they have been revised & occasionally touched up by a literary friend—I wish however, my name to be kept completely out of sight.

I am sorry to say I cannot afford to write any more for the theatres. The experiment has satisfied me that I never should in any wise be compensated for my time and trouble. I speak not with any reference to my talents; but to the market price my productions will command in other departments of literature. If, however, the experiment should produce any material benefit to you I shall feel highly satisfied at having made it.

Of the German pieces only one has arrived—called *Partey-Wuth* (or Party Rage) The scene in England in 1651, during the time of the covenanters. I saw it acted at Prague & was very much struck with it—on reading it over I am still more pleased—a very striking and spirited play might be made from it; with strongly marked characters. There is a coldblooded, crafty, meagre, hypocritical, merciless Judge with his coadjutor, a gorbellied, bullying, swash buckler colonel of the covenanters, that make two prominent, half comic, half fearful characters in the piece. Had I been encouraged by the success of Richelieu I could have made a powerful piece of this—but, as it is, I cannot afford to touch it. If you can get it translated you will be able with very little trouble to make it all that is necessary. This piece cost 2 francs, so the bookseller returned me 8 francs of your deposit.

The *Berg-Geist* (or as you term it *she wishes*—the piece for Liston¹) is out of print in Germany. Perhaps you may meet with a copy of it at Bohn's,² or some other German Bookseller in London, and may be able to get it roughly translated, in which case you could soon adapt it for the London theatres. . . .

¹ John Liston (1776?–1846), actor. At Covent Garden Theatre from 1806 to 1822, and at the Haymarket Theatre from 1822 to 1830.

² George Henry Bohn (1796–1884), the publisher, at 17–18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, until about 1831.

My long interval of travelling, and the time expended in these dramatic experiments have thrown me quite behindhand, both as to pecuniary and literary affairs: & I am now applying myself to make up for it, but I shall run low in purse before I can get a work ready for publication.

I think you are right to stay where you are until you clear off every thing here—but I hope you will be prudent & economic & profit by past experiences. Let me know if I can be of any service to you.

With best wishes I am ever—

yours

W. I.

P. S. Be very particular as to the copy right of the pieces for I am convinced we shall make much more by the publishing than by the playing of them.

During this month Irving took his nephew Irving Van Wart into his rooms and nursed him through an attack of confluent small-pox, meanwhile mixing with the world and corresponding as usual.

Addressed:

J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
Bridge St.,
Blackfriars,
London.

PARIS, March 19th, 1824.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have not heard from you for a long long time, and have been looking every week either for a letter, or for your arrival. I hope you are turning your time to account in London. I see by one of the papers that a piece was playing at the Adelphi under the title of *Waggeries at Wapping*. I hope they have not been pirating your Mss. and playing a theatrical trick upon you.

Everything goes on here as usual. I have been occupied in scribbling & have just made an engagement with the Galignanis & Didot to edit a series of British Literature, from Chaucer to the present day, which I hope will bring me in some funds of which I begin to be in want.

I think of coming to London shortly. Do you wish for any thing from here—any thing that is not bulky—as I shall probably travel in the mail post that permits but little luggage. I shall look out if there are any novelties at the theatres that may be of service to you.

Before I leave paris I shall settle with Mons. Charles for the next three months from the 1st of April, for the apartments—Rue Richelieu. My Brother will occupy them till my return.

Should you leave London before my arrival (which will probably be in the early part of next month) I wish you would leave the Mss: of Azendai sealed up, with Miller. I wish to have it by me to revise it, & if I feel in the mood, rewrite it. . . .

You never informed me whether or no you rec^d the parcel forwarded by coach containing plays in which Leontine Fay had performed. I was anxious to know this that I might ascertain whether this mode of forwarding pamphlets & Mss. was liable to failure.

I rec^d the letter which you released from post office thralldom. It was from Newton, written in November last.

Kenney talks of coming to London shortly. Morris¹ wishes him to assist in the management of the Haymarket.

In great haste I am

Very truly yours,

W. I.

Addressed:

Mr. Hayward,
Lancaster Court,
Burton Crescent.

PARIS, March 28th, 1824.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have just rec^d your two letters. I am sorry to find you writing in dumpiest mood; but dont let yourself be cast down. Gad man, you've made a little lump of money since last autumn; and if it has been rather sopped up by old debts what's to prevent your making more. When the plays come to be acted you will make something more by the copy right, and I'm convinced they'll propose better terms for your next pieces. As to the German piece I think if you do not offer it until Richelieu has been acted you will get a good offer for it. I'll give it a look over before you hand it to managers & perhaps I may be able to improve it in some points for you. Not that I mean to participate in the profits. I cannot afford to work for the theatre with sufficient zeal to entitle me to any reward, but I may help you to an occasional hint or a *coup de plume*. There is a melodrama lately come out, which seems to have a run called Mel-

moth the wanderer, founded I believe on M——'s novel. I'll get it for you & one or two other things. When I get to London I may be able some time or other, to get some employment for you from the booksellers. In the meantime live prudently & dont give way to doubts & fears.

I shall not be able to come to London quite so soon as I anticipated. I have two or three other things that require my attention here, and some writing that I must prepare here, before I venture into the hurried whirl of London.

If you get the money for me from the theatre I wish you to remit it, as it will assist me toward my travelling expenses, for my purse is running low. Of course you take your proportion first. I do not know whether Morris is in Paris or not—but I believe not. I have not told any thing to Kenney about the pieces. You recollect you mentioned to him my having revised and I believe retouched Rochester. He knows nothing more than you have told him.

With sincere regard I am my dear Payne

Yours truly

W. I.

Addressed:

J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Care of Mr. John Miller,
Bookseller,
New Bridge St.,
Blackfriars,
London.

(Postmarked May 5, 1824.)

MY DEAR PAYNE.

I have put off from time to time my visit to England, having been variously engaged. I shall leave here, however, in about six days, but shall not come immediately to London. I go by the way of Havre & southampton & shall pass two or three weeks with a friend in new Hampshire, not far from Southampton.

I am glad they intend bringing out Rochester as it will enable you to get it into print and make something by the copy right. And if it succeeds as I hope it will, it will be of great service to you in respect to your other theatrical merchandize. I hope you will not dispose of "*Partegen Wuth*" till I have seen it, as I may suggest alterations that may be of service to it. I

¹ David Morris, the lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre, 1820-37. His sister Clara married George Colman.

shall bring over with me any new pieces that I may think will be of service to you.

I have not seen Kenney for a long time; he is still at Versailles.

I do not know whether to condole with, or to congratulate you upon missing the management. I look upon all employments of the kind as full of perplexity and vexation, and am sure that with a little economy & management of your own concerns you can live independently & comfortably by the exercise of your pen.

So long as I could make bread and cheese

in my own way, I would not bother my mind with the miseries of a theatrical management even though it should enable me to eat truffles & ortolans.

After receiving this letter you need not write to me at Paris, as a letter will not find me there. I leave my Brother in the apartments.

When I get to England you shall hear further from me—and when I get to London I will find you out in your hermitage.

Yours ever

W. I.

AT THE FOURTH FLAG

By Oric Bates

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

Does Care behind your cantle ride?
Would you unseat him from his place,
Down him and risk your neck beside?
Win but one Rodham Steeplechase!
A. FOSDICK, "Rodham Rhymes."

I



WHEN, after some months of absence, Cantyre reappeared at the club, all Rodham talked. When he entered his name for the annual steeplechase, there were rejoicings, and it became speedily and generally accepted that he had come to the philosophic conclusion that there were good fish in the sea as e'er came out of it, and was on the high road to recovery from his recent jilting. True, he all but cut poor Basely, his successful rival; and at the club, on the entry of Rose Gallard on one occasion, stopped short in the middle of a sentence and walked brusquely from the room.

"Fact is," declared old Murray, "it's the first time in his life that Gus Cantyre was ever an 'also ran.' When a fellow gets to be eight-and-twenty without ever missing a thing he wants, and then wants something more than ever he did before in his life, and closes his fist on it to find it gone, he cuts up rough. Naturally!"

"He needn't have cold-shouldered Basely as he did, all the same," protested Fosdick, beneath whose habitual laughter and fondness for good clothes lay a very genuine sense of justice. "I don't say that out of fondness for Basely, either, but because I like Cantyre."

"Humph!" ejaculated Murray, straddling before the empty fireplace. "Trouble is, Gus has a queer way with him, once and again. You boys don't remember her, but his mother was like that before him. I remember five-and-twenty years back, she fell in a rage at some perfectly harmless remark of Handrevel's at a dance. Grew white as a sheet, sir, and took leave of her hostess on the spot. Called her carriage, and sulked for half the season. Old Cantyre told Handrevel he was doosed sorry; pretty rough on *him*. As for *madame la reine*, she never spoke to him again—not once! Humph!"

On all that related to hunting, to horses, to the intricacies of social life, Tennant Murray, M.F.H., delivered his opinions with a readiness and a conviction which the younger set at Rodham Country Club openly derided, and secretly admired.

"I'll bet you saints to devils," cried Halley, "that Gus Cantyre wins the race. Tarven's staying with him, and he told me that Gus had *Mashallah* at timber every

day for two weeks past. It would be a jolly good thing if Basely's *Seminole* should run him out. Gus is always winning things."

"*Seminole* is good stuff," Fosdick remarked.

"Humph!" And as he spoke again Murray's manner was more judicial, and his neatly booted legs were straddled more widely than ever. "It's not horses that win steeplechases; it's horses *and* men. Cantyre's got the best seat and the best hands of any man-jack in this club. Doose take it, he rides better'n I do!" The snort of amazement with which the veteran emphasized this last statement was drowned in a shout of laughter from his hearers. Upon the spot, they began to wrangle cheerfully upon the technicalities of "horse."

II

Two men, the collars of their cover-coats turned up against the spring shower that was visiting the countryside, were trotting together over the level bottom of a wide pasture to where, planted on a boundary wall of loose stones, stood a soaked red flag. One of the riders was mounted on a smart bay pony, whose white forelegs were plashed with clay. The horseman was a young man, very blonde, very red-faced, and well wetted about the knees and shoulders. The brim of his gray felt hat was turned down all around, and the rain dripped from it at each stride. His companion, a taller man riding a large gray, was of a type altogether different. Of loose build, there was yet about him an air of strength and of physical adroitness which went well with his easy and sympathetic horsemanship. Under the shadow of his glistening "Burberry" one saw a striking face: a face thin and brown, with a hawk-like nose, fierce, humorous eyes of dark blue, high cheek-bones, and a sensitive, mobile chin. The close-trimmed black mustache did not conceal the wide and full-lipped mouth. The whole face was at once predatory and good-naturedly wilful. Just now, beneath the eyes which stared fixedly ahead, were dark circles, and the mouth was slightly drawn.

"I say, Gus," suddenly exclaimed he of the pony, "those flags are too far down the wall. What the deuce! The ditch must

be a good twelve foot on the other side of the wall there,—and about eight feet deep! Why hasn't the Committee flagged a jump at the corner, where it's narrower?" He turned toward his companion with a questioning look.

"Give it up!" answered the other, staring at the flag. "Some of old Murray's rotten nonsense, I dare say. I must admit, though, the other obstacles on this course are tame enough."

The riders pulled up by the wall. They had trotted from one point to another of the course in preparation for the coming steeplechase, and but for this flag—the fourth—had already examined each obstacle. As they drew rein beside the wall, they looked with interest and some surprise at the jump. On the other side of the fence—itsself about four feet high—was a deep trench cut in the stiff clay. Although at its upper end, where the flat ground began to rise, the cutting was narrow, yet at the flagged point it was four yards wide, and the nearer edge was another yard from the wall. Its banks were steep and slippery; into the thin sheet of yellow water at the bottom the big rain drops splashed steadily.

"Something's going to get smashed here-away," remarked the last speaker, "sure as your name's Dicky Tarven, the Man-without-Hands."

He gazed across the wall into the ditch, regarding the situation with a smile of grim humor. Mr. Dicky Tarven, after due consideration, acknowledged the justice of his friend's allusion to his "hard" hands by letting his remark go without challenge.

"Beastly jump this"—his expression was doleful—"it's all well enough for you, Cantyre, es-que.; but I likes my fencing and I likes my leppin', and I likes 'em sep'rit and individle! This yere flag needs a cross between buzzard and kangaroo to get over it."

"Bad for little horses and little hind-legs," admitted Cantyre, slatting the water from his hat.

"I wish I had a tape," grumbled Tarven, turning his pony's head, and casting a last glance of disgust at the jump. "Somebody'll get smashed up there; you'll see. Myself, like as not!"

"Quite so," said Cantyre with a queer smile. "Made your will?"

"Get on!" shouted his indignant friend, cutting the other's mount with his crop. "Will be damned!"

III

It was one o'clock in the night after he had ridden over the course with Tarven that Cantyre gave up trying to sleep. For two hours he had lain in the dark, trying to empty his head of tumultuous thoughts. Time after time he had relaxed every muscle, and closed his eyes, only to realize after a few moments that he was lying in bed with hands tight clenched, tense as a wrestler. At length, filled with disgust, he rose. For the past three months he had had, he thought wretchedly, quite his share of this. He was to-night vividly conscious of his own unhappiness, and with a wave of bitterness indulged himself in a feeling of self-pity which hitherto he had been able to repress. He had no faith at that hour in his doctor's prescription, given him a fortnight back in reply to his somewhat savage statement that he could not sleep. "Ride, and ride hard!" had been the order. "You're used to it, and can't afford to give it up—especially to spend your days in brooding." The advice had been followed; it was on the strength of it that he had gone back to the club, and entered *Mashallah* for the steeplechase. But the charm would not work, or at best worked intermittently.

He lit the brace of reading candles by his bedside, and then, having blown out the match, stood for a minute in his pajamas, deliberating. His eye fell on a copy of "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities"; but the doings of Mr. Jorrocks are after all not so very jolly when one is keeping unwilling vigil with an old and galling worry for company. Cantyre went to the round table in the middle of the room, and coming back with a solitaire board and a pack of cards, propped himself up on his pillows and began to play. In the middle of the game, however, he perceived that some four or five plays back he had mistaken a card and spoiled his play. He took the accident with the air of one welcoming a new grievance, throwing the cards together and re-shuffling them with a grunt of irritation. He began again: "Knaves on the queen, and red ten on the knave—Would she have given him up, he wondered, if she had

really understood? Turn up ace of clubs; six—three— But how the deuce could she know when he himself had not realized the depth of his own feeling? Two on the three— No, confound it! both were black! Did any one ever see such a run of cards?—Basely? Basely hadn't known her more than a year!" With a feeling of mixed pain and satisfaction at his own fairness, Cantyre admitted that "Basely was a very decent sort; but could Basely possibly care as much as he did? How much sleep would he be losing if Rose Gallard should throw him overboard in his turn! No fear of that, though—seven, six, five, and the four of hearts wanted. The beastly injustice of it—weren't there enough women to go round, or what?" Here Cantyre observed that two cards which, when he played them, had certainly been the ten of spades and the nine of diamonds had wilfully become the six and seven of hearts. He gave up his game in a rage.

Getting up, he took a cigarette from a box on the table, lit it at the candle, and began to walk up and down the room. The bitter feeling of defeat and loss which he had insensibly allowed to grow up within him during the past few weeks so mastered him as to blind him to the fact that in reality his love was overborne by his anger at failing to obtain a thing he wanted. Circumstance and temperament alike made him look upon Rose Gallard's preference of another as a gigantic injury done upon himself. From time to time his sense of humor protested feebly against his unreason, but to no purpose. As he finished his cigarette, he was startled by a knock on the door of his chamber.

"Who's there?" he asked. He had forgotten his guest from the moment he bade him good-night.

"What's wrong, Gus?" asked Tarven, putting his head in at the door by way of answer.

"What fetched you out of bed, Dicky?"

"Heard you walking up and down," Tarven replied. "Felt you thinking through the wall. Did you know you were almost running up and down? I thought you'd gone buncy or started on a rat hunt! Don't look at me like that, old man—take a big, deep breath, and tell me all about it."

Dicky Tarven's ways, as old Murray had once said with more than ordinary empha-



Cantyre, on the entry of Rose Gallard on one occasion, walked brusquely from the room.—Page 482.

sis, were those of a school-boy. His speech and aspect were permanently sophomoric. But there were half a dozen men with whom this manner went for nothing, once they had seen the simple, sympathetic manliness of heart that underlay it. Cantyre was by way of liking Tarven; but he was a man of rare confidences, and not of the half-dozen; yet he felt the comfort of his guest's presence, and even while apologizing for having roused him, begged him to go to his room for a dressing-gown, and return for a cigarette. Tarven was gone and back in a moment, and soon smoking comfortably on a lounge.

"It's rather nonsense, you'll think," remarked Cantyre, "but the fact is that I'm so abominably off my feed lately that I'm sleeping rottenly."

"So I had supposed," Tarven replied coolly.

"You had? Why?"

"Because you've been coming down to breakfast each mornin' with an after-the-

night-before look for days; because, if you settle into a chair after lunch, you're half asleep; because you're afraid o' your coffee after dinner—because of lots of things!" answered the guest. Then, in a cool and abrupt tone: "Is it money?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Cantyre. "Oh, no; it's not money! I jolly well wish it were."

"Then there is something really at the bottom of it, Gus? I thought so. Much better think o' Rodham Steeplechase than—than anything. Do you know, I came near not sleepin' myself to-night? You know *Polaris*, and you know me. How-ever am I to get him over flag four? I've been thinkin' of it."

Artful Dicky! From this simple beginning—a beginning so simple as to disarm suspicion—he beguiled Cantyre till close up to three in the morning with cheerful talk of horse, runs, and races old and new. Tarven indulged his curious humor in saying good-night.



Illustration of George Beasley.
Suddenly he saw Basely look toward the stand. The stupid features were instantly irradiated by a smile.—Page 488.

"Sleep well, Gus," he said, moving toward the door. "You've cheered me up no end—I've some hope of gettin' *Polaris* in ahead of *Mashallah* yet, thanks to your advice."

Soothed and comforted, Cantyre again got to bed, and was this time soon asleep.

He dreamed. It seemed to him that he was standing on a lawn by a grass court, where strange people were playing tennis. Whenever one of the players missed a point, one of the on-lookers would say briskly: "I think I'll have a go at it, if you don't mind;" and forthwith proceed to play. Cantyre looked about to discover if among these people were any that he knew, and presently he recognized old Murray standing near the net. He made his way to the M.F.H., and came up just as one of the players made a "let."

"Nets ought to be made of tin," cried old Murray in his most judge-of-the-course manner. "Always were when I was a boy; then you could hear the balls every time they struck."

A murmur of admiration and assent greeted this interesting statement.

"Hello, Murray," said Cantyre in his dream; "what's all this about?"

Murray turned on him with great surprise.

"This is my birthday, and you know it is," he said sternly. "These friends of mine have made me a present; they have got up this game expressly for me to judge it. And I am going to judge the steeplechase, too; and you'll be late if you don't hump yourself."

Followed a confused dream interval, at the end of which Cantyre found himself on *Mashallah*, in the rank with six or seven of the tennis players on various odd-looking hacks and screws. Murray started the field, and there was a mad rush through a strange and colorless country, across which one could sight the flags of the course set out with the regularity of telegraph poles. Cantyre swept on down a long slope, leading the field—a glance behind showed him pigmy horses, their riders gesticulating, against the sky-line. As he turned again to look forward, in a flash the country became suddenly real, and his dream intensely vivid; he was on the Rodham course, and nearing the fourth flag.

The ground was still wet with rain; the wall was not a hundred yards ahead. A small gang of people well to the right of the course were standing on the far side of the wall; a field judge, a groom, and—it seemed as if at the sight of her his heart turned over within him—Rose Gallard, straight and indifferent, beside bird-like little Belrose, the doctor. All in one stride, a terrible thought came to Cantyre as he rode; there was strength in the very novelty of it, in its devilish finality. "Somebody'll get smashed up here," he seemed to hear Tarven saying. Was she waiting to see it? Had she come to this flag, of all others, in the hope of watching with her hard gray eyes some wreck of man or horse? Let her see it, then—a sight to remember till her dying day! In a blind fury, he shouted to *Mashallah* at the take-off, and let in the spurs. The horse rose, and the instant he was in full flight Cantyre hauled suddenly on the off curb, and changed his seat. By some dream trickery, he felt, without seeing them, the gray eyes widen with terror, and he had a pang of bitter pleasure in it. The yellow clay of the wall of the ditch leaped up to bar his flight; horse and man crashed stunningly against it, and together they rolled to the bottom of the trench.

Oh, glorious revenge! Cantyre sat up on the floor, in a snarl of bedclothes, rubbing the top of his head, and quite dazed in the morning sunshine.

IV

It lacked but a few minutes to three on a sunny afternoon a week later when Cantyre brought *Mashallah* to the starting line for the Rodham Steeplechase. Amid the chatter and laughter of the on-lookers, the repressed excitement of the backers and takers, and the nervous hilarity of the riders, he was noticeably gloomy. For a week he had been living in a state of nervous tension which had robbed him of much of his sleep and of all rest.

Again and again, since the night of that wretched dream, had risen before his eyes the picture of a man lying crumpled up in the bottom of a clay trench, with a horse a-top of him. The idea had become, in his over-wrought condition, an obsession. At first, hardly realizing by what impulse he had been led to do so, he had gone down

to the fourth flag, to look over the ground once more. Arrived on the spot, instead of studying the take-off, flight, and landing with the eye of one wishful of clearing the obstacle to the best advantage, he had suddenly found himself, not without a shock, following an entirely different line of thought. In a flash, he had seen how easily, with his skill in horsemanship, he could bring about a realization of his dream. The idea, so utterly foreign to one of his self-control under ordinary circumstances, had held him strongly in his nervous and morbid state. He had gazed fascinated at the leap—here the irregular wall was at its highest; there, just to the left of the flag, was a slippery patch of clay showing through the scant grass; there, across the ditch, the turf made a lip over the edge of the incline. . . . To an expert rider it would be a very easy matter to bring about one more “regrettable tragedy,” which would be almost certainly fatal in its effect. It had been at this point in his speculations that Cantyre had pulled himself together; he had gone hot with disgust at the realization of what he had been contemplating; but ever since the secret knowledge of the possibilities of flag four had been with him. At the beginning he had thrust aside the recurring vision of the crushed rider in the ditch with almost the same fierceness of self-contempt as when it had first presented itself to his mind on the spot; but, by degrees, the frequency with which the thought came back to him had blunted the strength of reaction to it and recoil from it. He yielded so far as to play with the idea; and from that moment the idea mastered him. It was in vain that he made occasional efforts to put himself into a mood in which he could see this nightmare in its fitting perspective—in the perspective in which the cheerfully egotistic Cantyre of a year ago would have seen it. Each such effort had been followed by a relapse into a closer bondage to the sinister possibility. Twice, in the small hours of the night, Cantyre, his feverish head full of his sense of loss, of weariness with his lot, and disgust of life, had determined to make an end—a picturesque and gentlemanly end—to the whole business. In the morning he had recanted; but, having no near kin and no one dependent on him, he never for one

minute admitted that he was not at liberty to choose whether he would or would not yield to his temptation.

He now sat his horse in his place between Halley and Tarven; to each direction of the starting judges he obeyed mechanically; in another moment the signal would be given; yet, for his soul, he could not clear his confused wits enough to say to himself “I will” or “I will not.”

“Cheer up, Gus,” said Tarven at his elbow. “If you keep frowning like that you’ll put me in a funk! Keep that nag of yours in his own melon patch, can’t you?”

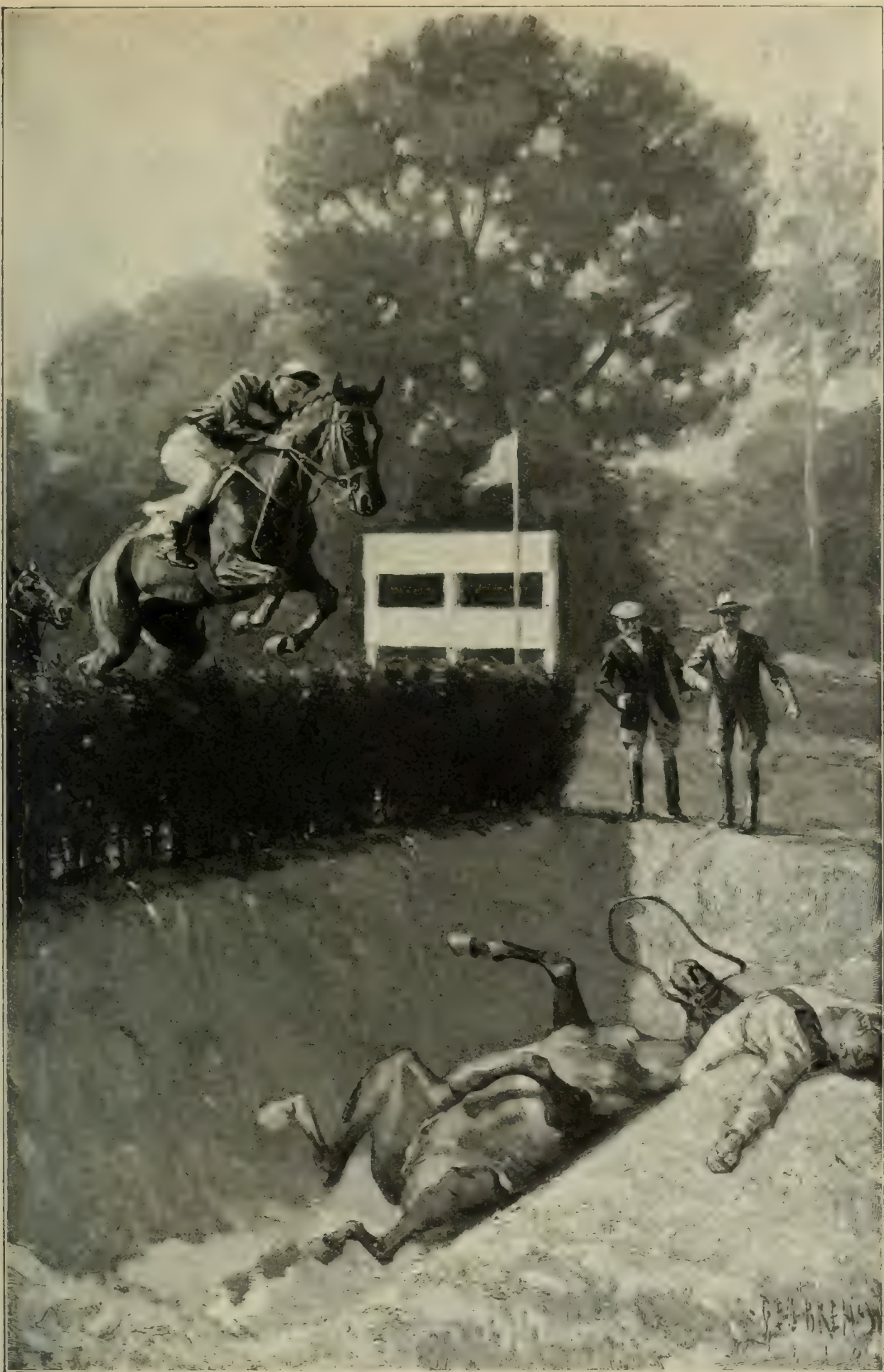
“Sorry!” Cantyre answered, and brought *Mashallah* to his bearings with an absent-minded air. Happening to glance past his friend, he lost the look of abstraction from his face—Tarven’s other neighbor was Basely on *Seminole*. Basely! He was sitting his horse as steadily as a dragoon, not a trace of “nerves” about him, his square jaw set, and a look of dogged determination on his handsome, stupid face. Very big and resolute he looked, wearing his black and yellow colors like a knight in the field. It swept over Cantyre that it would be a fine thing to beat him in the race. What would Basely care if there were an “accident” at the fourth flag? At that thought Cantyre felt stirring within him a resolve to bring *Mashallah* in first of the field.

“Ready?” cried a sharp voice from the stand on the right. Cantyre’s eyes were still fixed on his rival’s face. Suddenly he saw Basely look toward the stand. The stupid features were instantly irradiated by a smile. Basely gave a cheerful nod; Cantyre’s eyes followed his, with a sickening certainty of what he should see. There she was—Rose Gallard, standing near the starters with her mother, an answering smile lighting the proud, delicate face, and in the gray eyes a tenderness and solicitude which Cantyre had never dreamed them capable of. He shivered in his saddle; his resolve to win dropped dead within him; and his soul, in forlorn desperation, rushed to accept the chance of escape with which it had played.

“Settled!” he said aloud.

“Clang!” went the starting bell.

Off the green from which the race was started, and where it was to finish, nine riders bore together toward the easy brush and timber hurdle of the first flag. Can-



Dratzen by George Brehm.

Seminole rolling to the bottom of the ditch, and Basely lying on the farther edge of it . . . —Page 490.

tyre led over, conscious of Halley a neck behind. The ground flew by, a green blur—he was seeing the last of it! The wind whistled in his ears a dirge-like farewell!

Flag two: timber. Vaguely, Cantyre heard a ripping crash as he landed clear, and an oath from Halley. He galloped in a world of his own, a world already strange and unfamiliar, over the long stretch of course to the third flag. As *Mashallah* gathered himself to leap the sluggish stream, a bay horse, with the rush of a whirlwind, shot suddenly by on the left, and gained the other bank a length ahead. It was instinctively that Cantyre put his horse to go; but the instant that he did so the reality of the earth and sky that he knew came for a moment back upon him as by some optical trick; the rider ahead was wearing black and yellow—Basely on *Seminole*!

"Let him go—the idiot!" thought Cantyre, and again the world was altered, as if the sun had hidden behind a cloud. Yet he did not, possibly through mere habit, restrain his horse, and he and Basely drew near the fourth flag, his rival leading him by a length. Here they were—now for it!

What happened in the next ten seconds is the most vivid thing in Cantyre's life. Once or twice a year, though now habitually a sound sleeper, he dreams about it, and awakes trembling.

Basely led to the wall, rose to it, and flew over. Almost at the same moment, at a point five or six feet to the right, Cantyre followed. As he leaned forward in the saddle, tense to bring his nightmare to a finish, what was below flashed through his daze: *Seminole* rolling to the bottom of the ditch, and Basely lying on the farther edge of it, oddly awry, and almost in front of *Mashallah*.

Very pleasant is it to prattle of "civilization" and of "the subjugation of instinct to reason"; but the ease with which we understand our savage lapses, and the nervous haste with which we cry them down, show what the talk is worth. For one tick of the watch, Augustus Cantyre, gentleman, had sheer savage murder in his heart. It was as if, at the sight of his rival prone and helpless before his horse, something exploded in his brain. Every feeling, every familiar sentiment was obliterated in

one wild wave of frenzy. There lay the source of all his ills, prostrate before him. Even in his fall, Basely had succeeded in robbing him of his right to destroy himself. In those few seconds, Cantyre reached the acme of brute rage. One sharp twist of the left curb, and the shod hoofs of *Mashallah* must, willy-nilly, come pashing down upon that helpless form—and "accident"—a terrible "accident"!

Cantyre gave a wild cry, almost of physical pain; for, flashing up almost in the same instant with his fury, all that tradition, natural generosity, and environment had bred in him, rose and battled with the savage instinct to kill.

"Off!"

He wrenched madly at his curb—the right. At the same time he threw his weight back and out to the off side, shaking himself clear of his stirrup-irons. The next moment, he was rolling on the turf, still clinging to the reins. Unhurt. He sprang to his feet, blinking the clay from his eyes. For one dazed second he gazed back. He saw with something like a sob of relief that he had landed clear. One of the judges-of-course was standing over Basely, his arms held up as a warning to the field. A rider cleared the wall and thundered past: red and blue—Halley on *Believer*. *Mashallah* stood on his legs, and reared as Halley flew by. Cantyre saw in a glance that the saddle had not shifted and that the horse was seemingly uninjured. A wild desire to get away from the scene of the temptation he had somehow overcome swept over him. He sprang into the saddle just as two riders cleared the flag neck and neck. He sank in his spurs and fled. Of the eight horsemen left, seven were riding to reach the post; but Cantyre only kept to the course instinctively. He was not riding for any goal, but in full flight from the devil he had seen and heard within him at the fourth flag.

V

CANTYRE brought *Mashallah* in first at the post. It was rather by chance that he did so, for Halley had the field all the way to the very last jump. There, however, *Believer* three times refused a brush hurdle which, as in tones of blended pathos and indignation his rider was in the habit of



'The dinner had been such as to make the moonlight something more than a picturesque feature.

declaring afterward, "a cow would have taken at a walk."

It was when dressing for the chase dinner that Cantyre became his normal self again. Ever since the race he had been seeing things with clearer eyes. He had felt, on hearing of Basely's broken ribs and arm, that life had that day bestowed on him a gift truly royal in giving him strength to master a furious impulse. As he was making his tie at his dressing-table he looked ruefully at his scraped face.

"By Jove," he said aloud, "I sha'n't be able to shave for a week."

The thought of that terrible moment at the fourth flag returned to him for the hundredth time.

"By Jove," he said, taking for the second time the name of a deity with whom, judging by his speech, he was on intimate terms, "I wonder what put that rotten idea into my head anyway? Suppose I had done it, . . . and killed the poor devil under the notion that I cared tremendously about Rose. . . . Deuce take it, no woman's worth that. I suppose every one of us has a damned Fiji Islander bottled up in us somewhere. . . . Um, . . . can't say I envy Basely his ribs and arm, even if he

has got Rose to nurse him through—the blighter!"

Here Tarven, as buoyant in defeat as in victory, put his jolly red face in at the door.

"Curse your fatal beauty, Gus!" he cried. "Aren't you ready yet?"

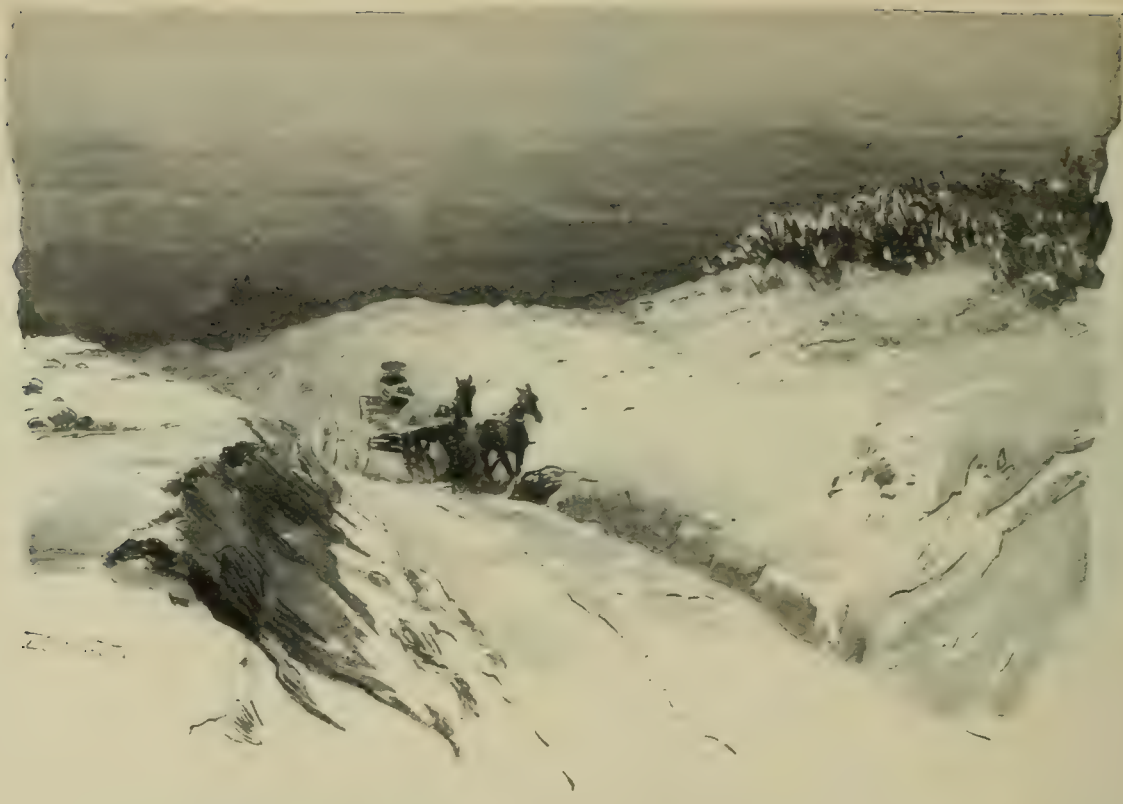
"Yes," Cantyre answered, settling himself in his coat. "Trot along."

After the dinner, Cantyre and Tarven drove home together in the moonlight. Without being indiscreet, we may remark that the dinner had been such as to make the moonlight something more than a picturesque feature. Cantyre, to the relief of his friends, had made a speech quite in his old-time, good-natured manner. With no trace of ill-feeling he had alluded to the day's one accident, and proposed a health to Basely.

He felt himself joyous and healthily tired. He was again at peace with a very jolly world.

"Near thing, that fourth flag," remarked Tarven, as they turned in at the home avenue. "Gad, Gus, my heart was in my boots as I took it."

"So was mine," said Cantyre.



We encountered but few vehicles up and down this road.—Page 494.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY OF CALIFORNIA

(*El Camino Real*)

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



IT is not a highway in Spain—this Camino Real—that I mean to follow, but a highway in our own land, Spanish as any in Iberia, a road of infinite variety, long enough to traverse that peninsula, and running, as it would there, from the desert wastes of mountain plateaus to the orange groves and palmettos of soft lands of sunshine.

While our patriot fathers were struggling for their liberty along our Eastern seaboard, an old padre—“*el infatigable operario de la Viña del Señor*,” as his friend and companion calls him—was establishing his missions along our Western coast. His chain of churches, when completed, was linked by this road, known to the Spaniard as El

Camino Real, the King's Highway—the only road marked by Duflot de Maufras on his map of Upper California, published in Paris just two years before the American occupation. It still remains the lonely highway that it always was, the only road connecting the old missions—a mere long scratch upon the bare brown hills that skirt the sea.

The sole part of California that the Spaniard exploited was the portion included in these Coast Range mountains, de Maufras on his map marking the great interior valleys only with the generic legend: “This country is even more beautiful than the inhabited portion of California; its climate is milder, it offers fertile fields, superb forests for lumber, and vast prairies where graze herds of deer, antelope, and wild horses.”

The coming of the gringo changed all this. Mining, agriculture, lumbering, interested him far more than stockraising and the breeding of fine horses on the hill-slopes by the sea. Consequently the trend of travel moved inland, down the fertile river valleys. The Camino Real, since so little travelled and so little known, has thus retained its Spanish character more, I think, than any other portion of the State. Its towns, rivers, and valleys still bear their tuneful Spanish appellations. Many an old adobe house is to be encountered along its dusty roadway, and nearly every face that one meets upon it is that of a halfbreed, a Mexican, or a Spaniard.

I have been both up and down this road. The old way to follow it would naturally be from Mexico northward, for that was the route of the padres, but the logical way nowadays would seem to be from the Bay counties southward. I might have chosen the springtime to describe it, when the fields are lush and green, and the live-oaks and sycamores shine with the recent rains, but for the purpose of this article I prefer the country in the summer when the hills are brown as a friar's cassock and the short yellow tarweed glistens like the tawny skin of some wild beast; when the dust from the highway has powdered the oak leaves with gold and the rivers run almost dry in their broad rocky beds. For then is this country a Latin state indeed, parched and sun-baked to be sure, yet cool and breezy as the broad plateaus of Old Castile, or the north coast of the Asturias.

It is not until one leaves behind the rich orchards of the Bay counties, and has passed San José, that this Old World aspect of the landscape becomes apparent. About fifty miles to the southward, on a rounded hillock set amid seed-farms, lies San Juan Bautista. The railroad has left it in seclusion, lazily sleeping year in and year out, and when I say *lies* San Juan, I seem to express the mental attitude of the place. Along its lanes (for streets they can scarcely be called) adobe houses stand smothered in jasmine and passion-vine, hedged in by cedars or spiny fences of prickly pear, while down the vistas the long, gaunt fingers of cypresses cut fantastic silhouettes against the sky, and pale olives shimmer in the sunlight.

The plaza up the hill is to-day weed-grown and lonely, but not deserted. Two of its sides are occupied by the long arcade of the mission and by its garden, the third side by a dignified old house with tall French windows giving on broad piazzas, and the fourth side by the Plaza Hotel and an adjoining adobe, said to have been the home of General Castro of baleful memory. The old hotel is full of character and quite justifies the quaint legend printed at the top of its note-paper: "A relic of the distant past, when men played billiards on horseback and the trees bore human fruit." Had they been so minded, *vaqueros* could surely have ridden into the barroom and up to the bar, and I prefer to believe, as the host does, that they really did so. With its long overhanging porches still painted in the national colors, red and yellow, and its rickety stairs leading up to bedrooms overlooking pottery roofs, it is a perfect type of the roadside *posada*.

The mission across the way is still inhabited by a lonely priest, and its three gardens are kept up to a certain extent. One, a riot of blooms and flowering cacti, is included within its patio. A second, just outside the main west door, is a square, formal affair, planted with topped cedars, clipped smooth as columns, its centre marked by a tree larger than its fellows and trimmed in unique fashion to contain a wooden cross. The third garden is a wild tangle lying outside the cemetery door—once the graveyard, though now unmarked by any tombstone, yet nearly four thousand people are said to lie buried within it. From it the land falls rapidly into the broad reaches of the San Benito valley lying far below, pale and evanescent as the Vega viewed from the towers of the Alhambra.

After a good dinner served in the musty dining-room of the hotel, we climbed the San Juan grade, as it is called, over the Gabilan Mountains—a stiff pull indeed, the road turning and twisting to such an extent that often we could scarcely see more than a dozen feet ahead. Yet each turn varied the view—now westward toward the setting sun and the sea, with the filmy fog creeping landward, swallowing one by one the distant hills; now eastward toward the valley lands bathed in the horizontal sunlight, pale-lemon and turquoise, iridescent as a dream-land. A last stiff grade, a last puff from the

straining motor, and we crossed the divide to the Salinas valley, and literally dove off toward the sea. The engine was silent, the brakes held fast. We glided ever downward over the rough roadbed, furrowed and undermined by last winter's rain. The "many-fingered" fog crept closer, threading the gullies, engulfing hill after hill. Still down we sped to the stubble-fields once more, and in the waning light a last sun-ray lit the distant mountains with a wonderful coral hue, then all went gray and ashen as we struck the level road.

We spent the night in Salinas, and early in the morning were up and off ascending a broad river valley through a rich agricultural country, still for the most part farmed under the old Spanish grants, by a tenantry of Portuguese and Chinese. But soon the fields grew poorer. The valley expanded, confined only on the one hand by distant wooded mountains, on the other by far-off rusty hills, sun-baked as adobe bricks and quite devoid of vegetation. The road ran like a long white ribbon between, seeming, as we sped along, to wind itself upon a spool underneath our flying car.

What a sense of exhilaration in the free pure air, in the rapid motion—what light, what color!

The low horizon lends a wonderful immensity to the sky, stretching like some giant dome across the valley, clear, limpid, and of that indescribable intensity of color known only to true lovers of our Western solitudes. The Creator seems to have fashioned these hills of California with a great gesture smoothing their ridges and angles into the broadest sweeps and, like some great sculptor, eliminating every unnecessary detail from their contours.

Now, as the grade rises and we pass Gonzales and Soledad, where Our Lady of the Solitudes crumbles to dust, the distant hills fade yet farther below the horizon and we cross a broad plateau, almost a desert, dry and parched as the arid wastes of Old Castile. Vast herds of cattle, grazing in these scant pastures or huddled in the shade of the few oaks that follow the river's refreshing waters, count as mere specks in the landscape. How small, how utterly insignificant, a human habitation! Even King City, a considerable town lying across the river, makes but a small dark blur in the immensity of the picture.

We encountered but few vehicles up and down this road, and these could be distinguished from afar, heralded as they were by great clouds of dust. As they passed, their sole occupants were sure to be dark, swarthy men wearing broad sombreros, or women all in black, scarcely distinguishable in the dense shade of the buggy-top.

Once in a while where water has been found, an oasis relieves these yellow wastes of tarweed, and there we found alfalfa and fields of pale eschscholtzia. But even these became rarer as we progressed, and signs of life fewer still. Occasionally hawks and turkey-buzzards hung atilt in the air. Often the roadsides were honeycombed by squirrels that scampered in wild affright at the sound of the siren, tumbling over themselves in their mad haste to reach home and safety. Once a coyote, scarcely distinguishable from the field wherein he stood, stolidly held his ground and watched us as we sped by. We followed along the river for some distance—a roaring flood in spring-time, but now in the July drought but a thread of water in a waste of sand and pebbles.

And now, sixty miles or more from Salinas, we struck for the hills. The road led up one of those wild little canyons so characteristic of California, shut in by tawny hill-sides clothed with short dry grass and dotted with stunted oaks telling dark and sharp against the enamelled sky. Down along the stream that trickled through its deepest furrows, the oaks grew denser and wore beards of moss that bespoke the fogs and the nearness of the sea. Here and there in this Quinceo valley an old adobe or little cemetery cresting a knoll told its tale of other days.

One last look backward at the Salinas valley, and we crossed the ridge and coasted downward to Jolon. Here we drew up at a roadside inn, a structure almost a century old. How refreshing the coolness of its rooms, protected from the heat by their thick earthen walls, after the glare of the open road!

A spreading grapevine, ancient as the house itself, the main stem big as a tree-trunk, shaded the broad veranda, and in a corner we spied a Spanish oja, and made a dash for the fresh, cool water that we knew we should find within it—a freshness and a coolness that brought in a flash the recol-

lection of just such a drink, after a hot ride, in the court of a Segovian posada.

While lunch was being prepared, I hunted up a descendant of one of the oldest Castilian families in the State, a man who has always made and still makes Jolon his home, and much to our pleasure he

The old *fachada* of burnt brick with its three belfries, and the arches of the long arcade, alone remain to attest the beauty of this, the most remote, the least known, but once the richest of all the northern missions, at one time holding within its fold thousands of Indians but now buried leagues from



An old adobe.

offered to accompany us on our afternoon expedition.

So, after the midday meal, served by a mahogany-colored Mexican woman in a room whose only other occupants were greasers, Portuguese and Mexicans in buckskins and flannel shirts with big kerchiefs tied round their necks, we all jumped into the motor, and with our kindly guide, struck off the main road for a few miles toward the coast. This by-way led in and out under mighty oaks toward a line of high blue mountains, the Santa Lucias, the last stout barrier that shuts out the encroachments of the sea. And there at their foot, in a meadow studded with pale immortelles, stands the old Mission of San Antonio de Padua, desolate, decaying, and only saved from absolute destruction by the almost superhuman effort of the enthusiast who sat in the motor beside us.

With the toil of his own hands, and the aid of a few workmen, he has cleared out the interior and rebuilt the walls shaken down by the earthquake a few years ago.

any railroad, and visited by perhaps a score of tourists annually.

As we entered the gloom of its interior from the glare of out-of-doors, a dozen squirrels, with tails atilt, scampered off into their holes, while a big white owl, goggle-eyed, rising heavily from a rafter, flew out through a rent in the ceiling.

The nave is quite denuded. In it, however, we descried, standing in a dark corner, the huge community pot of cast-iron, capable of holding more than a hundred gallons of pottage—the mammoth that was used to feed all the unmarried people of the mission, for the married folk, who were given uncooked food, had to cook it for themselves.

We noticed, too, within the chancel rail, the burial-place of the first four missionaries, and near by remarked a rude table decorated with fading boughs, and asked our friend what it was. He told us that the only Indian family still dwelling in the neighborhood (and they live down the San Antonio River, eighteen miles away), on the

last anniversary of the foundation of the mission, had trudged afoot all the way to church. They had built this rude altar, and decorated it as best they could with boughs and flowers, and then had held a memorial service all by themselves without leader or minister. When their mass was finished, they trudged home again. So persists the faith implanted by the zealous mission fathers.

In the ruined sacristy we were told of thefts of vestments and plate, and of "barbarians with a needle who dug up the floor searching for buried treasure." Then we wandered out into the hot sunlight of what had once been the patio—the court for the unmarried women—under the very walls of the church, and closest to its protection. Here were woven those beautiful *rebozos*, or silken shawls, that de Maufra saw made under the direction of old Father Martinez, as late as 1832. The boundaries of this court of the weavers can still be traced, and two or three of its pomegranate-trees, aglow with scarlet blossoms, still flame in the sunlight.

We sat down on a broken plough in the shade of one of these trees to listen to stories of the Indians, and of the old times that our friend remembers. One story that I still recall seems worth the telling, for it plainly shows that, despite the faith alluded to above, many of the old Indian superstitions still persist, and always will prevail.

Our friend was engaged with some Indians a few years ago in tearing down an old adobe hut that had fallen to decay. Suddenly, without warning, one of the Indians leaped back and, with a startled cry, called out to him: "Don't touch it—don't touch it. It'll kill you."

Thinking of course of a rattlesnake coiled in a corner, the Spaniard drew back, but on looking closely about, saw no snake, but only a little stick carefully laid in a crevice of the wall. Again the Indian warned him, but with the retort, "It may kill an Indian, but it won't kill me," our friend took the stick out and examined it.

"And, talk of pyrography," he said in telling the story, "that stick was covered with the most beautiful and extraordinary tracery you ever saw, fine and delicate as the finest lace. And then, with infinite art, it was wrapped round and round with a woman's hair."

He asked the Indian what it meant, but could get no answer beyond a mumbled "Ask the old woman, my mother—she knows." But she too shrank back at the very sight of this bit of wood with its human wrapping, muttering always, "It will kill you." Finally, however, and only after much persuasion, she consented to tell its story.

There was, it seems, a certain man in the community who was known to be a *hechicero*, or sorcerer, called by the Indians "takan," and he had fallen in love with a woman who did not return his affection, so, in revenge and through treachery, he procured a lock of her hair and wrapped it around this "devil-stick," and hid it away. And the woman died. Suspicion fell upon him and he was subsequently driven from the community, and all his belongings taken to a desolate hillside and there burned, and a cross planted over the ashes.

Despite these precautions, the "devil-stick" remained walled up in its chink, and continued to exert its baleful influence, for ill luck attended the house and all its occupants. Finally, the hut remained untenanted so long that it fell to decay and had to be pulled down, when the "devil-stick," as we have seen, again beheld the light of day.

After taking our friend back to Jolon, we struck southward once more toward the upper Salinas valley, where we forded the river near San Ardo, finally reaching San Miguel. Here we stopped a few moments to refresh our memory of its mission church, still in excellent preservation, and still decorated with the glaring stencils executed by the Indians long ago. Nine miles beyond, we put up for the night at the big hotel of El Paso de Robles—the Pass of the Oaks.

Next morning we learned the reason for the name, for the King's Highway led us on through a beautiful park-like country, whose rolling pastures are dotted with giant oaks that send their spreading branches far aloft to fall again earthward in long pendent boughs. Through these shaded fields we climbed higher than we knew, and found ourselves at last at the brink of a steep descent, the Cuesta Grade, full of sharp turns and twists, winding downward rapidly to the valley where San Luis Obispo lies baking in a circle of gaunt mountains. This



This by-way led under mighty oaks toward the Santa Lucias.—Page 495.

old place has now grown into a considerable town, but as it was Sunday morning its streets were almost deserted. We enjoyed, however, a glimpse of the interior of the mission church with its gleaming walls, its saints in niches, and its praying women with swarthy skins. The garden, too, running riot with gladiolas and fuchsias, makes a pretty picture with its formal pattern still preserved and shaded by tall fan-palms and pomegranates loaded with vermilion blooms.

It was getting on toward noon as we left San Luis, and the road was hot. Every now and then we met couples in buggies headed, as we were, southward. The highway engaged itself in a labyrinth of shadeless hills, dovetailing into each other, stifling the breeze and radiating heat. The noon-day air grew more and more oppressive. Suddenly, without a warning, we topped a ridge and there, not a mile away, lay the sea, lazy, blue, and crested with white caps. Oh

the joy of it, and the smell of it! And the coolness of the fresh trade wind! To the southward stretched the long bright crescent of the sands, white and glittering to the far cliffs beyond El Pizmo, scarred, sheer, and topped with verdure.

The road follows this delectable shore for a dozen miles or more, then turns inland again to the valley, where nestles the old town of Arroyo Grande smothered in seed-farms—acres of sweet peas and nasturtiums unbelievable except in California. The principal church was just pouring forth its congregation as we passed—Latinos for the most part, men in sombreros and women with bright bands of velvet sewed round their skirts and gaudy kerchiefs knotted round their necks—among them two sisters in black that we mistook for a moment for women in mantillas.

Leaving Arroyo behind, we crossed a low range to the valley of the Santa Maria, then sped through the prosperous town of that



The Mission of San Antonio de Padua.—Page 495.

name, beyond which we lunched in the dense shade of a group of eucalypti. These picnics by the wayside proved most attractive features of the trip, better far than the usual pick-up meals that one gets at the roadside inns.

Up the Santa Maria valley, we found a sandy desert again—the most desolate region we had yet encountered. No wonder the early expeditions were dismayed as they traversed these dreary solitudes. Not a house and scarcely a tree in miles. So when at last, after many a league, we finally spied a ranch and a sign that told us it was a post-office as well, with the euphonious name of Sisquoc, we put in for water to cool our motor, which had become overheated in the heavy sand. We met there a loquacious old Swiss who had lived thirty years in the valley, and who, I am sure, was glad enough of our intrusion, for he went off into stories like an engine letting off steam, then sank into a calmer mood as soon as his little fund of information was exhausted.

The road now led us on up La Zaca Creek, and at the top of the grade we were treated to a fine sight, for perched

upon a tree sat a great black eagle which, at our approach, rose lazily and sailed off over the valley. Farther on a more horrid picture met our eyes—a scene from Doré's "Inferno": a flock of vultures settled on the dead limbs of an old oak, taking no note of us whatever, but hideously intent upon a gully where some carrion lay rotting.

An hour or so more through a desolate region brought us at length to the village of Los Olivos, and we drew up for the night before its roadside hostelry—a comfortable little place kept by a good Italian, under whose care we enjoyed a delicate and well-chosen dinner, including the freshest of mountain trout from the Santa Inez River, and some genuine white Chianti.

We found, next morning, that we had left the wilderness behind for good and all. We had gone but a few miles when, at a turn of the road, an unlooked-for vision met our eyes. Were we truly in California or in some secluded valley along the Tagus? In a vast amphitheatre of radiant mountains, overlooking the reaches of a broad river valley, stood the old Mission of Santa Inez, quite as the Spaniard left it, facing the morning sun, its white arcades gleam-

ing; its bronze bells ringing in its campanarios; its pottery roofs harmonizing to perfection with the ruddy grasses of its vassal fields. Not a house in sight marred the picture. And a visit to the interior even enhanced the Old World flavor of the spot. We were taken about by a priest, its sole occupant, who is the zealous guardian of its relics of the past—and they are many—and who has brought order out of chaos in the sacristy, where he has rearranged the beautiful old vestments, the altar services, the fine old Mexican linens and lawns and laces, and other possessions of the padres. There were two articles among all these that especially caught my fancy.

One was a large silk umbrella, lemon yellow in color, and edged with Chinese blue, which the fathers used to carry to shelter them as they walked the weary miles from mission across these shadeless solitudes, or to visit their neophyte Indian families. For, once the missions were established, no brother was permitted to ride, but was compelled, in his humility, to proceed everywhere afoot—*per pede apostolorum*.

The other object was a rude catafalque raised on steps, and the priest explained to me that one, two, or three steps were used according to the social status of the Indian that was to be buried, and that still, when an Indian died and the bier had been arranged with one step, the family or comrades of the deceased would strongly object, saying, "*Non uno, pero dos; era un muy grande Indian!*" So went the humility of the padre with the pride of the Indian!

Tucked away in the recesses of these beautiful Santa Inez Mountains, clothed in

their royal purple mantles, are several old haciendas still kept up in Spanish style. By prearrangement, and with the purpose of visiting one of the best of these, we left the main road some miles below the mission,



A tree larger than its fellows trimmed to contain a wooden cross.—Page 493.

ascending the beautiful little canyon that bears the name of the well-known family we were to visit, fording its creek a dozen times as the gulch grew narrower and wilder. A short steep hill, a gate, and we found ourselves on a little plateau, with a low house snugly sheltered at the far end under a group of giant oaks. The big barns and outhouses—quite a settlement—lay to the left. As we drew up before the gate, a figure all in white, the daughter of the house, came forward to greet us, followed im-

mediately by her father, a tall, fine-looking Castilian whose courtly manner harmonized perfectly with the old-world seclusion of this patrician abode.

And it certainly had a patrician air, this low hacienda—full of repose, with its broad porches and comfortable chairs and hammocks, its shady vine arbor almost a cen-

tion to a great copper community pot, such as we had seen at San Antonio, and which he had brought from the now deserted Mission of La Purissima Concepcion off near the coast. In the patio, too, were hung the bridles and the high conical Mexican hats ornamented with carved leather, the Indian baskets, and the blankets, and the girls'



A donkey train.

tury old, and its whitened adobe walls toned by age and weather. The interior, too, had the same old-world quality, being quite devoid of halls or passageways, the rooms merely communicating with each other by means of arches; the master's room to the right beyond the big living-room, the dining-room to the left, and through the latter you entered the patio, surrounded by the guests' and children's rooms.

Little had been added to the furniture since the olden days. Old-fashioned gilt mirrors still hang gleaming upon the walls, and Spanish wedding-chests, decorated with those Chinese designs that recall the days of Spain's close contact with the Orient, still stand in shadowy corners. On a table in the living-room I spied an original edition of Palou's "Life of Junipero Serra," and in the patio our host called our atten-

tion to a great copper community pot, such as we had seen at San Antonio, and which he had brought from the now deserted Mission of La Purissima Concepcion off near the coast. In the patio, too, were hung the bridles and the high conical Mexican hats ornamented with carved leather, the Indian baskets, and the blankets, and the girls'

riatas made of horsehair—prized possessions these, for it is well-nigh impossible to find any one who can make them nowadays. We lingered upon the veranda for some time to hear how the timbers of the house had been dragged along the ground by oxen up the narrow valley through which we had come, and how the shingles had been brought strapped to the oxen's horns. And then, after a friendly glass of port, and a warm invitation in true southern fashion for more extended hospitality, we bade our friends good-by and were off again southward.

Our path now lay toward the mountains—the Santa Inez range, whose steep flanks, clothed in thick brush, afford shelter for about the only large bears to be found in southern California. We climbed the wind-



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

An old mission church with twin towers gleams against the dark mountains.—Page 503.

ing grades of the Gaviota Pass by a rough road that wound up under the shadow of giant oaks and sycamores. The summit came sooner than we expected, but the descent proved long. Midway we halted for

with the Pacific (or to be more exact, the Santa Barbara Channel) on the one hand, and the rugged sea-front of the Santa Inez Mountains on the other. I cannot here avoid the use of the word *riviera*, for these



On the Gaviota Pass.

luncheon beside a stream, then, in the motor again, coasted the remainder of the grade. This time we smelt the sea before we saw it, so it came not as a surprise as it had back at San Luis Obispo. We had, too, been prepared for it by the very name of the pass through which we had come—gaviota, the sea-gull. But when at the last turning we finally beheld its broad expanse, cool, blue, pacific, our pleasure was indeed keen.

It was heightened, too, as we rounded the point and turned eastward along the *riviera*

shores with their gray furrowed mountains standing above verdant foot-hills, their azure expanses of sea, their islands floating like mirages on the far horizon—Anacaper, Santa Cruz, and San Bernardo where Cabrillo ended his discoveries by his death—possess the same rare beauty as the south coast of France, or the far-away Riviera of the Seven Castles on the highway to Traù.

In a cove along the beach, a schooner lay aground, her tall masts sticking high above the hay-fields, lying upon so calm a day as

at the will of man rather than by the caprice of that lazy ocean of so deep a blue that the hay-stacks, standing in relief against it, glowed like wrought gold against some cerulean background enamelled by Nardon Penicaud.

The road along this coast is one long succession of barrancas, each with a rocky creek-bed worn by the winter torrent at the bottom—a rough road indeed. As the blue serrated mountains behind Santa Barbara come into sight, however, clean-cut as the sure line of some Dürer etching, it levels out, and we enter a very Eden of delight.

The air comes laden with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms, and of strawberries lying cool under their shiny leaves. Avenues of pepper-trees alternate with long alamedas of palmettos and gum-trees. The bougainvillea smothers the little cottages in its gorgeous purple bloom. Villas overgrown with roses, and pretty suburban homes, now begin to adjoin each other; an old mission church with twin towers gleams against the dark mountains, and we enter the streets of Santa Barbara. We pre-

ferred to spend the night in the quiet groves of San Ysidro, so left the old Spanish town behind and climbed the slopes of the Sierras overlooking the sea.

We had now reached the land of Andalusia after the bleak wastes of Estramadura, the Vega after the arid mountain-world.

We might, by continuing along the Camino Real, visit the remainder of Fray Junipero's churches, but in the rich and luscious country that lies beyond Santa Barbara, the orchardist and vineyardist have come; the gringo has set his seal upon the land and the remains of the Spanish occupation must be sought for in the rush of modern improvement. We preferred therefore to keep our impressions intact and remember only the land we had just traversed. In its lonely mountains we had seen the Spaniard still tending his flocks and herds; heard its valleys still echoing the angelus at eventide, and found its sparse villages still sheltering their populations of swarthy Iberians. We had found a true bit of Old Spain still lingering in this untravelled strip of California.



A patio at San Miguel.

A MEMORIAL TABLET

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

(BAS-RELIEF)

Oh, Agathocles, fare thee well.



NAKED and brave thou goest
Without one glance behind!
Hast thou no fear, Agathocles,
Or backward grief of mind?

The dreamy dog beside thee
Presses against thy knee;
He, too, oh, sweet Agathocles,
Is deaf and visioned like thee.

Thou art so lithe and lovely
And yet thou art not ours.
What Delphic saying compels thee
Of kings or topless towers?

That little blowing mantle
Thou lovest from thine arm—
No shoon nor staff, Agathocles,
Nor sword, to fend from harm!

Thou hast the changed impersonal
Awed brow of mystery—
Yesterday thou wast burning,
Mad boy, for Glaucœ.

Philis thy mother calls thee;
Mine eyes with tears are dim.
Turn once, look once, Agathocles—
(*The gods have blinded him*).

Come back, Agathocles, the night—
Brings thee what place of rest?
Wine-sweet are Glaucœ's kisses,
Flower-soft her budding breast.

He seems to hearken, Glaucœ,
He seems to listen and smile;
(*Nay, Philis, but a god-song
He follows this many a mile*).

Come back, come back, Agathocles!
(*He scents the asphodel;
Unearthly swift he runneth*).
Agathocles, farewell!

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

ALLUSIONS to the Roman republic by distinguished visitors to this country are becoming too frequent to ignore. Do they mean to compliment us or do they not? Are they, perhaps, hinting that the Roman republic met its fate, and that we are headed in the same direction? Whatever may be the thought in the back of the heads of these observers, they at least admit that we have come into our own, and that our own, whatever the future may hold, is for the moment worth having.

The two things which seem to impress them most, and which most frequently cause their minds to hark back to our ancient prototype, are our love of pleasure and the cheerful optimism which accompanies luxury on every hand. Ferrero, who may be accepted as the most noteworthy of these visiting foreigners, finds in this country a "delightful elation of feeling" which he assumes to be the temper of

the people in which climate and topography assist. This optimism and cheerfulness he contrasts with

the "universal note of sadness in Europe due to its numerous frontier lines." Gayety in America is universal, he says, and notes in evidence the music he encounters wherever he goes. One suspects he is referring to the restaurants, for he had just been making a tour of the Great White Way, under which picturesque phrase Broadway after dark is known. The spectacle of numbers of people eating expensive dishes at midnight and in public to the sounds of what make for the lute and the lyre leads him to his favorite comparison, while admitting our modern improvements in the way of electric lighting and transportation. He visits the Hippodrome, and after expressing his enthusiasm at the beauty and magnificence of the entertainment in a manner that must have delighted the management, he goes on to describe how it would have pleased the old Romans, who delighted in such great spectacles.

Now this is very interesting. Whatever may be our national sins, and we are told on all sides that they are many, we are cheerful sinners, it seems. If we love luxury, we love it in its social aspect rather than as individuals.

It is not beyond the memory of man when we had the reputation of taking our pleasures sadly when we did take them. The man of the United States was so busy piling up dollars that he had no time for amusing himself. That was left for his butterfly mate, whose time was spent in adorning herself and displaying herself adorned.

This new point of view—that of a happy, exhilarated people with even a "greed for pleasure"—thus Ferrero sums it up, robust and hearty, like that of the Romans, even if with a "lack of intelligent imagination," is sufficiently alluring to make us want to stand aside and see ourselves be'avin' so joyously that we attract attention. That there is a constant pressure to add to our holidays, and a notable increase in theatres and other places of amusement, occurs to every one. We have the spectacle of thousands of judges, bankers, lawyers, clerks leaving their offices to go to games of foot-ball and base-ball accompanied by every stratum of the population, impartially collected under the name of "fans." One of those public-spirited men who promote electric roads in inland towns for the convenience of the public and their own profit, says that the guarantee of his own satisfactory share in the undertaking is to organize an amusement park at some terminal. If need be he digs a pond, puts in it some boats, sets up a mechanical organ in a dancing pavilion, with opportunities for soft drinks and tables for picnickers, and his end is assured. Hither during the afternoons his road is occupied transporting mothers and children, and in the evening young people and wage-workers, all of whom are almost clear gain for his coffers. In one town in the far West he carried his road seventeen miles to a little lake which, electricity being the thing he has most of, he fringed with colored electric bulbs, and with music, dancing, and light keeps his road busy and his receipts heavy.

It is these large corporate views of amusement as an asset that are most conclusive of our state. We must have amusement; we are in circumstances to gratify it; it is profitable to supply it. Our joyousness is organized, according to the temper of the times. In this age of vast projects, it is freely admitted that

these cannot be carried on without providing for the recreation of the workers. In building the government road to Benguet, a brass band had to be brought up to play behind the Filipino laborers, who would work to music when they wouldn't work without. The workmen in this country are not so exacting; they work when they work and play when they play. But whether it is the Ashokan dam, which is to supply the increasing thirst of New Yorkers for water, or the great irrigating projects of the far West, the amusements for the leisure hours of the workmen must as certainly be considered as the specifications. While the women must have their schools and churches, the more frivolous males must have sports and bands.

When the government was building the forty miles of road over an almost inaccessible country preparatory to undertaking the great Roosevelt dam it was found impossible to get white laborers, because it was impossible to supply them with opportunities for gayly spending their money. The engineers consequently were obliged to hire Apaches, whose ideas of fun were of another sort, and not so insistent. Along the length of the Panama Canal music, dancing, and sports have their appointed times, even as have the dredges and shovels. Colon plays Ancon; Corazal challenges Gatun; Empire gives a dance to Gorgona. Even the government turned impresario and sent down four young women who fiddled to the workers all along the line. "Panem et Circenses" is the legend over every great undertaking in this country, as it was of our old friends the Romans. Thus far the professors have observed us correctly. Good wages and plenty of fun, and we will follow the steam shovel wherever it goes.

A RECENT character sketch by Katharine Tynan concerns a delightful old lady of eighty with the heart and eyes of eighteen; who lived in a beautiful old house colored by the centuries and surrounded by a garden dim, rich, and ordered. Her predominant qualities were a passionate kindness and a winning modesty. Yet at times she launched out in self-laudation, waved her flag of leadership, and reduced the blatantly ob-

Self-Optimism

streperous to decency. A cargo of Londoners, celebrating Bank Holiday, had crossed to Ireland, and six or eight men, with a sprinkling of women and children, settled themselves in a one-horse cart to be drawn

up an all but perpendicular hill. "Tell them," the indignant old lady ordered the wagoner, "tell them that the Lady of the Manor always walks up." Overawed by the high-sounding title, the cockney tourists clambered out of the cart and did walk up.

I delight in this tale of assertiveness, as the eye when it sees scarlet luxuriates in the thought of green; for my own pet rampant pride is humility, that so-called virtue which, coming easiest, had loomed for me into a besetting sin. Possibly with others, as with me, it is not an attribute of Christian character, but, as Sam Weller has it, "werry rewerse to the contrary." There are those, like Cowper, to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison; yet Dr. Johnson was justly angry at Thrall for sitting at Oglethorpe's table without speaking, censuring him for degrading himself to a nonentity. Lord Strafford once took down to dinner a lady whose name he did not catch. Talk turned upon mathematics, and he tried to explain it to his companion, who listened with polite attention. Upstairs he found it was Mrs. Somerville. I fear that in her place I should have weakly done the same thing. A modest silence would have been so much simpler than tactfully to disclose my identity. As a result, however, Lord Strafford must have cursed his officiousness, and the rational conversation with which the two might have whiled away the dinner hour was obviously impossible. Unintentionally, but nevertheless, the great mathematician's modesty smacked no less of pride than did Rousseau's. "The new piece has fallen flat," he cried at the door of the café; "it has wearied me to death. It is by Rousseau of Geneva, and I am that very Rousseau." Such humility is egotism standing on its head.

The adage that children should be seen and not heard deprived the first half of the nineteenth century of much goodly conversation and noble bearing, and was the direct ancestor of that stultifying hallucination that anything, though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself is still too much. Observance of that dictum would hourly rob conversation of its snap and sparkle, of its root and tendril and flower. Charlotte Brontë, whose youthful genius was kept unseen and unheard, had to nerve herself to meet Thackeray and other notable contemporaries by demanding of herself: "Who but a coward would pass his whole life in hamlets?" Without the vanity that loves applause, few of us, as Bagehot shrewdly guesses,

would cultivate the tact which gains applause. If we can do without the world, the world can make shift to do without us.

Ask and it shall be given to you is a rule and sequence of divine origin. Who of us shy ones, skilled in self-effacement, has not realized that the best things on the table of life have gone untasted because we failed to serve ourselves thereto? "You young fellows will not take responsibility," said a great colonial governor, when questioned why others in the service did not rise. It is a question if a man with every qualification for a responsible office has the right to refuse the office. The modesty which leaves duties to inferiors needs some justification. People so habitually take us at our own valuation that when in mistaken modesty we set our influence too low it is literally lowered. "O to be nothing, nothing!" is as pernicious a petition as the calling oneself a worm in the dust is derogatory to one's Creator. David defined a gentleman as one who is lowly in his own eyes; but Jesus approved the guest who, after taking a low seat at table, joyfully accepted the host's invitation to come up higher. It is so easy to insist on sitting low, monotonously recounting one's unworthiness for the seat perilous, becoming thereby a bore even to one's neighbors below the salt. "Oh, well, I am not going to urge you," brutally said a young male relative, when I met his invitation for some great treat by suggesting he might prefer to take some other girl. Then and there I learned the invaluable social lesson to accept promptly and heartily, and make myself good enough company to be asked again. Plutarch says that Pedarethus, being left out of the election of the three hundred, went home merry, saying it did him good to see there were three hundred found better in the city than himself. Say not better, Pedarethus, but more active; 'tis the way of politics ever. Johnson's self-complacency was more profoundly modest: "In writing my dictionary I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it, and I have done it very well." Nor did he scruple to accept the praise of his sovereign. "When the king has said it," he remarked, "it was to be so."

Culture teaches us our modest place in the whole scheme, but to shrink so small as to leave that place half empty is retiring into notice. "My poor humble self" was often on the lips of Jenny Lind, but she never cringed or lost dignity. When asked how she executed her part in "Roberto il Diavolo," her genius

fired up: "How could I tell how I sang it! I stood at the man's right hand and the fiend at his left, and all I could think of was how to save him." It is so easy to be humble when all the world knows there is a foundation for pride underneath; but it requires heroism for the shy to assume a social fearlessness. In brief, self-eulogy—using eulogy in its old Greek sense of speaking well—has its uses fruitful as well as sterile; and true modesty while it walks up the hills unostentatiously a hundred times will, that hundred and first time, proclaim its own exalted rank and extol its own practice, that the unqualified and the misqualified may be led to imitate its virtue.

"D O you object to talk about inns?" asks Thackeray of the readers of his "Roundabout Papers." "It always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn talk." Ah, but who reads Cervantes and Walter Scott and Le Sage in these days? Such authors as they are no criterion. And if inns are tolerated at all, it is only because they run garages for our motor-cars. As for Literature, what concern has Literature with inns that stand less than thirty stories high—with a frontage on the Avenue?"

Talk about Inns

And yet those old times of the inn and the stage-coach were good times. I like Henry Fielding's metaphor by which his readers are represented to be passengers in a stage-coach—and he the genial stage-coach driver. Fielding's novels teem with coaches and inns. The poet Gray, who preferred Richardson, allowed Richardson's rival a finer understanding of these important matters. It should be no reproach, at least; and in our own generation Kipling has hymned the ship engineer and the locomotive driver. But Dickens was the last of the novelists to tell us much about inn-keepers and the tribe of stage-drivers, a genus as extinct nowadays as the dodo itself. Where are the Wellers of Yester-year?

Not with Dickens alone, but with his eighteenth-century forbears—Fielding and Smollett and Sterne—inns and their keepers were a long suit. Who has forgotten Dessein's in the "Sentimental Journey"? Thackeray, in one of those same admirable "Roundabout Papers," has taken us back to Dessein's, admirable hostelry that it was! He knew the

Calais Hotel of old "as one of the cleanest, one of the dearest, one of the most comfortable," in all Europe. Certainly Dessein's must have been *very* dear. Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing a letter from Paris in the year 1834, states that wine there cost "just three times as much as at the Palais Royal,"—and the Palais Royal was never inexpensive. Thackeray's "Roundabout" gives him the cue for one of those most winning personal confessions in which his essays and his novels are all of them so rich. "I remember," he says, "a certain little Paris excursion about which my benighted parents never knew anything." When he had recrossed the Channel, and had tasted a whiting and a beefsteak and a glass of negus at the "Ship" at Dover, there was left over but half-a-crown for the guard and coachman on the road to London. Thackeray "had gone without leave. What a long, dreary, guilty, forty hours' journey it was from Paris to Calais, I remember! How did I come to think of this escapade, which occurred in the Easter vacation of the year 1830? I always think of it when I am crossing to Calais. Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory, and I feel easier in my mind now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo." The college mate whom Thackeray visited in Paris, when he made this *sub rosa* journey thither in his youth (and breakfasted, belike, at Dessein's—if he did not dine there) was—Edward FitzGerald! This was in the years before the Laird of Little-Grange took up for good the vegetative life. What a thing it was to have been young a hundred years ago, in those days when it took forty hours to travel from Paris to Calais! There were no turbine

steamers on the Channel then, and travel was a luxury.

A book very recently published has for its title: "The Journal of John Mayne During a Tour on the Continent upon its Reopening upon the Fall of Napoleon, 1814." The first entry in the "Journal" is dated "Calais, August, 1814." After a tedious crossing, the young traveller had alighted "at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, formerly Dessein's, now kept by Quillacy [Quillac] and Duplessis." It was here that Lady Hamilton stayed for a part of the same eventful summer. Dessein's was then "the greatest establishment in Europe." There were between seventy and eighty beds there—and fifty for servants: just ponder *that* fact, ye who are content with the modern caravansaries of London and Paris and New York! Yet there were (as young John Mayne informs us) "many deficiencies [that] instantly attracted the notice of an English gentleman." For instance, though the rooms were "large and airy," the beds they contained, being set in recesses, were occupied somewhat indiscriminately by male and female guests. Judge the importance, then, of the "posts and curtains," forming "a little apartment" screened off from the room proper.

These are the days of hostelries with "lifts" innumerable and with "garages"; yet I regret, in spite of myself, those olden times of inns and coaches and postillions. It is only in my library that I can travel post—and stop at Dessein's—and seat myself in the *désobligeante*:

"Once more upon the *diligence*; once more
The horses jog before me like a flock
That knows no leader."



THE FIELD OF ART.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD"

IT was no Irishman, but a peculiarly hostile Welshman, chaplain to a peculiarly hostile English prince, who declared, eight centuries ago, that no human hand could have written it! An angel, he said, must indeed, as one Irish tradition suggested, have guided the hand of the scribe in making "this majestic face, divinely drawn," those "figures of infinite variety, so closely woven together that if you looked carelessly at them they would seem rather like a uniform blot than an exquisite interweaving of figures, exhibiting no skill or art where all is skill and perfection of art. But if you look closely, with all the acuteness of sight that you can command, and examine the inmost secrets of that wondrous art, you will discover such subtle, such fine and closely wrought lines, twisted and interwoven in such intricate knots, and adorned with such fresh and brilliant colors, that you will readily acknowledge the whole to be the result of angelic rather than human skill. The more numerous the beauties I discover in it, the more I am lost in renewed admiration of it. Neither could Apelles himself execute the like; and indeed they seem to have been formed and painted by a hand not mortal."

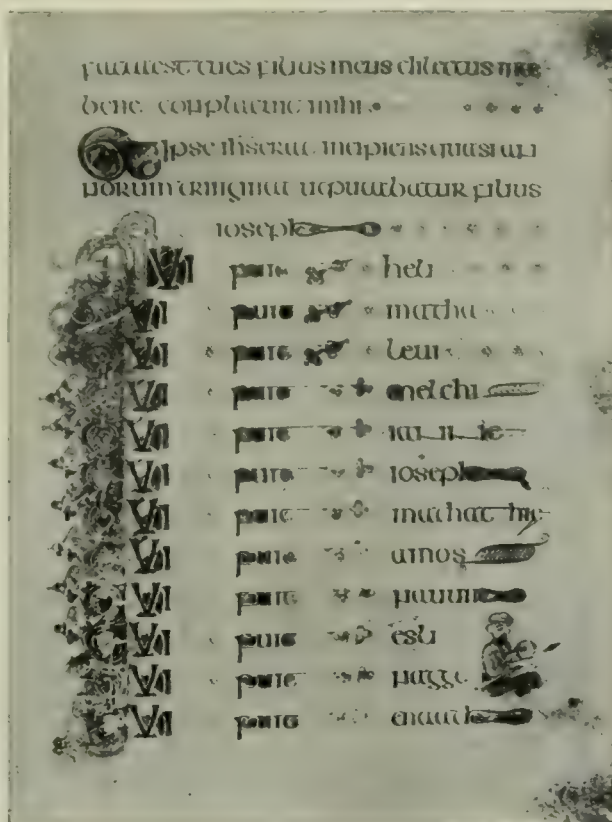
Already in the day of Henry II and Prince John it was nearly as unfashionable as in Elizabeth's to praise anything in Ireland. And one cannot help reflecting that Giraldus Cambren-

sis, scholar, historian, churchman, but first of all politician, found it peculiarly convenient to attribute the Great Gospel of Columcille, which the greatest English authority of the nineteenth century has pronounced "the most elaborately executed monument of early Chris-

tian art in existence," to an angel rather than to an Irishman! Already a British prelate could forget that St. Columba, by whom or in whose honor the book was written, had been the means, six centuries before, of Christianizing Scotland and northern England itself; while the great Irish schools which recognized him as head had been, from the sixth to the ninth centuries, the chief centres of learning in all Europe, drawing to Ireland students like King Aldfrid of Northumbria and King Dagobert of France, supplying free tuition, free

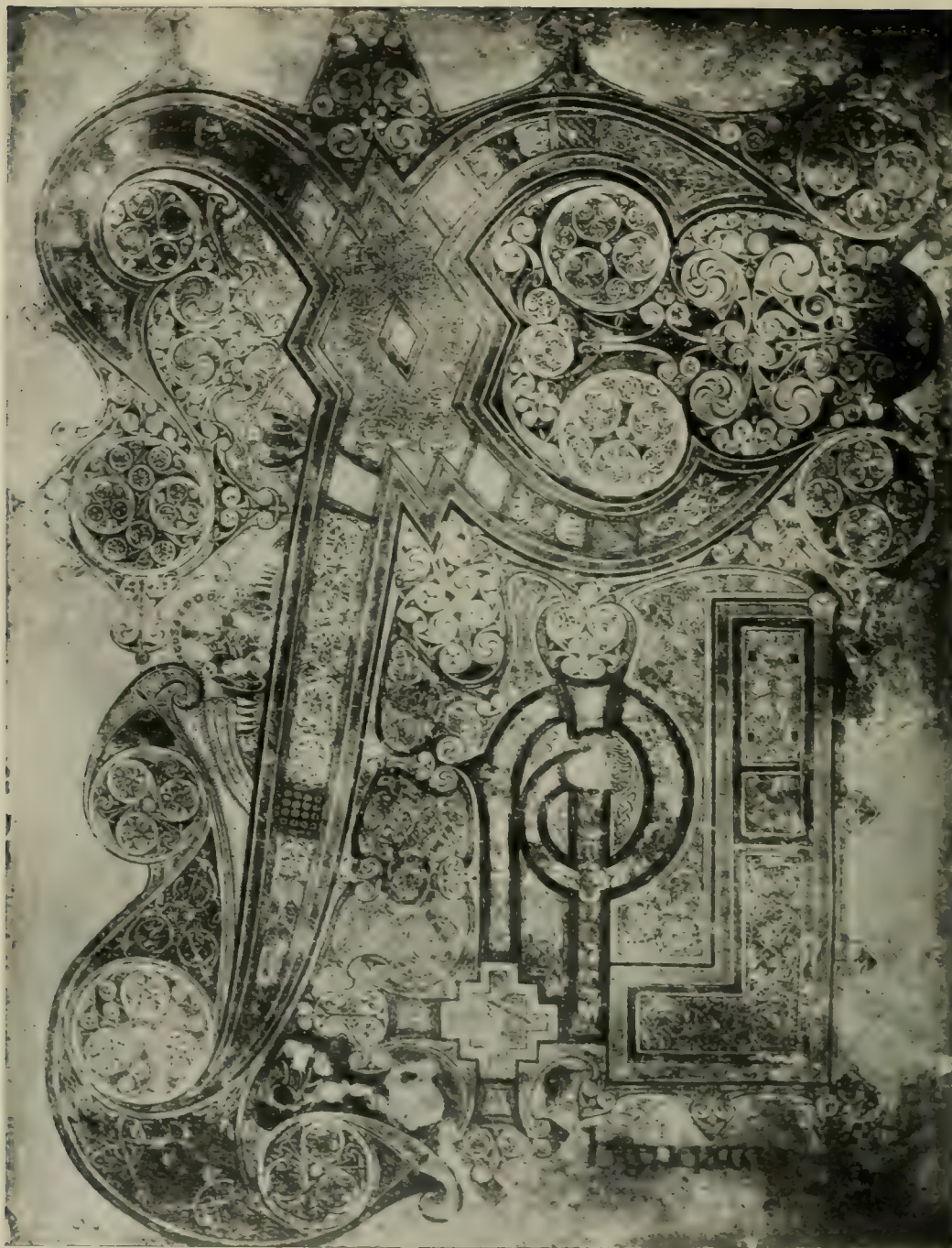
books, food, and lodging to so many English youths that a third of the city of Armagh was set apart for them and called the Saxon Third; and sending to the Continent such missionaries as St. Gall, who evangelized Switzerland, and St. Columbanus, whose influence extended from France into Italy.

No small part of this achievement and its tremendous effects upon the history of civilization may fairly be traced to the passion for books of the saint who was poet, scribe, and an Irish prince of the O'Donnells. The multiplying of books was a favorite industry of the sixth-century Irish saints, and the malicious M. Anatole France has not accused *them*, at



First page of the Genealogy

St. Luke's Gospel, III, 22. The most elaborate set of interlaced initials in the Book of Kells.



The famous Monogram Page.

Book of Kells: St. Matthew's Gospel, I, 18. The Greek letters XPI stand for the name Christi and were used in Latin texts of the Gospels by Celtic scribes.

least, of erasing the rarest of the classics to obtain clean parchment! But more than once Columba, as a scribe, seems to have found in his fellow saints a discouragingly sharp sense of personal property. St. Longarad, when Columba visited him, refused even to show his very ancient "Félirè" of Angus the Culdee; and the scribe of the glosses of the "Félirè" attributes the subsequent illegibility of the books to the retort of the imperious prince and effective saint: "May your books be of no use after you,

since you have exercised inhospitality about them."

Again, in the middle of his life Columba's zeal for copying, in the case of the famous "Battel Book of the O'Donnells," led to an extraordinary series of events, melancholy for him, since they made him the first and forever typical Irish exile, but significant to the entire world. Iona, the home of Columba's exile, subsequently known as Hy-Columkille, became the centre of Christian civilization in the north

of Britain and the burial-place of the kings of Scotland. Duncan's body, Shakespeare tells us, was

"carried to Colme-kill
The sacred storehouse of his predeces-
sors
And guardian of their bones."

But it is Kells that in Ireland still speaks most eloquently of the greatest saint of the entire Celtic race. At Kells, Columba had lived, up to the moment of his exile, in a house one-tenth cell, nine-tenths oratory, that still stands, a remarkable and perfect example of the ancient Irish stone-roofed structure. In Kells, famous for metal work, was made the splendid carved *cumdach*, or cover, of the "Battle Book of the O'Donnells," which, with the "Battler" itself, the "Annals of the Four Masters," the "Book of the Dun Cow," the "Speckled Book," and thousands of ancient Irish manuscripts, poems, or sagas with charming names, may now be seen in the archives of the Royal Irish Academy. And it was from Kells, become at last the recognized head of all the Columban foundations in Ireland, that the Great Gospel of Columcille, "chief relic of the Western World," embodying with the gospels certain eleventh-century charters relating to Kells and known for centuries as the "Book of Kells," was stolen in 1106. It was found "after twenty nights and two months," the Four Masters tell us, "with the gold [of its *cumdach*] stolen off and a sod over it."

So dull have we been at learning our Ireland, that few, even of such tourists as linger delightedly in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, ever think of climbing the stairs of Trinity College in Dublin to see, in the excellent company of the venerable "Books of Durrow and Armagh," and the Irish harp of Brian Boru—that gem of all books, the "Book of Kells," "the most beautiful book in the world."

Its superiority to the two other finest illuminated manuscripts of the Irish School, the sixth-century "Book of Durrow" and the "Book of Lindisfarne,"* of which the date is fixed as between 687 and 721, has finally made clear that



Decorative cross of interlaced birds.

Book of Lindisfarne.

the "Book of Kells, or Gospel of Columcille," was probably not made by Columba himself, but after him in his honor by eighth-century scribes of his monasteries. The remarkable style of illumination which had arisen and developed in Ireland at a time when classic art was practically extinct and mediocrity in all the arts prevailed in Europe, reached in the "Book of Kells" a "standard of excellence never before attained nor since surpassed." In Ireland the style lasted pure from the fifth century for six hundred years, but its influence extended, interlaced ornament predominating in the so-called Charlemagne style of the next two centuries in France and continuing upon the gold grounds of the thirteenth and in the beautiful Italian borders of the fifteenth centuries.

In the great Irish monasteries of that happy day all the arts developed together, and the scribe, if he were not himself a craftsman, worked side by side with the fathers of the artists who made such masterpieces as the "Cross of Cong" and the "Tara Brooch."*

* The monastery of Lindisfarne in England, where the "Book of Lindisfarne," a treasure of the British Museum, was written in honor of St. Cuthbert, was founded by Irish monks from St. Columba's school at Iona.

* The crude Byzantine style of the fifth century neither progressed itself nor particularly advanced progress in the west of Europe, only a few characteristic methods of this style, such as the columnar arrangement of the Eusabian Canons, persisting to a much later date.

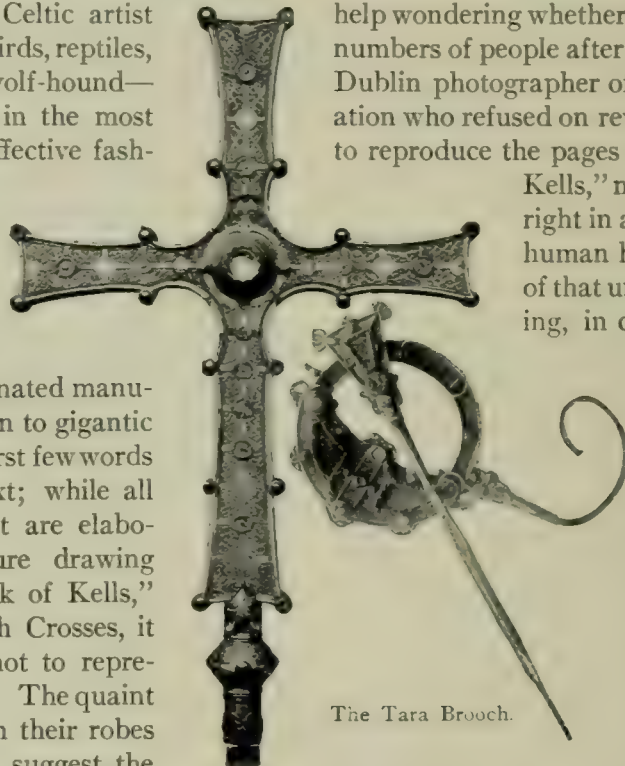
The art of cloisonné enamel, which was a peculiar gift of the Celtic race, undoubtedly suggested, by its application of twisted wire to metal surfaces, many of the mosaic patterns of the illuminator, as well as the use of colors, the paint being often applied in varying degrees of thickness to produce jewelled effects. Metal work, which had been cultivated in Ireland a thousand years before St. Columba, suggested dots, whorls, spirals, disks, and fretted designs: while the textile arts suggested patterns of ribbon work which the Celtic artist applied to the treatment of birds, reptiles, dogs—the extinct Irish wolf-hound—dragons, and even men, in the most amazing and delightfully effective fashion. Whereas in earlier and contemporary continental manuscripts all letters are of uniform size, the first few lines being simply written in red, in even the earliest Irish illuminated manuscripts entire pages are given to gigantic decorated initials or to the first few words of main divisions of the text; while all initials throughout the text are elaborately ornamented. Figure drawing appears first in the “Book of Kells,” where, as on the Irish High Crosses, it is always crude, designed not to represent, but simply to decorate. The quaint figures of the Evangelists in their robes so symmetrically folded suggest the ecclesiastical vestments of the Celtic Church in the eighth century; and the nimbus about each reverend head, like the geometrical divisions that enframe each figure, is filled with the exquisite tracery and mosaic that will always be the wonder and discouragement of would-be copyists. The same accomplished English artist who declared that in delicacy of handling and minute but faultless execution the whole range of palæography offers nothing to be compared with the early Irish manuscripts, confesses that once, in Dublin, he attempted to copy a few of the ornaments of “the most marvellous of them all,” the “Book of Kells,” “but broke down in despair.” A page like the famous “Monogram page”—upon which, in and about the three letters XPI, standing for Christi, every variety of design known to Celtic art has been lavished, the most astounding combinations of elongated human and reptile forms, infinitely small, interlaced to form an exquisite web—produces a broad effect, of a beauty that the

superlatives of more than one language have been taxed to describe—in centuries when superlatives were not so cheap as indiscriminating “criticism” has made them in our own! The richness of the color effects is the more remarkable for being accomplished without the aid of the gold or the parchment stain employed in Continental illumination.

As, in the quiet of that lofty, grave old library, one studies whatever page has been reverently turned for that particular day, one cannot help wondering whether Giraldus and the numbers of people after him, down to the Dublin photographer of our own generation who refused on reverential grounds to reproduce the pages of the “Book of

Kells,” may not have been right in attributing to “no human hand” the marvel of that unbelievable drawing, in colors clear, but

softened like old paint upon old canvas. Professor Westwood, of Oxford, said that he had examined the drawings with a lens without ever detecting a false line or irregular interlacement; “and when it is considered that many of



The Tara Brooch.

The Cross of Cong.

Made by native Irishmen in Roscommon in 1123 by order of King Turlough O'Connor, father of Roderick, the last monarch of Ireland.

these details consist of spiral lines and are so minute as to be impossible to have been executed without compasses, it really seems a problem not only with what eyes, but also with what instruments, they could have been executed.”

At the National Industrial Exhibition in Dublin two years ago, one's eye was caught by case after case of foreign pottery whose presence was explained, with unconscious pathos, by some such label as this: “This clay Ireland has; this pottery Ireland *could* make.” Those of us who know the old glory of Ireland and her later sorrows—no longer only “Three”—could only return to the old library to gaze at a book made eleven centuries ago without instruments and without “capital,” saying to ourselves: “This Ireland has, this Ireland made; and it is a wonder of the world.”

MARY DENVER HOFFMAN.



Dragon by N. C. Wyeth.

ALL DAY, HELD SPELL-BOUND BY THIS WONDERFUL SIGHT, THE HERMIT CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKS.

—"Through the Mists," page 551.

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THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I.—THE LAND OF THE BUFFALO

INTRODUCTION



WHAT young man of our race would not gladly give a year of his life to roll backward the scroll of time for five decades, and live that year in the romantic by-gone days of the Wild West; to see the great Missouri while the buffalo pastured on its banks, while big game teemed in sight and the red man roamed and hunted, unchecked by fence or hint of white man's rule; or, when that rule was represented only by scattered trading-posts, hundreds of miles apart, and at best the traders could exchange the news by horse or canoe, and months of lonely travel?

I, for one, would have rejoiced in ten-fold payment for the privilege of this backward look in our age, and had reached middle life before I realized that, at a much less heavy cost, the miracle was possible to-day.

For the uncivilized Indian still roams the far reaches of absolutely unchanged, unbroken forest and prairie leagues, and has knowledge of white men only in bartering furs at the scattered trading-posts where locomotive and telegraph are unknown; still the wild buffalo elude the hunters, fight the wolves, wallow, wander, and breed; and still there is hoofed game by the million to be found where the Saxon is as seldom seen as on the Missouri in the times of Lewis and Clarke. Only we must seek

it all, not in the West, but in the far Northwest; and for "Missouri and Mississippi" read "Peace and Mackenzie Rivers," those noble streams that northward roll their mile-wide turbid floods a thousand leagues to the silent Arctic Sea.

This was the thought which spurred me to a six months' journey by canoe. And I found what I went in search of, but found, also, abundant and better rewards that were not in mind, even as Saul, the son of Kish, went seeking asses, and found for himself a crown and a great kingdom.

I.—DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH

IN 1907 I set out to journey by canoe down the Athabaska and adjoining waters to the sole remaining forest wilds—the far north-west of Canada—and the yet more desert Arctic Plains, where still, it was said, were to be seen the caribou in their primitive condition.

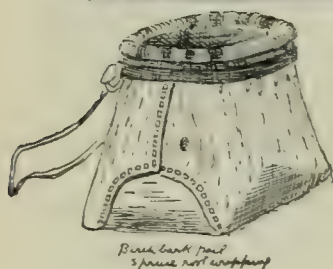
My only companion was Edward A. Preble, of Washington, D. C., a trained naturalist, an expert canoist and traveller, and a man of four seasons' experience in the Hudson Bay region and the Mackenzie Valley.

All travellers who had preceded me into the Barren Ground had relied on the abundant game, and in consequence suffered dreadful hardships, in some cases starved to death. I proposed to rely on no game, but to take plenty of groceries, the best I could buy in Winnipeg, which means the

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Grand Rapids, Athabaska River.



best in the world; and as will be seen later, the game, because I was not relying on it, walked into camp every day.

But one canoe could not carry all these provisions, so most of it I shipped on the Hudson's Bay Company scows, taking with us in the canoe food for not more than a week, which with camp outfit was just enough for ballast.

II.—DOWN THE NOISY RIVER WITH THE VOYAGEURS

AT Athabaska Landing, on May 18, 1907, 10.15 A.M., we boarded the superb Peterborough canoe that I had christened the *Ann Seton*. The Athabaska River was aflood and clear of ice; thirteen scows of freight, with sixty half-breeds and Indians to man them, left at the same time, and in spite of a strong head wind we drifted northward fully three and a half miles an hour.

The men of mixed blood jabbered in French, Cree, and Chipewyan chiefly, but when they wanted to swear, they felt the inadequacy of these mellifluous or lisping

tongues, and fell back on virile Saxon, whose tang, projectivity, and wealth of vile epithet evidently supplied a long-felt want in the Great Lone Land of the dog and canoe.

On the second night we reached the Indian village of Pelican Portage and landed by climbing over huge blocks of ice that were stranded along the shore. The adult male inhabitants came down to our camp, so that the village was deserted, except for the children and a few women. As I walked down the crooked trail along which straggled the cabins I saw something white in a tree at the far end. Supposing it to be a white rabbit in a snare I went near and found, to my surprise, first, that it was a dead housecat, a rare species here; second, under it, eying it and me alternately, was a hungry-looking lynx. I had a camera, but it was near sundown and in the woods, so I went back to the boat and returned with a gun. There was the lynx still prowling, but now farther from the village. I do not believe he would have harmed the children, but a lynx is game. I fired, and he fell without a quiver or a sound. This was the first time I had used a gun in many years, and it was the only time on the trip. I felt rather guilty, but the carcass was a godsend to two old Indians who were sickening on a long



Our camp above Grand Rapids, Athabaska River.

diet of salt pork, and that lynx furnished them tender meat for three days afterward, while its skin and skull went to the American Museum.

Being the organizer, equipper, geographer, artist, head, and tail of the expedition, I was, perforce, also its doctor. Equipped with a 'pill-kit,' an abundance of blisters and bandages, and some 'potent purgatives,' I had prepared myself to render first and last aid to the hurt in my own party. In taking instructions from our family physician I had learned the value of a profound air of great gravity, a noble reticence, and a total absence of doubt, when I did speak. I compressed his creed into a single phrase: In case of doubt look wise and work at his 'bowels.' This simple equipment quickly gave me a surprisingly high standing among the men. I was a medicine-man of repute, and soon had a larger practice than I desired, as it was entirely gratuitous.

Several colds and sprains were successfully treated and then another cure on a much larger scale was added to my list. An Indian had "the bones of his foot broken," crushed by a heavy weight, and was badly crippled. He came leaning on a friend's shoulder. His foot was blackened and much swollen, but I soon satisfied

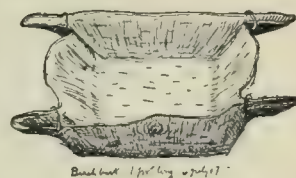
myself that no bones were broken, because he could wriggle all the toes and move the foot in any direction.

"You'll be better in three days, and all right in a week," I said with calm assurance. Then I began with massage. It seemed necessary in the Indian environment to hum some tune, and I found that the "Koochy Koochy" lent itself best to the motion, so it became my medicine song.

With many "Koochy-Koochy"-ings and much ice-cold water he was nearly cured in three days and sound again in a week. But in the north, folk have a habit (not found elsewhere) of improving the incident. Before long it was known everywhere that the Indian's *leg was broken*, and that I had set and healed it in three days. In a year or two, I doubt not, it will be his neck that was broken, not in one, but in several places.

III.—DOWN THE SILENT RIVER

I HAD made several unsuccessful attempts to get an experienced native boatman to go northward with me. All seemed to fear the intended plunge into the unknown. So



I was agreeably surprised when a sturdy young fellow, of Scottish and Cree parentage, came and volunteered for the trip. A few inquiries proved him to be of good reputation as a river-man and worker, so William C. Loutit was added to my expedition and served me faithfully throughout.

I found out later that Billy was a famous traveller and had made several record journeys on foot and, much more important, he was a first-class cook.

That night we camped far down the river and on the side opposite the fort, for experience soon teaches one to give the dogs no chance of entering camp on marauding expeditions while you sleep. About ten, as I was beginning to doze, Preble put his head in and said, "Come out here if you want a new sensation."

In a moment I was standing with him under the tall spruce trees, looking over the river to the dark forest a quarter mile away, and listening intently to a new and wonderful sound. Like the slow tolling of a soft but high-pitched bell it came. *Ting, ting ting, ting*, and on rising and falling with the breeze, but still keeping on about two "*tings*" to the second, and on, dulling as with distance, but rising again and again.

It was unlike anything I had ever heard, but Preble knew it of old. "That," says he, "is the love-song of the Richardson owl. *She* is sitting demurely in some spruce top, while he sails around, singing on the wing, and when the sound seems distant, he is on the far side of the tree."

Ting, ting ting, ting, it went on and on, this soft belling of his love, this amorous music of our northern bell bird.

Ting, ting ting, ting ting, ting ting, TING

TING, TING TING, TING, oh, how could any lady owl resist such strains? and on, with its *ting, ting ting, ting ting, TING TING, TING*, the whole night air was vibrant. Then, as though by plan, a different note was heard, the deep booming "*Oho—oh—who—oh who hoo*" of the great horned owl, singing a most appropriate bass.

But the little owl went on and on; five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes at last

had elapsed before I turned in again and left him; more than once that night I awoke to hear his tinging sere-nade upon the consecrated air of the piney woods.

Yet Preble says this one was an indifferent performer. On the Mackenzie he has heard far better

singers of the kind; some that introduce many variations of the pitch and modulation. I thought it one of the most charming bird-voices I had ever heard—and felt that this is one of the things that make the journey worth the while.



Pole for rabbit snare & other ways of setting the mouse



From pages of Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

IV.—OUT WITH SOUSI BEAULIEU

A PATROL of mounted police, under Major Jarvis, was travelling north with the Hudson's Bay Company boats. The genial major was an old school friend, and we united our forces for a time.

Among other matters he had to report on the number of buffalo still existing in the region. I gladly accepted an invitation to join him in an expedition to seek light.

Our first difficulty was, of course, to get a guide. It was quite clear that the natives did not wish us to go in there, and they exerted themselves to discover or manufacture difficulties.

There were four who hunted that country—Sousi, Kiya, Kerma, and Pierre Squirrel.



I found it was a dead house-cat; . . . under it was a hungry-looking lynx.—Page 514.

After many conferences we persuaded Sousi to act as guide, and the three of us, Jarvis, Sousi, and myself, set out from Fort Smith on a buffalo hunt, about 3 P.M., June 13, 1907, all mounted, and the native leading a pack-horse with provisions.

And now we had a chance to study our guide. A man's real history begins, of course, about twenty years before he is born. In the middle of the last century was a notorious old border outlaw named François Beaulieu, a cold-blooded ruffian of the worst type. Montreal was too slow for him, so he invaded the north-west, with a

chosen crew of congenial pirates. His history is one of cowardly crime. He had a wife in every village, and it is said was actually married to eight at the same time.

His alleged offspring are everywhere in the country, and most travellers, on their return from this region, sound a note of warning: "Look out for any one of the name of Beaulieu. He is sure to be a mean, treacherous coward; there hath never yet been found a speck of good in the breed." And now we had committed ourselves and our fortunes into the hands of

Beaulieu's second, or twenty-second, son, I could not make sure which. He is a typical half-breed of medium height, thin, swarthy, and very active, although he must be far past sixty. Just how far is not known, whether he is fifty-nine, sixty-nine, or seventy-nine; he himself seemed uncertain, but he knows there is a nine in it. The women of Smith's Landing say fifty-nine; the men say seventy-nine or eighty-nine.

He is clad in the cast-off garments of a white tramp, except for his beaded moccasins. However sordid these people may be in other parts of their attire, I note that they always have some redeeming touch of color and beauty about the moccasins which cover their truly shapely feet. Sousi's rifle, a Winchester, also was clad in a native mode. An embroidered cover of moose leather protected it night and day, except when actually in use; of his weapons he took most scrupulous care.

Unlike the founder of the family, Sousi has no children of his own. But he has reared a dozen waifs under prompting of his own kind heart. He is quite a character—does not drink or smoke, and I never heard him swear. This is not because he does not know how, for he is conversant with the vigor of all the five languages of the country, and the garment of his thought is like Joseph's coat. Ethnologically speaking, its breadth and substance is French, but it bears patches of English, with flowers and frills, stropes and classical allusions of Cree and Chipewyan, the last being the language of his present home circle.

There was one more peculiarity of our guide that struck me forcibly—he was forever considering his horse. Whenever the trail was very bad, and half of it was, Sousi dismounted and walked, the horse usu-

ally following freely, for the pair were close friends.

This, then, was the dark villain against whom we had been warned. How he lived up to his reputation will be seen later.

After four hours' march through a level, swampy country we came to Salt River, a clear, beautiful stream, but of weak brine. Here we camped for the night.

V.—THE BUFFALO HUNT

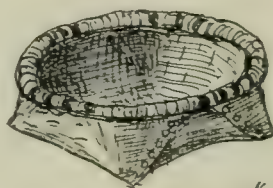
As we rode along next day, Sousi prattled cheerfully in his various tongues. But all his steady flow of conversation abruptly ended when, about 2 P.M., we came suddenly on some buffalo tracks, days old, but still buffalo tracks. All at once and completely he was the hunter. He leaped from his horse and led away like a hound.

Ere long (of course) the trail was crossed by two fresher ones; then we found some dry wallows, and several very fresh tracks. We tied up the horses in a deep hollow and set about an elaborate hunt. Jarvis minded the stock, I set out with Sousi, after he had

tried the wind by tossing up some grass. But he stopped, drew a finger-nail sharply across my canvas coat, so that it gave a little shriek, and said, "Va pas," which is "Cela ne va pas"; reduced to its bony framework. I doffed the offending coat, and we went forward as shown on the map (page 525). The horses were left at A, the wind was east. First we circled a little to eastward, tossing grass at intervals, but finding plenty of new sign went northerly and westward, till most of the new sign was east of us. Sousi then led for C, telling me to step in his tracks and make no noise. I did so for long, but at length a stick cracked under my foot; he turned and looked reproachfully at me. Then a stick cracked under his



Chipewyan Teepees. 19 July 09.



Birds back
Wavy quill rim

From pages of Mr. Seton's sketch-book.



The love-song of the Richardson owl.

foot. I gave him a poke in the ribs. When we got to the land between the lakes Sousi pointed and said, "They are here." We sneaked with the utmost caution that way, it was impossible to follow any one trail, and in two hundred yards Sousi sank to the ground, gasping out, "Là! là! maintenant faites son portrait autant que vous voudrez." I crawled forward and saw, not one, but *half a dozen buffalo*. "I must be nearer," I said, and lying flat on my breast, crawled toes and elbows up to a bush within seventy-five yards, where I made shot number one, and saw here that

there were eight or nine buffalo, one an immense bull.

Sousi now cocked his rifle. I said emphatically, "Stop! you must not fire."

"No?" he said, in astonished tones that were full of story and comment; "what did we come for?" Now I saw that by backing out and crawling to another bunch of herbage I could get within fifty yards.

"It is not possible," he gasped.

"Watch me and see," I replied; so I gathered all the near vines and twisted them around my neck; I covered my head with leaves and creeping plants, then pro-

ceeded to show that it *was* possible, while Sousi followed. I reached the cover and found it was a bed of spring anemones on the far side of an old buffalo wallow, and there in that wallow I lay for a moment, revelling in the sight; all at once it came to me: now indeed was fulfilled the long-deferred dream of my youth, for in shelter of those, the prairie flowers of my youth, I was gazing on a herd of wild buffalo. Then slowly I rose above the cover and took my second picture. But the watchful creatures, more shy than moose here, saw the rising mass of herbage or may have caught the wind, rose lightly, and went off. I noticed now, for the first time, a little red calf. Ten buffalo in all I counted. Sousi, standing up, counted thirteen. At the edge of the woods they stopped and looked around, but gave no third shot for the camera.

I shook Sousi's hand with all my heart, and he, good, old fellow, said, "Ah, it was for this I prayed last night; without doubt it was in answer to my prayer that the good God has sent me this great happiness."

Then back at camp, two hundred yards away, the old man's tongue was loosed, and he told how the chiefs in conference and every one at the fort had ridiculed him and his Englishmen—"who thought they could walk up to buffalo and take their pictures."

We had not been long in camp when Sousi went off to get some water, but at once came running back, shouting excitedly, "My rifle! my rifle!" Jarvis handed it to him: he rushed off into the woods. I followed in time to see him shoot an old bear and two cubs out of a tree. She fell, sobbing like a human being, "Oh! oh! oh-h-h-h!" I was too late to stop him, and he finished her as she lay helpless. The

little ones were too small to live alone, so shared her fate.

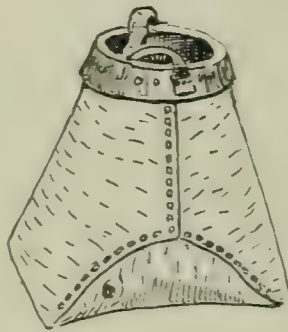
It seems that as Sousi went to the water-hole he came on an old bear and her two cubs. She gave a warning, "Koff, koff." The only enemies they knew about and feared were buffalo, moose, and wolves; from these a tree was a safe haven. The cubs scrambled up a tall poplar, then the mother followed. Sousi came, shouting in apparent fear. I rushed to the place, thinking he was attacked by something, perhaps a buffalo bull, but too late to stop the tragedy that followed.

That night he roasted one of the cubs, and as I watched the old cannibal chewing the hands off that little baby bear it gave me a feeling of disgust for all flesh-eating that lasted for days. Major Jarvis felt much as I did, and old Sousi had exclusive joy in all his bear meat.

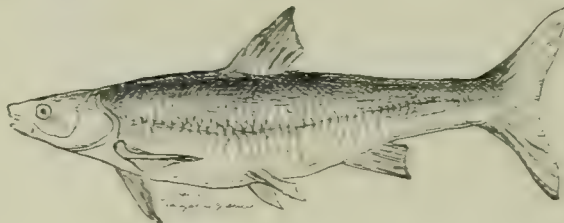
Next morning I was left at camp while Jarvis and Sousi went off to seek for more buffalo. I had a presentiment that they would find none, so kept the camera, went off to the lake a mile west, and



Spruce net-float. 20 x 5 x 1/4 inches



Perrier Water bucket. 10 in high



From pages of Mr. Seton's sketch-book

there I made drawings of some tracks, photos, etc.

About ten I turned campward, but after tramping for nearly an hour, I was not only not home, I was in a totally strange kind of country, a continuous poplar woods. I changed my course and tried a different direction, but soon was forced to the conclusion that for the sixth or seventh time in my life I was lost.

"Dear me," I said, "this is an interesting opportunity. It comes to me that once I wrote an essay on 'What To Do and What Not To Do when Lost in the Woods.' Now what in the world did I say in it, and which were the things not to do? Yes, I remember now, these three pieces of advice:



The Hudson's Bay Company convoy descending the Athabaska River.

"1st. 'Don't get frightened.' Well, I'm not; I'm simply amused.

"2d. 'Wait for your friends to come.' Can't do that; I'm too busy; they wouldn't appear till night.

"3d. 'If you must travel, go back to the place where you were sure of the way.' That means back to the lake, which I know is due west of the camp and must be west of me now."

So back I went, carefully watching the sun for guidance, and soon realized that whenever I did not, I *swung to the left*. After nearly an hour's diligent travel I did get back to the lake, and followed my own track in the margin to the point of leaving it, then, with a careful corrected bearing, made for camp and arrived in forty minutes, there to learn that on the first attempt I had swung so far to the left that I had missed camp by half a mile, and was half a mile beyond it before I knew I was wrong. (See map on page 525.)

At noon Jarvis and Sousi came back jubilant; they had seen countless buffalo trails, had followed a large bull and a cow, but had left them to take the trail of a considerable band; these they discovered in

a lake. There were four big bulls, four little calves, one yearling, three two-year-olds, eight cows. These allowed them to come openly within sixty yards, then took alarm and galloped off. They also saw a moose and a marten and two buffalo skeletons. How I did curse my presentiment that prevented them bringing the camera and securing a really fine photograph.

At 2 P.M. Sousi prepared to break camp. He thought that by going back on our trail he might strike the trail of another herd off to the south-east of the mountain. Jarvis shrewdly suspected that our guide wanted to go home, having kept his promise, won the reward, and gotten a load of bear meat. However, the native was the guide, and we set out in a shower which continued more or less all day and into the night.

We camped in the rain. Next day it was obvious, and Sousi no longer concealed the fact, that he was making for home as fast as he could go, and duly brought us there on the third day of the trip.

And now to summarize this wicked one of evil ancestry and fame. He was kind, cheerful, and courteous throughout; he did exactly as he promised, did it on time, and

was well pleased with the pay we gave him. Speak as you find. If ever I revisit that country I shall be glad, indeed, to secure the service of good old Sousi, even if he is a Beaulieu.

VI.—MOSQUITOES

REFERENCE to my Smith Landing Journal for June 17 shows the following:

"The spring is now on in full flood, the grass is high, the trees are fully leaved,

them. At Smith Landing, June 27, mosquitoes began to be troublesome, quite as numerous as in the worst part of Jersey marshes. An estimate of those on the mosquito bar over my bed showed 900 to 1,000 trying to get at me; day and night, without change, the air was ringing with their hum.

This was early in the season. On July 9, on Nyarling River, they were much worse, and my entry was as follows:



Lobsticks or monument trees on the skyline. Athabaska River

flowers are blooming, birds are nesting, *and the mosquitoes are a terror to man and beast.*"

If I were to repeat all the entries in that last key, it would make a dreary and painful reading. I shall rather say the worst right now, and henceforth avoid the subject.

Every traveller in the country agrees that the mosquitoes are a frightful curse. Captain Back, in 1833 (*Journal*), said that the sand-flies and mosquitoes are the worst of the hardships to which the northern traveller is exposed.

Hutchins, over a hundred years ago, said that no one enters the Barren Grounds in the summer, because no man can stand the stinging insects.

I had read these various statements, but did not grasp the idea until I was among

"On the back of Billy's coat, as he sat paddling before me, I counted a round 400 mosquitoes boring away; about as many were on the garments of his head and neck, a much less number on his arms and legs. The air about was thick with them, at least as many more, fully 1,000 singing and stinging and filling the air with a droning hum. The rest of us were equally pestered.

"The major, fresh, ruddy, full-blooded, far over 200 lbs. in plumpness, is the best feeding-ground for mosquitoes I (or they, probably) ever saw; he must be a great improvement on the smoke-dried Indian. No matter where they land on him they strike it rich, and at all times a dozen or more bloated bloodsuckers may be seen hanging like red currants on his face and neck. He maintains that they do not bother



Buffalo dry wallows for relief from flies.

A page from Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

him, and scoffs at me for wearing a net. They certainly do not impair his health, good looks, or his perennial good humor, and I, for one, am thankful that his superior food quality gives us a corresponding measure of immunity."

At Salt River one could kill 100 with a stroke of the palm, and at times they obscured the color of the horses.

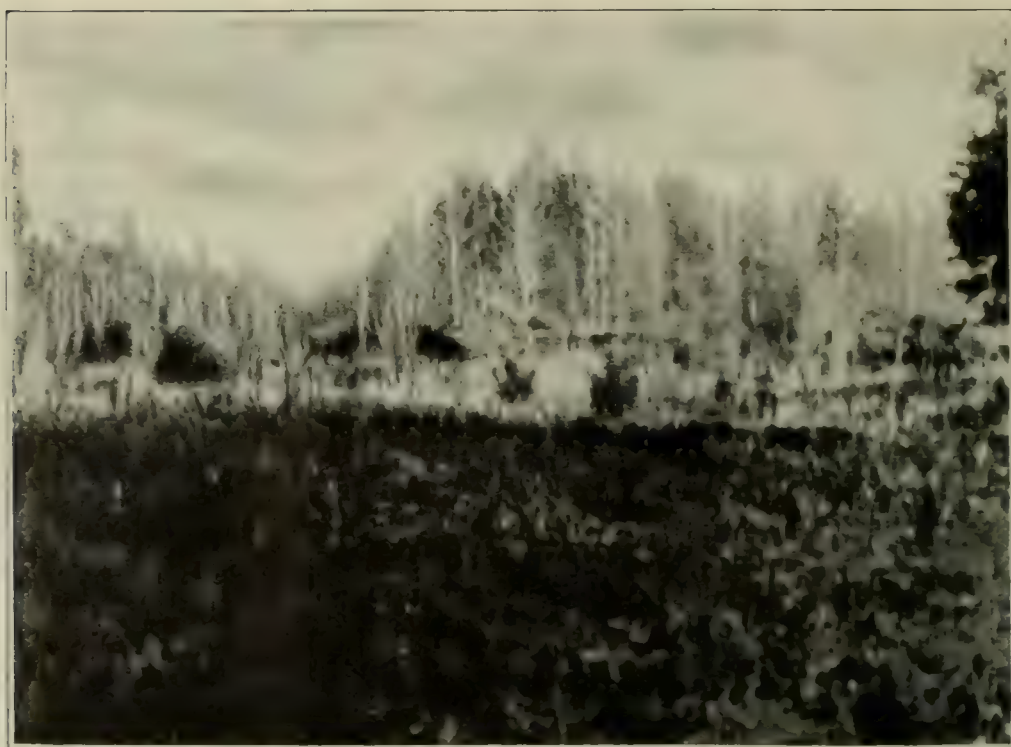
A little later they were much worse. On 6 square inches of my tent I counted 30 mos-

quitoes, and the whole surface was similarly supplied; that is, there were 24,000 on the tent; and apparently as many more flying about the door. Most of those that bite us are killed, but that makes not the slightest perceptible difference in their manners or numbers. They reminded me of the Klondike goldseekers. Thousands go; great numbers must die a miserable death, not more than 1 in 10,000 can get away with a load of the coveted stuff; and yet each



The buffalo herd.

A page from Mr. Seton's sketch-book



Shot number one made at seventy-five yards.

Unfortunately, this negative and shot number two were not sharp and required some retouching to bring out the buffalo.

Though poor as photographs they have the merit of being the first taken of a truly wild herd of buffalo.

believes that he is to be that one, and pushes on.

Dr. L. O. Howard tells us that the mosquito rarely goes far from its birth-place. That must refer to the miserable degenerates they have in Jersey, for these of the north offer endless evidence of power to travel, as well as to resist cold and wind.

On 21 July, 1907, we camped on a small island on Great Slave Lake. It was about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long, several miles from mainland, at least half a mile from any other island, apparently all rock, and yet it was swarming with mosquitoes. Here, as elsewhere, they were mad for our blood; those we knocked off and maimed would crawl up, with sprained wings and twisted legs, to sting as fiercely as ever, as long as the beak would work.

We thought the singing pests of the buffalo country as bad as possible, but they proved mild and scarce compared with those we yet had to meet on the Arctic Barrens of our ultimate goal.

Each day they got worse; soon it became clear that mere adjectives could not convey any idea of their terrors. Therefore I devised a mosquito gauge. I held up

a bare hand for 5 seconds by the watch; then counted the number of borers on the back; there were 5 to 10. Each day added to the number, and when we got out to the buffalo country there were 15 to 25 on the one side of the hand, and elsewhere in proportion. On the Nyarling in early July the number was increased, being now 20 to 40. On Great Slave Lake, later that month, there were 50 to 60. But when we reached the Barren Grounds, the land of open, breezy plains and cold-water lakes, the pests were so bad that the hand held up for 5 seconds often showed from 100 to 125 long-billed mosquitoes boring away into the flesh. It was possible to number them only by killing them and counting the corpses. What wonder that all men should avoid the open plains that are the kingdom of such a scourge!

Yet it must not be thought that the whole country is similarly and evenly filled. There can be no doubt that they flock and fly to the big moving creatures they see or smell. Maybe we had gathered the whole mosquito product of many acres. This is shown by the facts that if one rushes through thick bushes for



Shot number two. Herd disappearing in brush.

a distance, into a clear space, the mosquitoes seem absent at first. One must wait a minute or so to gather up another legion.

When landing from a boat on the Northern Lakes there are comparatively few, but even in a high wind, a walk to the nearest hill top results in one again moving in a cloud of tormentors. Does not this readiness to assemble at a bait suggest a possible means of destroying them?

Every one, even the seasoned native, agrees that they are a terror to man and beast. But thanks to our fly-proof tents we sleep immune. During the day I wear my net and gloves, uncomfortably hot, but a blessed relief from the torment. It is easy to get used to these

coverings; it is impossible to get used to the mosquitoes.

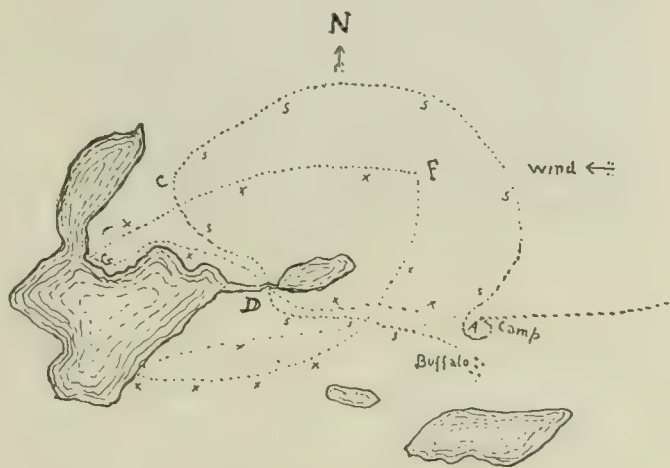
For July 10 I find this note:

"The mosquitoes are worse now than ever before; even Jarvis, Preble, and the Indians are wearing face-protectors of some kind; the major has borrowed Preble's closed net, much to the latter's discomfiture, as he himself would be glad to wear it."

This country has, for six months, the finest climate in the world, but two and a half of these are

ruined by the malignancy of the fly plague. Yet it is certain that knowledge will confer on man the power to wipe them out.

Now, to sum up: after considering the vastness of the regions affected, and the number of diseases these insects communi-



x x x x course taken by Mr. Seton when he became lost. At F he turned back to the lake. s s s shows Sousi's course when stalking the buffalo.

cate (in other countries), one is inclined to say that it might be a greater boon to mankind to extirpate the mosquito than to stamp out tuberculosis. The latter means death to a considerable proportion of our race, the former means hopeless suffering to all mankind; one takes off each year its toll of the weaklings, the other spares none, and in the far north, at least, has made a hell on earth of the land that for seven months of each year might be a human paradise.

VII.—THE SECOND BUFFALO HUNT

THOUGH so trifling, the success of our first buffalo hunt gave us quite a social lift. The chiefs were equally surprised with the whites, and when we prepared for a second expedition, Kiya sent word that though he could not act as guide, I should ride his own trained hunter, a horse that could run a trail like a hound and was without guile.

I am always suspicious of a horse (or man) without guile. I wondered what was the particular weakness of this exceptionally trained, noble, and guileless creature. I have only one prejudice in horse-flesh—I do not like a white one. So, of course, when the hunter arrived, he was white as marble, from mane to tail and hoofs; his very eyes were of a cheap china color, suggestive of cataractine blindness. The only relief was a morbid tinge of faded shrimp pink in his nostrils and ears. But he proved better than he looked. He certainly did run tracks by nose like a hound, provided I let him choose the trail. He was a

lively walker and easy trotter, and would stay where the bridle was dropped. So I came to the conclusion that Kiya was not playing a joke on me, but really had lent me his best hunter, whose sepulchral whiteness I could see would be of great advantage in snow time, when alone one is supposed to hunt.

Not only Kiya, but Pierre Squirrel, the head chief, seemed to harbor a more kindly spirit. He now suddenly acquired a smattering of English and a fair knowledge of French. He even agreed to lead us through his own hunting grounds to the big buffalo range, stipulating that we be back by July 1, as that was Treaty Day, when all the tribes assembled to receive their treaty money, and his presence as head chief was absolutely necessary.

We were advised to start from Fort Smith, as the trail thence was through a dryer country, so on the morning of June 24 at 6.50 we left the fort on our second buffalo hunt.

Major A. M. Jarvis, Mr. E. A. Preble, Corporal Selig, Chief Pierre Squirrel and myself, plus two pack-horses, prepared for a week's campaign.

Riding ahead in his yellow caftan and black burnoose was Pierre Squirrel on his spirited charger, looking most picturesque. But remembering that his yellow caftan was a mosquito net, his black burnoose a H. B. coat, and his charger an ornery Indian cayuse, robbed it of most of its poetry.

Next afternoon we had covered the low country and our road now lay over the high upland of the Salt Mountain, among its



Bear claw-marks on tree.



Camp on the Great Slave Lake.

dry and beautiful woods. The trip would have been glorious but for the awful things I am not allowed to mention outside of the preceding chapter.

Pierre proved a pleasant and intelligent companion; he did his best, but more than once shook his head and said, "Chevaux no good."

We covered fifteen miles before night, and all day we got glimpses of some animal on our track, three hundred yards behind in the woods. It might easily have been a wolf, but at night he sneaked into camp, a forlorn and starving Indian dog.

Next day, at noon, we reached the long-looked-for Little Buffalo River. Several times of late, Pierre had commented on the slowness of our horses and enlarged on the awful muskegs that covered the country west of the Little Buffalo. Now he spoke out frankly and said we had been two and a half days coming forty miles, when the road was good; we were now coming to very bad roads, and had to go as far again. These horses could not do it and get him back to Fort Smith for July 1, and back at any price he must be.

He was willing to take the whole outfit half a day farther westward, or, if we preferred it, he would go afoot or on horseback with the pick of the men and horses for a hasty dash forward, but to take the whole outfit on to the buffalo country and get back on time was not possible.

This was a bad shake. We held a council of war, and the things that were said of that Indian should have riled him if he understood. He preserved his calm demeanor; probably this was one of the convenient times when all his English forsook him. We were simply raging; to be half-way to our goal, with abundance of provisions, fine weather, good health, and everything promising well, and then to be balked because our guide wanted to get back!

I felt as savage as the others, but on calmer reflection pointed out that Pierre told us before starting that he must be back for Treaty Day, and even now was ready to do his best.

Then in a calm of the storm (which, by the way, he ignored) Pierre turned to me and said: "Why don't you go back and try the canoe route. You can go down the



The Nyarling Tessi or underground river.

Great River to Grand Detour; then portage eight miles on to the Buffalo, go down this to the Nyarling, then up the Nyarling into the heart of the Buffalo country; two and a half days will do it, and it will be easy, for there is plenty of water and no rapids," and he drew a convincing map.

There was nothing to be gained by going half a day farther.

To break up our party did not fit in at all with the plans, so after another brief, stormy debate, in which the guide took no part, we turned without crossing the Little Buffalo, and silently and savagely began the homeward journey.

VIII.—THE THIRD BUFFALO HUNT

THE Indians are simply large children. No matter how reasonable your proposition, they take a long time to consider it and are subject to all kinds of mental revulsions. So we were lucky to get away from Fort Smith on July 4, with young François Bezky as guide. He was a full-blooded Chipewyan Indian, so full that he had knowledge of no other tongue, and Billy had to be go-between.

Bezky came well recommended as a *good man and a moose-hunter*. A good man means a strong, steady worker, as canoe-man or portager. He may be morally the vilest outcast unhung; that in no way modifies the phrase that "he is a good

man." But more: the present was a moose-hunter; this is a wonderfully pregnant phrase. Moose-hunting by fair stalking is the pinnacle of woodcraft. The Crees alone as a tribe are supposed to be masters of the art. But many of the Chipewyans are highly successful. One must be a consummate trailer, a good shot, have tireless limbs and wind, and a complete knowledge of the animal's habits and ways of moving and thinking. One must watch the wood without ceasing, for no hunter has the slightest chance of success if once the moose should wind him. This last is a fundamental, a three-times sacred principle. Not long ago one of these Chipewyans went to confessional. Although a year had passed since last he got cleaned up, he could think of nothing to confess. Oh, spotless soul! However, under pressure of the priest, he at length remembered a black transgression. The fall before, while hunting, he went to the *windward* of a thicket that seemed likely to hold his moose, because on the lee, the proper side, the footing happened to be very bad, and so he lost his moose. Yes, there was indeed a dark shadow on his recent past.

A man may be a good hunter, *i. e.*, an all-round trapper and woodman, but not a moose-hunter. At Fort Smith are two or three score of hunters, and yet I am told there are *only three moose-hunters*. The phrase is not usually qualified; he *is*, or *is*

not, a moose-hunter. Just as a man is or is not an Oxford M.A. The force, then, of the phrase appears, and we were content to learn that young Bezky, besides knowing the buffalo country, was also a good man and a moose-hunter.

We set out on July 4 in two canoes, Bezky and Jarvis in the small one, Billy, Selig, Preble, and I in the large one, leaving the other police boys to make Fort Resolution in the Hudson Bay steamer.

The second day was spent in portaging overland, and on the next day we embarked on the Little Buffalo River, beginning what should have been and would have been a trip of memorable joys, but for the awful, awful, awful——. (See chapter VI.)

The Little Buffalo is the most beautiful river in the whole world, except, perhaps, its affluent, the Nyarling.

This statement sounds like mere impulsive utterance. Perhaps it is. But I am writing now, after thinking the matter over for two and a half years, during which time I have seen a thousand others, including the upper Thames, the Afton, the Seine, the Arno, the Tiber, the Iser, the Spree, and the Rhine.

A hundred miles long is this uncharted stream; fifty feet wide, eight feet deep, crystal-clear, calm, slow, and deep to the margin; a steamer could ply on its deep, placid, unobstructed flood, a child could navigate it anywhere. The heavenly beauty of the shores, with virgin forests of fresh green spruces towering a hundred feet on every side, or varied in open places, with long rows and thickset hedges of the gorgeous wild red Athabaska rose, made a stream that most canoemen, woodmen, and naturalists think without a fault or flaw, and with every river beauty in its highest possible degree. Not trees and flood alone had strenuous power to win our souls; at every point and bank, in every bend, were living creatures of the north, beaver, and bear, not often seen, but abundant; moose tracks showed from time to time, and birds were here in thousands. Rare winter birds, as we had long been taught to think them in our southern homes; here we found them in their native land, and heard not a few sweet melodies of which in far-away Ontario, Jersey, and Maryland we had been favored only with promising scraps when wintry clouds were

broken by the sun. Nor were the old familiar ones away—flicker, sapsucker, hairy woodpecker, kingfisher, least flycatcher, alder flycatcher, robin and crow and horned owl were here to mingle their noises with the stranger melodies and calls of Lincoln sparrow, fox sparrow, olive-sided flycatcher, snipe, rusty blackbird, and bohemian wax-wing.

I never saw horned owl as plentiful elsewhere. I did not know that there were so many bear and beaver left. I never was so much impressed by the splendid raucous clamor of the cranes, the continual spatter of ducks, the cries of gulls and yellowlegs. Hour after hour we paddled down that stately river, adding our three and a half miles to its one-mile speed; each turn brought to view some new and lovelier aspect of bird and forest life. I never knew a land of balmier air; I never felt the piney breeze more sweet; nowhere but in the higher mountains is there such a tonic sense abroad; the bright woods and river reaches were eloquent of a clime whose maladies are mostly foreign-born. But, alas! I had to view it all swaddled, body, hands, and head, like a bee-man handling his swarms. Songs were muffled, scenes were dimmed by the thick protecting, suffocating veil, without which men can scarcely live.

Ten billion dollars would be all too small reward, a trifle totally inadequate to compensate, mere nominal recognition of the man who shall invent and realize a scheme to save this earthly paradise from this its damning pest and malediction.

IX.—DOWN TO FUNDAMENTALS

AT 8.30 A.M., ten miles from the portage, we came to the Clew-ee or White Fish River; at 6.30 P.M., made the Sass Tessi or Bear River, and here camped, having covered fully forty miles.

Now, for the first time, we were all together, with time to question our guide and plan in detail. But all our mirth and hopes were rudely checked by Corporal Selig announcing that there were only two days' rations left.

In the dead calm that followed this bomb-shell we all did some thinking, then a rapid fire of questions demonstrated the danger of having a guide who does not speak our language.

It seems that when asked how many days' rations we should take on this buffalo hunt, he got the idea *how many days to the buffalo*. He said five, meaning five days each way, and as much time as we wished there. We were still two days from our goal. Now, what should we do? Skurry back to the fort or go ahead and trust to luck? Every man present voted, "Go ahead," on half rations.

We had good, healthy appetites; half rations was veritable hardship, but our hollow insides made hearty laughing. Preble disappeared as soon as we camped, and now, at the right time, he returned and silently threw at the cook's feet a big six-pound pike. It was just right, exactly as it happened in the most satisfactory books. It seems that he always carried a spoon hook and went at once to what he rightly judged the best place, a pool at the junction of the two rivers. The first time he threw he captured the big fellow. Later he captured three smaller ones in the same place, but evidently there were no more.

That night we had a glorious feast; every one had as much as he could eat, chiefly fish. Next morning we went four and a half miles farther, then came to the mouth of the Nyarling Tessi or Underground River that joins the Buffalo from the west. This was our stream; this was the highway to the buffalo country. It was a miniature of the river we were leaving, but a little quicker in current.

Lunch consisted of what remained of the pike, but that afternoon Bezky saw two little brown cranes on a meadow, and manoeuvring till they were in line, killed both with one shot of his rifle at over a hundred yards, the best shot I ever knew an Indian to make. Still, two cranes, totalling sixteen pounds gross, is not enough meat to last five men a week, so we turned to our moose-hunter.

"Yes, he could get a moose." He went on the small canoe with Billy; we were to follow, and if we passed his canoe, leave a note. Four miles farther up, the river forked; a note from the guide sent us up the South Fork; later we passed his canoe on the bank and knew he had landed and was surely on his way to market. What a comfortable feeling it was to remember that "Bezky was a moose-hunter." We left word and travelled till

seven, having come eleven miles up from the river mouth. Our supper that night was crane, a little piece of bread each, some soup, and some tea.

At ten the hunters came back empty-handed. Yes, they found a fresh moose track, but the creature was so pestered by clouds of — that he travelled continually as fast as he could, against the wind. They followed all day, but could not overtake him. They saw a beaver, but failed to get it. No other game was found.

Things were getting serious now, since all our food consisted of one crane, one tin of brawn, one pound of bread, two pounds of pork, with some tea, coffee, and sugar, not more than one square meal for the crowd, and we were five men far from supplies, unless our hunting proved successful, and going farther every day.

Next morning (July 9) each man had coffee, one lady's finger of bread, and a single small slice of bacon. Hitherto on this trip I had, from choice, not eaten bacon, although it was a regular staple served at each meal. But now, with proper human perversity, I developed an extraordinary appetite for bacon. It seemed quite the most delicious gift of God to man. Given bacon, and I was ready to forego all other foods. Nevertheless we had divided the last of it. I cut my slice in two, revelled in half, then secretly wrapped the other piece in paper and hid it in the watch pocket of my vest, thinking, "the time is in sight when the whole crowd will be thankful to have that scrap of bacon among them." (As a matter of fact they never got it, for five days later we found a starving dog, and he was so utterly miserable that he conjured that scrap from the pocket next my heart.)

We were face to face with something like starvation now; the game seemed to shun us, and our store victuals were done. Yet no one talked of giving up or going back—we set out to reach the buffalo country and reach it we will.

That morning we got seven little teal, so our lunch was sure, but straight teal without accompaniments is not very satisfying; we all went very hungry. And with one mind we all thought and talked about the good dinners or specially fine food we once had had. Selig's dream of bliss was a porterhouse steak with a glass of foaming



The four lines across map show respectively the north-west limit of trees and the limit for successful growth of potatoes, barley, and wheat.

beer, Jarvis thought champagne and roast turkey spelt heaven, just now I think of my home breakfasts and the Beaux Arts at New York, but Billy says he would be perfectly happy if he could have one whole bannock all to himself. Preble says nothing.

X.—WHITE MEN AND RED

THERE was plenty of hollow hilarity, but no word of turning back. But hold, yes, there was among us one visage that darkened more each day and finally the gloomy thoughts broke forth in words—from the lips of our Indian guide. His recent sullen silence was now changed to open and rebellious upbraiding. "He did not come here to starve," "he could do that at home," "he was induced to come by a promise of plenty of flour." All of which was perfectly true. "But" (he went on) "we were still one and a half days from the buffalo, and we were near the head of navigation; it was a case of tramp through the swamp with our beds and guns, living on the country as we went, and if we did not have luck, the coyotes and ravens would."

Before we had a chance to discuss this prospect, a deciding step was announced

by Jarvis. He was under positive orders to catch the steamer *Wrigley* at Fort Resolution on the evening of July 10. It was now midday of July 9, and only by leaving at once and travelling all night could we cover the intervening sixty miles.

So then and there we divided the remnant of food *evenly*, for "Bezkyia was a moose-hunter."

Then Major Jarvis and Corporal Selig boarded the smaller canoe. We shook hands warmly, and I, at least, had a lump in my throat, they were such good fellows in camp; and to part this way, when we especially felt bound to stick together, going each of us on a journey of privation and peril, seemed especially hard; and we were so hungry. But we were living our lives; they rounded the bend; we waved good-by, and I have never seen them since.

Now I was in sole command and called a council of war. Billy was stanch and ready to go anywhere at any cost. So was Preble. Bezkyia was sulky and rebellious. Physically, I had been at the point of a total breakdown when I left home, the outdoor life had been slowly restoring me, but the last few days had weakened me sadly, and I was not fit for a long expedi-

tion on foot. But of one thing I was sure, we must halt till we got food. A high wind was blowing and promised some respite to the moose from the little enemy that sings except when he stings, so I invited Bezkyä to gird up his loins and make another try for moose.

Nothing loath he set off with Billy. I marked them well as they went: one lithe, sinewy, active, animal-eyed; the other solid and sturdy, following doggedly, keeping up by sheer, blundering strength. I could not but admire them, each in his kind.

Two hours later I heard two shots, and toward evening they came back slowly, tired but happy, burdened with the meat, for Bezkyä *was* a moose-hunter.

Two miles farther we went up that river, and two days more we spent living on moose, moose, moose, with a straight monotony that was becoming loathsome, but nothing did we see of buffalo except a few tracks. Our time was up, and on July 11 we turned about to make for Fort Resolution.

We set out early to retrace the course of the Nyarling which, in spite of associated annoyances and disappointments, will ever shine forth in my memory as the "Beautiful River."

It is hard indeed for words to do it justice. The charm of a stream is always within three feet of the surface and ten feet of the bank. The broad Slave then by its size wins in majesty, but must lose most all its charm; the Buffalo, being fifty feet wide, has some waste water; but the Nyarling, half the size, had its birthright compounded and intensified in manifold degree. The water is clear, two or three feet deep at the edge of the grassy banks, seven to ten feet in mid-channel, without bars or obstructions, except two log-jams that might easily be removed. The current is about one mile and a half an hour, so that canoes can readily pass up or down; the scenery varies continually and is always beautiful. Everything that I have said of the Little Buffalo applies to the Nyarling with fourfold force, because of its more varied scenery and greater range of bird and other life. Sometimes, like the larger stream, it presents a long, straight vista of half a mile through a solemn aisle in the forest of mighty spruce trees that tower one hundred feet in height, all black with gloom, green with health, and gray with moss.

Sometimes its channel winds in and out of open, grassy meadows that are dotted with clumps of rounded trees, as in an English park. Now it narrows to a deep and sinuous bed through alders so rank and reaching that they meet overhead and form a shade of golden green; and again it widens out into reedy lakes, the summer home of countless ducks, geese, tattlers, terns, peetweets, gulls, rails, blackbirds, and half a hundred of the lesser tribes. Sometimes the foreground is rounded masses of kinnikinick in snowy flower, or again a far-strung growth of the needle bloom, richest and reddest of its tribe—the Athabaska rose. At times it is skirted by tall poplar woods where the claw-marks on the trunks are witness of the many black bears, or some tamarack swamp showing signs and proofs that hereabouts a family of moose had fed to-day, or by a broad and broken trail that told of a buffalo band passed weeks ago. And while we gazed at scribbled records, blots, and marks, the catlike visage of the lynx was seen peering from the bank, or the loud "slap plong" of a beaver showed from time to time that the thrifty ones had dived at our approach.

We pressed on all day, stopping only for our usual supper of moose and tea, and about seven the boys were ready to go on again. They paddled till dark at ten. Camped in the rain, but every one was well pleased, for we had made forty miles that day and were that much nearer to flour.

This journey had brought us down the Nyarling, and fifteen miles down the Buffalo.

It rained all night; next morning the sun came out once or twice, but gave it up, and clouds with rain-sprinklings kept on. We had struck a long spell of wet; it was very trying, and fatal to photographic work.

After a delicious, appetizing, and inspiring breakfast of straight moose, without even salt, and raw tea, we pushed on in the line of least resistance, *i. e.*, toward flour.

At 10.30 we landed at Fort Resolution and pitched our tent among thirty tepees with two hundred huge dogs that barked, scratched, howled, yelled, and fought around, in, and over the tent ropes all night long. Oh how different from the tranquil woods of the Nyarling!

THE BIGOT

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT



WE had fallen to talking of religion, my friend Mr. Abner Hood and I, as to which my friend had rather advanced views—holding that religion was progressive as well as civilization. He had relapsed into a reverie, from which he suddenly emerged with a gesture of decision:

“I had an experience once which I think had a decided influence on my views. I got a glimpse of the stern reality of Puritanism, whose shadow I had always felt, even in the West, where men are free.”

He was satisfied with my interest, and proceeded:

My people came from W. (he mentioned a small town in New England) which had been a centre of the theocratic oligarchy which spread its steely tenets over New England and ruled it with a rod of iron. My grandfather moved first to Philadelphia and then on to the Ohio River, to what was then known as the Far West, but is really only on the inner fringe of the Eastern seaboard. When he died my father had enough to do to bring up a growing family, all girls but myself, and we never heard much of my relatives back in the East. In fact, in those times I think the West rather prided itself on being independent of the East. A man who talked about his ancestry was put down as a poor specimen. It was only after the war, when the tide of foreign immigration swept in, that we began to talk of our connection back in the East, and boasted of being the old original Americans.

My father was killed in the war, in which I had also taken part, having run off from home to join the army, and when I reached home I was the only man of my name whom I knew, and I began to feel rather lonely. I accordingly decided one autumn to avail myself of the chance offered by a business trip to New York, to run on and take a look at the old home of the family in W. and see if any members of the clan still survived. I conjectured that they had

all long since disappeared. The only one I had ever heard anything of was an old great-uncle, about whom some mystery appeared to hang; but as he was my grandfather's eldest brother I imagined that he must have died long ago. My grandmother rarely spoke of him, and then with a lowered voice, in a tone of severe moral reprobation, as “an unbeliever.” It was clear that he was, when living, the black sheep of the flock, and the fact that we had not been beneficiaries in his will had not contributed to lighten his color. He had not cared for his own family, and was worse than an infidel.

I arrived at W. one crystal October afternoon, just the sort of an afternoon I had pictured as New England fall weather, with the Tyrian dyes of autumn flung all over forest and pasture, and the leaves on the ground like dappled sunlight. And, finding my somewhat breezy Western way received with stolid coldness and staring surprise, by those I first accosted, I soon laid it aside for occidental use, and drew myself into a shell which I suddenly discovered somewhere handy about me for my encasement. As I descended from the jerky train at the tidy little station on the outskirts of the rambling village among the hills, I found myself eyed by the two or three persons about the platform with an expression which was certainly not sympathetic, and, if it contained any hint of interest, it was close akin to mere speculation.

I inquired of the first person I came to—a thin, dust-colored man, with a slightly grizzled mustache, who appeared busy about small things—where I could find the hotel. His only reply was a call:

“Sam, here's a man wants to go to Simpson's.”

A voice sounded from somewhere: “A-all ri-ight,” and an ancient vehicle, which I later learned was known as the “Old Ship of Sion,” because “she had carried many thousands,” and “would carry many more,” hove slowly in sight from behind the station,

piloted by a stout individual with a dyed mustache of some weeks' standing. I got in with my bag, which suddenly appeared to me of extraordinary weight, and we drove slowly off in the direction of the cluster of houses I had seen among the big trees in the distance, with a solid-looking brown church shouldered out from among them.

We passed a number of newish houses, white or yellow or brown, hugging the roadside, and reaching out with modern enterprise toward the railway station; but soon passed beyond them into a broad, curving avenue bordered by great elms, interspersed with ash, sugar-maples, or oaks, golden or scarlet from the autumn nights. And behind these were houses of a wholly different type, some built on the street line, some set back in yards; but all with harmonious proportions, ornamental doorways and cornices and dormer windows, bearing a sort of resemblance, as of members of a family grown old together, and still preserving their air of distinction. Some had wings, with porticoes; some had none; but all had certain features distinctly alike. A few children were seriously playing about in the walkway, but most of those I saw were raking up the leaves. We passed the church, which stood in an open space by itself. It was the only building without trees about it, and its bareness appeared to give it a certain air of being set apart; but this may have been due to its square and block-like proportions and its thick, heavy spire, with a great white clock-face in its front, on which in huge black characters was painted the stern warning: "Memento Mori."

I had soon got to talking with my driver, who, while a dry and brief-spoken person, appeared to be something of a philosopher, and possibly, even, of a humorist. My first inquiry as to the hotel received a prompt response.

"Pete's? Oh! I guess he'll take you in. He's taken in a good night before."

As this was enigmatical, I inquired about the fare.

"Oh! it's purty fair. They ain't been no manna rained down—not lately—and I ain't heard of no quails bein' blown this way exactly—not this season; but if you've got good teeth I guess you can sustain life."

About this time he apparently decided to ask me a few questions.

"Travellin' man?"

"Well, no—not exactly."

After a pause:

"Lookin' for horses?"

"No, not exactly."

"Lookin' for land?"

"No, not exactly."

A longer pause. Then:

"Well, exactly what air you a-lookin' fur?"

I thought this a propitious time to elicit some information, so I said:

"Well, exactly, I came to see somebody by the name of Hood, or, failing him, somebody who might be related to the old family of that name who used to live here. Is there anybody of the name living here now?"

"Yep, guess there is, unless old Ab's passed away as he's lived, without askin' anybody's advice or leave."

"Old Ab—who's he?"

"Just old Ab—so—old Abner Hood 't lives in the old house on the hill, like an owl in his tree, and don't see nobody from year's end to year's end."

"Why, how does he live? How old is he?" I asked in one breath. He answered the latter question first.

"If he's as old as they say he looks, he must be nigh on a hundred. I guess from what I've heard that he's in and about ninety year."

"Didn't you ever see him?"

"Yep—when I was a lad I see him often when we boys used to go up the hill for chestnuts and peeked at him of a evenin.' I guess it's twenty year since I las' seen him."

I was now much interested. He might be my great-uncle.

"What was he doing? Is he an invalid?"

"Just perambulatn' up and down. No, I don't know as he is. He's got a man there as looks after him, named Simon Morse, and I see him last year once or twice."

"Is he mad?—the old man, I mean."

"Not as I knows on—least, no madder than he's been this sixty year, since he first shut himself up and said 'Farewell, vain worl'."

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"We-a-ll—they say he had a blight—I don't know, but he certainly had somethin' "

"A blight?"

"Was disapp'inted in his affections. Well, he's disapp'inted a good many since."

"How?"

"By holdin' on. There's some several been waitin' for him to git out; but he'll see 'em through yet, if his old house don't fall down on him one o' these here windy nights. And they'll never git a cent, anyways."

"Who are 'they'? What are their names, and what relation are they to him?" I asked.

"The Kinsies and the Wynneses. I don't rightly know how nigh they be—some—the older he gits, the nigher they gits. But they needn't," he chuckled; "he'll never have nothin' to do with 'em in this worl', nor the next, if he can help it."

"Well, tell me, what sort of house does he live in?" I had determined to seek him out, if possible.

"Oh! It was once a fine house—the biggest abaout here—they called it The Hall onct—but it's purty well tumbled down now. You have to look for it to find it among the trees, and but for it's bein' so high up the hill you couldn' find it at all. They say the bushes grow up through the porch. You see, he's somethin' of what you might call a re-cluse."

It did look so.

I determined not to seek out the other relatives who were more distant, of whom my friend had told me; but to slip up unobserved if I could, and go boldly and try to see my old uncle. So, having succeeded in getting away, so far as I could tell, without anybody's suspecting my destination, I made my way in the direction my friend had indicated, and soon recognized the house he had described, on the middle slope of a long wooded hill which commanded the village. It was at sight the retreat of a recluse. The road which had once led up to it from "the street," as the high-road was called, had been walled up and planted in shrubbery, now grown to trees. The entrance to "the grounds," where there had once been stone pillars and an iron gate of some pretension, was now situated in a tangled wild, the pillars dilapidated, and the gate buried a foot in the soil. Within, the grounds had become a wilderness, where the trees grew thick, and the tangled shrubbery filled the intervening spaces in an impenetrable jungle.

I had expected, after my guide's account, to find some obstructions in my way, but nothing comparable to this inextricable tangle. But, after reconnoitring sedulous-

ly the surroundings of the front of the grounds, I skirted the place and, making my way up on the side through the wood, "fetched a compass," and, climbing a rotten wall, struck into the bosom of the wilderness as boldly as my beating heart would allow. It happened that my easiest line of approach led me through trees and shrubbery to a point at the back of the house, which faced somewhat to the west. As I emerged I found a tumble-down stable and barns once extensive, and a stretch of open ground at the back, flooded by the light of the declining sun, a sort of lawn between the thickets which screened it on the sides, and beyond it a pathway and a sort of track up into the wood above.

But what arrested my attention more than all the rest was the figure of an old man, tall and spare, with long white hair on his shoulders, walking slowly up and down on the grass plot, an old hat slanted over his eyes, his hands behind his back. He was clad in a long frock-coat with a high collar, and a stock about his throat gave him the appearance of a past age, such as I had seen in pictures, but never in life.

But, taking courage of my fears, I at length stepped forward and advanced across the open space, toward a point where I might intercept him at his next turn. He turned as I expected, and, looking up, caught sight of me. He stopped short. His figure straightened, and he wheeled abruptly, and, with a step of such unexpected firmness that it appeared like a stride, he gained the small porch which led to the back door of the mansion. I thought he had escaped me; but I kept on steadily, and, with his hand on the knob, he suddenly turned, and apparently reconsidering his intention, took a step forward and awaited my approach, his whole countenance and figure expressive of resentment. Determined, if possible, to conciliate him, I lifted my hat and accosted him respectfully:

"Good-evening, sir."

"How do you do? What do you want?" he demanded, sternly.

"I have called to pay my respects to you sir, as the head of our house." I spoke very deferentially, observing him closely—as he also was observing me.

"Who may you be, and where do you, come from?" he demanded, but little placated.

"I come from the West, from the State of —, and my name is Abner Hood."

"Abner Hood! How did you come by that name, and by what right do you invade my retirement?"

"I come by it honestly," I said, smiling a little, "and I have taken the liberty of intruding on you because I wanted to know you."

"Why should you wish to know me?" His eye was suspicious and his tone was cold.

"Because I have your brother's blood in my veins—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"Cain had the blood of Abel's parents in his veins, the theologians say, but I am not aware that that proved affection. David and Joab had common blood in their veins, but the former's last message to his son was to slay him, and he slew him at the altar. It has not been my experience that common blood proves affection, and I have had longer experience of life than you, young man."

I thought that his talking so much was a propitious sign, and his manner had relaxed a little, though his words were still hostile, so I said:

"I assure you, sir, that I am neither Cain nor Abel—only Abner—who, if I recollect aright, had more cause to complain of Joab than Joab of him."

The old fellow gave a grunt.

"I see that you still know something of the Bible." But his manner softened. And I continued:

"I assure you that I want nothing from you, but to know you and pay my respects to you as one of your younger kinsmen—possibly your nearest."

"I have no near kinsmen," he interrupted, shortly. "Those I had I found a little less than kin and a good deal less than kind."

"I know nothing of that. I have never done you any wrong, except to intrude today, as you say, on your privacy, and I ask your pardon for that, in consideration of my real desire to meet you and be friends with the only male relative I have in the world."

Again he gave me one of those shrewd glances, after which he appeared to be considering. And I stood waiting, conjecturing what his reply would be to my appeal.

"Whose son did you say you were?" he asked at length. I told him my father's

name, and his father's father's: "Jedediah Hood."

"Jed's grandson, eh!" he muttered, and looked me over from under his bushy eyebrows. "Why didn't they name you after him? Didn't like the name, I guess; means 'Beloved of the Lord.'"

"No, sir, I don't think that was the reason. They preferred yours."

"Eh?"

I almost thought I had lost my chance, he remained so long in reflection. He, however, decided in my favor.

"Wait a moment." He opened the door and went into the house, closing and locking the door behind him, with a loud grating of the key in the huge old lock. Again I felt that my visit had been in vain. A moment later, however, I heard his voice calling some one, and in a little while the key turned in the lock again, the door opened, and I was invited in.

The entrance was a narrow back-hall, which was closed at the far end by a door which I later found admitted one into a somewhat spacious front hall, from which a pretty stairway led up to the floor above. We did not, however, now pass the further door, but turned off from the first hall by a little passage, past what was evidently the kitchen, and with another turn entered a sitting and living room in the back of one of the wings. The furniture in it was meagre, and was old and worn; but it had once been handsome. The large arm-chair, beside the table near one of the windows, was, like the table, of carved mahogany now black with age, and it had once been covered with red velvet, though only portions of the upholstery now remained, and the seat was now filled with old papers flattened on the broken, crooked springs. A few time-faded prints hung on the walls, among them portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Samuel Adams, and James Otis; also an old-fashioned allegorical tree of many roots and branches, representing the Tree of Knowledge, with a serpent curled about its stem, and the Virtues and Vices—the latter in somewhat undue proportion—springing therefrom. There were many books, generally old, in a bookcase with a glass front, and lying about on chairs, or piled on the boxes in the corners. On the table lay a large old Bible worn to tatters. An old flint-lock musket, with a powder-horn tied to it,

hung on the wall, and a rapier or dress-sword and a sabre were crossed below them. I was offered the arm-chair, but, of course, took another one—the only other in the room.

As soon as we entered the house he became the host, and treated me with a graciousness wholly different from his former manner, into which he only relapsed occasionally when reference was made to his past.

After his apology for bringing me into such an untidy apartment, which he explained by saying, "Old age has few wants, and warmth and quietude are chief among them," he began to ask me a few questions as to my family; but he was rarely interested enough in my replies to make any comment on them. Once he said:

"Did your father ever tell you why he went West?"

I knew he meant my grandfather, of course; but I replied:

"No, sir."

He gave a short grunt. "We quarrelled."

"I am sorry for that, sir. I never heard it."

"No, we Hoods were always close-mouthed."

After wondering what the cause of the quarrel was, and giving him a chance to cast light on it, I ventured to ask him what it was about.

"About Religion. Bigotry, cupidity, and brutality are the three chief causes of dissension. All have their sources in selfishness."

"Well, there isn't religion enough to quarrel about now," I said. It was the first thing I had said which appeared to please him.

"Quite true," he observed. "As far as I can judge—for I never go out—you are quite right. It is perishing out of the earth—slain in the revolt against superstition and bigotry."

"What Church do you belong to?" he suddenly demanded. I told him that I had never united myself with any Church, because I did not think myself good enough to do so; but had always looked forward to joining my mother's church, which was the old Established Church.

"Well, I should think you were quite good enough to join that Church now," he

said, with a faint gleam of humor in his deep eyes. "You cannot be a very wise man."

"How is that?"

"Why, as you are, you are among those judged—but if you joined the Church, you would be among the judges."

Wishing to get off of the subject of religion, which appeared to engross his thoughts, and to learn something of his history, I grew bolder.

"Why did you never marry?" I asked him, suddenly. A change came over his face, and his whole person, I might say. A flash came into his eye, and his form stiffened. I felt that I had made a mistake, and was about to try to rectify it, when he said:

"Did they never tell you?"

"No, sir, not a word."

"Well, I will, if you have the patience to listen.—Because I was fool enough to be honest—and others could not bear the truth."

I assured him that I was deeply interested, and he told me his curious story.

"I was your father's elder brother" (he always spoke of my grandfather as my father), "and as such I came into possession of this estate on my father's death, your father receiving his portion in money and other property, which I dare say he soon squandered in riotous living, for he was always inclined to be wild and light, while I, on the other hand, was sober, frugal, reflective, and earnest. As the property was an ample one—more than ample—I determined to secure a helpmate; but I had a high ideal. I was ambitious to preserve an ancient and honorable name, and I was very proud—proud of my position, proud of my intellect, proud of my knowledge. My opening mind had discovered that this little corner of the world was a very small and narrow corner, and that men had been shackled by others in a slavery worse than African slavery—the slavery of the mind—but, having been born in this slavery, I had not initiative to break my bonds and declare my freedom. I was the slave of John Calvin and his offspring, and, while I could not at heart subscribe to his frightful tenets, I lived bound to the stake he had planted, and tortured with the perpetual fires he had kindled, and which the iron-divines of predestinatory doctrine had blown through each succeeding generation. What your father and others

like him took lightly, I shrivelled before, and at one time I even thought of adopting the ministry as a means of salvation, not for others, but for my miserable self.

"I was saved from this by meeting and becoming enamored of a young woman, the daughter of one of our leading elders, himself a stern and unbending believer, who would sooner have been damned himself than not have believed that others would be damned. She had been absent at an academy while I was at college, and about the time of my return home to assume my duties as my father's successor, I met her, for the first time in years. I had known her in her pretty childhood as a wild young hoiden with gazelle-like eyes. But she had fallen under the spell. She had ripened into all that her childhood had promised—and more—only she had become demure and serious-minded beyond anything that could have been believed. Her sobriety, however, simply added to her charms, in my then state of mind, and I fell desperately in love with her, and had the happiness to have my passion returned. Gifted with intellect far beyond the majority of her sex, she inspired me to study and opened up to me new vistas of thought. We read much together, and, as Theology was the chief subject in those days, we studied it together, but, while the more we read the stronger grew her belief, the stronger grew my doubts—doubts which I hesitated to tell her of, for fear of imparting them to her and causing her some of the unhappiness I was experiencing.

"Wishing to see something of the outside world before settling down, and also desiring to add to the furnishing of my home in a manner suitable to my means, and thus testifying my devotion to her, for she was poor, I determined to visit New York. In those days we travelled much of the way in stage-coaches, and I spent a number of days in company with a fellow passenger who made a deep impression on me. He was a divine so different from any one that I had ever hitherto been thrown with, that he at once gained both my confidence and my affection. He was a youngish man, with a gentle, refined face and burning eyes such as I never saw equalled. I was first attracted to him by his tenderness to a bereaved mother who happened to be a fellow passenger with us in the earlier part of the journey, and who was in her first par-

oxysm of desolation over the death of her only child. His sympathy drew from her not only an account of her bereavement, but the secret of her inconsolable anguish. A preacher to whom she had applied for consolation had told her that there were infants in hell a span long, predestined to damnation, and in her agony she had conceived the idea that her child might be among them. Her reason had almost been unsettled.

"‘Madam,’ said our clergyman, ‘the man who told you that was not only a brute and an idiot, but was a blasphemous brute and idiot. That man was not teaching from the gospel of Jesus Christ—who likened the kingdom of heaven to a little child—but from his own hardened heart.’ And then he began to expound to her—I ask his pardon in heaven, where he now is—I mean he began to talk to her of the love of God, of his tenderness and loving care, in a way which not only soothed her and brought her peace, but calmed the storm which had so long been raging in my breast.

"I sought the first opportunity to open my heart to him, and he at once began to remove my doubts—preaching, and proving from the Bible, a gospel so widely different from the decrees of wrath that I had been accustomed to hear pronounced from the pulpit, that, for the first time in my life, I began to get an idea of God's goodness and fatherhood, and that night I prayed in humility and love, and not in rage and fear.

"He dealt with my questionings as to Adam's fall, predestined damnation, certain miracles, and literal inspiration in so conclusive a manner that I wondered I had not thought of it before, only my mind had been blinded by the false prophets of wrath. He repudiated literal inspiration as unreasonable; but accepted plenary inspiration as consonant with reason. Christ's work, he declared, was not in the least dependent on miracles, nor was it taught in the Bible that salvation depended on belief in miracles. Yet His greatest miracle was not raising Lazarus from the dead, but raising a dead world from corruption and sin. Salvation was a matter of the heart, not of the head. Christ's death and passion were not needed to reconcile God to man, but to bring men to God. God was Love, and his justice was not what hard

men had distorted it into; but was tempered by the infinite pity of an infinitely wise and compassionate Father, who pitied his children, knew their infirmities, and remembered that they were but dust.

II

"I RETURNED home sooner than I had intended, so relieved was I by the teaching of my new evangel that I was eager to im-

reverence as that. Every one, of course, attended, and Miss —, my betrothed, was the cynosure of all eyes as we entered together; for I had arrived only in time to call for her and have a blissful ten minutes before leaving for church, in which I placed on her hand the jewel I had got in New York to celebrate our engagement. She informed me that it had been decided to appoint me an elder in place of an old man who had just died and that I had received



The entrance to "the grounds" was now situated in a tangled wild . . . the gate buried a foot in the soil.—Page 535.

part it to my betrothed. I only remained long enough to forward the new furniture for our home, which I had purchased in New York with the joy of one who feels that he is rendering homage to the most beautiful and perfect of God's creatures.

"The evening I arrived was prayer-meeting evening, and I never attended a divine service with such a feeling of joy and

every vote but one, that of a man named Wynne,—who was a distant relative of some kind—and whose son had been an unsuccessful suitor of Hilda Morrison's. The devotional part of the services I participated in with more fervor than I had ever done before; for my heart was filled with thankfulness, and I could listen without a tremor to the man-imagined wrath of a man-im-

agined Deity. I only awaited an opportunity to explain to my betrothed the happy change in my condition.

"I had not long to wait. It was the custom among us then for different men to be called on to speak in the meeting, and, by a sort of common consent, it appeared, it had been determined to call on me and ask me to give a sort of account of my trip and its necessarily novel experiences. Accordingly, when the regular devotional exercises were concluded, the pastor called attention to the fact that I had just returned from distant parts, and that it was greatly desired by my friends and fellow citizens that I should give them some account of my experiences during my travels, and particularly any new spiritual experiences I might have had.

"Encouraged by a smile from her, I rose and gave them a general outline of my trip, with an episode or two which they appeared to consider sufficiently diverting, and then I started to take my seat; but I was again interrogated as to whether I had heard any of the great preachers, and, if so, as to my opinion of them. I replied that, while I had heard a number of them, the man who had made most impression on me was a fellow traveller, and I proceeded to relate my experience with my friend and the effect of his teaching on my views.

"Borne on by my feeling, I made a complete confession of my questionings and of the slough of despond into which I had sunk, and of my providential escape therefrom, with the joy and peace that I had since been conscious of. I spoke well, I know, for I spoke from my heart.

"If you can imagine a snowfall in the midst of summer warmth, you will get a faint idea of the reception of my words. First a dead silence fell on them, and then a murmur of such disapprobation and hostility as might have greeted me had I preached a universal and horrifying damnation instead of the unspeakable mercies of a compassionate and all-wise Father. I sat down and looked around, to encounter only an appalled and appalling horror. I looked at my betrothed. She was as pale as though I had confessed to some terrible crime, and sat with trembling eyelids and white lips, overwhelmed with consternation. The congregation rose in icy silence. The elders, by a tacit consent, drew togeth-

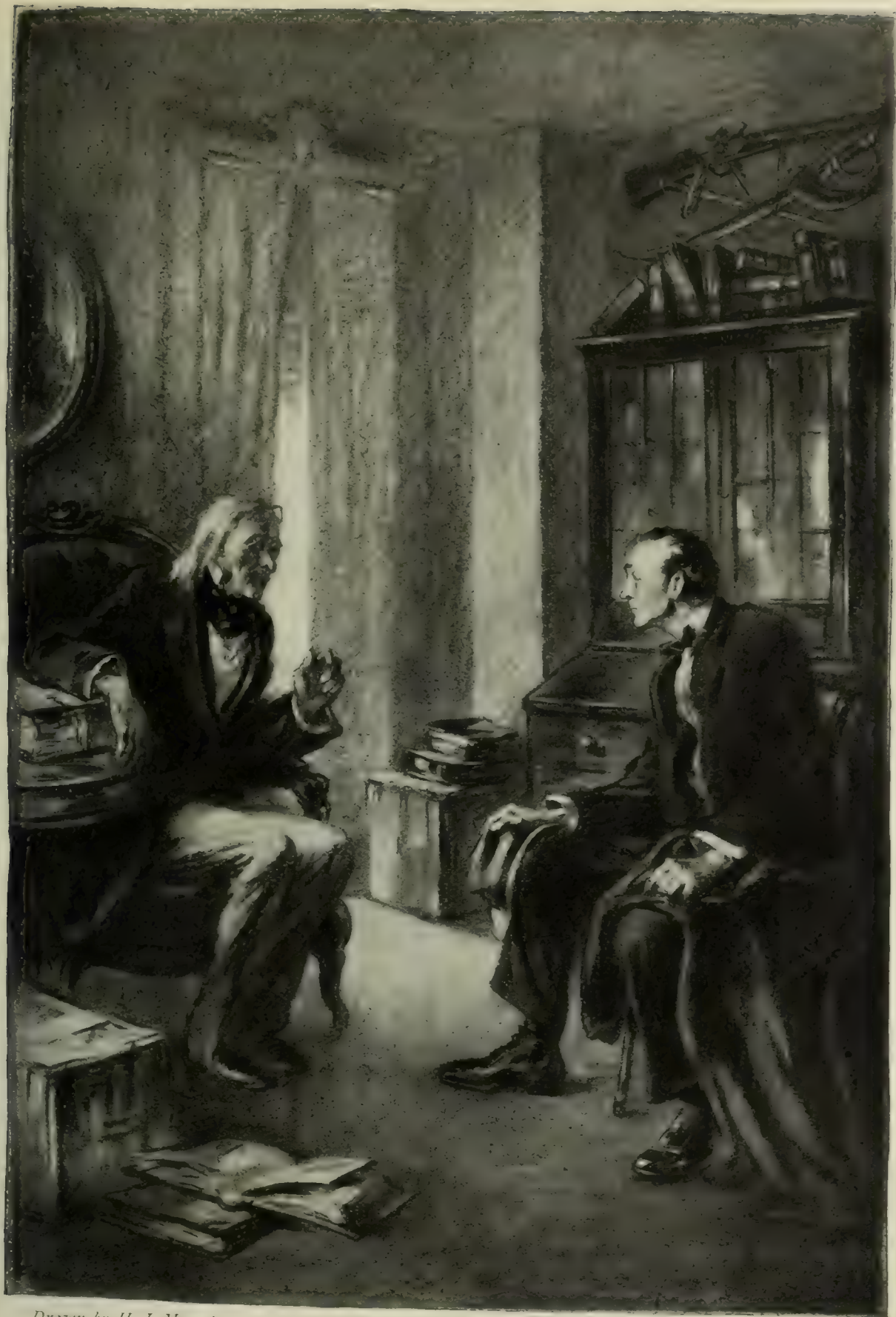
er and, after a word or two, they gathered about the preacher and moved toward his room back of the pulpit, one of them turning at the door and saying solemnly that I was desired to wait a few moments in the church. I had not known till then how grave was my situation, but I felt relieved that I had unburdened my soul. I had spoken the truth, and I was ready to abide the consequences, however serious they might be. A few of the congregation also remained, grim and silent.

"In a few moments the door of the room where the elders were in session opened, and one of my judges desired my attendance. I walked in and knew instantly that my sentence had been passed, and that nothing I could say would avail.

"*'Mr. Hood,'* said the preacher *'it is not necessary, after your voluntary and appalling confession this evening, for us to state the grounds of our action. It is sufficient to say that you can no longer remain connected with this Church, which is a Church of God. Your removal, immediate and final, has been unanimously decided on by us.'* He was here interrupted by one of the elders, a stony-faced individual by the name of Wynne, with two steely eyes drilled above his hatchet nose. He objected to the word *'removal'* as being too mild. The word he had written in the resolution was, he declared, *'expulsion.'* This was agreed on, and, with a bow, I walked out.

"In my new-found happiness I was not even then wholly overthrown. I was able to thank God that I felt no rancor toward them. I simply pitied them for their blindness, and I looked forward to the happiness of my home, chastened by a sense of my own unworthiness, but sustained by the sympathy and confidence of my wife. While cast down, therefore, I was far from destroyed.

"When I walked out, my betrothed was sitting as I had left her, and when I approached her she rose and joined me without a word, and we left the church together. At the threshold I offered her my arm, and she laid her hand lightly on it, but the touch, light as it was, thrilled me. The night was dark, but I did not take note of it till later. Her presence was light enough for me. For a time she was silent, as I was; but presently she asked me quietly what had occurred when I was called before the elders. I told



Drawn by H. J. Moraw.

I assured him that I was deeply interested, and he told me his curious story.—Page 537.

her that I had been turned out of the Church. She gave a little exclamation of horror, but, beyond her 'Oh!' she made no comment, and we walked on in silence. After a few moments she withdrew her hand from my arm and walked a little further apart from me. I observed it with a certain pang, but, as she was engaged in removing her glove, I made no remark upon it. We had by this time reached her father's door, and she stopped, as I thought, to express her pent-up sympathy, but instead, she held her hand out to me.

"I want to restore this to you," she said, in a calm tone.

"What is it?" I held out my hand, and she placed in it our engagement ring, the jewel I had placed on her finger but a few hours before, with a renewal of our vows of life-long confidence and devotion.

"If you have been turned out of the Church, I cannot marry you."

"I was so overwhelmed that all I could say was, 'Do you mean it, Hilda?'"

"I do, Abner," she said.

"Have you reflected on it, Hilda?"

"I have, Abner."

"Is this irrevocable, Hilda?"

"It is, Abner."

"Then good-by, Hilda," I said.

"Good-by, Abner," she replied. And I turned and came away. It was only when I stumbled at the gate that I remarked how dark the night was. As I climbed the hill, the clock tolled the midnight hour. I have never heard it since without feeling my heart crushed anew beneath its iron hammer. Since that hour I have lived in exile—the exile of the heart.

"Now you know why I never married," he said, grimly, after a silence in which he had been reflecting on his strange past, while I watched him with a new tenderness for the lonely old man who had fallen a victim to a cruel bigotry burnt into his blood.

"For a time I thought that possibly she might relent; but I did not know the unfathomable depth of bigotry—and when no sign came, I shut myself up and gradually withdrew from all association with men."

"But did you never see her again?" I asked.

"Certainly not."

"What became of her, sir?" He paused a moment before he replied. Then he said grimly:

"I never inquired."

"How have you lived?"

"Oh! very well—sufficiently well. I had an old man to look after me, and when he died his son took his place, and I suppose when he goes I shan't need another. Years ago certain persons claiming to be my kin undertook to try to regulate my affairs; but I soon shut them off. Your father was one of them. I imagine he meant well; but I wished to forget mankind as they had forgotten me. Since then I have never gazed voluntarily on a woman's face. I have not seen a man until you came to-day in I do not know how many years, perhaps twenty, and I do not know why I permitted you to come in, unless it be that I am getting in my dotage. Possibly, your name or something about you reminded me of a time that I had thought almost obliterated from my memory."

"But," I said, coming back to the main cause of his embitterment, as I thought, "you know the world has moved. Many now go much beyond what you declared as your conviction."

"No doubt. I have seen as much intimated," he said dryly. "In the reaction they have come to believe nothing. But I believe." He laid his hand on an old tattered book on his table. "I cannot but believe. It alone has sustained me."

"What did my grand—" (I hesitated) "father do? Did he take sides against you?"

"No. He wished me to yield my principles—to make overtures to—however, it is so long ago now, it is of no use to open that long-sealed past. He took life more lightly. He did not know how deep was my wound."

"Where did you say you lived?" he asked, suddenly. I told him.

"Write it down." I did so, signing my name "Abner Hood, Jr."

"If you come this way again next year, you may come and see me." He rose.

Seeing that my visit had been ended by him, I thanked him and took my leave, and, as I shook hands with him at his door, I felt again that sudden tenderness for the old man that I had felt once or twice before during the interview.



Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

Half a dozen or more elderly men and women, very busy examining the papers and rubbish taken from the desk. — Page 544.

"Good-by, uncle," I said, as I held his withered and wrinkled old hand, with its high veins and thick brown freckles, and laid my other hand on it. "If you ever want me or want anything done that I can do for you, telegraph me and I'll come immediately."

"Good-by. I hardly think I shall want anything. I have passed wanting."

As I forced my way back through the tangled thickets, I made my plan to leave at once, so as to escape the questioning of my driver or the host at Simpson's. And so I did. I kept my room under plea of fatigue, and then, having paid my bill, took my bag and walked down to meet the night train. It was late, owing to an accident, and, as I waited, I heard the village clock toll sullenly the same hour to which my lonely old kinsman had listened so often.

Some months later, in the spring, I received a despatch signed "Simon Morse," announcing the death of the old man. Without waiting to procure a black suit, I took the first train for the East, and went to W. There I learned that the old hermit had passed away three days before, and was to be buried that afternoon, apparently with much pomp. The town was full of excitement over the event. The difficulty of access to the place, the mystery connected with his life, and other circumstances combined, had started a hundred different stories as to the old man's rigorous seclusion, varying all the way from madness over a broken-off love-affair to the commission of some heinous crime. It was said generally that he had died without a will, and that his nearest heirs were the not very near cousins in the village, with whom he had always been on bad terms.

I made my way up the hill by a winding track which the supposed nearest of kin had had made for the occasion through the thickets which had so long filled the grounds. As I passed the church in its bare lot, I observed that many flowers and plants were being carried in from a fine florist's wagon with the name of a neighboring town on it in flaring letters, and a grave had been dug in a lot near the door.

On arrival at the house, I found the front entrance, closed for so many years, opened, and quite a concourse of vehicles and people, drawn by curiosity, gathered in the grounds. Having asked one of the

men, apparently busy about the funeral, where I might find the deceased's old attendant, I received in reply a solemn and silent wave in the direction of the door; so I entered to make my way back in the direction of the old man's living apartment, where I had visited him. I was surprised to discover what a handsome house it was. Though sombre and musty and dusty from being so long closed, the hall and the apartments opening on it were handsome, and the hall, with its beautiful cornice and tasteful old stairway, was distinguished. A number of old paintings hung on the walls, all draped, however, in coverings gray and brown with dust and cobwebs. The carpets on the floors were soft with the dust upon them. The walls were scarred and streaked with the damp and mould of many years, and the ceiling had fallen in places where the rain and melted snow had soaked in from some rotted section of the roof.

I made my way back to the rear, and discovered that the old man's apartment was the scene of considerable bustle. It was filled with a party of, perhaps, half-a-dozen or more elderly men and women, dressed in black, and very busy examining the papers and rubbish taken from the desk and boxes which stood open about the room. As I opened the door without knocking—manifestly to their great surprise—they had had no time to desist from their occupation. I was asked somewhat shortly what I wanted, and explained that I was looking for Mr. Hood's old attendant, whom, I had been told, I might find there.

"He is somewhere outside," said one of the women, with a wave, as she returned to her work, while another one added:

"This room is reserved for the family."

With an apology, I withdrew, and before long came on an old fellow dressed in a long-tailed coat and a very ancient high hat, who, though not displaying many signs of mourning in his raiment, showed so much real sorrow in his face that I instantly picked him out.

"Are you the old gentleman's attendant?" I asked.

"I be," he said; "leastways, I was till two days ago."

I knew by his expression and tone what he meant.

"I want to see you outside." He gave me a swift look, and, with a quick glance

around, signed to me to precede him. At the silent sign from him, I walked out, and he followed me outside to the back, where I had first seen the old recluse walking up and down in the evening sunlight. Here, without apparently looking at me, he made a sign in the direction of the shrubbery, and I walked on, he moving obliquely, as though going in another direction but, once in the screen of the thickets, he joined me.

"Be you Abner, Jr.?" he asked briefly, and on my nodding assent he added dryly, "I been expecting you."

He then told me the story of the old man's last hours. He had been as well as usual—"He had taken to talkin' of you a mite," said he, "and was lookin' forward to your comin' back. He said he allowed he was gittin' in his dotage. That was only the night before. That night he was readin' his Bible till late—I saw the light under his door. Here is something for you." He took from his inside pocket, with great deliberation, a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed in a tremulous, but still strong hand to "Abner Hood, Jr., Esquire."

"Is this his handwriting?" I inquired.

"It be—every word—he wrote it the day before he was taken—that is, he copied it off fair that day. He'd been a-workin' at it on and off for some time before. He was particular abaout where he was to be buried—said he didn't want to lie in the shadow of that church."

I opened the packet and found it to contain, as I had conjectured, a will, wholly written with the old gentleman's own hand, and in the quaint phraseology of the past.

After declaring his abiding belief in God, "Who alone judgeth the hearts of men," and committing his soul to His mercy he directed that all debts, if there were any, should be paid; that his faithful attendant, Simon Morse, should have the privilege of living on the place during his life free of rent, and should be paid an annuity of several hundred dollars a year; that I should have the house with all it contained, and so much ground as I might, in my unfettered judgment, deem necessary to support it, and that all the rest and residue of his property should be divided into two equal shares one of which was to be mine absolutely and in fee simple, and the other was to be applied by me to such charitable objects as I might select, including alike individual

cases and public charities, I to be the sole judge of the proper beneficiaries, and not to be called to account for any acts of mine in connection therewith by any person except God. The only conditions were that I was not to give in aid of bigotry or superstition, and that I was to see that he was decently and privately buried on his own land, on the hillside facing the east and overlooking the village of W. And, finally, I was left residuary legatee and sole executor of the will.

"It's all right, ain't it?"

"I think so; but, at any rate, I am his next-of-kin and his heir."

His eyes gave a snap of satisfaction, and something like the ghost of a smile flitted about the corners of his mouth.

"Now we'll bury him as he said," he said briefly.

"We will," I nodded. "We'll carry out his wishes to the letter. But we shall have to get the grave dug."

"It's all ready," he said. "I dug it myself last night, and just covered it over with boughs so they wouldn't know. You see, I thought you'd come."

"I wish I had come before," I exclaimed, thinking of the old fellow's loneliness.

"Well, I don't know," reflected Simon. "He didn't like folks araound much. 'Pears like they pestered him."

"But I feel sure he would have seen me."

"Maybe, so. He might. He talked of you considerable. But it appeared to stir him up some. He allowed he was gittin' in his dotage. 'Twas next mornin' after writin' his will he had a stroke."

"The very next morning!"

Simon nodded with conviction.

"The very next mornin'. He was settin' in his cheer when I went in—speechless—and I seen at onct he had a stroke. He was still reasonable, and I made out he wanted me to send for some one. I thought first 'twas the doctor, but he shook his head. Oh, he was reasonable enough! When I thought o' you, he nodded his head—so." (The old chap nodded so violently that he shook his hat off, which apparently caused him much concern. When he had brushed and replaced it, he proceeded:) "Well, he didn't live long. He went so fast I couldn't leave him to call for anybody—and 'twas just as well, I guess; they'd 'a' pestered him, and he didn't want 'em. Soon as he was

gone, I went down and notified 'em, and they come like ravens. I never see sich grief! 'Twas most ridiculous. They turned the house inside out." (I could not help smiling inwardly at the old fellow's idea of "inside out.") "At first I was like their long-lost brother. I had 'done so much for him—had been like his own son. Did I know of any will? did I know whether he had any other kinfolks?'—and a hundred other things. Well, I've told so many lies in my time 't I thought a lie or two more wouldn't make no difference, so I told 'em he was always so close-mouthed they wouldn't believe it, and if he had any other kinfolks I guess they'd 'a' tried to hunt him up and save his property, if not his soul. And then you'd ought to seen 'em change. They no sooner thought that they was safe than 'Poor Simon' was the dirt under their feet. They ordered me araound 's if I was their slave, and never had been no emancipation proclamation, nuther. They been peerin' and speerin' everywheres till it's scandalous, and they been a-hintin' that they more than suspicionate as how I have stole all the old man's money and silver.—But sich as there is, is in a box in the hole on the inside of the big square chimney and the key is in the secret drawer at the back of his desk. And now I guess you know what to do."

"I guess I do, Simon," said I, "and first I want to say to you that whatever happens you may live where you like and do as you like, and you will be made comfortable."

"I should like to live here," said Simon, "and look after his grave and the grass plot and the caow."

"You shall do it," I said, and we walked back to the house by different ways.

I walked in once more at the front, and, finding the door of one of the rooms open which had been closed when I passed through before, I entered the room, which proved to be the old drawing-room, and found the body laid out there in a coffin, which, with its plated ware, appeared not only handsome, but almost gay. The glass portion of the top was open, and an important-looking undertaker was standing near by, completely absorbed in admiration of the company that were now assembling. As I gazed on the old man's form, lying so placidly and with a certain high scorn on his marble face, I could not help the tears well-

ing up in my eyes at the thought of the long suffering he had endured at the hands of unbending bigotry—his own no less than that of others.

I passed on to the back apartment, and this time entered, followed after a minute by Simon, who had been awaiting me, and this time I found the family sitting solemnly in their chairs, their black gloves on and long veils ready to be lowered. Again they stared at me, and more than one informed me in a low but positive tone that this room was "reserved for the family." But as I entered and appeared somewhat at home, I observed looks of some disquietude exchanged among them.

Finally, as I still remained somewhat stolidly gazing about me, two of the women rose, and, going over to the eldest of the party, held a whispered colloquy, of which I was evidently the subject. At length the latter walked over toward me and said:

"I guess you have made a mistake. Perhaps, you didn't understand that this was the decedent's private apartment and has been reserved for his folks till time for the funeral."

"I know," I said; "but I am one of his kin."

"Ah! What I mean is, his *near* kinfolks: you are hardly one of them." He was looking at my gray suit, of which I suddenly became conscious. His tone had grown irritated, and I made no reply, which appeared, from their nods, to encourage them all.

"Did he leave no will?" I asked presently.

"He did not." "That he didn't," exclaimed all the women sharply, in a chorus.

"I shall have to ask you to withdraw," said the elder of the men, assuming a very imperative tone, "as your questions and your presence are offensive to these ladies. If you do not—go and ask David Mallow to come here." He addressed old Simon over my shoulder.

"Who is he?" I asked, turning to Simon.

"The constable—the taown-officer."

"Well, I have no intention or desire to be offensive to these ladies, or to you either," I said; "so I am going; but before I go, I want to explain to you that Mr. Hood did leave a will." It was like a bomb to them.

"Left a will! I don't believe it!" exclaimed more than one of them, rising in a

flutter, aghast at the announcement. The spokesman, however, waved silence.

"How do you know?" he demanded, sarcastically. "I have proof positive that he did not leave a will." He nodded in the direction of Simon.

"Because I have it, and I am the executor, and, what is more, I am his next of kin." I opened the door and walked out, followed by Simon, who remained only long enough to answer one question. Before he closed the door I heard my name repeated, "Abner Hood, Jr.!" in some consternation.

I passed forward to the front of the house, and, seeing the clergyman there, I drew him aside and apprised him of my uncle's selection of the spot for his grave, and, having satisfied him by showing him the will, I requested him to make the necessary arrangements as to the change in the plans. This he civilly undertook to do, and, when I went back a half-hour later, after seeing the grave, I found everything ready for the interment, in accord with my uncle's wishes. The "family" were seated in the drawing-room, at the head of the casket, the ladies with their veils now drawn close enough, and, as I did not wish to be offensive to them, I kept outside by the door.

The old custom of passing around to view the remains before the coffin was closed was still observed there, and, though I had thought of stopping it, I yielded to the clergyman's suggestion that I permit it. and I was glad afterward that I did. The throng that passed around was, it is true, led to it only by curiosity. But at the very end a little old figure in dingy black, with a faded dark veil, appeared in the line. I had

observed her as she climbed painfully up the hill a short time before, her figure very bent, and her step very slow and painful. She had remained in the background in a corner till the last. Then she came forward. She paused a moment at the side of the coffin to raise her veil, that she might get a look at the face, and my heart hardened as I thought of the curiosity that would lead even so old a woman, at such pains, to gaze on a corpse; but suddenly she drew from the folds of her dress a little bunch of crumpled flowers, and laid them tenderly on the dead man's bosom, and, bending over the body as though to redraw her veil, she tremblingly touched her wrinkled hand softly to his cold brow, and I saw some tears dropping silently.

"Who is that?" I asked of a man near me.

"That's old Miss Hilda Morrison—lives in the little old tumble-down house behind the church. She's in and about ninety years old, I guess."

She was his betrothed. She had lived, like my uncle, in life-long exile of the heart.

When the procession moved, I kept near the old lady I had seen, and, as we climbed the hill, offered her my arm.

"Won't you let me help you? I am a stranger here," I said. She took it without a word, except to murmur her thanks; but on the way up she asked me if I would mind telling her my name.

"My name is Abner Hood," I said, gently, "and I know who you are." Her hand clutched my arm, then relaxed, then took it again, and I felt her head pressed softly against my shoulder. And from that time she leaned on me firmly.



And from that time she leaned on me firmly.



THROUGH THE MISTS

I

THE COMING OF THE HUNS

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

IN the middle of the fourth century the state of the Christian religion was a scandal and a disgrace. Patient, humble, and long-suffering in adversity, it had become positive, aggressive, and unreasonable with success. Paganism was not yet dead, but it was rapidly sinking, finding its most faithful supporters among the conservative aristocrats of the best families on the one hand, and among those benighted villagers on the other who gave their name to the expiring creed. Between these two extremes the great majority of reasonable men had turned from the conception of many gods to that of one, and had rejected forever the beliefs of their forefathers. But with the vices of polytheism they had also abandoned its virtues, among which toleration and religious good-humor had been conspicuous. The strenuous earnestness of the Christians had compelled them to examine and define every point of their own theology; but as they had no central authority by which such definitions could be checked, it was not long before a hundred heresies had put forward their rival views, while the same earnestness of conviction led the stronger bands of schismatics to en-

deavor, for conscience's sake, to force their views upon the weaker, and thus to cover the Eastern world with confusion and strife.

Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople were centres of theological warfare. The whole north of Africa, too, was rent by the strife of the Donatists, who upheld their particular schism by iron flails and the war-cry of "Praise to the Lord!" But minor local controversies sank to nothing when compared with the huge argument of the Catholic and the Arian, which rent every village in twain, and divided every household from the cottage to the palace. The rival doctrines of the Homoiousian and of the Homoiousian, containing metaphysical differences so attenuated that they could hardly be stated, turned bishop against bishop and congregation against congregation. The ink of the theologians and the blood of the fanatics were spilled in floods on either side, and gentle followers of Christ were horrified to find that their faith was responsible for such a state of riot and bloodshed as had never yet disgraced the religious history of the world. Many of the more earnest among them, shocked and scandalized, slipped away to the Libyan Desert, or to the solitude of

Pontus, there to await in self-denial and prayer that second coming which was supposed to be at hand. Even in the deserts they could not escape the echo of the distant strife, and the hermits themselves scowled fiercely from their dens at passing travellers who might be contaminated by the doctrines of Athanasius or of Arius.

Such a hermit was Simon Melas, of whom I write. A trinitarian and a Catholic, he was shocked by the excesses of the persecution of the Arians, which could be only matched by the similar outrages with which these same Arians in the day of their power avenged their treatment on their brother Christians. Weary of the whole strife, and convinced that the end of the world was indeed at hand, he left his home in Constantinople and travelled as far as the Gothic settlements in Dacia, beyond the Danube, in search of some spot where he might be free from the never-ending disputes. Still journeying to the north and east, he crossed the river which we now call the Dneister, and there, finding a rocky hill rising from an immense plain, he formed a grotto near its summit, and settled himself down to end his life in self-denial and meditation. There were fish in the stream, the country teemed with game, and there was an abundance of wild fruits, so that his spiritual exercises were not unduly interrupted by the search of sustenance for his mortal frame.

In this distant retreat he expected to find absolute solitude, but the hope was in vain. Within a week of his arrival, in an hour of worldly curiosity, he explored the edges of the high rocky hill upon which he lived. Making his way up a cleft, which was hung with olives and myrtles, he came upon a cave in the opening of which sat an aged man, white-bearded, white-haired, and infirm—a hermit like himself. So long had this stranger been alone, that he had almost forgotten the use of his tongue; but at last, words coming more freely, he was able to convey the information that his name was Paul of Nicopolis, that he was a Greek citizen, and that he also had come out into the desert for the saving of his soul, and to escape from the contamination of heresy.

"Little I thought, brother Simon," said he, "that I should ever find any one else

who had come so far upon the same holy errand. In all these years, and they are so many that I have lost count of them, I have never seen a man, save indeed one or two wandering shepherds far out upon yonder plain."

From where they sat, the huge steppe, covered with waving grass and gleaming with a vivid green in the sun, stretched away as level and as unbroken as the sea, to the eastern horizon. Simon Melas stared across it with curiosity.

"Tell me, brother Paul," said he, "you who have lived here so long—what lies at the further side of that plain?"

The old man shook his head.

"There is no further side to the plain," said he. "It is the earth's boundary, and stretches away to eternity. For all these years I have sat beside it, but never once have I seen anything come across it. It is manifest that if there had been a further side there would certainly at some time have come some traveller from that direction. Over the great river yonder is the Roman post of Tyras; but that is a long day's journey from here and they have never disturbed my meditations."

"On what do you meditate, brother Paul?"

"At first I meditated on many sacred mysteries; but now, for twenty years, I have brooded continually on the nature of the Logos. What is your view upon that vital matter, brother Simon?"

"Surely," said the younger man, "there can be no question as to that. The Logos is assuredly but a name used by St. John to signify the Deity."

The old hermit gave a hoarse cry of fury, and his brown, withered face was convulsed with anger. Seizing the huge cudgel which he kept to beat off the wolves, he shook it murderously at his companion.

"Out with you! Out of my cell!" he cried. "Have I lived here so long to have it polluted by a vile trinitarian—a follower of the rascal Athanasius? Wretched idolater, learn once for all, that the Logos is in truth an emanation from the Deity, and in no sense equal or co-eternal with Him! Out with you, I say, or I will dash out your brains with my staff!"

It was useless to reason with the furious Arian, and Simon withdrew in sadness and wonder, that at this extreme verge of the

known earth, the spirit of religious strife should still break upon the peaceful solitude of the wilderness. With hanging head and heavy heart he made his way down the valley, and climbed up once more to his own cell, which lay at the crown of the hill, with the intention of never again exchanging visits with his Arian neighbor.

Here, for a year, dwelt Simon Melas, leading a life of solitude and prayer. There was no reason why any one should ever come to this outermost point of human habitation. Once a young Roman officer—Caius Crassus—rode out a day's journey from Tyras, and climbed the hill to have speech with the anchorite. He was of an equestrian family, and still held his belief in the old dispensation. He looked with interest and surprise, but also with some disgust, at the ascetic arrangements of that humble abode.

"Whom do you please by living in such a fashion?" he asked.

"We show that our spirit is superior to our flesh," Simon answered. "If we fare badly in this world we believe that we shall reap an advantage in the world to come."

The centurion shrugged his shoulders.

"There are philosophers among our people, Stoics and others, who have the same idea. When I was in the Herulian Cohort of the Fourth Legion we were quartered in Rome itself, and I saw much of the Christians, but I could never learn anything from them which I had not heard from my own father, whom you, in your arrogance, would call a Pagan. It is true that we talk of numerous gods; but for many years we have not taken them very seriously. Our thoughts upon virtue and duty and a noble life are the same as your own."

Simon Melas shook his head.

"If you **have** not the holy books," said he, "then what guide have you to direct your steps?"

"If you will read our philosophers, and above all the divine Plato, you will find that there are other guides who may take you to the same end. Have you, by chance, read the book which was written by our emperor Marcus Aurelius? Do you not discover there every virtue which man could have, although he knew nothing of your creed? Have you considered, also, the words and actions of our late emperor Julian, with whom I served my first cam-

paign when he went out against the Persians? Where could you find a more perfect man than he?"

"Such talk is unprofitable, and I will have no more of it," said Simon, sternly. "Take heed while there is time, and embrace the true faith; for the end of the world is at hand, and when it comes there will be no mercy for those who have shut their eyes to the light." So saying, he turned back once more to his praying-stool and to his crucifix, while the young Roman walked in deep thought down the hill, and mounting his horse, rode off to his distant post. Simon watched him until his brazen helmet was but a bead of light on the western edge of the great plain; for this was the first human face that he had seen in all this long year, and there were times when his heart yearned for the voices and the faces of his kind.

So another year passed, and save for the chance of weather and the slow change of the seasons, one day was as another. Every morning, when Simon opened his eyes, he saw the same gray line ripening into red in the furthest east, until the bright rim pushed itself above that far-off horizon across which no living creature had ever been known to come. Slowly the sun swept across the huge arch of the heavens, and as the shadows shifted from the black rocks which jutted upward from above his cell, so did the hermit regulate his terms of prayer and meditation. There was nothing on earth to draw his eye, or to distract his mind, for the grassy plain below was as void from month to month, as the heaven above. So the long hours passed, until the red rim slipped down on the further side, and the day ended in the same pearl-gray shimmer with which it had begun. Once, two ravens circled for some days round the lonely hill, and once a white fish-eagle came from the Dneister and screamed above the hermit's head. Sometimes red dots were seen on the green plain where the antelopes grazed, and often a wolf howled in the darkness from the base of the rocks. Such was the uneventful life of Simon Melas the anchorite, until there came the day of wrath.

It was in the late spring of the year 375 that Simon came out from his cell, his gourd in his hand, to draw water from the spring. Darkness had closed in, the sun had set, but one last glimmer of rosy light

rested upon a rocky peak, which jutted forth from the hill, on the further side from the hermit's dwelling. As Simon came forth from under his ledge, the gourd dropped from his hand, and he stood gazing in amazement.

On the opposite peak a man was standing, his outline black in the fading light. He was a strange, almost a deformed figure, short-statured, round-backed, with a large head, no neck, and a long rod jutting out from between his shoulders. He stood with his face advanced, and his body bent, peering very intently over the plain to the westward. In a moment he was gone, and the lonely black peak showed up hard and naked against the faint eastern glimmer. Then the night closed down, and all was black once more.

Simon Melas stood long in bewilderment, wondering who this stranger could be. He had heard, as had every Christian, of those evil spirits which were wont to haunt the hermits in the Thebaid and on the skirts of the Ethiopian waste. The strange shape of this solitary creature, its dark outline and prowling, intent attitude, suggestive rather of a fierce, rapacious beast than of a man, all helped him to believe that he had at last encountered one of those wanderers from the pit, of whose existence, in those days of robust faith, he had no more doubt than of his own. Much of the night he spent in prayer, his eyes glancing continually at the low arch of his cell door, with its curtain of deep purple wrought with stars. At any instant some crouching monster, some horned abomination, might peer in upon him, and he clung with frenzied appeal to his crucifix, as his human weakness quailed at the thought. But at last his fatigue overcame his fears, and falling upon his couch of dried grass, he slept until the bright daylight brought him to his senses.

It was later than was his wont, and the sun was far above the horizon. As he came forth from his cell, he looked across at the peak of rock; but it stood there bare and silent. Already it seemed to him that that strange dark figure which had startled him so was some dream, some vision of the twilight. His gourd lay where it had fallen, and he picked it up with the intention of going to the spring. But suddenly he was aware of something new. The whole air

was throbbing with sound. From all sides it came, rumbling, indefinite, an inarticulate mutter, low, but thick and strong, rising, falling, reverberating among the rocks, dying away into vague whispers, but always there. He looked round at the blue, cloudless sky in bewilderment. Then he scrambled up the rocky pinnacle above him, and sheltering himself in its shadow, he stared out over the plain. In his wildest dream he had never imagined such a sight.

The whole vast expanse was covered with horsemen, hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands, all riding slowly and in silence, out of the unknown East. It was the multitudinous beat of their horses' hoofs which caused that low throbbing in his ears. Some were so close to him that he looked down upon them and could see clearly their thin wiry horses, and the strange humped figures of the swarthy riders, sitting forward on the withers, shapeless bundles, their short legs hanging stirrupless, their bodies balanced as firmly as though they were part of the beast. In these nearest ones he could see the bow and the quiver, the long spear and the short sword, with the coiled lasso behind the rider, which told that this was no helpless horde of wanderers, but a formidable army upon the march. His eyes passed on from them and swept further and further, but still, to the very horizon, which quivered with movement, there was no end to this monstrous cavalry. Already the vanguard was far past the island of rock upon which he dwelt, and he could now understand that in front of this vanguard were single scouts who guided the course of the army, and that it was one of these whom he had seen upon the evening before.

All day, held spell-bound by this wonderful sight, the hermit crouched in the shadow of the rocks, and all day the sea of horsemen rolled onward over the plain beneath. Simon had seen the swarming quays of Alexandria, he had watched the mob which blocked the hippodrome of Constantinople, yet never had he imagined such a multitude as now defiled beneath his eyes, coming from that eastern skyline which had been the end of his world. Sometimes the dense streams of horsemen were broken by droves of brood-mares and foals, driven along by mounted guards. Sometimes there were herds of cattle.

Sometimes there were lines of wagons with skin canopies above them. But then once more, after every break, came the horsemen, the horsemen, the hundreds and the thousands and the tens of thousands, slowly, ceaselessly, silently drifting from the East to the West. The long day passed, the light waned, and the shadows fell; but still the great broad stream was flowing by.

But the night brought a new and even stranger sight. Simon had marked bundles of fagots upon the backs of many of the led horses, and now he saw their use. All over the great plain, red pin-points gleamed through the darkness, which grew and brightened into flickering columns of flame. So far as he could see both to east and west the fires extended, until they were but points of light in the furthest distance. White stars shone in the vast heavens above, red ones in the great plain below. And from every side rose the low, confused murmur of voices, with the lowing of oxen and the neighing of horses.

Simon had been a soldier and a man of affairs before ever he forsook the world, and the meaning of all that he had seen was clear to him. History told him how the Roman world had ever been assailed by fresh swarms of Barbarians, coming from the outer darkness, and that the Eastern Empire had already, in its fifty years of existence since Constantine had moved the capital of the world to the shores of the Bosphorus, been tormented in the same way. Gepidæ and Heruli, Ostrogoths and Sarmatians, he was familiar with them all. What the advanced sentinel of Europe had seen from this lonely outlying hill, was a fresh swarm breaking in upon the empire, distinguished only from the others by its enormous, incredible size, and by the strange aspect of the warriors who composed it. He alone, of all civilized men, knew of the approach of this dreadful shadow, sweeping like a heavy storm-cloud from the unknown depths of the East. He thought of the little Roman posts along the Dneister, of the ruined Dacian wall of Trajan behind them, and then of the scattered, defenceless villages which lay with no thought of danger over all the open country which stretched down to the Danube. Could he but give them the alarm! Was it not, perhaps, for that very end that God had guided him to the wilderness.

Then suddenly he remembered his Arian neighbor, who dwelt in the cave beneath him. Once or twice during the last year he had caught a glimpse of his tall, bent figure hobbling round to examine the traps which he laid for quails and partridges. On one occasion they had met at the brook; but the old theologian waved him away, as if he were a leper. What did he think now of this strange happening? Surely their differences might be forgotten at such a moment. He stole down the side of the hill, and made his way to his fellow-hermit's cave.

But there was a terrible silence as he approached it. His heart sank at that deadly stillness in the little valley. No glimmer of light came from the cleft in the rocks. He entered and called, but no answer came back. Then, with flint, steel, and the dry grass which he used for tinder, he struck a spark, and blew it into a blaze. The old hermit, his white hair dabbled with crimson, lay sprawling across the floor. The broken crucifix, with which his head had been beaten in, lay in splinters across him. Simon had dropped on his knees beside him, straightening his contorted limbs, and muttering the office for the dead, when the thud of a horse's hoofs was heard ascending the little valley which led to the hermit's cell. The dry grass had burned down, and Simon crouched trembling in the darkness, pattering prayers to the Virgin that his strength might be upheld.

It may have been that the newcomer had seen the gleam of the light, or it may have been that he had heard from his comrades of the old man whom they had murdered, and that his curiosity had led him to the spot. He stopped his horse outside the cave, and Simon, lurking in the shadows within, had a fair view of him in the moonlight. He slipped from his saddle, fastened the bridle to a root, and then stood peering through the opening of the cell. He was a very short, thick man, with a dark face, which was gashed with three cuts upon either side. His small eyes were sunk deep in his head, showing like black holes in the heavy, flat, hairless face. His legs were short and very bandy, so that he waddled uncouthly as he walked.

Simon crouched in the darkest angle, and he gripped in his hand that same knotted cudgel which the dead theologian had once

raised against him. As that hideous stooping head advanced into the darkness of the cell, he brought the staff down upon it with all the strength of his right arm, and then, as the stricken savage fell forward upon his face, he struck madly, again and again, until the shapeless figure lay limp and still. One roof covered the first slain of Europe and of Asia.

Simon's veins were throbbing and quivering with the unwonted joy of action. All the energy stored up in those years of repose came in a flood at this moment of need. Standing in the darkness of the cell, he saw, as in a map of fire, the outlines of the great Barbaric host, the line of the river, the position of the settlements, the means by which they might be warned. Silently he waited in the shadow until the moon had sunk. Then he flung himself upon the dead man's horse, guided it down the gorge, and set forth in a gallop across the plain.

There were fires on every side of him; but he kept clear of the rings of light. Round each he could see, as he passed, the circle of sleeping warriors, with the long lines of picketed horses. Mile after mile and league after league stretched that huge encampment. And then, at last, he had reached the open plain which led to the river, and the fires of the invaders were but

a dull smoulder against the black eastern sky. Ever faster and faster he sped across the steppe, like a single fluttered leaf which whirls before the storm. Even as the dawn whitened the sky behind him, it gleamed also upon the broad river in front, and he flogged his weary horse through the shallows, until he plunged into its full yellow tide.

So it was that, as the young Roman centurion—Caius Crassus—made his morning round in the Fort of Tyras he saw a single horseman, who rode toward him from the river. Weary and spent, drenched with water and caked with dirt and sweat, both horse and man were at the last stage of their endurance. With amazement the Roman watched their progress, and recognized in the ragged, swaying figure, with flying hair and staring eyes, the hermit of the Eastern desert. He ran to meet him, and caught him in his arms as he reeled from the saddle.

"What is it, then?" he asked. "What is your news?"

But the hermit could only point at the rising sun. "To arms!" he croaked. "To arms! The day of wrath is come!" And as he looked, the Roman saw—far across the river—a great dark shadow, which moved slowly over the distant plain.

SNOW-BURDEN

By Edith M. Thomas

THEY bear the burden of the snow—

They bear it with a patient grace,
The drooping trees! Yet well they know
A melting hour comes on apace.

Ah, if but Time, that crowns me white,
An equal clemency would show,
Then, I some soft, mild day or night,
Would drop the burden of the snow!

TOWN MEETING DAY

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



SHAGGY gray horse, drawing an old farmer in a mud-splashed Democrat wagon, ploughed through the depths of a New England country road. A March chill was in the air, and the dark hemlocks still held ragged patches of snow and ice. Presently he came abreast of a white-painted farm-house. In the barn-yard, busy about his chores, was a grim-visaged man in overalls. The driver steered his horse to the roadside, and pulled on the reins.

"Whoa!" he called.

"Ready fer town meetin', Aaron?"

The man in overalls looked up, slowly straightened his rusty length, and spat scornfully at the wood-pile.

"I dunno 's I be, Hiram," he said.

"Sho! Riled ye some, Joel's beatin' ye fer dog officer last year, I cal'late!"

The other came toward the wagon, and lifting one muddy boot, placed it carefully on the hub of a wheel.

"'Tain't thet, Hiram, but I swan t' man! We can't git nothin' 't this end o' the town. The see-lickmen dumps our taxes onto them bogholes o' roads in the South Parish, with this turnpike fairly spilin' fer a few loads o' gravel. They got a load o' new-fangled books intew the lib'ry, an' when Almiry goes thar, the' ain't none never in. An' now"—he exploded—"the old 'Torrent' ain't good enough fer 'em, an' nothin' tew it but they must buy one o' them sody factories, a chemical enjine, they call it! I don't want no part in sech crazy doin's!"

"Ef you want to vote fer see-lickmen, you better hurry up 'n' git suthin' warm," observed Hiram; "it's consid'able sharp."

The other glanced unseeingly at the wood-pile, and then expectantly down the road.

"Hold on a minute, Hi," he said hurriedly, as he started toward the house; "I guess I'll go along."

Throughout its sparsely settled length, the little township was alive with interest. The day of the year had come. Over the

freezing country roads ancient vehicles, filled with shrewd-faced farmers, creaked joyfully toward the "Centre." As the several roads converged upon the town-house, the caravan grew, and old friends—and enemies—nodded mutual recognition.

"Thar's Nate Ellis," said one sandy-bearded driver. "Hear he figgers to git tree warden ag'in. Says he's got his stickers all printed complete fer thutty-five cents, an' won't buy nobody nothin'."

"'F he don't do no better 'n what he done last year, thet 's all he's wuth," remarked another.

"Hello, here's Uncle Joab a-comin'. Hear 'bout his catchin' the old stray hoss 'n' drivin' him int' the pound? Hoss died, an' Joab couldn't find nobody 't owned him, so he hed to pay fer buryin' of him himself! Cost him a dollar 'n' a quarter, 'n' nigh broke his heart!"

The mud-spattered cavalcade jolted past the "Common" and the white meeting-house, and bore down upon the bleak structure that served as "opera-house" and town-hall. The solemn horses were moored along the fences and in the sheds back of the meeting-house; and down the rows of ancient top-buggies and Democrat wagons their owners gathered in little groups, renewing friendships and shrewdly "figgerin'" chances for a "propriation" on their pet highway.

"Hear you been dreenin' your swamp medder lot——"

"Wa-al, yes, I never cut more 'n five ton o' hay——"

"Ef you turn under the stubble 'n' sow a green crop of oats, 'n' then plant yer pertaters——"

"I done thet last year, 'n' this year I cal'late to raise a marster crop o' corn——"

"Thet Bear Hill road is the all-firedest wust piece I ever see. Ef the see-lickmen won't do nothin'——"

"Oughter git Aaron t' stan' up in town meetin' 'n' oppose ye—town 'll vote anyth'g ef Aaron 's only ag'in it! Haw, haw!"



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Old friends—and enemies—nodded mutual recognition.—Page 554.

"Down t' the Corners t'other day I swapped that spavined roan mare fer——"

Meanwhile the tide was setting toward the doorway, and presently a stream of rough-coated, barn-scented farmers was surging into the hall. Inside it seemed almost colder than out-doors, though two immense stoves were doing their best to cheer the bleak interior. Around these roaring furnaces buckskin gloves were stripped off, and stiffened fingers thrust toward the heat; and while the thawing-out progressed, knots of bearded politicians nodded, chuckling, over some clever bit of "log-rolling."

As the room filled, the political temperature rose; little groups of voters drew apart with lowered voices; shrewd plots matured; and the thronged, smoke-laden room grew tense with expectation.

On the stage, seated at tables, were several men, one with a big book of records. Presently he rose, and through the buzz of talk came three sharp raps upon the table. A hush fell, and the vacant places on settees were quickly filled, though in the rear many still stood. Talk ceased, and attentive faces turned toward the town clerk, a meager little man, who proceeded to read the warrant.

As the monotonous list of articles to be acted upon—which every one knew by heart—droned on to the end, the clerk announced:

"Article One. To choose a moder-ay-tor to preside at said meeting."

Then he added solemnly:

"Prepar' and for'ard your ballots fer moder-ay-tor!"

A great shuffling of feet began as a line of farmers, each with a mysterious slip of paper, worked its way toward the stage, where each importantly deposited his slip in what appeared to be an old contribution-box borrowed from the meeting-house. As each voted, his name was called by the clerk, and checked by the selectmen. When the last man had passed, the contribution-box was overturned upon the table before the selectmen, who counted the slips of paper.

Presently the clerk announced pompously:

"Whole number of votes for moder-ay-tor, eighty-six; nec'sary fer choice forty-

four; Ichabod N. Peaslee hes eighty-six, 'n' I declar' him u-nanimously elected!"

Out in the audience a stocky, red-bearded man arose, and, removing his hat, made his way to the platform.

He took his place amid a tumult of noise, and dealt the table a resounding bang. Then he swept the room with a leisurely eye.

"'Cordin' t' good ol' custom, 't might be safer to open this meetin' with prayer," he said dryly.

It was accordingly voted.

"Ef there's any preacher present——" suggested the moderator.

There was an embarrassing pause.

"Ain't any brother willin' t' lead the meetin' in prayer?"

No response. A longer pause.

"Mister Mod'raytor," came a voice, "I motion 't we reconsider!" and while a slight titter ran around the room, the motion was solemnly put and carried.

The moderator scrutinized the warrant, frowningly, through his spectacles.

"Ef there's no objection we'll take up Article Two," he said.

His ponderous forefinger came to a stop at the proper paragraph.

"Thet article reads 'to choose all nec'sary 'n' usual town officers fer the ensuin' year.' Prepar' 'n' for'ard your ballots fer fust see-lickman. I declar' the polls open!" Bang!

Stolid, whiskered men; keen, wiry men; awkward youths in unaccustomed "store clothes"; silent and serious, laughing and "blaggarding"—the line plodded past the contribution-box, each man holding a slip of paper (hurriedly distributed by friends of the candidates) with a grip that showed the value attached to his right to vote.

"Hev all voted that wish? Then I declar' the polls closed!" Whack!

Tellers counted the votes, and the moderator announced to an intent audience that the "fust see-lickman" had been re-elected.

All forenoon a steady line of voters crept past the contribution-box. There were some lively contests as the extraordinary list of officers was chosen—from "see-lickmen" down through constables, fence-viewers, field drivers, surveyors of lumber, measurers of wood and bark, to pound-keeper and dog officer.

Elsewhere in the smoke-laden room a great rumble of conversation arose from changing groups of voters, who filled the pauses by gathering at a table in one corner to consume cakes and candy, and deadly colored "soft drinks."

Meanwhile the women of the town were busy in the meeting-house. Finally the moderator extracted a great silver watch, peered anxiously at it through his steel-rimmed spectacles, and shut it with a snap.

"The chair awaits a motion to a'journ fer dinner," he declared briskly. "I hear 't the ladies is 'bout ready fer us over t' the vestry."

"I move we a'journ tell quarter past one!" yelled a voter, and the meeting dissolved through the doorway like a spring freshet when the ice goes out.

Across the Common the stream swept, and bore down upon long tables loaded with boiled ham, baked beans, apple, mince, and many-storied Washington pies, and steaming pitchers of coffee. Somewhat later, contentedly puffing "general store" cigars, furnished by the successful candidates of the morning, the procession straggled forth to gossip in the horse-sheds or the entrance to the town-house, in the placid comfort that only a good dinner and a cigar can give.

Finally pipes were emptied, cigar butts flung away, and the throng poured into the hall, full of zest for the struggles of the afternoon. Galleries filled with lively school-girls and their serious-faced mothers, equally keen for the combat below.

At one-fifteen, the moderator smote the table.

"What is the pleasure of the meetin'?"

"Move we take up Article Five!"

"Sekind the motion."

"Those-in-favor-say-'Aye'—opposed-'No'—it's-a-vote-'n'-I-so-declar'-it!"

There was a rustle of pages as every man turned to the town reports in his printed pamphlet.

A violent little man precipitated himself into the aisle, and waved an accusing finger at the first report. Faces swung toward him, and a snicker of anticipation ran around the room.

"I'd like to en-quire, Mr. Moder-ay-tor," he stormed, "ef this town is a-collectin'

tramps! This book says we've took care o' nine hunderd 'n' forty-three the past year, 'n' I figger thet ain't nigh all! The overseer o' the poor 's fed 'em on salt fish 'n' a mess o' baked beans Saturd'y nights, an' charges the town twenty-three cents fer each on 'em! Why, Mr. Moder-ay-tor, 't thet profit, he kin buy a pianner fer his durned tramp hotel!"

Applause swept the room, while the moderator pounded for order.

Into the confusion a tall Yankee in a back seat arose.

"Mister Mod-er-ay-tor!" he drawled. "I want tew show them tramps dew hospitality! When he ain't to hum, the overseer 'lows tramps tew git grub t' the gin'ral store. Now, I motion 't the town build hoss sheds behind the tramp house. Bum-by some tramp might come along with a hoss 'n' wagin!"

A roar of laughter, pierced with cries of "Question!" followed. When the turmoil lessened, the report was accepted.

After this flurry all went well until one of the selectmen unguardedly rose to advocate that the town constables patrol beats. He understood "they done it over t' Walnut Junction, 'n' he thought 't would be a good idee."

A chill silence greeted his efforts, until Hiram, deliberately, without a smile, rose to voice the sentiments of the majority.

"Mister Mod'raytor," he began, "I motion we 'propriate a hunderd dollars to buy two hosses. Ef the see-lickmen cal'lates t' have Obed Runnells 'n' Job Parsons patrol the hull length of this town, anybody thet's 's tarnal slow 's they be has sartinly got to be mounted!"

He subsided amid laughter. So did the dignified selectman. The subject dropped.

From the reports, the meeting turned to the appropriations for the coming year. After voting a general sum for the highways, the fun began.

The aggrieved Aaron opened the ball.

"Mister Moder-ay-tor," he began, "I'd like to ask fer a hunderd dollars to fix up the Swamp Holler road, just below our school-house. It's the wust piece o' road in the hull county. It's full o' rocks, 'n' mud up t' the axles, 'n' t'other day I see two hogs mired in the mud tryin' t' git across 't!"



Lifting one muddy boot, placed it carefully on the hub of a wheel. "'Tain't thet, Hiram."—Page 554.

The moderator recognized Mr. Higgins, and the fiery critic of tramps jumped into the fray.

"I'm ag'in any special 'ropriation fer thet boghole!" he bellowed. "Thet slough hes cost the voters o' this town four dollars 'n' nine cents a foot—I measured it out, myself. Thet's where our taxes goes! The sup'rintendent o' thet deestric' don't know nothin' 'bout road-buildin'. He don't do nothin' but dump on rocks 'n' then rake 'em off ag'in. He——"

"Mr. Mod'raytor!" interrupted a big red-faced voter, the highway superintendent. "I rise to a p'int of order! The gentleman couldn't tell a good road, ef he see one, frum a cor-ju-roy road through hell——"

Bang! "Gentleman's out of order!" shouted the moderator.

"I'm in good enough order to lick——" and cheering drowned the rest. The battle was on. A fat little man, with a propitiatory air, secured the floor.

"Mr. Mod'raytor," he declared, "thet road is allers bad, but it's gen'ally wuss.

We all use the roads, 'n' our time is val'able. I ain't like some thet 'll vote a thing down 'cause somebody's goin' t' make a dollar out of it. Every one 't lives on thet road is good taxpayers, 'n' they all go to meetin' reg'lar but one, 'n' he told me *he* would ef the town 'd fix up the road!" (There was a breeze of laughter.) "I guess, Mister Chairman, thet we kin build roads 's good 's Eye-talians from Italy!"

"I move a amendment," yelled Mr. Higgins, "thet we raise fifty dollars, 'stead of a hunderd!"

"Vote it down!" shouted Aaron's friends.

The amendment was lost by a volley of "Noes!"

"Wa'al, Gentlemen," the moderator observed, with a cynical grin, "you've voted *not* to raise fifty dollars. Only thing you kin do now, 's I see, is to vote forty-nine dollars 'n' ninety-nine cents!"

It was a pretty trick. On Aaron's side jaws dropped and amazed voters stared at each other. It was true. Could noth-



The room filled; little groups of voters drew apart; shrewd plots matured.—Page 555.

ing be done? A babel of argument and wrath broke forth, in the midst of which somebody moved it be "indefinitely postponed," and the crowd carried it with a whoop.

Amid a shout of laughter, Aaron sat down. There were no more special appropriations for highways. The other appropriations went through with desultory fighting. Somebody wanted an itemized account of expenses under "Miscellaneous," and the selectmen said next

year they would bring it "in a wheel-barrer."

The moderator read the next Article:

"To see ef the town will vote to 'appropriate the dog tax to the public lib'ry."

Somebody moved that it be appropriated same as last year.

"There might be some objection to puttin' thet motion," the chairman said dryly. "It ain't gen'ally known, but the dog officer last year stole the tax, 'n' then went on a drunk 'n' blowed it all in!"



... Contentedly puffing "general store" cigars, straggled forth to gossip in the horse-sheds.—Page 556.

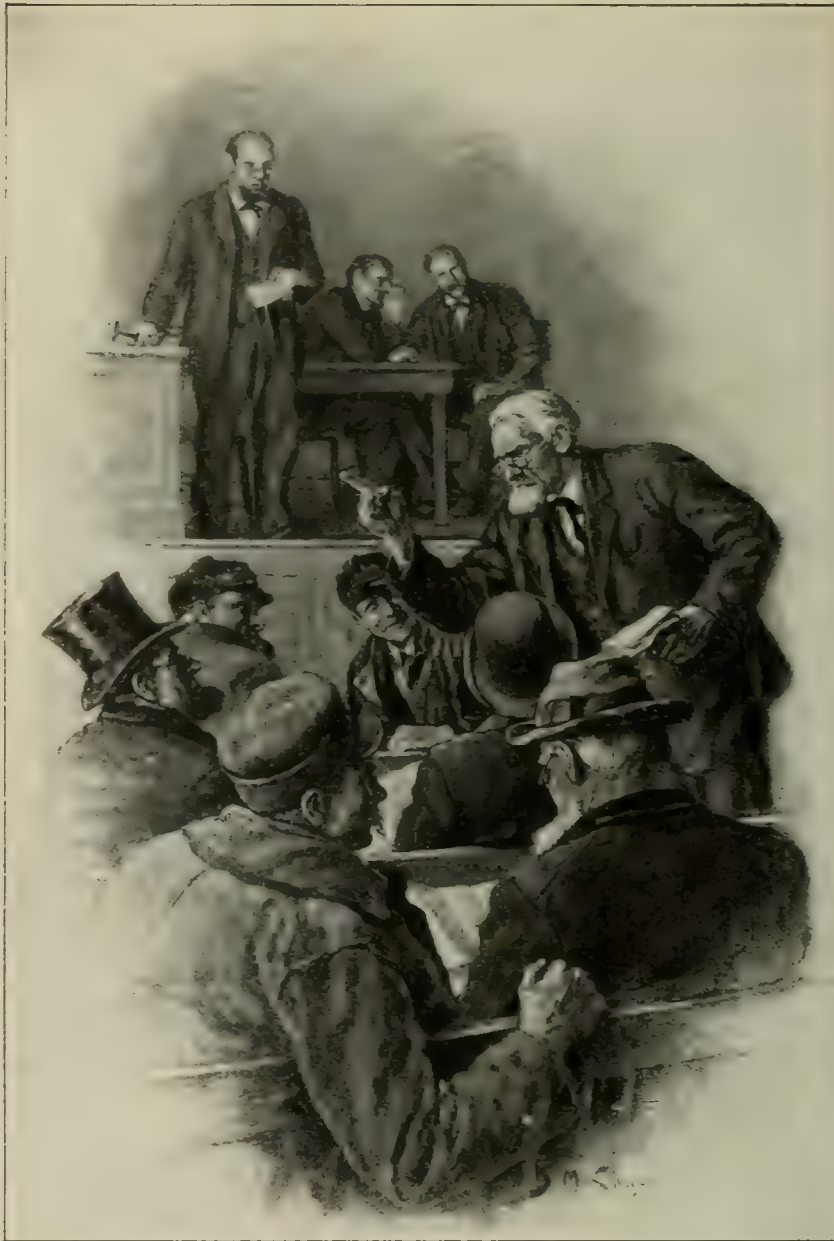
Amid cheers and stamping the motion was withdrawn, and a proper one offered.

Smarting under his previous defeat, Aaron arose.

"Ef thet lib'ry don't do others no more good 'n it doos me," he observed, "it ain't wuth a tax on kittens, let alone dogs. I ain't took a book out to read in ten years, 'n' when I do, one I want ain't never in! Jonas Doolittle wuz tellin' me he arst fer a book one day, 'n' the librarian said 't warn't in. 'Set here fer me 'n' keep

shop a spell,' s's she to Jonas, 'while I go over t' the store 'n' git me a dress pattern.' Jonas done so, 'n' while he wuz waitin' he looks 'round, 'n' durned ef he didn't find thet same identical book on a shelf!"

"Mister Mod'raytor," rasped a sober, thin-lipped individual, in a shiny black frock-coat. "What's this I hear 'bout the dawg officer chargin' the town four dollars tew collect the tax? Ef he can't git the money, law pervides he kin kill the dawg.



"I'd like to en-quire, Mr. Moder-ay-tor," he stormed, "ef this town is a-collectin' tramps!"—Page 556.

Good thing, tew. I hate dawgs wuss 'n pizen—wouldn't be bit by one fer twenty-five dollars, 'n'——"

"Deacon, I cal'late you're out of order!" reproved the moderator.

"Wa'al, I motion the dawg officer enforce the law!" the deacon sputtered.

"Might 's well vote fer the assessors to assess the taxes!" yelled some one.

"*Might* vote wuss'n *thet*!" came an answer, amid great laughter and stamping.

Then the motion was solemnly put and carried.

The moderator drew a large red handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his shiny head, and drew

a long breath. Then he read the next Article:

"To see ef the town will vote to abolish deestrick schools and build a large school near the centre of the town."

It was an old and bitterly fought question. A young farmer led off for centralization. He showed the advantages in economy of effort, better teachers, and reduced expenses. He ridiculed the quarrels under the district school system, and ended by saying that "if he believed in a personal devil as his fathers did he would say that *he* created district schools."

The older men had been growing angry under the scathing attack, and now an old Andrew Jackson Democrat, with a white beard and an eagle eye, rose to reply.

"Mister Moder-ay-tor, sir," he said. "Ef our fathers b'leeved in a personal devil, some o' their sons has been

actin' up tew it ever sence!" (A titter ran around the room.) "I've heered my young friend's remarks with pleasure. They sounded kind o' nat'ral, 'cause he's been a-sayin' of 'em over ev'ry year. We ain't needed tew use 'em, so he's hed a good chance tew practise. Aour grand-fathers done some putty good things, 'n' I cal'late they're good enough fer me!" (Applause.) "He says us old fellers is 'triggin' the wheels o' progress,' 'n' thet aour deestrick schools 'ain't fit tew keep cattle in.' Scriptur' says suthin' about 'the prudent man foreseeeth the evil 'n' hideth himself,' so I say let's fix 'em up right, 'n' not throw 'em away, complete!

The schools is better 'n' they wuz twenty years ago, 'n' we kin run 'em better 'n any durn committee. Le's keep the power whar' it b'longs—in the hands o' the people! He talks 'bout quarrels: wa'al, some has family quarrels—does he want tew abolish families?" (A voice: "Yes, if there's anything better!") "Wa'al, I don't cal'late tew throw *my* wife int' the street, if I *kin* git a better one! No, Mister Moder-ay-tor, I don't b'leeve none in abolishin' families, *nor* dees-trick schools, nor any old institution thet's proved a blessin'. I hope the town 'll vote tew keep the schools where aour grandfathers 'n' aour gre't-grandfathers got their larnin', 'n' if we dew, I'd say, same 's Simeon done: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, accordin' tew thy word!'" and the old fellow sank into his seat.

A storm of applause and stamping followed, while the moderator pounded in vain for order. The younger man's clever argument was hopelessly shattered against the popular appeal of the old man. While the latter sat, breathing fast and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, the vote was taken, and a tumult of "Noes!" proclaimed his victory. With a smile the old fellow relaxed into his seat. He had spoken for his generation. The needful changes must come with his sons and grandsons.

Many of the Articles ran off smoothly, and the business was drawing to a close.

The afternoon was spent, and the pale March sunlight fell in level rays through



He seized a chair and poised it above the tumult. "Set down!" he thundered.—Page 562.

the high western windows. In an exaggerated stillness the tired moderator read Article Twenty-two:

"To see ef the town will vote to sell the old hand fire-engine 'Torrent' and purchase a new chemical engine."

Both sides drew a long breath before the battle.

"Mister Moderator!"

It was the bugle call to charge. An alert young farmer was on his feet.

"This town hes been a back-number long enough! I heerd Mose Runnells down t' the store t'other night boastin' we didn't hev no town debt, 'n' Gosh knows we ain't got nothin' else, neither! They

ain't no one 'n this town old enough t' rec'lect when the old 'Torrent' got to a fire 'n time t' do any good! Thet lively turtle of ourn ain't no better 'n a funeral procession. Last fire we hed, she 'most got thar', but thet didn't help none, 'cause them sturdy veterans hed hed a blow-out night before 'n' they was so plumb winded haulin' the engine, they couldn't pump a stream strong enough to bust the winders, 'n' somebody hed to do it with an axe!"

The crowd shouted with glee, and Aaron took up the challenge.

"I dunno whar' this extravagance is a-goin' to stop!" he began solemnly. "Thet sody-manufactory 'd cost more 'n five hunderd dollars, 'n' we got t' buy hosses a-top o' thet! Thet's a-goin' to increase my taxes more 'n sixty cents, 'n' I ain't hed sixty cents 'n my pocket fer two weeks!"

"Hide yer pants 'n the woodshed, 'n' yer wife won't find 'em!" yelled a voice.

Scowling at the interruption, he continued:

"I say, Mister Moder-ay-tor, it's better t' burn an old outlyin' barn some'ars once 'n a dog's age, 'n' 'tis to run the town int' the poorhouse! Es fer outlyin' deestricks, I never see a cornfield yit 't didn't hev outside rows!"

The old man finished, and sat down, belligerently.

A young voter dashed into the breach.

"I s'pose there's some in this town, Mr. Chairman," he said, "thet would oppose takin' a gold dollar, ef you offered it to 'em fer seventy-five cents! I'd like t' know what the gentleman has got ag'in the farmers o' this town, 't he wants their buildin's to burn down! I cal'late the gentleman must be one o' the survivors o' them engine-house suppers. Thet's a turrible dangerous life. I knowed a fireman once in awful danger—he almost got wet!"

"Outside or inside?" yelled a sympathizer.

"Outside, o' course—he was wet through inside long ago! Them firemen 'd git full goin' under a sour apple tree. But thet ain't the wust. My shed ketched afire one day, 'n' I hollered t' one o' the fire department 't was pickin' pears 'n the next lot t' come over an' help put 'er out, 'n' all he

done was t' yell back, 'The damn thing ain't wuth it!'"

"The gentleman is a liar!" shouted a red-faced fireman.

The audience rose to its feet and yelled! In the riot that followed, the moderator was equal to the occasion. He dropped his useless gavel, seized a chair, and poised it above the tumult.

"Set down!" he thundered at the crowd. "The last man standin' up gits this!"

Everybody dropped into seats.

When quiet was partly restored, Hiram gained the floor.

"The' ain't been no great o' fires 'n this town, 's I kin rec'lect," he said. "I own a consid'able property, an' I dunno 's I'd feel any safer with a chemical engine than I do now."

"Nothin' like good insurance!" put in a voice.

Hiram grinned.

"The old 'Torrent' ain't been out fer nigh onto six months," he went on, "an' last fire we hed, Eben Davis's barn burnt clean t' the ground, 'count o' there bein' a settin' hen on the engine, 'n' nobody didn't want to disturb her!"

"The old tub might jest 's well stay t' home, anyway," shouted the first speaker. "Up to Andy Payson's they got the hose in the well, 'side o' the house, 'n' the wind shifted, 'n' they come mighty nigh losin' the gol-durned engine! Don't need no insurance on buildin's—place to put thet is on the engine!"

"*Did* lose the one over t' Green Valley!" interrupted a shrill voice. "Engine-house ketched afire one night, 'n' burned the ol' hand-tub up complete!"

"Question! question!" yelled the crowd.

"All in favor o' sellin' the old engine 'n' buyin' a chemical—" began the moderator.

"Everybody up!" shouted the younger men.

"—say 'Aye!'" he finished.

A mighty thunder of "Ayes" shook the roof.

"Opposed 'No!'"

There was a feeble chorus of "Noes," and the struggle of the day was over.

The weary audience began to straggle out, pausing to nod or exchange a word with a friend—or late enemy. The ap-

parent bitterness melted away before the gibes of the moderator, as he auctioned off to the *lowest* bidder the doubtful privilege of collecting the taxes. Then he paused and surveyed the meeting.

"Is there any other bus'ness to come before this meetin'?" he inquired. "Then a motion to a'journ 's in order. It's gittin' late, 'n' chores hes got to be done."

"I motion we a'journ!" shouted the crowd, and the meeting dissolved.

Outside, the long shadow of the meeting-house spire fell across the little Common. The chill of twilight penetrated heavy overcoats. Aaron turned up his collar and arranged the muffler about his neck, while

Hiram unhitched the patient horse and climbed stiffly into the wagon. Aaron mounted beside him, and pulled up the heavy buffalo robe.

No word was spoken as they jolted off over the frozen ruts, past the black patch of hemlocks, and turned into the road for home.

Presently Hiram flicked his shaggy horse smartly with the whip, and chuckled to himself.

"Git ap along!" he said.

"Wa'al," said Aaron, answering the other's unspoken thought, "I dunno. They don't hev no sech town meetin's nowdays 's they ust to hev, Hiram, when you 'n' me wuz boys!"



"Wa'al, . . . they don't hev no sech town meetin's nowdays."



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

So far the young fellow had not moved nor offered a word in defence.—Page 573.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

Kennedy Square, in the late fifties, was a place of birds and trees and flowers; of rude stone benches, sagging arbors smothered in vines, and cool dirt paths bordered by sweet-smelling box. Giant magnolias filled the air with their fragrance, and climbing roses played hide-and-seek among the railings of the rotting fence. Along the shaded walks laughing boys and girls romped all day, with hoop and ball, attended by old black mummies in white aprons and gayly colored bandannas; while in the more secluded corners, sheltered by protecting shrubs, happy lovers sat and talked, tired wayfarers rested with hats off, and staid old gentlemen read by the hour, their noses in their books.

Outside of all this color, perfume, and old-time charm; outside the grass-line and the rickety wooden fence that framed them in, ran an uneven pavement splashed with cool shadows and stained with green mould. Here, in summer, the watermelon man stopped his cart; and there, in winter, upon its broken bricks, old Moses unhooked his bucket of oysters and ceased for a moment his droning call.

On the shady side of the square, and half hidden in ivy, was a Noah's Ark church, topped by a quaint belfry holding a bell that had not rung for years, and faced by a clock-dial all weather-stains and cracks, around which travelled a single rusty hand. In its shadow to the right lay the home of the archdeacon, a stately mansion with Corinthian columns reaching to the roof and surrounded by a spacious garden filled with damask roses and bushes of sweet syringa. To the left crouched a row of dingy houses built of brick, their iron balconies hung in flowering vines, the windows glistening with panes of wavy glass purpled by age.

On the sunny side of the square, opposite the church, were more houses, high and low: one all garden, filled with broken-nosed statues hiding behind still more magnolias; and another all veranda and honeysuckle, big rocking-chairs and swinging hammocks; and still others with porticos curtained by white jasmine or Virginia creeper.—*The Fortunes of Oliver Horn.*

I



On the precise day on which this story opens—some sixty or more years ago, to be exact—a bullet-headed, merry-eyed, mahogany-colored young ducky stood on the top step of an old-fashioned, high-stoop house, craning his head up and down and across Kennedy Square in the effort to get the first glimpse of his master, St. George Wilmot Temple, attorney and counsellor-at-law, who was expected home from a ducking trip down the bay.

Whether it was the need of this very diet, or whether St. George had felt a sudden longing for the out-of-doors, is a matter of doubt, but certain it is that some weeks before the very best shot in the county had betaken himself to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, accompanied by his guns, his four dogs, and two or three choice men of fashion—young bloods of the time—men with whom we shall become better acquainted as these chronicles go on—there to search for the toothsome and elusive canvas-back for which his State was famous.

That the ducky was without a hat and in

his shirt-sleeves, and it winter—the middle of January, really—the only warm thing about him being the green baize apron tied about his waist, his customary livery when attending to his morning duties—did not trouble him in the least. Marse George might come any minute, and he wanted to be the first to welcome him.

For the past few weeks Todd had had the house to himself. Coal-black Aunt Jemima, with her knotted pig-tails, capacious bosom, and unconfined waist, forty years his senior and ten shades darker in color, looked after the pots and pans, it is true, to say nothing of a particular spit on which her master's joints and game were roasted; but the upper part of the house, which covered the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, and dressing-room in the rear, as well as the outside of the dwelling, including even the green-painted front door and the slant of white marble steps that dropped to the brick sidewalk, were the especial property of the chocolate-colored ducky.

To these duties was added the exclusive care of the master himself—a care which gave the boy the keenest delight, and which embraced every service from the drawing off of St. George Wilmot Temple's boots to

the shortening of that gentleman's slightly gray hair; the supervision of his linen, clothes, and table, with such side issues as the custody of his well-stocked cellar, to say nothing of the compounding of various combinations, sweet, sour, and strong, the betrayal of whose secrets would have cost the darky his place.

"Place" is the word, for Todd was not St. George's slave, but the property of a very distinguished, if slightly impoverished, gentleman who lived on the Eastern Shore, and whose chief source of income was the hiring out to his friends and acquaintances of just such likely young darkies as Todd—a custom common to the impecunious of those days.

As Mr. Temple, however, did not come under either one of the above-mentioned classes—the "slightly impoverished gentleman" never having laid eyes on him in his life—the negotiations had to be conducted with a certain formality. Todd had therefore, on his arrival, unpinned from the inside of his jacket a portentous document signed with his owner's name and sealed with a red wafer, which after such felicitous phrases as—"I have the distinguished honor," etc.—gave the boy's age (21), weight (140 pounds), and height (5 feet 10 inches)—all valuable data for identification in case the chattel conceived a notion of moving further north (an unnecessary precaution in Todd's case). To this was added the further information that the boy had been raised under his master's heels, that he therefore knew his pedigree, and that his sole and only reason for sparing him from his own immediate service was the fact that while under St. George's care the boy could learn how "to wait on quality."

As to the house itself—the "Temple Mansion," as it was called—that was as much a part of Kennedy Square as the giant magnolias gracing the park, or the Noah's Ark church, with its quaint belfry and cracked bell, which faced its shady walks. Nobody, of course, remembered how long it had been built—that is, nobody then alive—I mean the very date. Such authorities as Major Clayton were positive that the bricks had been brought from Holland; while Richard Horn, the rising young scientist, was sure that all the iron and brass work outside were the product of Sheffield;

but in what year they had all been put together had always been a disputed question.

That, however, which was certain and beyond doubt, was that St. George's father, old General Dorsey Temple, had purchased the mansion near the close of the preceding century; that he had, with his characteristic vehemence, pushed up the roof, thrust in two dormer windows, and smashed out the rear wall, thus enlarging the dining-room and giving increased space for a glass-covered porch ending in a broad flight of wooden steps descending to a rose-garden surrounded by a high brick wall; that thus encouraged he had widened the fireplaces, wainscoted the hall, built a new mahogany spider-web staircase leading to his library on the second floor, and had otherwise disported himself after the manner of a man who, having suddenly fallen heir to a big pot of money, had continued oblivious to the fact that the more holes he punched in its bottom the less water would spill over its top. The alterations complete, balls, routs, and dinners followed to such distinguished people as Count Rochambeau, the Marquis de Castellux, Marquis de Lafayette, and other high dignitaries, coming-of-age parties for the young bloods—quite English in his tastes was the old gentleman—not to mention many other extravagances still discussed by the gossips of the day.

With the general's death—it had occurred some twenty years before—the expected had happened. Not only was the pot nearly empty, but the various drains which it had sustained had so undermined the family rent-roll that an equally disastrous effect had been produced on the mansion itself—one of the few pieces of property, by the way, that the father had left to his only son and heir unencumbered, except a suit in chancery from which nobody ever expected a penny—the only dry spots in St. George's finances being the few ground rents remaining from his grandmother's legacy and the little he could pick up at the law.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that certain changes and deteriorations had taken place inside and out of the historic building—changes which never in the slightest degree affected the even-tempered St. George, who had retained his own

private apartments regardless of the rest of the house—but changes which, in all justice to the irascible old spendthrift, would have lifted him out of his grave could he have realized their effect and extent. What a shock, for instance, would the most punctilious man of his time have received when he found his front basement rented for a law office, to say nothing of a disreputable tin sign nailed to a shutter—where in the olden time he and his cronies had toasted their shins before blazing logs, the toddies kept hot on the hearth! And what a row would he have raised had he known that the rose-garden was entirely neglected and given over to the dogs and their kennels; the library in the second story stripped of its books and turned into a guest-chamber, and the books themselves consigned to the basement; the oak-panelled dining-room transformed into a bed-chamber for St. George, and the white-and-gold drawing-room fronting the street reduced to a mere living-room where his son and heir made merry with his friends! And then the shrinkages all about! When a room could be dispensed with, it was locked up. When a shingle broke loose, it stayed loose; and so did the bricks capping the chimneys, and the leaky rain-spouts that splattered the dingy bricks, as well as the cracks and crannies that marred the ceilings and walls.

And yet so great was Todd's care over the outside fittings of the house—details which were necessarily in evidence, and which determined at a glance the quality of the folks inside—that these several crumbling, shake-downs, and shrinkages were seldom noticed by the passer-by. The old adage that a well-brushed hat, a clean collar, polished shoes, and immaculate gloves—all terminal details—make the well-dressed man, no matter how shabby or how ill-fitting his intermediate apparel, applied, according to Todd's standards, to houses as well as Brummels. He it was who soused the windows of purple glass, polished the brass knobs, rubbed bright the brass knocker and brass balls at the top and bottom of the delightful iron railings, to say nothing of the white marble steps, which he attacked with a slab of sandstone and cake of fullers' earth, bringing them to so high a state of perfection that one wanted to apologize for stepping on them. Thus it was that the weather-beaten rain-spouts,

stained bricks, sagging roof, and blistered window-sashes were no longer in evidence. Indeed, their very shabbiness so enhanced the brilliancy of Todd's handiwork that the most casual passers-by were convinced at a glance that gentlefolk lived within.

On this particular morning, then, Todd had spent most of the time since daylight—it was now eight o'clock—in the effort to descry his master making his way along the street, either afoot or by some conveyance, his eyes dancing, his ears alert as a rabbit's, his restless feet marking the limit of his eagerness. In his impatience he had practised every step known to darkydom in single and double shuffle; had patted juba on one and both knees, keeping time with his heels to the rhythm; had slid down and climbed up the railings a dozen times, his eye on the turn in the street, and had otherwise conducted himself as would any other boy, black or white, who was at his wits' end to know what to do with the next second of his time.

Aunt Jemima had listened to the racket until she had lost all patience, and at last threw up the basement window:

"Go in an' shet dat do'—'fo' I come up dar an' smack ye—'nough ter make a body deaf ter hear ye," she called, her black shining face dividing the curtains. "How you know he's a-comin'?"

Todd leaned over the railing and peered down: "Mister Harry Rutter done tol' me—said dey all 's a-comin'—de jedge an' Doctor Teackle an' Marse George an' de hull kit an' bilin'. Dey's been gone mos' two weeks now,—dey's a-comin' I tell ye—be yere any minute."

"I b'liebe dat when I sees it. Fool nigger like you b'liebe anything. You better go inside 'fo' you catch yo' dea'f. I gin ye fair warnin' right now dat I ain't gwinter nuss ye,—d'ye yere?—standin' out dar like a tarr-pin wid yo' haid out. Go in I tell ye!" and she shut the window with a bang and made her way to the kitchen.

Todd kept up his double shuffle with everything going—hands, feet, and knees—thrashed his arms about his chest and back to keep up the circulation and with a final grimace in the direction of the old cook maintained his watch.

"I spec's it's de fog dat's kep' 'em," he muttered anxiously, his feet still in action.

"Dat bay boat's mos' allus late,—can't tell when she'll git in. Only las' week—Golly!—dar he is—dat's him!"

A mud-bespattered gig was swinging around the corner into the Square, and swerving in its course made its way to where Todd stood.

The boy sprang down the steps:

"Yere he is, Aunt Jemima!" he shouted, as if the old cook could have heard him through three brick walls.

The gig came to a stand-still and began to unload: first the dogs—(they had been stowed under their master's feet since they left the steamboat wharf)—who, with a clear bound for the sidewalk, began scouring in mad circles, one after another up and down Todd's immaculate steps, the four in full cry until the entire neighborhood was aroused, the late sleepers turning over with the remark—"Temple's at home," and the early risers sticking their heads out of the windows to count the ducks as they were passed out. Next the master: One shapely leg encased in an English-made ducking boot, then its mate, until the whole of his handsome, well-knit, perfectly healthy and perfectly delightful body was clear of the cramped conveyance.

"Hello, Todd!" he burst out, his face aglow with his drive from the boat landing—"glad to see you! Here, take hold of these guns—easy now, they won't hurt you; one at a time you lunkhead! And now pull those ducks from under the seat. How's Aunt Jemima?—Oh, is that you aunty?" She had come on the run as soon as she heard the dogs. "Everything all right, aunty—howdy—" and he shook her hand heartily.

The old woman had made a feint to pull her sleeves down over her plump black arms and then, begrudging the delay, had grasped his outstretched hand, her face in a broad grin.

"Yes, sah, dat's me. Clar' to goodness Marse George I's glad ter git ye home. Lawd-a-massy, see dem ducks! Purty fat, ain't dey, sah? My!—dat pair's jes' a-bustin'! G'long you fool nigger an' let me hab 'em! G'way f'om dere I tell ye!"

"No,—you pick them up, Todd—they're too heavy for you, aunty. You go back to your kitchen and hurry up breakfast—waffles, remember,—and some corn

pone and a scallop shell or two—I'm as hungry as a bear."

The whole party were mounting the steps now, St. George carrying the guns, Todd loaded down with the game—ten brace of canvas-backs and redheads strung together by their bills—the driver of the gig following with the master's big ducking overcoat and smaller traps—the four dogs crowding up trying to nose past for a dash into the wide hall as soon as Todd opened the door.

"Anybody been here lately, Todd?" his master asked, stopping for a moment to get a better grip of his heaviest duck gun.

"Ain't nobody been yere partic'ler 'cept Mister Harry Rutter. Dey alls knowed you was away. Been yere mos' ev'y day—come agin yisterday."

"Mr. Rutter been here!—Well, what did he want?"

"Dunno, sah,—didn't say. Seemed consid'ble shook up when he foun' you warn't to home. I done tol' him you might be back to-day an' den again you mightn't—'pended on de way de ducks was flyin'. 'Spec' he'll be roun' agin purty soon—seemed ter hab sumpin' on his min'. I'll tu'n de knob, sah. Yere—git down you imp o' darkness,—you Floe!—you Dandy! Drat dem dogs!—Yere, yere!" but all four dogs were inside now, making a sweepstakes of the living-room, the rugs and cushions flying in every direction.

Although Todd had spent most of the minutes since daylight peering up and down the Square, eager for the first sight of the man whom he loved with an idolatry only to be found in the negro for a white man whom he respects, and who is kind to him, he had not neglected any of his other duties. There was a roaring wood fire behind brass andirons and fender. There was a breakfast table set for two—St. George's invariable custom. "Somebody might drop in, you know Todd." There was a big easy chair moved up within warming distance of the cheery blaze; there were pipes and tobacco within reach of the master's hand: there was the weekly newspaper folded neatly on the mantel, and a tray holding an old-fashioned squat decanter and the necessary glasses—in fact, all the comforts possible and necessary for a man who having at twenty-five given up all hope of wedded life,

found himself at fifty becoming accustomed to its loss.

St. George seized the nearest dog by the collar, cuffed him into obedience as an example to the others, ordered the four to the hearth rug, ran his eye along the mantel to see what letters had arrived in his absence, and disappeared into his bed-room. From thence he emerged half an hour later attired in the costume of the day—a jaunty brown velveteen jacket, loose red scarf, white waistcoat—double-breasted and of his own pattern and cut—plaid checked trousers, and white gaiters. No town clothes for St. George as long as his measure was in London and his friends were good enough to bring him a trunk full every year or two. “Well cut garments may not make a gentleman,” he would often say to the youngsters about him, “but slip-shod clothes can spoil one.”

He had drawn up to the table now, Todd in white jacket hovering about him, bringing relays of waffles, hot coffee, and more particularly the first of a series of great scallop-shells filled with oysters which he had placed on the well-brushed hearth to keep hot while his master was dressing.

Fifty he was by the almanac, and by the old family Bible as well, and yet he did not look it. Six feet and an inch; straight, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, well-rounded, but with his waist measure still under control—slightly gray at the temples, with clean-shaven face, laughing eyes, white teeth, and finely moulded nose, brow, and chin—he was everything his friends claimed—the perfect embodiment of all that was best in his class and station, and of all that his blood had bequeathed him.

And fine old fellows they were if we can believe the historians of the seventeenth century. “Wearing the falchion and the rapier, the cloth coat lined with plush and embroidered belt, the gold hat-band and the feathers, silk stockings and garters, besides signet rings and other jewels; wainscoting the walls of their principal rooms in black oak and loading their sideboards with a deal of rich and massive silver plate upon which was carved the arms of their ancestors;—drinking too, strong punch and sack from ‘silver sack-cups,’—(sack being their favorite drink)—and feasting upon oysters and the most delicious of all the ducks of the world.”

And none of these distinguishing qualities did their descendant lack. In the very lift of his head and brace of his shoulders; in the grace and ease with which he crossed the room, one could see at a glance something of the dash and often the repose of the cavalier from whom he had sprung. And the sympathy, kindness, and courtesy of the man that showed in every glance of his eye and every movement of his body—despite his oftentimes explosive temper—a sympathy that drifted into an ungovernable impulse to divide everything he owned into two parts, and his own half into two once more if the other fellow needed it—a kindness that made every one his friend, and a courtesy which, even in a time when men lifted their hats to men, as well as to women—had gained for him the soubriquet of “Gentleman George” the town over, and “dear Uncle George” to every young girl and youth under twenty in and around Kennedy Square.

But to our breakfast once more! All four dogs were on their feet now, their tails wagging expectantly, their noses at each of his knees, where they were regaled at regular intervals with choice bits from his plate, the snapping of their solemn jaws expressing their thanks. A second scallop-shell was next lifted from the hearth with the tongs, and deposited sizzling hot on a plate beside the master, the aroma of the oysters filling the room. These having disappeared, as had the former one, together with the waffles and coffee, and the master’s appetite being now on the wane, general conversation became possible.

“Did Mr. Rutter look ill, Todd?” he continued, picking up the thread of the talk where he had left it. “He wasn’t very well when I left.”

“No, sah,—neber see him look better. Been up a li’l late I reckon,—Marse Harry mos’ gen’ally is a li’l mite late, sah—” Todd chuckled. “But dat ain’t nuthin’ to dese gemmans. But he sho’ do wanter see ye. Maybe he stayed all night at Mister Seymour’s. If he did an’ he yered de rumpus dese rapscallions kicked up—yes—dat’s you I’m talkin’ to—” and he looked toward the dogs—“he’ll be roun’ yere ’fo’ ye gits fru yo’ bre’kfus. Dey do say as how Marse Harry’s mighty sweet in dat quarter. Mister Langdon Willits’s snoopin’ roun’

too, but Miss Kate ain't got no use fer him. He ain't quality dey say."

His master let him run on. Aunt Jemima was Todd's only outlet during his master's absence, and as this was sometimes clogged by an uplifted broom, he made the best use he could of the opportunities when he and his master were alone. When company was present he was as close-mouthed as a clam and as noiseless as a crab.

"Who told you all this gossip, Todd?" exclaimed St. George with a smile, laying down his knife and fork.

"Ain't nary one done tol' me—ain't no use bein' tol'. All ye got to do is to keep yo' eyes open. Be a weddin' dar 'fo' spring. Look out, sah—dat shell's still a-sizzlin'. Mo' coffee, sah? Wait till I gits some hot waffles—won't take a minute!" and he was out of the room and downstairs before his master could answer.

Hardly had he slammed the kitchen door behind him when the clatter and stamp of a horse's hoofs were heard outside, followed by an impatient rat-a-tat-tat on the knocker.

The boy dropped his dishes: "Fo' Gawd dat's Mister Harry!" he cried as he started on a run for the door. "Don't nobody bang de do' down like dat but him."

A slender, thoroughly graceful young fellow of twenty-one or two, booted and spurred, his dark eyes flashing, his face tingling with the sting of the early morning air, dashed past the obsequious dandy and burst into Temple's presence with the rush of a north-west breeze. He had ridden ten miles since he vaulted into the saddle, had never drawn rein uphill or down, and neither he nor the thoroughbred pawing the mud outside, had turned a hair.

"Hello, Uncle George!" Temple, as has been said, was Uncle George to every girl and youth in Kennedy Square.

"Why Harry!" He had sprung from his seat, napkin in hand and had him by both shoulders, looking into his eyes as if he wanted to hug him, and would the first thing he knew. "Where are you from—Moorlands? What a rollicking chap you are, and you look so well and handsome, you dog! And now tell me of your dear mother and your father. But first down with you—here—right opposite—always your place, my dear Harry. Todd, another shell of oysters and more waffles and cof-

fee—everything, Todd, and blazing hot: two shells, Todd—the sight of you Harry, makes me ravenous again, and I could have eaten my boots when I got home an hour ago, I was so hungry. But the mare—" here he moved to the window—"is she all right? Spitfire, I suppose—you'd kill anything else, you rascal! But you haven't tied her!"

"No—never tie her—break her heart if I did. Todd, hang up this coat and hat in the hall before you go."

"That's what you said of that horse you bought of Hampson—ran away, didn't he?" persisted his host, his eyes on the mare who had now become quiet.

"Yes, and broke his leg. But Spitfire's all right—she'll stand. Where will I sit—here? And now what kind of a time did you have, and who were with you?"

"Clayton, Doctor Teackle, and the judge."

"And how many ducks did you get?" and he dropped into his chair.

"Twenty-one," answered St. George, dry-washing his white shapely hands, as he took his seat—a habit of his when greatly pleased.

"All canvas-backs?"

"No—five redheads and a mallard."

"Where did you put up?" echoed Harry, loosening his riding jacket to give his knife and fork freer play.

"I spent a week at Tom Coston's and a week at Craddock. Another lump of sugar Todd."

The boy laughed gently: "Lazy Tom's?"

"Lazy Tom's—and the best hearted fellow in the world. They're going to make him a judge, they say and—"

"—What of—peach brandy? No cream in mine, Todd."

"No—you scurrilous dog—of the Common Court," cried St. George, looking at him over the top of his cup. "Very good lawyer is Tom—got horse sense and can speak the truth—make a very good judge."

Again Harry laughed—rather a forced laugh this time, as if he were trying to make himself agreeable—no heart or ring in it—but so loudly that Todd busied himself about the table before going below for fresh supplies, making excuse of collecting the used dishes. If there were to be any revelations concerning the situation at the

Seymour house, he did not intend to miss any part of them.

"Better put Mrs. Coston on the bench and set Tom to rocking the cradle," said the young man reaching for the plate of corn pone. "She's a thoroughbred if ever I saw one, and does credit to her blood. But go on—tell me about the birds. Are they flying high?—and the duck blinds; have they fixed them up? They were all going to pot when I was there last."

"Birds out of range, most of them—hard work getting what I did. As to the blinds, they are still half full of water—got soaking wet trying to use one. I shot most of mine from the boat just as the day broke," and then followed a full account of what the party had shot, with details of every day's adventures. This done St. George pushed back his chair and faced the young man.

"And now you take the witness stand, sir—look me in the eyes, put your hand on your fob-pocket and tell me the truth. Todd says you have been here every day for a week looking as if you had lost your last fip-penny-bit and crazy to see me. What has happened?"

"Todd has a vivid imagination." He turned in his seat, stretched out his hand, and catching one of the dogs by the nose rubbed his head vigorously.

"Go on—all of it—no dodging the king's counsellor. What's the matter?"

The young man glanced furtively at Todd; grabbed another dog; rubbed their two ears together in play, and in a lowered voice, through which a tinge of sadness was only too apparent, murmured:

"Miss Kate—we've had a falling out."

St. George gave a low whistle:—"Falling out?—what about?"

Again young Rutter glanced at Todd, whose back was turned, but whose ears were stretched to splitting point. His host nodded understandingly.

"There Todd—that will do; now go down and get your breakfast. No more waffles tell Aunt Jemima. Bring the pipes over here and throw on another log—so—that's right." A great sputtering of sparks followed—a spider-legged, mahogany table was wheeled into place, and the dejected darky left the room for the regions below.

"So you two have had a quarrel! Oh, Harry!—when will you learn to think twice before you speak? Whose fault was it?"

sighed St. George, filling the bowl of his pipe with his slender fingers, slowly tucking in each shred and grain.

"Mine."

"What did you say?" (Puff-puff.)

"Nothing—I couldn't. She came in and saw it all." The boy had his elbows on the table now, his cheeks sunk in his hands.

St. George looked up: "Drunk, were you?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Mrs. Cheston's ball last week."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No—she won't let me come near her. Mr. Seymour passed me yesterday and hardly spoke to me."

St. George laid down his pipe, canted his chair and zigzagged it toward the blazing hearth; then he said thoughtfully, without looking at the young man:

"Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish! Have you told your father?"

"No—he wouldn't understand."

"And I know you didn't tell your mother." This came with the tone of positive conviction.

"No—and don't you. Mother is daft on the subject. If she had her way, father would never put a drop of wine on the table. She says it is ruining the county—but that's mother's way."

St. George stooped over, fondled one of the dogs for a moment—two had followed Todd out of the room—settled back in his chair again, and still looking into the fire, said slowly:

"Bad business—bad business, Harry! Kate is as proud as Lucifer and dislikes nothing on earth so much as being made conspicuous. Tell me exactly what happened."

"Well, there isn't anything to tell," replied the young fellow, raising his head and leaning back in his chair, his face the picture of despair. "We were all in the library and the place was boiling hot, and they had two big bowls, one full of eggnog and the other full of apple-toddy: and the next thing I knew I was out in the hall and met Kate on the stairs. She gave a little smothered scream, and moaned—'Oh, Harry!—and you promised me!'—and then she put her hands to her face, as if to shut me out of her sight. That sobered me somewhat, and after I got out on the porch

into the night air and had pulled myself together, I tried to find her and apologize, but she had gone home, although the ball wasn't half over."

"Then this was not the first time?" He was still gazing at the hot coals, both hands out-fanned, to screen his face from the blaze.

"No—I'm sorry to say it wasn't. I told her I would never fail her again, and she forgave me, but I don't know what she'll do now. She never forgives anybody who breaks his word—she's very queer about it: That's what I came to see you about. I haven't slept much nights, thinking it over, and so I had the mare saddled, hoping you might be here. Todd thought you might be—he saw Dr. Teackle's Joe, who said you were all coming to-day."

Again there was a long pause, during which Temple continued to study the coals through his open fingers, the young man sitting hunched up in his chair, his handsome head dropped between his shoulders, his glossy chestnut hair, fringing his collar behind, a-frouze with his morning ride.

"Harry," said St. George, knocking the ashes slowly from his pipe on the edge of the fender, and turning his face for the first time toward him,—“didn't I hear something before I went away about a ball at your father's—or a dance—or something, when your engagement was to be announced?"

The boy nodded.

"And was it not to be something out of the ordinary?" he continued, looking at the boy from under his eyelids—"Teackle certainly told me so—said that your mother had already begun to get the house in order——"

Again Harry nodded—as if he had been listening to an indictment, every word of which he knew was true.

St. George roused himself and faced his guest: "And yet you took this time, Harry, to——"

The boy threw up both hands in protest:

"Don't!—*don't!* Uncle George! It's the ball that makes it all the worse. That's why I've got no time to lose; that's why I've haunted this place waiting for you to get back. Mother will be heart-broken if she finds out and I don't know what father would do."

St. George laid his empty pipe on the table and straightened his body in the

chair until his broad shoulders filled the back. Then his brow darkened; his indignation was getting the better of him.

"I don't know what has come over you young fellows, Harry!" he at last broke out, his eyes searching the boy's. "You don't seem to know how to live. You've got to pull a shoat out of a trough to keep it from overeating itself, but you shouldn't be obliged to pull a gentleman away from his glass. Good wine is good food and should be treated as such. My cellar is stocked with old Madeira—some port—some fine sherries—so is your father's. Have you ever seen him abuse them?—have you ever seen Mr. Horn or Mr. Kennedy, or any of our gentlemen around here, abuse them? It's scandalous, Harry! damnable! I love you, my son—love you in a way you know nothing of, but you've got to stop this sort of thing right off. And so have these young roysterers you associate with. It's getting worse every day. I don't wonder your dear mother feels about it as she does. But she's always been that way, and she's always been right about it, too, although I didn't use to think so." This last came with a lowered voice and a deep, indrawn sigh, and for the moment checked the flow of his wrath.

Harry hung his head still lower, but he did not attempt to defend himself.

"Who else were making vulgarians of themselves at Mrs. Cheston's?" St. George continued in a calmer tone, stretching his shapely legs until the soles of his shoes touched the fender.

"Mark Gilbert, Tom Murdoch, Langdon Willits, and——"

"Willits, eh?—Well, I should expect it of him. He wasn't born a gentleman—that is, his grandfather wasn't a gentleman—married his overseer's daughter, if I remember right:—but you come of the best blood in the State,—egad!—none better! You have something to maintain—some standard to keep up. A Rutter should never be found guilty of anything that would degrade his name. You seem to forget that—you—damn me, Harry!—when I think of it all—and of Kate—my sweet, lovely Kate,—and how you have made her suffer—for she loves you—no question of that—I feel like wringing your neck! What the devil do you mean, sir?" He was up on his feet now, pacing the

room, the dogs following his every movement with their brown agate eyes, their soft, silky ears straightening and falling.

So far the young fellow had not moved nor had he offered a word in defence. He knew his Uncle George;—better let him blow it all out, then the two could come together. At last he said in a contrite tone—his hands upraised:

“Don’t scold me, Uncle George. I’ve scolded myself enough—just say something to help me. I can’t give Kate up—I’d sooner die. I’ve always made a fool of myself—maybe I’ll quit doing it after this. Tell me how I can straighten this out. She won’t see me—maybe her father won’t. He and my father—so Tom Warfield told me yesterday—had a talk at the club. What they said I don’t know, but Mr. Seymour was pretty mad—that is, for him—Tom thought from the way he spoke.”

“And he ought to be mad—raging mad! He’s only got one daughter, and she the proudest and loveliest thing on earth, and that one he intends to give to you”—Harry looked up in surprise—“Yes—he told me so. And here you are breaking her heart before he has announced it to the world. It’s worse than damnable, Harry—it’s a *crime!*”

For some minutes he continued his walk, stopping to look out of the window, his eyes on the mare who, with head up and restless eyes, was on the watch for her master’s return; then he picked up his pipe from the table, threw himself into his chair again, and broke into one of his ringing laughs.

“I reckon it’s because you’re twenty, Harry, I forgot that. Hot blood—hot temper,—madcap dare-devil that you are—not a grain of common-sense. But what can you expect?—I was just like you at your age. Come, now, what shall we do first?”

The young fellow rose and a smile of intense relief crept over his face. He had had many overhauls from his Uncle, and always with this ending. When St. George let out one of those big spontaneous, bubbling laughs straight from his heart, the trouble, no matter how serious, was over. What some men gained by anger and invective St. George gained by good humor, ranging from the faint smile of toleration to the roar of merriment. One reason why he had so few enemies—none, practically—was that he could invariably

disarm an adversary with laughter. It was a fine old blade that he wielded; only a few times in his life had he been called upon to use any other—when some under-dog was maltreated, or his own good name, or that of a friend was traduced, or some wrong had to be righted—then his face would become as steel, and there would belch out a flame of denunciation that would scorch and blind in its intensity. None of these fiercer moods did the boy know;—what he knew was his uncle’s merry side—his sympathetic, loving side,—and so, following up his advantage, he strode across the room and settled down on the arm of his uncle’s chair, his arm about his shoulders.

“Won’t you go and see her, please?” he pleaded, patting his back, affectionately.

“What good will that do? Hand me a match, Harry.”

“Everything—that’s what I came for.”

“Not with Kate! She isn’t a child—she’s a woman,” he echoed back between the puffs, his indignation again on the rise. “She is different from the girls about here; when she once makes up her mind it stays made up.”

“Don’t let her make it up! Go and see her and tell her how I love her and how miserable I am. Tell her I’ll never break another promise to her as long as I live. Nobody ever holds out against you. Please—Uncle George! I’ll never come to you for anything else in the world if you’ll help me this time. And I won’t drink another drop of anything you don’t want me to drink—I don’t care what father or anybody else says. You’ve got to go to her!—Oh, I can’t stand it any longer! Every time I think of Kate hidden away over there where I can’t get at her, it drives me wild. I wouldn’t ask you to go if I could go myself and talk it out with her—but she won’t let me near her—I’ve tried and tried; and Ben says she isn’t at home, and knows he lies when he says it! You will go, won’t you?”

The smoke from his uncle’s pipe was coming freer now—most of it escaping up the throat of the chimney with a swoop.

“When do you want me to go?” He had already surrendered. When had he ever held out when a love affair was to be patched up?

“Now, right away.”

"No,—I'll go to-night,—she will be at home then," he said at last, as if he had just made up his mind, the pipe having helped—"and do you come in about nine and—let me know when you are there, or—better still, wait in the hall until I come for you."

"But couldn't I steal in while you are talking?"

"No—you do just as I tell you. Not a sound out of you, remember, until I call you."

"Oh!—you good Uncle George! I'll never forget you for it. No—not a sound. Ben will let me in— Yes—nine o'clock!" and with a grasp of St. George's hand and another outpouring of gratitude, the young fellow swung wide the door, clattered down the steps, threw his leg over Spitfire, and dashed up the street.

II

IF Kate's ancestors had wasted any part of their substance in too lavish a hospitality, after the manner of the spendthrift whose extravagances were recounted in the preceding chapter, there was nothing to indicate it in the home of their descendants. No loose shutters, crumbling chimneys, or blistered woodwork defaced the Seymour mansion:—the touch of the restorer was too apparent. No sooner did a shutter sag or a hinge give way than off it went to the carpenter or the blacksmith; no sooner did a banister wobble, or a table crack, or an andiron lose a leg, than up came somebody with a kit, or a bag, or a box of tools, and they were as good as new before you could wink your eye. Indeed, so great was the desire to keep things up that it was only necessary (so a wag said) for a boy to scratch a match on old Seymour's front door to have its panels repainted the next morning.

And then its seclusion:—while its neighbors—the Temple mansion among them—had been placed boldly out to the full building line where they could see and be seen, the Seymours, with that spirit of aloofness which had marked the family for generations, had set their dwelling back ten paces, thrown up a hedge of sweet-smelling box to screen the inmates from the gaze of passers-by, planted three or four big trees as protection for the upper windows, and, to insure still greater privacy, had put up a swinging wooden gate, kept shut by a ball

and chain, its clang announcing the entrance of each and every visitor.

And this same spirit was manifest the moment you stepped into the wide hall, glanced at the old family portraits marching steadily, one after another up the side of the spacious stairs (revarnished every other year)—entered the great drawing-room hung with yellow satin and decorated with quaint mirrors, and took a seat in one of the all-embracing arm-chairs there to await the arrival of either the master of the house or his charming daughter.

If it were the master to whom you wished to pay your respects, one glance at the Honorable Howard Douglass Seymour would have convinced you that he was precisely the kind of man who should have had charge of so well ordered a home: so well brushed was he—so clean-shaven—so immaculately upholstered—the two points of his collar pinching his cheeks at the same precise angle; his faultless black stock fitting to perfection, the lapels of his high-rolled coat matching exactly. And then the correct parting of the thin gray hair and the two little gray brush-tails of lovelocks that were combed in front of his ears there to become a part of the two little dabs of gray whiskers that stretched from his temples to his bleached cheek-bones. Yes—a most carefully preserved, prim, and well-ordered person was Kate's father.

As to the great man's career, apart from his service in the legislature, which won him his title, there was no other act of his life which marked him apart from his fellows. Suffice it to say that he was born a gentleman without a penny to his name; that he married Kate's mother when she was twenty and he forty (and here is another story, and a sad one)—she the belle of her time—and sole heir to the estate of her grandfather, Captain Hugh Barkeley, the rich ship-owner—and that the alliance had made him a gentleman of unlimited leisure, she, at her death, having left all her property to her daughter Kate, with the Honorable Prim as custodian.

And this trust, to his credit be it said—for Seymour was of Scotch descent—a point in his favor with old Captain Barkeley, who was Scotch on his mother's side, and, therefore, somewhat canny—was most religiously kept, he living within his ample means—or Kate's, which was the same

thing—discharging the duties of father, citizen, and friend, with the regularity of a clock—so many hours with his daughter, so many hours at his club, so many hours at his office; the intermediate minutes being given over to resting, dressing, breakfasting, dining, sleeping, and no doubt praying; the precise beginning and ending of each task having been fixed years in advance by this most exemplary, highly respectable, and utterly colorless old gentleman of sixty.

That this dry shell of a man could be the father of our spontaneous lovely Kate was one of the things that none of the young people around Kennedy Square could understand—but then few of them had known her beautiful mother with her proud step and flashing eyes.

But it is not the punctilious, methodical Prim whom St. George wishes to see to-night; nor does he go through any of the formalities customary to the house. There is no waiting until old Ben, the colored butler in snuff-colored coat and silver buttons, shuffles upstairs or into the library, or wherever the inmates were to be found, there to announce “Massa George Temple.” Nor did he send in his card, or wait until his knock was answered. He simply swung back the gate until the old chain and ball, shocked at his familiarity, rattled itself into a rage, strode past the neatly trimmed, fragrant box, pushed open the door—no front door was ever locked in the daytime in Kennedy Square, and few at night—and halting at the bottom step, called up the silent stairs in a voice that was a joyous greeting in itself:

“Kate, you darling! come down as quick as your dear little feet will carry you! It’s Uncle George, do you hear?—or shall I come up and bring you down in my arms, you bunch of roses? It won’t be the first time, you sunbeam.” The first time was when she was a year old.

“Oh!—is that you Uncle George? Yes,—just as soon as I do up my back hair.” The voice came from the top of the stairs—a lark’s voice singing down from high up. “Father’s out and——”

“Yes—I know he’s out; I met him on his way to the Club. Hurry now—I’ve got the best news in the world for you.”

“Yes—in a minute.”

He knew her minutes, and how long they could be, and in his impatience roamed

about the wide hall examining the old English engravings and colored prints decorating the panels until he heard her step overhead and looking up watched her cross the upper hall, her well-poised, aristocratic head high in air, her full, well-rounded, blossoming body imaged in the loose embroidered scarf wound about her beautiful sloping shoulders. Soon he caught the wealth of her blue-black hair in whose folds her mammy had pinned a rose that matched the brilliancy of her cheeks, two stray curls wandering over her neck; her broad forehead, with clearly marked eyebrows, arching black lashes shading lustrous, slumbering eyes; and as she drew nearer, her warm red lips, exquisite teeth, and delicate chin, and last the little feet that played hide and seek beneath her quilted petticoat: a tall, dark, full-blooded, handsome girl of eighteen with an air of command and distinction tempered by a certain sweet dignity and delicious coquetry—a woman to be loved even when she ruled and to be revered even when she trifled.

She had reached the floor now and the two arm in arm, he patting her hand she laughing beside him had entered the small library followed by the old butler bringing another big candelabra newly lighted.

“It’s so good of you to come,” she said, her face alight with the joy of seeing him—“and you look so happy and well—your trip down the bay has done you a world of good. Ben says the ducks you sent father are the best we have had this winter. Now tell me, dear Uncle George——” she had him in one of the deep arm-chairs by this time, with a cushion behind his shoulders—“I am crazy to hear all about it.”

“Don’t you ‘dear Uncle George’ me until you’ve heard what I’ve got to say.”

“But you said you had the best news in the world for me,” she laughed, looking at him from under her lids.

“So I have.”

“What is it?”

“Harry.”

The girl’s face clouded and her lips quivered. Then she sat bolt upright.

“I won’t hear a word about him. He’s broken his promise to me and I will never trust him again. If I thought you’d come to talk about Harry I wouldn’t have come down.”

St. George lay back in his chair, shrugged his shoulders, stole a look at her from beneath his bushy eyebrows, and said with an assumed dignity, a smile playing about his lips:

"All right, off goes his head—exit the scoundrel. Much as I could do to keep him out of Jones Falls this morning, but of course now it's all over we can let Spitfire break his neck. That's the way a gentleman should die of love—and not be fished out of a dirty stream with his clothes all bespattered with mud."

"But he won't die for love. He doesn't know what love means or he wouldn't behave as he does. Do you know what really happened, Uncle George?" Her brown eyes were flashing, her cheeks aflame in her indignation.

"Oh, I know exactly what happened. Harry told me with the tears running down his cheeks. It was dreadful—*inexcusable*—BARBAROUS! I've been that way myself—tumbled half-way down these same stairs before you were born and had to be put to bed, which accounts for the miserable scapegrace I am to-day." His face was in a broad smile, but his voice never wavered.

Kate looked at him and put out her hand. "You never did—I won't believe a word of it."

"Ask your father, my dear. He helped carry me upstairs, and Ben pulled off my boots. Oh, it was most disgraceful! I'm just beginning to live it down," and he reached over and patted the girl's cheek, his hearty laugh ringing through the room.

Kate was smiling now—her Uncle George was always irresistible when he was like this.

"But Harry isn't you," she pouted.

"*Isn't me!*—why I was ten times worse! He's only twenty-one and I was twenty-five. He's got four years the better of me in which to reform."

"He'll *never* be like you—you never broke a promise in your life. He gave me his word of honor he would never get—yes—I'm just going to say it—drunk—again: yes—that's the very word—*Drunk!* I don't care—I won't have it! I won't have anything to do with anybody who breaks his promise, and who can't keep sober. My father was never so in his life, and Harry shall never come near me again if he——"

"Hold on!—*hold on!* Oh, what an unforgiving minx! You Seymours are all like tinder boxes—your mother was just like you and so was——"

"Well, not father," she bridled with a toss of her head.

St. George smiled queerly—Prim was one of his jokes. "Your father, my dear Kate, has the milk of human kindness in his veins, not red fighting blood. That makes a whole lot of difference. Now listen to me—you love Harry——"

"No! I *despise* him! I told him so!" she cried angrily. She had risen from her seat now and had moved to the mantel, where she stood looking into the fire, her back toward him.

"Don't you interrupt me you blessed girl—just you listen to Uncle George for a minute. You *do* love Harry—you can't help it—nobody can. If you had seen him this morning you would have thrown your arms around him in a minute—I came near doing it myself. Of course he's wild, reckless, and hot-headed like all the Rutters and does no end of foolish things but you wouldn't love him if he was different. He's just like Spitfire—never keeps still a minute—restless, pawing the ground, or all four feet in the air—then away she goes! You can't reason with her—you don't wish to; you get impatient when she chafes at the bit because you are determined she shall keep still, but if you wanted her to go like the wind and she couldn't, you'd be more dissatisfied than ever. The pawing and chafing is of no matter; it is her temperament that counts. So it is with Harry. He wouldn't be the lovable, dashing, high-spirited fellow he is if he didn't kick over the traces once in a while and break everything to pieces—his promises among them. And it isn't his fault—it's the Spanish and Dutch blood in his veins—the blood of that old hidalgo and his Dutch ancestor, De Ruyter—that crops out once in a while. Harry would be a pirate and sweep the Spanish main if he had lived in those days, instead of being a gentleman who values nothing in life so much as the woman he loves."

He had been speaking to her back all this time, the girl never moving, the outlines of her graceful body in silhouette against the blaze.

"Then why doesn't he prove it?" she sighed. She liked old hidalgos and had no

aversion to pirates if they were manly and brave about their work.

"He does—and he lives up to his standard except in this one failing for which I am truly sorry. Abominable I grant you—but there are many things which are worse."

"I can't think of anything worse," she echoed with a deep sigh, walking slowly toward him and regaining her chair, all her anger gone, only the pain in her heart left. "I don't want Harry to be like the others, and he can't live their lives if he's going to be my husband. I want him to be different,—to be big and fine and strong,—like the men who have made the world better for their having lived in it—that old De Ruyter for instance that his father is always talking about—not a weak, foolish boy whom everybody can turn around their fingers. Some of my girl friends don't mind what the young men do, or how often they break their word to them so that they are sure of their love. I do, and I won't have it, and I have told Harry so over and over again. It's such a cowardly thing—not to be man enough to stand up and say 'No—I won't drink with you!' That's why I say I can't think of his doing anything worse."

St. George fixed his eyes upon her. He had thought he knew the girl's heart, but this was a revelation to him: Perhaps her sorrow, like that of her mother, was making a woman of her.

"Oh, I can think of a dozen things worse," he rejoined with some positiveness. "Harry might lie; Harry might be a coward; Harry might stand by and hear a friend defamed; Harry might be discourteous to a woman, or allow another man to be—a thing he'd rather die than permit. None of these things could he be or do. I'd shut my door in his face if he did any one of them, and so should you. And then he is so penitent when he has done anything wrong. 'It was my fault—I would rather hang myself than lose Kate. I haven't slept a wink, Uncle George,' he pleaded. And he was so handsome when he came in this morning—his big black eyes flashing, his cheeks like two roses—so straight and strong, and so graceful and wholesome and lovable. I wouldn't care, if I were you, if he did slip once in a while—not any more than I would if Spitfire stumbled. And then again—" here he moved his chair

close to her own so he could get his hand on hers the easier—"if Spitfire does stumble there is the bridle to pull her up, but for this she might break her neck. That's where you come in, Kate. Harry's in your hands—has been since the hour he loved you. Don't let him go headlong to the devil—and he will if you turn him loose without a bridle."

"I can't do him any good—he won't mind anything I say. And what dependence can I place on him after this?" her voice sank to a tone of helpless tenderness. "It isn't his being drunk altogether; he will outgrow that, perhaps, as you say you did, and be man enough to say no next time; but it's because he broke his promise to me. That he will never outgrow! Oh, it's wicked!—wicked, for him to treat me so. I have never done anything he didn't want me to do! and he has no right to— Oh, Uncle George, it's——"

St. George leaned nearer.

"Try him once more, Kate. Let me send him to you. It will be all over in a minute and you will be so happy—both of you! Nothing like making up—it really pays for the pain of a quarrel."

The outside door shut gently and there was a slight movement in the hall behind them, but neither of them noticed it. Kate sat with her head up, her mind at work, her eyes watching the firelight. It was her future she was looking into. She had positive, fixed ideas of what her station in life as a married woman should be;—not what her own or Harry's birth and position could bring her. With that will-o'-the-wisp she had no sympathy. Her grandfather in his early days had been a plain, seafaring man even if his ancestry did go back to the time of James I—and her mother had been a lady, and that too without the admixture of a single drop of the blood of any Kennedy Square aristocrat. That Harry was well-born and well-bred, was as it should be, but there was something more;—the man himself. That was why she hesitated. Yes—it *would* "all be over in a moment," just as Uncle George said, but when would the next break come? And then again there was her mother's life with all the misery that a broken promise had caused her. Uncle George was not the only young gallant who had been put to bed in her grandfather's house. Her mother had loved too

—just as much as she loved Harry—loved with her whole soul—until grandpa Berkeley put his foot down.

St. George waited in silence as he read her mind. Breaches between most of the boys and girls were easily patched up—a hearty cry, an outstretched hand—"I am so sorry," and they were in each other's arms. Not so with Kate. Her reason, as well as her heart, had to be satisfied. This was one of the things that made her different from all the other girls about her and this too was what had given her first place in the affections and respect of all who knew her. Her heart he saw was uppermost to-night, but reason still lurked in the background.

"What do you think made him do it again?" she murmured at last in a voice barely audible. "He knows how I suffer and he knows too *why* I suffer. Oh, Uncle George!—won't you please talk to him! I love him so, and I can't marry him if he's like this. I can't!—*I can't!*"

"It won't do a bit of good. I've talked to him until I'm tired, and the longer I talk the more crazy he is to see you. I'll have him here in five minutes," and he glanced at the clock. She raised her hand in alarm:

"I don't want him yet—" she exclaimed. "You must see him first—you must—"

"No, I won't see him first, and I'm not going to wait a minute. Talk to him yourself; put your arms around him and tell him everything you have told me—now—to-night. I'm going for him," and he sprang to his feet.

"No!—you must not! You *shall* not!" she cried, clutching nervously at his arm, but he was gone from the room before she could stop him.

In the hall outside, hat in hand, his whole body tense with expectancy, stood Harry. He had killed time by walking up and down the long strip of carpet between the front door and the staircase, measuring his steps to the length of the pattern, his mind distracted by his fears for the outcome—his heart thumping away at his throat, a dull fright gripping him when he thought of losing her altogether.

St. George's quick step, followed by his

firm clutch of the inside knob, awoke him to consciousness. He sprang forward to catch his first word.

"Can I go in?" he stammered.

St. George grabbed him by the shoulder, wheeled him around, and faced him.

"Yes you reprobate, and when you get in go down on your knees and beg her pardon, and if I ever catch you causing her another heartache I'll break your damned neck!—do you hear?"

With the closing of the swinging gate the wily old diplomat regained his normal good-humored poise, his face beaming, his whole body tingling at his success. He had patched up many a love affair in his time—indeed he was past master in that kind of carpentry—but never one which gave him the same amount of happiness as did this. He knew what was going on behind the closed curtains, and just how contrite and humble the boy would be, and how Kate would scold and draw herself up—proud duchess that she was—and how Harry would swear by the nine gods, and an extra one if need be—and then there would come a long, long silence, broken by meaningless, half-spoken words—and then another silence—so deep and absorbing that a full choir of angels might have started an anthem above their heads and neither of them would have heard a word or note.

The dear fellow knew it all—and it filled his heart with joy. Both were the children of lifelong friends; both in their blood and breeding, wealth and refinement would keep alive and maintain the traditions of their race. Both were honest and noble and young—how good it was to be all three—and both were made for each other. And so he kept on his way, picking his steps between the moist places in the path so as not to soil his freshly varnished boots; tightening the lower button of his snug-fitting plum-colored coat as a bracing to his waistline; throwing open the collar of his overcloak the wider to give his shoulders the more room—very happy—very well satisfied with himself, with the world and with everybody who lived in it.

(To be continued.)

THE FALL OF GUAIMARO

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOUNG



AFTER the brief but exciting Cascorra campaign, General Maximo Gomez and his force, reduced by casualties and the detaching of various organizations to about one thousand men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with two guns, had marched to the eastward, and in a few days was encamped alongside the force of General Calixto Garcia, about two thousand men, that after a forced march made in obedience to orders from Gomez, had just arrived from east of the Cauto River. We Americans, having learned that General Garcia also had a few guns officered by our countrymen, proceeded to look up these latter without delay, and found several likable and interesting men who were to be our comrades through many months to come. These were Major Winchester Dana Osgood, who had won fame as a foot-ball player at Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania; Captain William Cox, of Philadelphia; Lieutenants Stuart S. Janney and Osmun Latrobe, Jr., of Baltimore, and Jas. Devine, of Texas, and Dr. Harry Danforth, of Milwaukee. All except the latter, who served as a medical officer, belonged to the artillery, with Osgood in command.

As General Garcia, like General Gomez, had but two guns, it will be seen that the artillery of both forces was considerably over-officered. But this fault extended throughout the whole insurgent army, the number of officers, especially those of high rank, being out of all proportion to the number of men in the ranks.

We were soon presented to General Garcia, and were most kindly received by him. As the future service of the most of us was to be under his command, as he was one of the most prominent chieftains not only in this war, but in the ten years' struggle, a few words regarding his personality will

not be amiss. He was a man of most striking appearance, being over six feet tall and rather heavy, and his hair and large mustache were snow-white. What at once attracted attention was the hole in his forehead, a souvenir of the Ten Years' War. On September 3, 1874, being about to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, and believing his execution to be a certainty, he had fired a large-calibre revolver upward from beneath his lower jaw, the bullet making its exit almost in the centre of his forehead. It is safe to say that not one man in ten thousand would have survived so terrible an injury. He was taken prisoner, and owed his life to the skill of a Spanish surgeon, though he remained in prison until the end of the war, four years later. To the day of his death, nearly twenty-four years later, the wound never entirely healed, and he always carried a small wad of cotton in the hole in his skull. General Garcia was a man of the most undoubted personal courage, and was a courteous and kindly gentleman. His bearing was dignified, but he was one of the most approachable of men. He seldom smiled, and I never heard him laugh but once, and that was when on one occasion he fired every one of the six shots in his revolver at a jutea, a small animal, at a few yards range without disturbing its slumbers. With him life had been one long tragedy of war and prison. He lived to see his country free from Spanish rule, but not yet a republic. Those of us Americans who had served under Gomez always regarded him with something akin to awe or fear, but all who came in close contact with Garcia had for him a feeling of affection. He was always so just and so considerate, and though some of us must have exasperated him at times, so far as I know he never gave one of us a harsh word. When the provocation was sufficient, however, he could be terribly severe with his own people.

General Garcia's staff consisted of about a dozen young men of the best families of Cuba. All of them spoke English, a great convenience for us foreigners who were constantly under the necessity of communicating with them. The chief of staff was Colonel Mario Menocal, a graduate of Cornell, and a civil engineer by profession. Declining a commission at the beginning of the war, he had entered the ranks, and was with Gomez on his memorable march from eastern Cuba to the very walls of Havana. He was a most capable and daring soldier, and his rise had been rapid. He was the nominee of the Conservative party for the presidency of Cuba at the last election. Another member of the staff was Colonel Carlos Garcia, a son of the general, and the present Cuban minister to the United States. He was a great friend of all of us American *mambis*, and we usually went to him with such troubles as we had.

General Garcia's force, having been raised in the province of Santiago, had a much larger proportion of negroes than the one that we had been with. With him here were several well-known negro chieftains, among them Rabi and Cebreco, the former one of the most striking-looking men I have ever seen. Some of the negro officers were quite capable in guerilla warfare, while others were mere blusterers and blunderers. Although the color line is drawn in Cuba in social matters, white men of the best families did not hesitate to serve under negro officers, and sometimes on their staffs. The Cuban negroes in the insurgent army were to me a most interesting study. They seemed much more forceful and aggressive than our own colored population as a rule, probably the result of most of the older ones having served in the Ten Years' War. And then, too, they had lived a more outdoor life than the majority of the negroes of our Northern States, being plantation hands and small farmers, and had not been weakened and demoralized by city life. A surprising fact was that not a few of the older negroes of Cuba were born in Africa. Although the foreign slave trade was abolished by law many years ago, it is a matter of common knowledge that up to as late as 1870 small cargoes of slaves from the west coast of Africa were run into Cuba. Juan Gonzalez, the man who served for more than

six months as my "striker," or personal servant, told me that he distinctly remembered his capture, when about ten years of age, by Arabs on the Congo, his sale to the Portuguese, and the journey in a sailing-ship across the Atlantic. He ran away from his master and served in the Ten Years' War, and so gained his freedom. These African negroes often conversed among themselves in their native dialect, nearly all of them having come from the same region on the Congo.

After a few days in camp to allow the men and horses of both forces to rest, the three thousand of us marched toward doomed Guaimaro, and drew our lines about the town. The combined forces were under the command of General Gomez, he being the insurgent commander-in-chief. General Garcia had with him two guns, a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder and a two-pounder of the same make, they being identical with the two guns that Gomez had used at Cascorra, and that we had brought with us. So we now had four pieces of artillery, all steel breech-loading guns, using fixed ammunition.

The little town of Guaimaro, in the extreme eastern part of the province of Camaguey, and sixteen miles east of Cascorra, has figured largely in Cuban history. Here convened on April 10, 1869, the first Cuban legislative body, which framed the constitution that served during the Ten Years' War, and which adopted as the Cuban flag the beautiful banner that to-day waves over the Presidential Palace in Havana, but which was first seen on Cuban soil when the unfortunate Narcisso Lopez landed to start a war for independence in 1850. Practically all the Cuban population of Guaimaro had left the town months before, and the resident non-combatants consisted almost entirely of a few Spanish storekeepers and their families. The garrison, about three hundred men of the Second Battalion of Tarragona, was commanded by a major, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, and was distributed among eleven defensive positions, mostly large two-story blockhouses, called *fortines*, though the strongest positions were the brick church with stone tower and the barracks, the former in the south part of the town and the latter at its south-west corner. All of these had earth banked up



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Every Spaniard in Guaimaro could see him, and I believe to a man tried to bring the gallant fellow down.—Page 586.

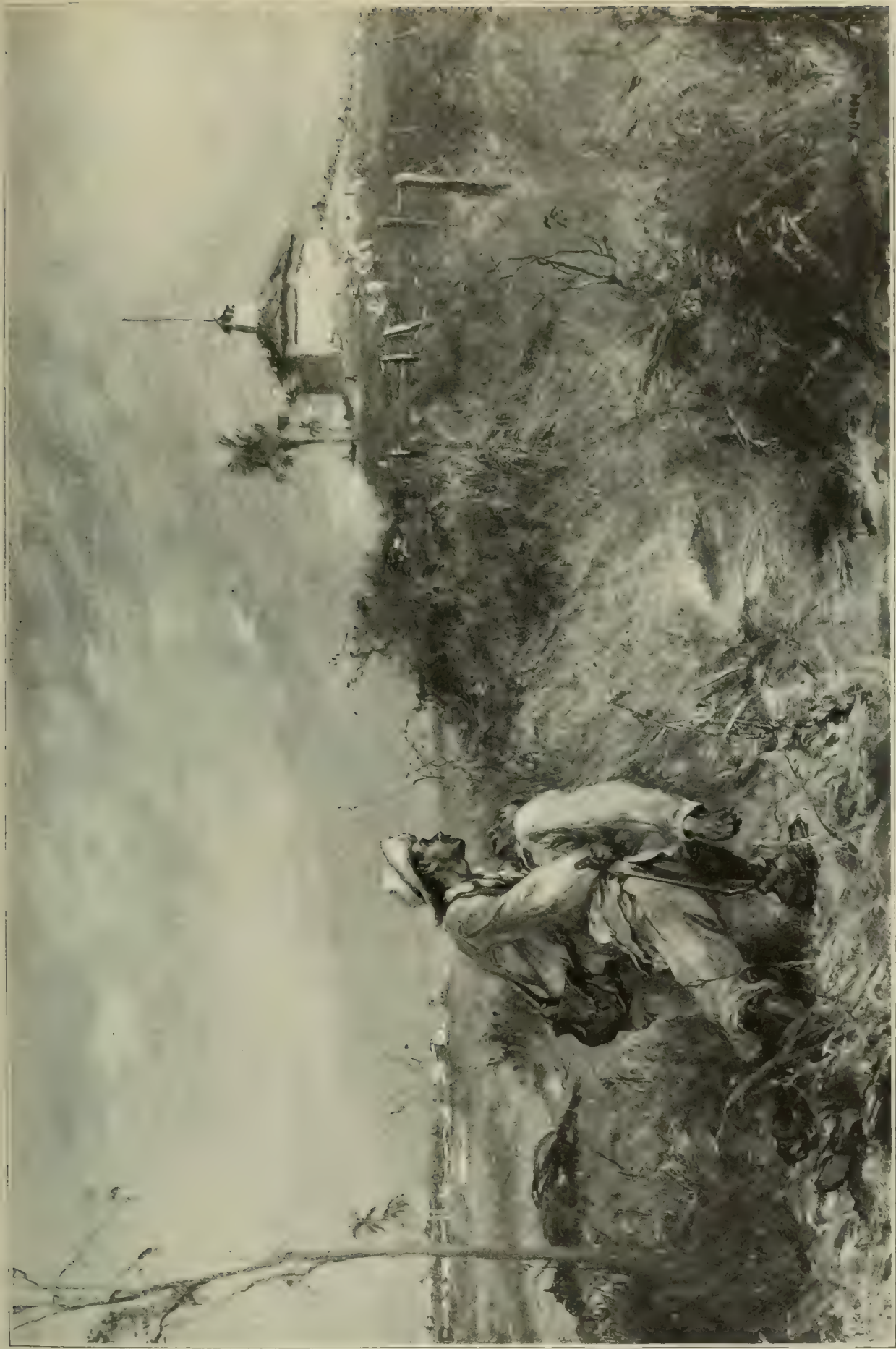
around them to the lower tier of port-holes and were surrounded by barb-wire entanglements. All except the church were also surrounded by standing trenches. The key to the situation was the *Fortin* Gonfu, an isolated blockhouse on a low hill due north of the centre of the town and seven hundred yards from the circle of blockhouses surrounding it. The nearest support was the *Fortin* Isabella. Once established in the Gonfu blockhouse, the Cubans would completely dominate the town, which lay in easy artillery range on the level ground to the southward. The blockhouse in question was neither large nor strong, and its isolated position made its capture certain if a vigorous attack were made.

On the night of October 16th Gomez and Garcia with their staffs and personal escorts were encamped about a mile to the north of the Gonfu position, and we Americans with our four guns were near them. I had been commissioned a captain immediately after the Cascorra campaign, but Osgood being a major, I was ranked by him, and he was very properly placed in command of all the artillery. On the night referred to, General Gomez was in a somewhat irritable mood. One of the insurgent officers had sung in grand opera in Europe, and was entertaining a number of us within earshot of where our chief was trying to rest. The grim old fellow stood the Italian airs as long as he could, and then sent word to the offender that he had a horse that sang considerably better. But he did not interfere when General Garcia's fine band struck up, and played for a couple of hours. The Cubans were making no attempt to conceal their presence from the garrison, and the wind being favorable, the music must have been heard in the town. It no doubt gave the Spaniards a creepy feeling when they heard the Cuban national hymn, the *Bayames*, and listened to the cheers and the shouts of "*Cuba libre!*" that followed its playing.

At three o'clock the next morning I was startled from a sound sleep by a leathern-lunged bugler blowing reveille within a few feet of my hammock, and it is a peculiar and to me inexplicable fact that though I have certainly heard reveille several thousand times since that occasion, it invariably to this day brings to mind that depressing,

chilly morning that ushered in the siege of Guaimaro, and calls up for the moment those stirring days that now seem so long ago. As the call was taken up by a score of bugles all about the town, I could not help wondering as to the feelings of the brave little garrison, so soon to begin their struggle against overwhelming odds. Completely isolated from the outside world, except when every three months a convoy reached them with supplies, they had for nearly two weeks in September listened to the booming of guns in the fighting about Cascorra, but could have had no inkling as to the result. Now they must have realized that their time of trial had come.

It had been determined to use but one gun in the attack on the Gonfu blockhouse, and this was the twelve-pounder that belonged to Garcia's command. During the night a short parapet had been constructed for it about four hundred yards to the westward of the blockhouse, and practically on a level with it, though separated therefrom by a grassy swale. The piece was in position before daylight, with Osgood in personal command. For the time being, Gomez's artillerymen were to be but spectators, so Pennie and I took our post about a hundred yards on the left flank of the gun and about equally distant with it from the blockhouse, and awaited developments. After it was fairly light we saw a flash of flame and smoke from the shrubbery behind which the gun position had been constructed, and almost simultaneously a shell struck the ground a few yards short of the blockhouse, but on the ricochet went through it without exploding. The sixteen Spaniards in the little fort were on the lookout, ready for business, and in a few seconds came their fire, a continuous crackle, as they were using their magazine rifles at top speed. At first they fought from the lower story of the blockhouse, but after the structure had been hit a couple of times they abandoned it, and took to the trenches outside. At Guaimaro there were not the bags of earth in front of the trenches that at Cascorra had given us something to shoot at, the enemy having instead deep standing trenches. A man's head would be exposed for only the few seconds that it took him to empty his magazine. As soon as he saw no more fire coming from the blockhouse itself, Osgood



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Janney half carried and half dragged the wounded man up that slope under a fire that it would seem impossible a man could live through.—Page 386.

confined himself to attempts to make hits on the top of the trench in the hope of landing a shell in it, but it was practically impossible to do so at such short range, the trajectory being so flat. And then, too, the ammunition that General Garcia had brought with him had been some months on the island, exposed to all sorts of weather and treatment, and many of the shells failed to burst. Our people shot slowly and carefully, but did not succeed in diminishing the enemy's fire to any great extent. Pennie and I, animated by a desire to get a little closer to the fireworks, made a run over to the gun, and reached there just in time to see the Hotchkiss on its recoil knock a Cuban senseless. These twelve-pounders, very light guns for their heavy powder charge, were nearly as dangerous toward the rear as toward the front. Despite the brake ropes, which were adjusted before every shot, I have seen them kick down a slope or along slippery ground for twenty feet, so that we soon learned to have the deepest respect for the ground in rear of one of these guns. The only time we attempted to limit these antics was by means of a bank of earth, and this experiment resulted in a broken carriage. Pennie and I stooped down beside the gun detachment and watched our perspiring and powder-begrimed countrymen work. The protection was scarcely half as high as the parapets behind which we had fought at Cascorra, and becoming somewhat careless in our anxiety to see the results of the shots, we were warned by Osgood to be careful, as the Spaniards were shooting well. The bullets were coming in steadily, and keeping well down to the ground. Osgood had just remarked to me that he had accomplished all he could, by driving the Spaniards from the blockhouse to the trenches outside, and that the infantry must do the rest, when a staff officer arrived to state that the Cubans were going to charge from the foot of the slope to our left, and to give directions that a lookout should be kept, in order that the fire of the gun might cease at the proper time. This was refreshing after what we had seen at Cascorra, where failure to use the infantry at the proper time had thrown away a victory. Of course, however, assaulting this isolated blockhouse was no such proposition as going against the much stronger and

better-supported positions of the other town. Anxious to see the charge, Pennie and I hastened back to our old stand, and had hardly got settled down when a bugle rang out in the edge of the woods a hundred yards to our left, there were a number of briskly given commands, some faint cheering and a rattle of shots, and a company of men, mostly negroes, led by Garcia's chief of staff, Colonel Menocal, began to climb the grassy slope. Ordinarily chiefs of staff do not lead charges, but no chances were being taken on some bungler making a mess of this job. The slope was so steep and the grass so high and dense that the attack was made at a walk, the men in single line, firing and yelling excitedly. Pennie and I watched for a few seconds, when he said, "Me for this," and we started for the blockhouse, and at the same time saw Janney, Latrobe, and one or two others cutting across from the gun position, with revolvers drawn. When about half-way to the top we two stumbled over a negro, who as soon as he saw us began to writhe and moan, calling out that he was wounded. Desirous of rendering assistance, we turned him over, but could see no blood. "The damned coward is flunking," yelled Pennie, and twisting the fellow's Remington out of his hands, gave him the butt of it several times, thus making his lamentations more realistic. This man was the only one of the fifty who fell out, the others facing the music gamely. The first man through the wire entanglement and into the trench was Janney, who had joined the attacking company just before it reached the summit. Owing to our delay with the supposedly wounded man, the blockhouse was taken before Pennie and I reached it. The Spaniards had not waited for the Cubans, but had bolted out of their trench on the opposite side when the latter were about half-way up, and were doing a Marathon for the *Isabella fortin*, distant seven hundred yards. The victors fired on them from around the captured blockhouse, and killed one man about a hundred yards down the slope. The infantry company had lost its formation, and had dissolved into a mob of men, yelling and firing, until Menocal restored some semblance of order by knocking down several of the worst with the flat of his machete. Not one of the men making the assault had been hit,

as the garrison of the blockhouse had not fired after they came in sight, and the enemy in the other forts could not see the attacking party until it reached the summit. The mob of men about the captured position now made a fine target, however,

dently hoped to add to their next bill of fare, escaped in the confusion, and ran cackling around the blockhouse half a dozen times, pursued by Pennie, who finally killed it by throwing his machete at it. As all the remaining Spanish works were on a



For a couple of hours deliberately shelled that work and others in the vicinity.—Page 588.

and from every blockhouse, the church, the barracks, and other points came a most terrific and well-sustained fire. There must have been some peculiar atmospheric or other condition that redoubled the sound, as these comparatively few rifles made for the time an almost unbroken roar, reminding us of the racket at La Machuca, where four thousand men were in action. The summit of the hill rapidly became too hot. Colonel Menocal screened some of his men in the trenches, and others behind the blockhouse, but sent about half of them down the hill, not, however, until several of them had been hit. Of course, something ridiculous had to happen. A chicken, which the late garrison had evi-

lower level than ourselves, the fire from them was necessarily directed upward, with the result that thousands of bullets, clearing the hill, spattered over the country for nearly two miles to the north. An aged colonel of Gomez's staff, lying peacefully in his hammock a mile and a half from the nearest Spanish work, was shot through the body, but recovered, and several other casualties in the camps resulted from this fusillade. In the meantime a number of us had entered the blockhouse and were exploring it. The lower story was littered with broken timbers, and a barrel of drinking water had been pierced at about its middle by a shell, but without destroying it or knocking it over. The remaining

half barrel of water quenched many a thirst that day. In the upper story we found a number of boxes of hard biscuit and some other food, and after filling our pockets began pitching the balance out to the men hugging the lee side of the building to escape the storm of bullets still sweeping the hill. A Spanish soldier, wounded by a shell, had fallen across one box of biscuits and had bled there so profusely that half of them were saturated, but it was no time to be fastidious, and we emptied the upper part of the box and threw the uninjured contents to the hungry men outside.

In the meantime several officers of General Garcia's staff had reached us, and called attention to the fact that the Spanish flag was still floating from the pole on the blockhouse. This would never do, and it must come down. But it could not be lowered, being nailed to the staff. One of these officers, Lieutenant Luis Rodolfo Miranda, said he would bring down the flag, and several of us went out and from the safe side of the structure watched the operation. With assistance Miranda reached the roof, and slowly and painfully began drawing himself up the pole, which was about eighteen feet high and four inches in diameter. Every Spaniard in Guaimaro could see him, and I believe to a man tried to bring the gallant fellow down. Bullets hissed and crackled all about, and beat a constant tattoo on the blockhouse. The pole above or below him was hit several times. For a few moments that seemed endless we looked on in an agony of suspense, expecting every moment to see him come crashing down on the tile roof. We begged him to give it up and wait for night, but he kept on, reached the flag, cut it loose with his pocket-knife, slid down the pole with it, ran to the eaves and leaped to the ground, fifteen feet below. It would be difficult to imagine a feat of more reckless daring, and yet I have heard some of my own countrymen damn the whole Cuban people as a race of cowards.

We re-entered the blockhouse, and Osgood and I were discussing the possibility of getting the gun into it under such a fire, when Devine spied a magnificent saddle-horse tied to a long rope in a little swale about two hundred yards to our left front, and about five hundred yards from two

of the Spanish blockhouses. The horse, being out of the line of fire, had not been hit, but was prancing about, snorting with terror. "That horse would suit my style of beauty," remarked Devine, and before any one could stop him he had got out and started down the hill on a run. Once at the foot of the slope he was out of view of most of the Spaniards, but was in plain sight from three blockhouses, two of them quite close, and every man in them did his best to get him. He reached the rope, untied it, and tried to lead the animal, but the terrified beast declined to follow, and was soon brought down. Devine, having no use for a dead horse, started back up the hill. Osgood and I were breathlessly watching him from adjoining port-holes, when we saw him pitch forward into the grass. Osgood cried out, "My God, he is hit! I am going after him," and started down the ladder to the lower story, the only way to get out. I followed, with no very definite idea as to what I was going to do, but in my haste slipped on the top round of the ladder and fell into the lower story, taking Osgood with me. Both of us were well bruised but not disabled. Reaching the outside, we found that Janney was running down the hill, racing like mad. The enemy now concentrated their fire on him, as they had on Devine. Janney was a powerful man, and half carried and half dragged the wounded man up that slope under a fire that it would seem impossible a man could live through, it being especially severe after he had got half-way up, and was exposed to nearly all the Spanish positions. Several of us assisted him to lower Devine into the shelter of the trench. He was shot in the hip, a very severe wound from which he did not recover during the war, though he returned to duty after a couple of months. In our service Janney's act would have brought him the Medal of Honor, or in the British army the Victoria Cross, but the Cubans had not yet reached the stage of distributing decorations for gallantry.

After this incident the garrison apparently became somewhat tired of sweeping the hill with their fire, and gave us a respite, simply sending in an occasional volley. In the meantime General Garcia, accompanied by several officers of his staff, had reached the hill for the purpose



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The church was a hard proposition, and it was some time before we made progress against it.—Page 592.

of examining the captured position, one of his orderlies being killed at his side shortly after his arrival on the summit. Owing to the inevitable loss of life involved in the undertaking, the general determined to wait until nightfall before attempting to install a gun in the blockhouse. We artillerymen recognized the wisdom of this

mer, and came back ahead an excellent Mauser rifle. The task of the night was to get a gun into the captured position, from which we could bring to bear on every one of the remaining Spanish works. Because something had gone wrong with its breech mechanism, the piece used during the day was not utilized, but we brought up the



The march was painfully slow, the roads being in shocking condition.—Page 595.

decision, though, maddened by the action of the Spaniards in trying to kill Janney while he was rescuing a wounded man, we could scarcely possess our souls in patience until we could have a chance to blow them out of their blockhouses.

During the remainder of the day nothing was done except to move some of our infantry closer to the captured hill, lest the enemy should attempt to retake it by a sortie. We Americans went down to our camp for supper, but a few hours later returned to the position. Not having had enough excitement during the day, Captain Jose Estrampes of Gomez's staff and I crawled down in the darkness to the point between the Gonfu and Isabella blockhouses where the Spanish soldier had been seen to fall in the retirement from the for-

other twelve-pounder, the old veteran of Cascorra. A hole was broken through the north wall of the blockhouse, and the gun taken in through it. A port-hole was made on the opposite side bearing on the town, and before daylight we were ready for business. Just as the sun came over the horizon Osgood landed a shell squarely on the Isabella *fortin*, and for a couple of hours deliberately shelled that work and others in the vicinity. As always when these fragile blockhouses were under artillery fire, the enemy left the structures and fought in the trenches around them, where only by chance were they liable to suffer casualties from our shells. Here, however, our slight elevation above the town gave us some advantage in this respect. During most of the bombardment of this

morning I remained outside, some forty feet east of the blockhouse, calling the shots for Osgood, as none of those in the structure could observe the effects of their fire owing to the smoke. I spent a part of the time in the building, however. Our infantry supports were well covered in standing trenches on the flanks of the blockhouse, these having been constructed during the night, so that there were no groups on the hill to draw the Spanish fire. The result was that the enemy apparently paid but little attention to us. It was finally noticed, however, that about once a minute a bullet would come through the port-hole, or strike very near it. The regularity of these shots and their accuracy convinced us that some exceptionally fine sharp-shooter was giving us his attention. On one of my runs to the blockhouse to announce the result of a shot, one of these bullets came in the port-hole just as I entered the gap in the rear, missing me only an inch or two. Several of those serving at the gun had had narrow escapes, and everybody was keeping as much as possible out of the danger zone, though a certain amount of exposure was unavoidable. Partly owing to our defective ammunition, and partly to a brisk wind blowing across the line of fire, several unfortunate shots had been made, and Osgood stooped over the gun to make on the sight a correction for wind. He had adjusted it satisfactorily, sighted the piece, and made the remark, "I think that will do," when all those near by heard a bullet strike him with a sound like a base-ball being thrown against a building. The few words just spoken were his last on earth. He sank across the trail of the gun, unconscious, and was lifted from it by his horror-stricken comrades and hurried down the hill to one of the dressing-stations. He did not recover consciousness, and in four hours was dead. The bullet had gone through his brain, and he passed from the vigor of early manhood into the long sleep in the fraction of a second. He could never have known that he had been hit. A year and a half later, it fell to me to recount the circumstances of Major Osgood's death to his father, Colonel, afterward Brigadier-General, Osgood of the United States Army. The latter knew that his son had been killed, but was ignorant as to the attendant circumstances. The little

group of aliens, fighting in a strange land for a cause not their own, were sore stricken. It was the first time one of our own number had been killed. Bound together by ties of race and language, and sharing the daily dangers and privations, we had become closer to each other than men ordinarily do in years of acquaintanceship under different circumstances, and now felt that the war was coming home to us. For a time we did nothing but sit in the blockhouse, well back from the fatal port-hole, and gaze in awe at the spatter of blood on the gun trail and note the devilish regularity with which the missiles from the sharp-shooter's rifle whistled past us. A staff officer who was in the blockhouse with us had hastened to head-quarters with the news of Osgood's certainly fatal wound. We had asked him to obtain instructions as to who was to take command, Cox or myself, both being captains. It was General Garcia's desire that the former, having served directly under him, should be designated, but Gomez overruled him, and I was from that time in command of the artillery of the *Departamento del Oriente*. Cox, like the good soldier that he was, served under me faithfully and loyally until the end.

It was rightly guessed that the sharp-shooter was stationed in the church tower, distant eleven hundred yards, and I determined to make it my special business to kill him if I could. It was subsequently learned that he was an officer, using a rifle with telescope sight. As the gun had not been touched since Osgood had sighted it, I ordered the lanyard pulled, and a shell smashed its way through one of the blockhouses. The poor fellow's last work had been well done. But hit the church tower I could not, owing to the defective ammunition and strong gusts of wind, though I struck the roof of the building within a few feet of it several times. If we could have had the deadly Driggs-Schroeder that we afterward used at Jiguani and Las Tunas, one shot would have done the work. But the fact that the tower was being fired at caused the sharp-shooter to abandon it for the day. Until nightfall our shots were distributed impartially among the three or four works nearest us, with an occasional shell for the church or barracks just to keep from hurting the feelings of their garrisons. During the afternoon we witnessed a futile

and ridiculous charge made upon the badly battered Isabella blockhouse. The officer in command of this enterprise was a negro lieutenant-colonel of Cebreco's brigade. He had a battalion, and instead of deploying his men out of sight, under cover of the woods, he rushed them in column into the open within four hundred yards of his objective, and attempted to form line under a withering fire from the trenches around three blockhouses. His men huddled up, became panic-stricken, and fled, leaving their numerous killed and wounded on the ground, whence they could not be removed until nightfall. We poured shells into the Isabella during this performance as rapidly as we could load and fire, in order to confine the enemy to his trenches and keep him from reoccupying the remains of the structure. General Gomez witnessed this fiasco, and was wild with rage. That night the blunderer was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death, but this was commuted to reduction to the ranks, and the next day we saw the doleful-looking man carrying a Remington in the battalion that he had so recently commanded.

During the night of this day we brought up one of the two-pounders, cut a port-hole for it to the left of the larger gun, and placed it in position. The projectiles fired by this piece were too small to do much damage, but its accuracy was wonderful, and it had ammunition that had not been damaged. The next morning our friend in the church tower resumed operations, and we promptly went for him. Every shot fired at the tower from the little gun struck it, one shell, as we subsequently ascertained, striking within a foot of the small window from which the officer was firing. All the shells from this gun burst on the outside, however, the masonry being too strong for them. But they had the desired moral effect, and we had no more trouble with the tower sharp-shooter. During the day we used first one gun and then the other, as owing to the confined space it was not practicable to serve both at the same time.

All this while the Cuban infantry had the town closely invested, and from time to time there would be lively fire fights between them and the defenders of the trenches. October 20, the fourth day of the siege, was largely a repetition of the preceding day. We were firing slowly, as

ammunition was running low, when we met with quite a serious misfortune. I had just given the order to fire the twelve-pounder, when, instead of the usual loud report and rebound to the rear, the gun remained motionless, while for half a minute a stream of flame and gas poured from the vent. A shell had stuck in the barrel, half-way to the muzzle, the powder in the charge having become so damaged that it would not force it out. The removal of this loaded shell, with no special appliances for the purpose, was a most delicate and dangerous operation, and required several weeks, the work being done by a Cuban mechanic. The piece was not permanently damaged, and fortunately we had with us another of the same calibre. The next day we fired but few shots, as we were all but out of ammunition for the twelve-pounder. An additional supply in a deposit many miles to the eastward had been sent for, but could not arrive for some time. It looked as if we were going to have another Cascorra fiasco. We had been considerably exasperated because of being compelled to fritter away our precious ammunition in a desultory bombardment of ten separate positions, instead of placing all our guns in action at one time and concentrating their fire on some one of the more important works for half an hour, as a prelude to an infantry assault. The good work of the first day was not being properly followed up. The guns were taken to the rear, though the infantry held on to all their positions and from time to time exchanged shots with the enemy. The question of the subsistence of so large a force had become a serious one. Large herds of cattle were driven in, but the surrounding country had been denuded of vegetables. The question of camping-grounds was also an embarrassing one. For sanitary reasons the Cubans moved their camps to new ground every few days, but not much more shifting could be done without taking the main body of troops so far from the line of investment that it could not be properly supported.

Time hung heavily on our hands, but we had some diversions. One night Huntington made a lone-hand raid on the town. He crawled through the Spanish lines, roamed unchallenged through the streets, and came back with a fine turkey. In-

spired by this feat, Colonel Carlos Garcia's negro servant, who had known the town well in times of peace, begged his chief for permission to enter and endeavor to obtain a supply of Spanish delicacies from some of the abandoned stores. Permission was reluctantly given, and the plucky fellow set out on his perilous errand. He wormed his way through the grass, crawled under the barb-wire entanglements, reached the centre of the town, and effected entrance into a general store. Inside it was pitch dark, and he dared not strike a light, but by feeling about found a lot of promising cans, and deposited them in a sugar sack that he had with him. Handicapped by his heavy load, the return was slow and painful, as well as dangerous, but finally after an absence of five hours the exultant negro deposited his cargo at the feet of his waiting and appreciative master, whose friends promptly gathered about to see the results of this raid, and mayhap to partake thereof. By the light of a camp fire the sack was emptied of its contents, eighteen cans of house paint. If there was any one thing that nobody had any use for in those days it was house paint. The subsequent proceedings were appropriate to the occasion. Last year when I had the pleasure of entertaining the present Cuban minister to the United States at my quarters at Fort Leavenworth, and we were going over the tragedies and comedies of the long ago days in the bush, we dwelt long and lovingly on this incident.

One night about this time a very tall negro, one of the few Cubans left in the town, was caught trying to get through the Spanish lines. A rigid search of his person resulted in the discovery of a letter from the commandant to General Castellanos in Puerto Principe informing him that the town was undergoing siege. There was also found the sum of two hundred dollars in Spanish gold, which the unfortunate man confessed was his pay, given him in advance. He was promptly tried, and as promptly hanged, and the commander, unlike his brother officer besieged in Cascorra, waited with sinking heart as the days passed, listening for the sound of guns to the westward, and hoping for the relief that never came.

At last on the 28th, the eleventh day of the siege, the pack train arrived with the

longed for cartridges for our guns. General Garcia gave me instructions to bombard every position on the next day, and stated that under cover of darkness a general assault would be made. I was given entire discretion as to what use to make of the guns, and so that night had a small shelter constructed outside the Gonfu blockhouse and had installed in it one of the two-pounders, while the remaining twelve-pounder was placed inside in the old position, the extra port-hole being blocked up. It was desired to find a position for the remaining two-pounder close to the church, as that building, except its tower, was of brick, and consequently not proof against the shells of the smaller gun. An excellent location was found four hundred yards from one of the rear corners, approach to it being afforded by a shallow draw. The intervening ground was perfectly level, and bare of grass or brush. Half-way from this position to the church, and a little to the right of our line of fire on that building, was one of the badly battered blockhouses with some twenty brave fellows hanging on to the trenches about it. This was a serious disadvantage, as we were subject to their fire at two hundred yards range and could not harm them, but there was nothing better to be had. An excellent parapet with overhead cover was constructed at this point. I had become heartily tired of the Gonfu position, and so placed Cox in charge of the two guns there and myself took the two-pounder near the church. Cox had Janney, Latrobe, Jones, and the majority of the Cubans with the artillery, while I had Huntington, Pennie, and the remainder of our enlisted men. Everything went off smoothly, and when daylight came on the 29th all the guns were in position. I took the first shot, and sent a shell through the wall of the church on the line of port-holes just above the surface of the ground. The Spaniards in the church, instead of having their port-holes about five feet above the floor, had torn a part of this up and dug standing trenches all about the inside of the building. So they were covered by the natural ground up to their shoulders, and above this were protected from infantry fire by the brick wall. It was an excellent arrangement, and I have never seen its like elsewhere. The enemy lost no time in replying; and all day gave

us so hot a fire that the service of the gun was exceedingly difficult. Half a mile to our right we could see the discharges of the guns in the Gonfu position. All along the north and east sides of the town were heavy lines of infantry lying down and not firing. Just a few yards to the left of my position, down in the hollow, Dr. Danforth had his dressing station, with instruments and bandages laid out for use. The fighting all day was pretty hot, and at times the fire on my position would compel us to delay for a time. All of our guns fired very slowly and deliberately. The newly arrived ammunition was much better than that we had been using, and there were practically no misses. It had been ordered that before darkness came on one of the guns in the Gonfu position should be sighted at the church tower and left until nine o'clock, when it should be fired. This was to be the signal for the assault. In order to avoid a misunderstanding all the guns were to cease some time before that hour. I kept up with my two-pounder until a little after dark, firing most of the time at the church, but giving the pestiferous blockhouse on my right front an occasional compliment. The walls of the church had been well perforated, and the little shells had burst inside, inflicting casualties, but they were not heavy enough to shatter the walls or make breaches, so that the building retained its shape. At last an ominous silence fell over all, contrasting strangely with the turmoil of an eventful day. The last hour dragged with leaden feet. All were at high tension, as it was realized that the crucial hour was at hand. Was it to be a victory, or were the plucky Catalans to hurl us back in a bloody repulse? Every moment we would strike matches down behind the parapet in order to consult our watches. At last the hour came. There was a tongue of flame from the Gonfu position, and for an instant the church tower was lighted up by a bursting shell. A second later we heard the crack of the two-pounder. At the start there was no blowing of bugles and no yelling to draw the Spanish fire. Colonel Menocal had personal charge of the assault, but was at all times in communication with Generals Gomez and Garcia. He had systematized everything and left nothing to chance. Every unit had its objective indicated in advance, and it was

pretty well understood that if there should be any serious blundering there would be some executions the next day. In order to avoid confusion and possible accidental encounters in the streets in the darkness, the attacking force was limited to five hundred men. It was thought that even if the job could not be completed during the night such advantages of position would be gained that it would not take much of daylight to finish it.

The echo of the gun had scarcely died away when a few low commands were given just to the right of my position, and about fifty men, deployed in a single line and without firing, rushed for the nearest blockhouse, the one that had warmed us up so persistently during the day. As there would not for some time be any use for the guns, I gave Huntington and Pennie permission to join the attacking party. This had covered half the distance before being discovered. There was then a lively popping from the blockhouse, and the Cubans raised a yell and covered the remaining hundred yards at a run. A few moments later those of us who had remained at the position saw a group of men coming out of the darkness. It was a detail bringing back the captured garrison of the blockhouse. About this time quite a furor broke out in the direction of the *Isabella*, but lasted only a few seconds. I did not propose to stay by a cannon that could not be used in this mix up, and knew that nobody would carry it off and that it could be found when needed, and so went in. Afterward in the town I came across all of my brother artillery officers. We were a fine lot, having run off and left our guns to take part in an infantry attack. In any other service we would have gotten into serious trouble, but the Cubans were lenient with us, apparently regarding this as the American way of doing things. I do not believe that any one can give a correct and detailed account of the events of this stirring night. There was a series of detached fights, some of them of short duration and others exceedingly brisk. The darkness was intense. Bullets were whistling in all directions, and one was in about as much danger from friend as from foe. The church was a hard proposition, and it was some time before we made progress against it. Dynamite was brought up, and Captain Estrampes and

Huntington made an attempt to breach the walls. They got into the ditch outside with about fifty pounds of the explosive and the necessary fuse. The men in the church could not get at them where they were, and divining what was up, asked if quarter would be given. Being answered in the affirmative, they surrendered and were sent to the rear. By midnight everything except the barracks had fallen, and the firing had died down to an occasional sputter. There was now much yelling and cheering, and the Cubans were busy looting the captured positions, buildings, and shops of food, clothing, and cooking utensils. Many of those that had not taken part in the assault now broke away and entered the town, in order not to be left out in gathering in the spoils. The confusion became great, and it was evident that formations could not be restored until daylight. Colonel Menocal and I, as soon as it became light enough to see, made a reconnaissance of the barrack by getting into buildings in the vicinity. It was a one-story brick structure, about one hundred feet long, loopholed, and surrounded by the most effective barb-wire entanglement I have ever seen. I doubt if a dog could have crawled through it. It was evident that we must use a gun from one of the nearby houses, and I went back for the two-pounder that during the day had shelled the church. We selected for it a building at an angle across the street and forty yards distant from the nearest portion of the barrack building. As we did not dare expose ourselves in the street in view of the barrack, the gun was placed in position by breaking through the walls of several brick houses. From the inside of the house a few bricks were removed from the wall, and the muzzle shoved through within a stone's throw of its intended target. Ammunition was brought in, and infantry supports placed in rear of the row of buildings. We now waited for daylight. The yelling and the occasional shots had died out, and the town was perfectly quiet. Hundreds of exhausted and hungry insurgents had thrown themselves down in the debris-littered streets and gone to sleep. It was now discovered that the Spanish hospital, full of wounded, was directly across the street from the barrack and only two buildings from where we had the gun. This was a

nasty complication, and about five o'clock Menocal and I went in to discuss the situation with the surgeon in charge. This officer pointed out that a fight for the possession of the barrack must involve the hospital, and that there would be great danger of a conflagration. Menocal desired him to remove the wounded, offering assistance, but was informed that many of them were so terribly injured by shell wounds that it was out of the question. But we could not give up the advantages of our position. Menocal promised that in case of a fight he would not occupy the hospital, and in this way it might not be brought under fire. As soon as it was light Menocal, holding aloft a white handkerchief, boldly walked into the middle of the street and waited a moment. In the meantime I had the gun pointed to partially rake the building, and Huntington stood with lanyard in hand to fire in case he should be shot down. In a short time a captain emerged from the building and informed Menocal that he was in command, the commandant having been disabled by a shell wound during the day. The chief of staff replied by demanding his surrender, assuring him that all would be treated as prisoners of war. The captain replied that while he realized his position to be a desperate one, he still felt that he had a chance to repulse an assault. Menocal pointed toward the building that we were in, and the Spaniard saw for the first time the black, lean muzzle of the Hotchkiss. He seemed thunderstruck, realizing that the flimsy brick building would be but a death trap, as the shells would explode all through it and rake it from end to end. About this time a number of insurgent soldiers impelled by curiosity to see what was going on came out into the street within full view of the barrack, and some fifty yards from it. At this juncture a very lean pig escaped from somewhere, and dashed across the street, followed by a dozen laughing Cubans. They caught the animal within twenty yards of the wire entanglements, and were not fired on. In fact several cheers and "bravos" came through the Spanish port-holes. It was evident that it was about over. Menocal came back to the building where we had the gun, slapped me on the shoulder, and said: "They give up." In a few moments the door of

the barrack opened, and a white flag was hung out. The Cubans crowded about the entanglements, and the Spanish soldiers and some storekeepers who had taken refuge with them began to throw out packages of cigarettes. Generals Gomez and Garcia arrived and found the job completed. A number of us officers now entered the barrack, escorted by the Spanish captain. The men still had their Mausers, and were standing at the port-holes, evidently uneasy as to the treatment they were to receive from the ragged and motley crew outside. Their commander told them it was all over, and Menocal assured them that they were in no danger. They seemed glad that the end had come, being completely exhausted by the constant vigilance imposed by the thirteen days' siege. They laid down their arms and marched out, and soon were mingling with the men whom they had been fighting but a few hours before. For the time no restrictions were placed on their movements, and they were allowed to roam about at will. The most of us had reached the limit of physical endurance, having been without sleep since the morning of the second day before, and sank down anywhere in the shade, letting the war take care of itself for a few hours.

All the stores and dwellings in the town were thoroughly looted. It was not a pretty sight, but men in such desperate straits as were the Cubans could not be expected to spare the property of the enemy, either soldiers or non-combatants. Considering the fact that the Spaniards waged a war of absolutely no quarter, even murdering the wounded who fell into their hands, it was a matter for congratulation that not a single one of the prisoners taken at Guaimaro was in any way injured. In fact the Cubans seemed to bear no hatred whatever against the Spanish regulars, knowing that they had no option either as to their participation in the war or the methods of carrying it on. But the Spanish volunteers, made up of Spanish residents of Cuba who had of their own volition gone into the struggle, often fared badly at their hands, while for the hated guerillas, Cuban mercenaries in the Spanish service, it was certain death to fall into the power of the insurgents. It was these wretches who in that war committed many of the horrible atrocities that brought a stain on the Spanish name. Fort-

unately there were neither volunteers nor guerillas in Guaimaro, so that we were spared a painful sequel to the victory. The spoils of the siege were considerable, about four hundred Mauser rifles, several hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, and subsistence and medical stores.

As soon as we had had a few hours' sleep we started out to explore the town, being especially interested in the church. The interior was a scene of almost indescribable confusion. In addition to being the strongest fort this building was the commissary storehouse, and the floor was littered several feet deep in flour, peas, broken hard bread, and boxes of sardines, our shells on the last day having ploughed through or exploded in this mass for hours. Blood was spattered everywhere, but the most gruesome sight was as much as a handful of brains mixed with fragments of bone sticking to the south wall several feet above the floor. Prisoners told us that on the previous day, while the commandant was trying to cheer up his men by calling their attention to the fact that the shells that were exploding all over the room were of small size and could not bring down the building, his orderly standing at his side was beheaded, his shattered cranium being hurled clear across the church against the opposite wall. The next shell, exploding almost in the face of the officer, had given the gallant soldier his death wound, three fragments striking him in the chest. In fact, had it not been that the garrison of the church was fairly well protected by the standing trench inside the building, the place would have been a veritable slaughter pen, as the wall offered just enough resistance to the shells to burst them immediately after penetrating.

During the day Gomez wrote to General Castellanos, Spanish commander at Puerto Principe, a letter that must have given the old man the keenest satisfaction. It was to the effect that he had taken the post of Guaimaro after thirteen days' siege, and that every man of the garrison not killed was a prisoner in his hands. He would not follow the precedent set by the Spaniards, but would give them the best care possible. He wished, however, to be rid of the wounded, and if General Castellanos would send the necessary number of ambulances, escorted by unarmed men and carrying the Red Cross flag, to the cattle ranch, "El

Platano," about a day's march east of Puerto Principe, they would be delivered to him. This communication was sent by mounted courier, and was delivered at the outposts of Puerto Principe, seventy miles distant, in less than twenty-four hours. Messengers were sent out to bring in the organizations that as before stated had been sent away during the siege, and preparations made for the march to "El Platano" without waiting for a reply to the letter to the Spanish commander. Insurgent commands from remote parts of the Oriente had been coming in, so that the force that took up its march on the morning of the 31st reached the respectable total of four thousand men.

It was the height of the rainy season, and for months we had been accustomed to being drenched at any time day or night, so that the good night's sleep in the buildings of Guaimaro had been very much in the line of a treat. It must be remembered that there was not a tent in this whole force, and all were expected to take the weather as it came. The march was painfully slow, the roads being in shocking condition, and much delay was caused by the slow progress of the prisoners carrying their wounded comrades in improvised litters. The rain poured in torrents, day and night, and it was almost impossible to build fires for cooking. At our first camp a Cuban officer talking to the sorely wounded Spanish commandant just as I happened to pass, said to him, I thought with wretched taste, "That American is the man who gave you your wound, as he personally sighted every shot at the church on the last day." The wounded officer, a very handsome and dignified man with snow white hair and beard, looked at me in a reproving and wondering way, and I slunk out of sight, my peace of mind pretty badly disturbed. After four days of gruelling work we reached our destination, and had only a short time to wait for the train of ambulances escorted by a detachment of insurgent cavalry from among those constantly watching every outlet from Puerto Principe. Several surgeons and a detail of men of the hospital service accompanied the train, and were much interested in the rather formidable array of insurgents camped

where they could be well seen along a couple of miles of the road. The Spanish and Cuban officers treated each other with the most punctilious courtesy. The wounded were delivered to their countrymen, and started on the journey to Puerto Principe, travelling more comfortably than they had during the past four days. The brave old commandant survived his wounds only a few days more. The remaining prisoners were held for some months at a camp far back in the woods, but were eventually released, the problem of feeding our own people being one that taxed the ingenuity of all. Our force now march to the *potrero*, "Auracana," near La Yaya, and I had the pleasure of receiving my commission as major, dating from the fall of Guaimaro, and of seeing it signed by both our chieftains.

The fall of Guaimaro gave the Spanish commander of this district grave fears for the safety of the little garrison of Cascorra that had successfully resisted our attacks in September, and he determined to relieve it and abandon the town, and so came out with a force of more than four thousand men. Gomez and Garcia resisted desperately with a like number, and the next week saw some of the hardest fighting that ever took place in Cuba. For four days it was almost one continuous battle, but limitations of space compel passing over this campaign other than to say that the Spaniards finally reached their goal, after losing several times the number of men that they had come to rescue. In this fighting General Garcia had his magnificent saddle horse, of which he was very fond, killed under him.

Gomez now marched to the westward to take charge of operations in the province of Santa Clara. Huntington went with him and was shortly afterward killed in battle. All of the remainder of us artillery officers remained with Garcia, who kept all the guns.

The moral effect of the Guaimaro victory on the Cubans was very great. For the first time they had made assaults on men in trenches and protected by barb-wire entanglements. They were schooling themselves for the far bloodier work at Jiguani and Las Tunas, to be related in the next and closing chapter of these reminiscences.

[The fourth of General Funston's papers, "A Defeat and a Victory," will appear in the December Number.]



IN OLD TOLEDO

By Thomas Walsh

OLD Toledo,—citadel
Where the outlawed visions dwell
On the mitred crags of Spain.—
What grim earthquake heaved you
high
Out amid the sands and sky,
Gothic sphinx,—for Time's dis-
dain?

From your stronghold yet looks
down
Dante's challenge in your frown,
Though in dust are scimitars,
Crowns, and croziers, and by night,
From your Greco, things of blight
Pace your alleys from the stars.

Here the sandalled feet have trod
In their anarchy of God,
Reaching at His aureole;
Violence of heaven at heart.
Here they ruled and prayed apart
In seraglios of the soul.

Sultans, kings, and primates gone —
Crescent, Cross, and gonfalon
Welter down a sunset world;
But the chimes of hope and love
Murmur yet on slopes above
Where the poppies are unfurled

CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

[1821-1828]

Edited by Payne's Grand-nephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

SECOND PAPER



IN his last letter to Payne, which is post-marked May 5, 1824, Irving writes that he is leaving shortly for England, but his departure from Paris was delayed and he only arrived in London on May 28th, just in time to attend the second performance of "Charles II" (*"La Jeunesse"*) at Covent Garden. In a letter to his brother Peter (published in his biography) he writes: "It (*the play*) succeeds very well, though the critics attack the *language*. The fact is the first act is extremely heavy in consequence of being extremely ill played. . . . The second act goes off famously, and so does the greater part of the third, in consequence of the excellent acting of Fawcett as Copp. He makes it one of the best things I ever saw him do. I shall assist Payne in pruning the piece to-day; and I have no doubt it will have a good run. Payne intends putting it to press immediately."

Thus one of the plays which had been worked over so long was successfully produced.

Irving remained in England until August 13th, when he returned to France, engaging quiet lodgings at Auteuil, a few miles from Paris, instead of returning to Payne's quarters in the Rue Richelieu, which his brother Peter continued to occupy. Late in October he returned to the apartments in the Rue Richelieu, where he spent the winter, except for a brief visit to Bordeaux early in January. While there he received a letter from Payne submitting a draft of the dedication of "Richelieu" for his approval.

Dedication of "Richelieu"

MY DEAR IRVING:

It is about twenty years since I first had the pleasure of knowing you; and it is not

very often that people are found better friends at the later part of so long an acquaintance than at the beginning. Such, however, has been the case with us; and the admiration which I felt for you when I was a boy, has been succeeded by gratitude for steady and intrepid kindness now that I am no longer one.

Although I have had better opportunities to know you than the world, by whom you are valued so highly, I should not have ventured to make a public display of our acquaintanceship under any other circumstances than those by which it is drawn forth at present. I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindnesses between friends of long standing, which it is fitting I should acknowledge. In the little comedy of Charles the Second I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work, as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value. I only regret it is not in my power to make a more adequate return for the many encouragements amid discomfort, which you have so frequently and so spontaneously bestowed upon,

My dear Irving,
Your sincere and grateful friend,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Irving to Payne

Addressed:

Mons. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris

Rue Rolland No. 24
BORDEAUX Jany 3^d 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I am glad to hear that Richelieu has had its Green Room audience, and been favor-

ably received. I hope to hear soon of its success with the public. If it has a run it will be of vast service to you hereafter. I have nothing to object to the Dedication; it is a matter of feeling and your own feelings must govern you in it. Perhaps you might have mentioned among the many important obligations I have conferred upon you, the vast treasures of *excellent advice*, given freely and gratuitously, and which is by you as a solid capital, untouched. But some how or other this is a kind of assistance which mankind sets the least store by.—By the bye, you may transfer some of it to Elliston—if he is not the gainer by it, you will not be the loser, as I apprehend you will be, if you send him any good dramatic pieces. I doubt Elliston's being able to do good either to others or himself by meddling with the management of the theatres. If he could content himself with being actor he could command a salary equal to all his reasonable wants and could do himself credit, by devoting himself really to his art and studying his parts. But I suppose he'd rather bustle and make a stir & lose money as manager than play well and make his bread quietly as an actor.

I should think you would be able to turn La Dame Blanche* to account with some one of the various theatres.

I think your letter to Price very fairly & properly expressed. I would advise you always to keep the same tone with him. Coolness and courtesy give a man a vast advantage even in quarrelling; but should always be observed in matters of business.

In speaking of Richelieu I forgot to say, that I do not think it worth while to task yourself about the introduction. A very good piece of writing might have been prepared, in which you might have done yourself credit, by giving a specimen of easy clear prose; as I think you are master of an excellent style in prose. But this would require some historical research, and some time & trouble in corrections; and at present you appear to have your hands too full of more impor-

tant and profitable employment—so let the play seek its fortune without the introduction. You need not send it to me, as there is no opportunity of forwarding it hence to New York. Send it by the way of Havre: directed to Mr. E. Irving* New York. I inclose you a letter to be forwarded with it, which will perhaps explain all that is necessary. If any intelligence occurs to you about the probable appearance &c of the piece in London you can communicate it to him at the same time.

I have no means of correcting *Charles the 2^d* according to the way it was originally written, or as it is at present acted. The printed copy had the first act in the mutilated state in which it was published in consequence of my disgust at the barbarous performance of Lady Clara & the coarse manner in which what was intended for polite dialogue was played. If you can restore it do so. I presume you have a printed copy by you. I am sorry not to be in Paris to see Dr. Maguin. If his letter for me from Murray is of a private nature I wish you would procure it & forward it per post. If it's merely a letter of introduction, I will save Dr. Maguin the trouble of presenting it by calling on him on my return to Paris. I am quite surprized at Murrays new enterprize. He has powerful aid within his reach and can make his paper a very striking one —& of course very profitable.

Let me hear from you soon & give me the news. My Brother unites in wishing you a happy new year.

Yours ever,

W. I.

When you write to me direct *Rue Rolland No. 24 à Bordeaux*. I think you had better accept the offer of Covent Garden for the copy right of " 'Twas I."† They may make money by the bargain but you will make none by refusing it.

* Ebenezer Irving, older brother of Washington Irving, who was his partner in their business firm, and afterward his brother's literary agent in America.

† "'Twas I," an "Operatic Piece in two acts, professedly from the French," by Payne, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, December 3, 1825, with the following cast:

Delorme	Duruset
Marcel	Keeley
Mayor	Evans
Marchioness de Merreval	Mrs. Wilson
Julienne	Miss Jones
Madame Mag	Mrs. Davenport

* "La Dame Blanche," the most successful of the operas written by François Adrien Boieldieu (1775-1834), the noted French composer. It was produced in Paris in December, 1825. A version was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, October 9, 1826, under the name of "The White Lady, or the Spirit of Avenel," and another version at Covent Garden Theatre on January 27, 1827, under the name of "The White Maid."

P. S. Charles Kemble talked of entitling the play *Richelieu*, or the *French* libertine. This would look like an illiberal national reflection. He might call it the French *Lovelace*, as a companion to the English character of that name.

Addressed:

J. Hayward, Esq.,
22 Lancaster Street,
Burton Crescent

PARIS Jan 20th 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I return your play,* terribly slashed & transposed. I have thought it necessary to make great alterations. You will perceive that my Brother has likewise looked over it & that we have concurred in most of the alterations. . . .

You may perhaps feel sore at seeing many things cut out to which you attach a value but I have done what I considered for your interest. "Much of the dialogue which I have curtailed is good & many passages excellent in themselves, but superfluous, ill timed and not apposite. "What is omitted may form a great part of another drama though it would overload & mar the present piece. "The play is still much too long, as the songs and dances will consume much time. It is still somewhat distracted with complications of plots & ? of interests and charged with dialogue. Action—action, is the life & soul of a piece in representation. . . .

If the piece is refused as an opera it may be made a five act comedy omitting all the songs & that part of the dialogue which introduces them—but retaining the ballad of the lady in the Balcony scene. . . .

Believe me very sincerely your friend
W. I.

P. S. You had better not say any thing about having submitted this play to me—some of your theatrical competitors might otherwise dispute your claims to what you really deserve.

*"The Spanish Husband, or First and Last Love," was produced at Drury Lane (Theatre) May 25, 1829, with the following cast:

Don Carlos	Jones
Don Alvar	Cooper
Count Hyppolito	Wallack
Benedetto	Harley
Lissardo	Webster
Count Salerno	Younge
Bianca	Miss Phillips
Julia	Miss Mordaunt
Cariola	Mrs. Glover
Flora	Mrs. Newcombe

Addressed:

John Howard Payne, Esq.

PARIS, March 4th 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have just rec^d your letter of the 28th. I am glad you are satisfied with the garbling of the play; for I really was afraid, in cutting it so much I might give a random cut into the pride of authorship—but you are too experienced a dramatist not to know how necessary it is to prune even beauties for the stage. I don't think the play will lose any thing by lying by you for a time should it not be accepted immediately. I think it a charming play & worth any pains you may bestow upon it. It will be ready for the field early next season, if not accepted this.

Albert has been translated by Miss Holcroft* for Drury Lane. It certainly is a drama out of which something very clever & taking might be made with very little pains.

I saw the *rameau d'or* & was amused with it. I think it might be got up much better on a London stage. . . .

When you get your piece of Perkin Warbeck finished let me see it. Don't say anything to Kemble or any one else about the source from whence you drew the story of your Spanish Husband. It is better not to put any one else on the track, as though they would not be able in all probability to make any thing of it they might mar it. I think the play so secure from competition that you may venture to hold it back until you get a good bargain for it.

As Sinnett has sent you all the new pieces that have come out for some time past look at *Les deux Mousquetaires* it is very lively & spirited as acted, but then it is admirably acted.

Yours very truly

W. I.

The earliest of Payne's letter books available dates from June 10th, 1825, and contains all of Payne's letters which are published in this article. The book is a small one with a paper cover and thin leaves treated with a greasy preparation which makes them transparent. The copy was apparently made by using something in the nature of a carbon sheet between the letter

*Miss Fanny Holcroft (—1844), a daughter of Thomas Holcroft the actor, whose widow married James Kenney. She wrote and translated plays.

paper and the leaf of the copybook. The leaves of the copybook are very brittle from age, but the writing is still clear and distinct.

Payne to Irving

LONDON, June 10, 1825.

MY DEAR IRVING:

It is so long since I have heard from you, that I can scarcely guess whether you care about a letter from me, as *you* are the debtor; but I am aware of your engagements and equally so of the steadiness of your friendship, so I will continue to *epistolarize* in spite of your silence. I have had such a stormy time for the last three or four months, and have been working so hard, that the very sight of pens, ink and paper, make me uncomfortable. I am nearly at the end of my thousand octavo pages, have had one play damned,—the opera returned from three theatres “as not likely to prove successful in representation,”—a melodrama accepted,—three others ordered, finished and sent back because the Managers had altered their plans,—two of Elliston’s bills dishonoured,—a two act drama commanded by Covent Garden which is now in their hands. . . . These are the pleasant adventures of poor Pillgarlick. . . .

I should be very glad to know how long I may hope to find you in Paris. I have several literary & theatrical projects upon which I wish to consult you, particularly and which can only be done personally. . . .

Leslie, you know I suppose, is married. I saw Newton some time ago who told me he was going to see you in Paris. Leslie saw your Brother in Birmingham, who was much better. Is he returned to France?

Yours ever sincerely and gratefully,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Extract from letter of John Howard Payne to ———. Probably dated June 10, 1825

I think Charles Kemble would really have tried Richelieu in the way he himself proposed, had not my prophecy alarmed him. The little one act piece of mine “Grandpapa” which was damned at Drury Lane, was so garbled and so miserably cast, that I not only told Elliston it would fail, but utterly refused to sanction

its appearance. I did not attend a rehearsal and Elliston sent me no orders for the performance. I apprised Charles Kemble of my feeling upon the subject, and it proved exactly as I predicted. Elliston out of spite tried it for three nights and “then ’twas heard no more.” Charles is afraid I judge too truly, and has never said a word about Richelieu since.

Addressed:

*J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Arundel Street,
Strand,
London.*

PARIS, July 21, 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I wrote to you some time since from Havre in reply to your letter of the 10th June; and I begged you to let me know the kind of terms they were offering you at Covent Garden, as I feared you might be again jewed out of your theatrical Mss: I regret that you have not written to me again on the subject, as I should like at this moment to know your actual position with the theatres & with your creditors.

Price is here & will be here for three weeks. I took occasion yesterday to have some particular conversation with him relative to you. I found he had received very unfavorable impressions with respect to you, from the reports of others. I did my best to remove them. I told him I thought you could be of great service to him as a theatrical agent in Europe. He said he had no doubt of it—that you were the kind of one he wanted & that he thought you might be of mutual service to each other “if he could place confidence in you.” I told him that from all that I had known of you and your affairs (and the last two years in particular had given me a full opportunity of knowing them) I was convinced you were a man whose principles were fully to be relied upon. That you had been embarrassed & distressed from a variety of circumstances, and impeded sometimes in your pecuniary arrangements, but that you were continually struggling & making all kinds of sacrifices to pay off old debts and fulfill old engagements with scrupulous correctness. That the very theatrical people who might have prejudiced him against you had caused or increased your entanglements by their want of faith in acting up to their promises, & had benefited

by the distress they caused in making grasping bargains with you when in extremity. In short I told him I would pledge myself for your attention, ability and correctness in acting up to any engagement that might be made between you. I am happy to say I succeeded in removing the evil impressions that had been made in Price's mind concerning you. He told me he was willing to make a fair arrangement with you as theatrical agent. He has the management not only of the old theatre, but of a circus or two, for which he wants a supply of the light pieces, melodramas &c which are continually coming out at Paris. That this therefore is the place where your agency would be required and that the sooner the arrangement was made & went into operation the better. In fact the whole conversation with him was highly satisfactory. He expressed himself in a frank & favorable way concerning you, and I am convinced is disposed to act towards you in a fair & liberal way. Here then I think is an opening which will secure you *present support*, and if well attended to, and skillfully managed, may lead to *much future advantage*. If you think so likewise, I would advise you to lose no time but come to Paris at once, to make the arrangement while Price & I are here. Price, I know, has much confidence in my judgment and in my friendship & my presence may be advantageous to you both. If you are in want of money for the present he will advance fifty pounds, to be accounted for afterward. I have told him I would be your guarantee in the whole arrangement. You will perceive that this arrangement, while it provides present support from a new quarter, does not prevent your making money out of the London theatres; but puts you in an independent situation respecting them which will enable you to make better bargains.—one word more. I would advise you to say nothing of this to any one in England. If you have creditors they might pounce upon you to prevent your departure—and if you have dramatic enemies it might set them buzzing. Put your shirts in your trunk & come off at once, without mentioning your plans to any one. Do not delay—circumstances might call Price from Paris and I am sure the arrang^t would be better made when I am by. Price is an invaluable friend & ally to

one in your line & your situation, and I know his nature so well, that I am sure, with proper management he is to be made a permanent & substantial friend. Write by return of post.

Payne was not at first inclined to follow Irving's advice, but another urgent letter from Irving brought him over to Paris and the promised interview resulted in his effecting an engagement with Price on the lines suggested by Irving.

Late in September Irving and his brother Peter went to Bordeaux to "make the vintage," where they remained until they went to Madrid in February following.

Addressed:

*Mons. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris*

BORDEAUX Oct 2nd 1825

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I forwarded yesterday by coach a parcel containing the Plays you gave me to correct—viz—Red Riding Hood—Mazeppa—Peter Smink,* 'Twas I—& the Maid of Erin.† I have made such corrections as was in my power considering the little time I have in travelling. I think Mazeppa would make a very showy & effective piece for Price & you may tell him such is the opinion of my Brother as well as myself. We do not see wherein the difficulty lies of getting it up. Red Riding Hood also will, I think, be successful. I have not had time to make many corrections of the Maid of Erin. The piece did not interest me—though it has situations which if well played will be touching.

Let me hear from you immediately on receipt of this letter. Have you done any thing for a preface for Richelieu—do not send the Dedication without letting me see it. I want it to be as simple as possible & free from all puffing & praising.

* "Peter Smink," a "Poor farce in one act," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre September 26, 1826, with the following cast:

Peter Smink	J. Reeve
Hantz	Wilkinson
Chevalier Bayard	Gallott
Commandant	Williams
Eugene	Raymond
Ninette	Madame Vestris

† "Norah, or the Girl of Erin," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre February 1, 1826, with the following cast:

Lord Castleton	Egerton
George Redmond	Cooper
Dennis O'Flynn	Connor
Marchioness Derville	Miss Lacy
Kathleen	Mrs. Glover
Norah	Miss Goward

Do you retain your apartments and have you got rid of that bore Marianne? If you would rent out those apartments and take small snug quarters elsewhere you might live rent free & perhaps put money in your pocket. I hope you have settled about the cottage—Do not neglect to write immediately & let me know how & what you are doing.

Very truly yours,
W. I.

Peter Irving to Payne

MY DEAR PAYNE

I have run my eye hastily over Norah. The situations are powerfully impressive. The dialogue is highly interesting but appeared to me somewhat overloaded. I have therefore suggested several petty curtailments with a lead pencil. Those are probably in many instances unnecessary, but a piece of India Rubber will in that case set all right.

I noticed a pencil remark objecting to the appearance of Kathleen in the last scene and agree in the opinion. There is quite enough of her in the piece and she would mar the conclusion. The Baron may either come in with his sister and suite (having learnt the discovery behind the scenes) or may come in abruptly in search of her.

I think the Piece will have great success.

Yours truly,
P. I.

Addressed:

*Mons^r. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.*

BORDEAUX Oct 25th 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I sent you by post the day before yesterday the alterations in Richelieu, giving a new turn to the character of Madame Fleury. I had not time to touch up the last scene between her & Richelieu, in which he has no reply to her expressions of contempt. Kemble wont relish being obliged to remain mum chance after such a speech and indeed the gay Richelieu is rather too severely henpecked—perhaps the following dialogue may be substituted with advantage. If you have copied and sent off the alterations you can insert this in a letter to Kemble. . . .

I will send you the copy of Richelieu in a day or two—I wish to look through it, with a few hours leisure; as there may be some

superfluities & repetitions. I trust you do not wait for it previous to sending the alterations to Chas Kemble—He can understand perfectly where they are to come in, from the directions that accompany them.

Drop me a line from time to time & let me know the theatrical news. I cannot get sight of a London paper here. Do not wait for any replies, for I am often taken up by engagements &c—& have no time to write. I think the character of Mad Fleury is now worthy of an actress of talent and reputation, and it is relieved from the objectionable points of it—as she is a more independent woman of ton—who goes where she pleases—acts as she pleases—and for aught the audience are told, is as chaste as the mother that bore her. Indeed the character now derives some value as conveying a little satire upon those ladies who fancy their rank & fashion place them above responsibility.

Very truly yours
W. I.

Same address.

BORDEAUX, Nov. 5th 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

You were little conscious what a kindness you were doing me when you forwarded me the letters which had come to my address. One of them relieved my Brother and myself from a most cruel state of suspense and anxiety in consequence of the news of Mr. S. Williams failure. He was the Banker of my Brother-in-law and the interests of several of my relatives as well as of myself have at times been completely staked upon his stability. For three or four days past I have been in doubt whether we were not all involved in his disaster. One of the letters you forwarded therefore was like a reprieve. It contained information that by a providential connivance of circumstances not a farthing would be lost; on the contrary, that Mr. Williams was largely *in advance* to my Brother in law. I mention this because I think you will be gratified to know that you were instrumental in lightening my heart of a heavy load of anxiety.

Do not let anything I said against Norah discourage you from forwarding it at once. My objections were against the play as one of a whole class whose pathetic and strong situations are produced by rather forced and disagreeable means, but the public has

repeatedly shown that it is not fastidious on this point & provided strong and affecting situations are produced, it cares but little for the ingenuity or probability of the means. The objections I felt are the same as I have felt to the *Maid & Magpie* and various other pieces which have notwithstanding had a great run. I have no doubt the piece will succeed, so don't keep it back.

If you pocket 100£ by your farce of *'Twas I* you will in my opinion be well paid. Consider how trifling is the literary trouble in getting up a piece, where the conception and construction are ready done to your hand—and consider that the original is open to the competition of other houses and other authors. . . .

When you send your next Parcel tell Mrs. Potez* and her porter not to bother Price about receipts. In my letter to Price I mentioned Mazeppa and Red Riding Hood with strong commendation.

My return to Paris is uncertain. You need make no arrangements for me in the apartments, as I shall take temporary quarters in some Hotel, until I determine upon winter movements or winter quarters. Write to me on receipt of this, if you have any thing to relate strange or agreeable—as a letter will no doubt find me in Bordeaux.

Very truly yours

W. I.

I am glad your little farce of *Twas I* is to come out soon. It is a pretty, sprightly, neat little thing and will do you credit. You are likely to put yourself on strong ground with the theatres this season.

Payne to John Fawcett †

PARIS January 7, 1826.

MY DEAR FAWCETT:

I am sincerely grieved at the annoyance given by Mr. Colman‡—I hope your next

* Mrs. Potez probably kept a boarding-house at 29 Arundel Street, Strand.

† John Fawcett (1768–1837), actor. At Covent Garden Theatre, 1791–1830.

‡ George Colman the Younger (1762–1836). Dramatist, and Musical Director of Drury Lane Theatre, 1825–30. He was appointed examiner of plays January 19, 1824. He married Clara Morris, the sister of David Morris of the Haymarket Theatre. As examiner of plays he was very censorious in regard to the language in the plays submitted to him. Oxberry in his "Dramatic Biography" relates that Colman struck out all the "damme's" in a character in "Married and Single," because such language was immoral. Elliston then wrote him the following letter composed of quotations from Colman's plays:

"DEAR COLMAN: 'D—n me, if it is'n't the brazier.' 'Damn the traveller do I see coming to the Red Cow.' 'Damn the fellow.' 'Sooner be d—d than dig,' etc., etc."

Yours,

R. W. ELLISTON."

will at least show that he is not so foolish and unkind as to utterly exclude a play which *may* do you great service and can do no harm to any one. The moral appears to me perfectly unexceptionable—But we all know Mr. Colman is *peculiarly* scrupulous on such points.

I will look out for you instantly—If I can get help in the musical part of "*La Dame Blanche*" so as to forward it in a very few days. I will set to work forthwith—As your pantomime has done no good, I should fancy you would very soon want some spectacle—What think you of the *Rameau D'or* (Branch of Gold) of which you had a programme from me—I could send you scenery, stage business and music all ready—in a couple of weeks—or, Mazeppa, grandly done, with horses?—*The Spanish Husband*—would not that answer? It has spectacle, music & situation—Say the word & I will revise it without delay—This week I will keep all my eyes about me, and, if you are falling astern, I should conceive a brisk succession of novelty, without losing time to ponder, likely to give something which might turn out a hit—In many chance shots, some must strike—Command me unreservedly in any way.—

I think you are wrong about entirely discarding melodramas—There are *some* which would be very likely to succeed—But I will not trouble you with them till I hear from you—

There is a fine German play of which I spoke to you which might be set about immediately—It requires considerable alteration, but could be done in a short time—It is in the time of the Commonwealth & would comprehend yourself, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Cooper,* Mr. Farren,† & Miss Lacey‡—But I shall be more aware presently of the necessity you may be under of immediate novelty, & perhaps may find there is no cause of hurry—

The Dame Blanche continues its popularity—All the boxes are taken for *six months in advance!* "They manage these things well in France." If Vestris§ played

* John Cooper (—1870), actor. He took the part of Titus in Payne's tragedy of "Brutus" at Drury Lane Theatre, 1820–21.

† William Farren (1786–1861), actor at Covent Garden Theatre, 1818–28.

‡ Miss Harriette Deborah Lacey (1807–74), actress?

§ Madame Vestris, née Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797–1856), married first to Armand Vestris the ballet dancer, and afterward to Charles James Mathews the actor. She was popular as dancer, singer, and actress, and was a successful manager.

the Soldier & Paton* the *Dame Blanche*, it would be strong—But of this anon—

On Tuesday I will write again & take time to reflect upon what is to be done—By the bye, they have renewed the attraction of the Freyschütz here, by a new incantation scene & by stating that new morceaux are to be introduced in order to fit it for the admiration of Weber, who is expected—Would not some idea of that kind do you service—Will see the new scene here & let you know about it—

Pray do not let my letter about the money annoy you—I wrote it in the midst of dreadful perplexity arising from a protested bill, and in all the agony of suspense about the truth, though my having ventured to draw must prove to you that I had no doubt of the result—I am, and ever shall be, grateful to you for all your kindness—and if I sometimes am a little petulant, it must only prove to you that I speak out at the moment just as I feel, & I am always ready to acknowledge when I have felt hastily or too strongly.

In great haste Yours ever faithfully
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

P. S.: Is there not an appeal from Colman to the King?—at any rate, if the obstruction should be removed, it would not be amiss to make the most of it in order to excite curiosity & attention by paragraphs in the papers.—

Addressed:

Monsr. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

BORDEAUX, Jan'y 27th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have been waiting from day to day for a long time for your promised letter, which was to give me a world of news after the arrival of Mr. Bowes. I postponed replying to your previous letters until I should receive that one; but I presume you either have received no intelligence worth imparting, or what is better, have been too fully employed to have time to scribble letters. I presume the latter, as you mentioned in one of your letters that Covent Garden wanted you to prepare *La Dame Blanche* & I perceive by one of Galignanis papers that the piece is coming out at that Theatre.

* Miss Mary Ann Paton (1802-64), a noted singer. At the Haymarket Theatre in 1822, and at Covent Garden Theatre later.

So I hope you have had the arrangement of it, as it will be of service to you to be able to give them a helping hand in time of need. You do not mention what is the objection to licensing Richelieu. The moral is certainly unexceptionable, and the indelicacies of the original plot I had thought were completely eradicated. Perhaps it may be considered an attack on courts and aristocracies, though I modified all that appeared objectionable on that head, and considered whatever satire there was in it, as applicable to the profligate manners of the French court of those days, and to the light principles of a courtier like Richelieu—It certainly did not enter into my brain that it could be considered applicable to the English court & English statesmen of the present day. Whatever might be the objections to the play they could readily be obviated by two hours judicious exercise of the pen.

I do not know how you could conjure out of my letter any thing like disapprobation of your dedication. I meant' none. My only motive for wishing to see the dedication was to prevent any strain of eulogy which is apt to be indulged in dedications—yours is simply expressive of your own friendly feelings, about which no one can cavil.

If the performance of Richelieu is delayed at Covent Garden it cannot of course be published in America, as it would vitiate that theatres property in the piece—of course therefore, you will not forward the manuscript—I hope to hear from you soon & to learn the particulars of this intervention of power on the part of the redoubtable Coleman. I observe by your notes on the back of a letter lately received that all things were in *statu quo*—but I should like to know what that *statu quo* is—How does Price come on—you have rammed so many charges into him that he must either go off or burst.

Yours ever W. I.

Payne to Fawcett

PARIS, January 28, 1826.

MY DEAR MR. FAWCETT;

I am about having an application made to Mr. Colman through a friend, to ap-

prise me of the objections to Richelieu, which I shall attempt to overcome. If the suppression is mere caprice and tyranny, I will not submit to it quietly. A friend of mine, punning upon the name of the street I live on, said I ought to make Colman rue "*Richelieu*." By the bye, you hint that the Theatre rues it, on account of the money they paid for the purchase. They must be more just in the Cabinet. They must not forget that Charles the Second would have been a very cheap play to them at the price they paid for that and Richelieu together. The great injury is to *me*. I hear nothing of *Norah*.

"La Dame Blanche" has been delayed for the want of money to complete my arrangements about it. I have now made such arrangements as will overcome that impediment and you may expect it without loss of time, though, from the tone of your last remark upon the subject of new pieces, I infer that the management are growing



Thatcher T. Payne.

cool about them, which I ought not to regret, as it is sometimes a sign of prosperity. In haste, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully and gratefully,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.
J. Fawcett, Esq^r.

Payne to Irving

PARIS February 2, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING,

I really thought I had told you that Bowes brought no news, but received all the latest from me. He was not even aware of the suppression of Richelieu. All I have heard lately upon the subject myself, is from the newspapers. The first number of the Representative mentioned that a play had been read with all due mystery in the green room of Covent Garden Theatre by Mr. Charles Kemble, of which the performers ("*who by the bye, are the worst judges in the world, each judging of a play by the length of his own character—*") speak with the highest praise; but that the great controller of those affairs

If the performance of Richelieu is delayed at Court, I fear it cannot be published in America, as it would excite that theatrical property in the press - if correct, therefore, I will not forward the Manuscript. - I hope to hear from you soon to learn the particulars of this intervention of power on the part of the respectable Colman. - I observe by your note on the back of a letter lately received that all things were in statu quo - but I should like to know what that statu quo is - How soon your come on - you have said so many things since hein that he must either be off or back

Yours ever
J.H.P.

From Washington Irving to Payne.

seemed less favorable, having in his wisdom thought fit to withhold a licence. This the paragraphist regrets:—first, because he is sorry in the present dearth of dramatic talent to find any one capable of writing an actable play with so little tact as to offend against propriety; and secondly, because from Mr. Colman's own peccadilloes in this way, he has thrown himself open to severe remark under any circumstances.—It is then added that since writing the foregoing paragraph, the informant has learned that the author of the play in question of whom Mr. Kemble has wished to make another "great unknown" is Mr. Howard Payne, "to whose *ingenuity* we are indebted for Brutus."—and he might have added to whose *ingenuousness* we are indebted for the means of defaming him upon the subject.

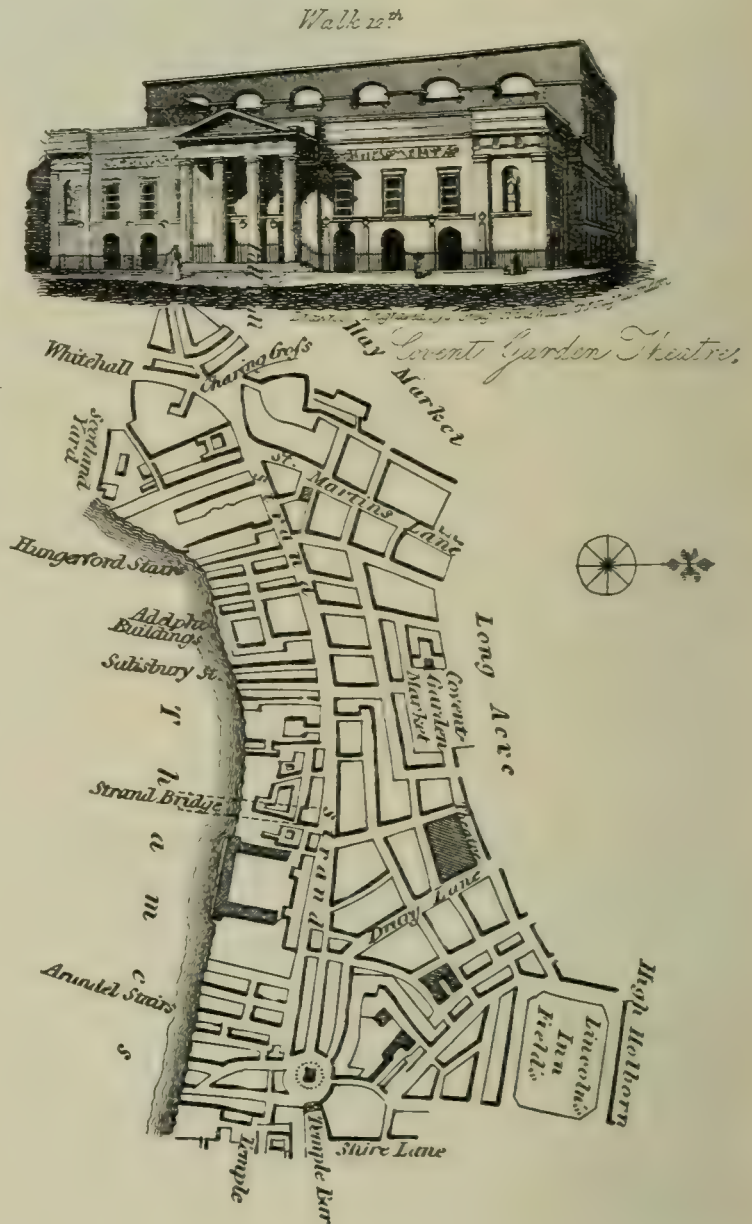
The next paper, I am told, mentions that a spirited remonstrance from Charles Kemble to the Lord Chamberlain is likely to produce a license, *though with considerable alterations from the manuscript of the author.*

The other papers have of course got other paragraphs upon the subject, the most favorable of which, in the Chronicle, has been copied into Galignani & you will see it.

There is one thing of which I am a little apprehensive, though perhaps unjustly. It seems from all that has passed upon the subject, as if Charles Kemble wanted to get the work into his (own*) hands, availing himself of this excuse for the (chance) of cutting and changing his own part so as to (suit) his own notions and of depressing the others in (order) to render it the more conspicuous. But this we shall ascertain hereafter.—The value of the copyright will, of course, be increased by the impediment.

* The copybook is mutilated, and this and following words in parentheses are missing.

—I anticipated the objection to sending off the manuscript to America and have not sent it.—Price has taken no notice of my letter or labours. I do not mind his *going off*, provided he does not *go off without paying*. I have been obliged to anticipate the



Published by W. Clarke New Bond Street Mar. 2. 1817.

Covent Garden Theatre, with map.

next payment by a purchase of part of the amount in wine, to keep up my spirits under the sacrifice.—I have been in great perplexities to get on comfortably but this week shall get through with them all, I hope.—I have not yet sent in "La Dame Blanche" but it will be ready sooner than

the music—in a week or so—Price will have his full *ten* of my new pieces since August before the end of this fortnight.

Rely on my informing me forthwith, should any thing important occur.—By the bye, I have (written) to a friend of mine who knows Colman to represent to him how seriously this affair bears upon my interests, to assure him no allusions were intended, & to beg he would distinctly state

promised me the earliest news about Norah, as an express would come to Galignani's today with the King's speech and the Thursday's papers. He informed me that Richelieu was to appear with an altered title "*Rougemont*" for fear of giving offence to the present Richelieu family by the preservation of the old name.

Saturday, February 4, 1826. Well, I suppose today I shall know about Norah.



Covent Garden Theatre, erected 1809.

his objections & the best should be done to overcome them by alterations.—Yours ever truly,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
Washington Irving Esq^{re}

Extract from Payne's Diary

Friday, February 3, 1826. Last evening I strolled into Galignani's and with great astonishment saw Norah announced in the Tuesday's papers for performance on Wednesday. Is it not strange that among all the many who profess so much interest in my concerns, no one, even at the small distance of London from Paris, will ever apprise me of what I am most likely to be desirous of knowing? From Galignani's I went to Mrs. H's where I found B. He

What a singular position is that of a play writer whose fate at this distance is decided so long before he can know the decision. Here may I be gay or grave for failure or success—and either the one or the other may be equally reproved by a result different from my anticipation. But I do not feel any of those violent agitations which have sometimes attended these affairs. I really think, if I were to fail, I should not sleep the less soundly for it. Its effect would be principally upon my interest, in preventing future speculation upon the part of the Theatre in untried works—and my interest is so used to blows, that on that head I am grown callous.

I have just sent Marianne for Galignani's paper, in which the paragraph is inserted from the Examiner, announcing



George Colman, the Younger.

that Richelieu is to appear with the title of Rougemont.

Went to Mrs. Ravizzotti's. On the way found the cast of Norah at the Rue de la Paix Reading Room—Egerton, Cooper, Conner, Mrs. Glover, Miss Lacy and Miss Goward. A strong cast. Mrs. R. disappointed a little by the delay.

Maguin called, bringing the conclusion of *La Dame Blanche*. I fear it will arrive a day after the fair. He mentioned some work he wished we should translate together. There has been great jobbing on change and a great fall in the funds owing it is said to some anticipated intelligence of the King's speech from London. The papers are either not arrived or purposely delayed—so I have no chance of news of Norah till Sunday. How much more important one's little concerns look in one's own eyes than even the greatest in which there is taken no personal interest.

Am I damned, or am I not?

The evening at the Rue del' Echiquier.

Addressed:

Monsr. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

BORDEAUX, Feb^r 7th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I am glad to find by your letter that Richelieu has a chance of coming before the public in some shape or other, though I shall regret to see his shape garbled by the theatrical play wrights. However, *n'im-*

porte, if the play succeeds it will do you a great deal of good in your future dealings with the theatres and all this fuss about it will excite curiosity and benefit the copy-right. You have done your duty bravely by Price, if he is not content with you, you may be with yourself & that is something. The plays you have prepared will always be of some value & will pay you for your



Mrs. Chatterly as "Lady Teazle."

From a painting by Miss Drummond.

trouble. I am glad you have done the *Dame Blanche*—you work with a 40 author power.

I am on the wing for Madrid! A letter from our Minister Mr. Everett* has determined me to go on without delay; for the purpose of translating into English a very interesting work printing there. The *Voyage of Columbus* compiled from his own papers. It is the best thing that could present in the form of a job, and just now I absolutely want money for I neither receive remittances nor letters from America. I little thought when I left Paris to find myself in such a predicament. I shall remain some time at Madrid. Mr. Everett has attached me to the legation. I shall also visit some of the principal parts of Spain. Address letters to me at the American Legation, Madrid.

* Alexander H. Everett (1792-1847), United States minister to Spain, 1825-1830.



Washington Irving.

I think you had better let *Richelieu* appear in America in the original form & state in a notice prefixed to it, that alterations have been made in it in England without your privity in compliance with objections of the licenser for some political reasons which could not prevail in America. In any preface you may make for either side of the Atlantic do not speak with any pique on that or any other subject—a man gains no sympathy & much ill will by petulant prefaces. As to your surmise about Chas. Kemble I do not agree with you. Why cannot you surmise a favourable as well as unfavourable motive. I believe cha^s K is kindly disposed toward you, and I think he has behaved in a manly manner in respect to this piece, in addressing a spirited letter to the Lord Chamberlain.

Do not sacrifice the copy right in England—endeavor to get a good sum for it. If the piece takes the copy right ought to be valuable. . . .

When you send out *Richelieu* to America send a copy of *Charles II* with it; with the passages restored, which I cut out in London.

If any thing new turns out with respect to *Richelieu* let me hear from you. I hope at Madrid to get a sight of English papers.

Yours truly,

W. I.

Payne to Irving

PARIS Feb. 8, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING,

As the papers will no doubt have apprised you that *Richelieu* is at last allowed to be acted under an altered title & in a modified form, perhaps you will have anticipated why I did not write. I had no information myself but what I got from the papers & it would have been superfluous to have repeated that in a letter, as I presume you see *Galignani* regularly.

Norah came out yesterday week. All the papers set at it tooth and nail—really it seems as if my name being mixed up with a work was a regular signal to the writers to raise the hue and cry. But still it is going on, and in a letter I had from the Theatre and which I transcribe, it seems they looked upon a reception as *success* which my

friends in the papers had the day before taught me to regard as a failure. It will be contrived by them, whatever the fate of Richelieu may prove, to make it a source of personal injury to me. I am busy now preparing the American copy. When published in England, it should be given with the variations of (the) Theatre in the margin,—and the omissions in inverted commas.

Mrs. Chatterly* instead.—The last scene of *Norah* is most beautiful—The church at moonlight.—The first song by Mr. Watson, who is a great favourite with the managers, and the *second* by some friend of yours, neither of them any great things.”——

I think I shall defer sending you the newspaper accounts of Richelieu, as I find they are not to be in any way depended upon.



Madame Vestris.

From a painting by Miss Drummond.



François Adrien Boieldieu

Some introductory remarks will be necessary. But I shall have time to hear from you upon the subject. Now for my letter.—“Yours of yesterday surprised me. I did not imagine you could have stood in need of theatrical information; however, if that be the case, and of course it is, or you would not have written, I will without loss of time give you all in my power. *Norah* came out Wednesday night last & was very successful. *Richelieu* that *was*—the *Duke de Rougemont* that *is*,—we are now hard at work at & it will be produced in about eight days (date of letter feb. 3)—The passages offensive to the *nice* ear of Mr. Colman and the Duke of Somebody—(I don’t know his name)—are taken out and the *title* altered and after infinite trouble to C. Kemble and *Fawcett* who seems much interested for you, the piece is to come out. You have lost Miss *Chester* who cannot act for two months on account of ill health and have

Unfortunately they always arrive before any other, and when I go to look for my fate in them at Galignani’s, I only get cuffed on all sides and am sent off with an aching heart. But there is no need of my annoying you thus. The probability is, there may be at least a week’s delay beyond the time my letter specifies.

I send you by this post a letter from Galignani’s by the petite poste. I hear no news of any sort, and the bustle of the *fat* days being past, and the *meagre* one’s begun, I mean to settle down in my nest for another pair of months & hatch plays. Every new appearance before the public (the more successful the more disheartening) unsettles me for awhile & makes me distrustful of myself—so much so that I scarcely dare to put a line upon paper. When I do things for others they get praised, & what I

* Mrs. William Simmonds Chatterly, née Louisa Simeon (1797–1856), actress.



From a photograph, copyright, by Ellis & Walery.

The Haymarket Theatre, 1906.

have done to stir up all this rancour of the public press, the Lord only knows—unless it be to have too often succeeded in spite of their opposition.

If I get any more news this week, you shall hear immediately. Meanwhile, pray set a due value on the happiness you enjoy in living far from English newspaper reviews.

Yours, my dear Irving,
most sincerely

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Fragment of Payne's Diary.

*Saturday Evening 20 ms. before
eight. (Feb. 11th, 1826)*

Here am I all alone in my garret parlour copying the fourth act of *Richelieu*, while the audience and actors of Covent Garden are just in the midst of the first act of it. To them what a moment of excitement. To me,

who have looked to this hour with so much anxiety for three years, it seems as though there were no such hour. I feel no immediate eagerness or deep emotion. I chiefly think of the attacks to which it will afford a pretext and of the sufferings of



A View of the old and new Haymarket Theatres.

Sunday January 3. 1844. - Last evening I talked with Galignani
 and the great astonishment saw Norah announced in the Tues-
 day papers for performance on Wednesday. Is it not
 true that among all the many who profess to much
 interest in my concerns, no one, even at the French Ges-
 tures of London from Paris, will ever apprise me of
 what I am most ~~desirous~~ likely to be desirous of
 knowing? From Galignani's I went to Mr H. - where I
 found B. - He promises me the earliest news about the
 -rah, as an express would come to Galignani's today
 with the King's speech and the Thursday's papers. He in-
 forms me that Richelieu was to appear with an altered
 title - "Rougemont" - for fear of giving offense to the
 present Richelieu family by the preservation of the old
 name.

I mentioned a ironist of Abernethy. - why said ^{one} is
~~the thing~~ what we ^{look} ~~seek~~ for the last thing found? - Because,
 when found we stop looking.

Extract from Payne's diary.

I have been thinking of you very much lately.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I am, your very truly,
 J. Howard Payne

J. Howard Payne to John Fawcett.

which, in this peculiar case, I may peculiarly be made a victim. The effect of this evening upon the destinies of my future life may be most remarkable. But let me return to my drudgery.

10 minutes past 10. By this time, my fate is decided. The curtain is fallen. The play is either damned or successful. The performers are rejoicing in their good fortune or pitying their bad, around the green room fire, amid swarms of theatrical gossips. The managers are either chuckling or cursing. . . .

Meanwhile, am still copying in my garret, and even the cat has found some other corner, not to disturb my solitude. The rattling coaches under my window shake the room as I write, and seem to press upon me the, at this moment awful truth "the play is ended."

Payne to his Brother

PARIS 89 RUE DE RICHELIEU

Feb. 14, 1826.

MY DEAR BROTHER*:

I send you this *valentine* in a great hurry, merely to tell you I am alive & doing. You must have thought it odd I should have complained of your silence. I will tell you how it happened. The letters from you & my sister were sent *here*, got mislaid & detained at Galignani's and it was by mere chance I found them there a few weeks ago, after a lapse of more than *two years*. When you write again, send to the address I have put above. I have had that abode some time and my lease does not expire till October next, so letters will be sure to reach me. There are regular packets twice or thrice a month from New York to *Havre*, so we can now communicate often & uninterruptedly. Beg (Anna) to send me as many gossiping letters as she likes. I will write to her by the packet of the 25th.—My return to America has been delayed by business here. In the first place Price engaged me to manufacture plays for his Theatre, for which he was to give me one hundred and fifty pounds a year, but I find the arrangement

*Thatcher Taylor Payne (1796-1863), the youngest brother of John Howard Payne. After teaching in his father's academy and in other schools he was admitted to the bar, and practised law in New York City until his death. He married in 1833 Anna Elizabeth Cottrell, the widow of Benjamin Bailey of New York, by whom he had one daughter Eloise Elizabeth (1834-1894), who married in 1860 the Rev. Lea Luquer of Brooklyn, since 1866 rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y.

more plague than profit and shall give it up after this year, that is, after April next, when his last payment falls due.—I have had one piece & one two act serious piece out at Covent Garden this last month.—"*Twos I*" and "*Norah, the Girl of Erin*." A play in five acts called "*Richelieu*" and of much more importance has been kept back by the injunction of the Lord Chamberlain & at last after great difficulty appeared (much altered & with a new title) last *Saturday* at Covent Garden. I have not yet heard whether it succeeded or failed—but the circumstances must have given it a stormy launch. I send by Irving's request a copy by this packet to his brother to be published in New York so as to prevent my losing the American copyright. I have no time to say more than send love to all & to promise you further news in ten days.

Most affectionately your Brother

J. H. PAYNE.

Payne to Irving

PARIS Feb. 15, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I have just seen four London papers—The Representative, The Herald, the Star and the Courier. Richelieu (my intelligence is from them) succeeded. The Representative is exceedingly (favorable and) pronounces that the piece will become a favorite and though (cautious) in its panegyric, praises in a way likely to do much good. (You will) probably see it where you are. The *Courier* is coarse and abusive and seems to submit with much effort to the undeniable fact of success.—The Herald says not a word.—The Star praises—a commonplace critique, but the only one I have seen which (mentions) the *getting up*—and it states that the scenery and dresses are splendid beyond description. One paper mentions disapprobation as (mingled) with the applause—another (*The Representative*) declares that the applause was "warm & universal" & that "the success was (not) for a moment doubtful." Charles Kemble himself is reported to have been fitted to a nicety in his part and the (next) praise is given to Mrs. Glover, who played Janet and made it one of the most prominent beauties of the piece. *Warde** in Du-

* James Prescott Warde (1792-1840), actor.

bois is not greatly puffed—and there is blame (thrown) on the part as not worthy of him! !—the part Charles Kemble himself preferred & would have played had we not been resolute!—Cooper acted Dorival, but there is no mention made of him particularly. The Representative mentions that the interest was intense from the first and cites as proof of it, the extreme impatience of the audience (between) the acts. In short, the very style of the (dispraise) in the office of the Lord Chamberlain has been strong and unexplained. Its final production in any shape is entirely to be ascribed to the zeal & spirit of my excellent friend, Mr. Charles Kemble."

The title reads thus: "Richelieu: a domestic tragedy, founded on fact, in four acts, as accepted for performance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London,—before it was altered by order of the Lord Chamberlain and produced under another name." By J. H. P.—

And now, my dear Irving, once more let me heartily thank you for the kindness with regard to these pieces, which may perhaps produce so favorable a change in my destinies.

I suppose Stephen Price has by this time received the two last melodramas I sent him, making in all *six* full pieces, upon the *new* account—I told the story to Mrs. Shelley* & will transcribe for you what she says—"I smiled, but the smile was somewhat a mournful one, over your account of how you mean to treat your haggling huckster manager. There are persons with whom it never succeeds to do other than keep to the letter of the bond—whose inharmonious natures give forth discord when touched even by fairy fingers—whom, if you permit to get an idea beyond the hard line of a legal instrument or an exact agreement—think that you can never do enough—Keep to your rights and they sympathize with the sordid feeling; but if you enter into the pale of liberality, the ideas of their claims become gigantic to the extreme—but there are amiable persons, like yourself (I am blushing at the repetition of the compliment, but you are too far off to see it) who cannot encounter these machines—it is the clashing of the china & brazen rose in the fable—the more delicate the one &

the more rough the other, the more is the injury of the former, the more the safety of the latter is insured. . . .

Addressed:

Mons. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

MADRID, Feb. 25th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

Having an opportunity of sending a letter free of postage I scrawl you a hasty line, chiefly to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 8th inst. which was forwarded to me from Bordeaux.

You must not be disheartened because Norah was a little roughly handled by the newspapers. If it was successful that is the best test of merit. The newspaper critiques on plays are ephemeral, they are immediately forgotten, while the play continues on its career. Recollect how meagrely Charles the Second was received, & yet what a career it has had.

As Richelieu, or rather Rougemont has already attracted attention & met with opposition even before representation it will undoubtedly be discussed & attacked in the papers; but if it succeeds it must have a run & will then run all the barkers and yelpers out of sight. Therefore whatever is said about it, if it is successful, don't let yourself be worried. For my part, let me hear all that is said good about it, and as to what is said in dispraise the less I hear of it the better. If the play succeeds it cannot fail to be of great service to you.

In the American edition let the name be Rougemont, the same as in England, & state in a previous notice, that it had originally been Richelieu but altered, out of notions of delicacy &c. Let all notices either in the American or English edition, be totally free from all cavilling, or complaining about any person or any thing. There is nothing gained by venting any sore or angry feelings in prefaces, and I doubt whether in the present instance there may not be sufficient ground, in motives of delicacy & courtesy, for the alteration of the name, and the modification of passages, which might have been objectionable. I have not seen any English papers so that I do not know whether or not the play has come out; I presume however that it has been delayed a little longer than the time your letter from London specified for its

* Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, née Mary Godwin (1797-1851), widow of the poet.

appearance. I hope you have arranged *La Petite Chaperon* for Price as he seemed to have fixed his heart upon it.

We arrived here about eight or ten days since, and I have hardly been able to realize as yet that I was in the centre of old Spain. As it is Lent all the theatres are closed, so that I have seen nothing as yet of the Spanish stage.

I write in great haste as I have other letters to finish & the courier is about departing.

Address me at the *Legation des Etats Unis*.

Yours very truly W. IRVING.

Same address.

MADRID, Feb^y 26th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have this moment received your letter of the 16th and as there is an opportunity of sending a letter today *sans postage*, I scrawl a line in a hurry. I congratulate you heartily "yes, faith, heartily," on the success of *Richelieu*. It evidently has been completely successful & will have a run, both in the theatre & the press. It cannot but have a most beneficial effect on your future concerns; but you must endeavor to follow it up warily and strongly. It will make managers desirous to get further pieces from you, & by laying back a little & finishing up a few good things you may command double as much for them as for eight times the number of inferior things hastily slobbered up.

I would rather no mention should be made of myself or my plans in the papers. I have written to Murray on the subject of the translation of *Columbus*: if he or any other Bookseller agrees to my terms the work will immediately be announced as in preparation by me: otherwise nothing will be said about it. I wait to hear from England to determine me as to the undertaking, which is rather voluminous. It will make two quarto volumes.

I shall remain here for some time to come, perhaps for some months. Address your letters to me in French à la *legation des Etats Unis d'amerique* & they will always come to hand immediately.

I am sorry you wrote to Mrs. Shelley on the subject of your dealings with Mr. Price. Where there are any jealousies and misunderstandings in business much mischief is

sometimes done by complaining to third persons. You may in this way counteract all the good effects of your liberality and forbearance with regard to Price; should your collateral complaint come to his ear. You have taken the true way with respect to him, to make him feel your fair dealing & your importance as an agent, & should he not act liberally on his part, the dramatic MSS: you have accumulated will some way or other pay you for your trouble.

You had better turn all your attention as soon as possible to the Spanish Husband & try to write it up.

I am glad to find the Representative has been so friendly to your new piece. It is a new & fashionable & able paper & its good word must have a great effect. I presume you are indebted in some measure to the kind offices of Dr. Maguin and if so, you should make him sensible of your gratitude, by rendering him such services as your long acquaintance with Paris may put in your power. I have heard various accounts of him, but from all that I can judge, I should think him, with much excentricity, an able and valuable man, & one full of originality. I should like to hear your opinion of him. Murray certainly would not repose such confidence in him if he were not something sterling.

I inclose a letter from my Brother for Mr. Beasley which I will thank you to throw into the post office & now, once more congratulating you on the happy termination of all your anxieties about *Richelieu* I am very truly

Yours

W. I.

P. S. I find my Brother has sent his letter under an envelope directed to another person.

Same address.

MADRID, April 14th, 1836.

MY DEAR PAYNE,

I have deferred answering your last because I had nothing to say with postage. I now take a private opportunity to scribble a few hasty lines. I am extremely sorry for the hard fate of poor *Richelieu* on your account for I had hoped it would have had a run and have done you service. It shews what empty clamour can do, for clamour it must have been if I may judge from the ground on which they attacked

the piece—*immorality!* I had a letter from Mr. Mills who saw it on the fourth or fifth representation. He said the representation of it reminded him more of the theatre Français than any thing he had seen for a long time in London. He said it was thought highly of and much relished in the dress circles. He spoke however of some bad effect in the last scene from the hero (Raymond) walking off the stage after he had been supposed to be mortally wounded, from which and from some other remark, I suspect the piece had been materially “amended for the worse.” He says the one who played the principal female was very bad. I cannot imagine how the piece could get on at all with a bad actress in that part. However there is no use in prosing or mourning over the past—I trust you are busy in preparing for the future. Let me once more entreat you to be wisely economical. If you have not discharged your lodgings and that bloodsucker Marianne I advise you to do it at once and get into moderate quarters—why should you be working to pay for empty rooms which you do not occupy and to feed a mouth

that does nothing but chatter. You ask if there is nothing here that I could get you. Spain abounds in plays, but they all want great alteration to adapt them to the English stage. The French draw many of their plots from the Spanish Theatre. I cannot judge how their plays act, for ever since I have been in the country all places of amusement have been closed—this being the year of Jubilee. I never felt more out of humour with popery. I am very much occupied studying, and have not yet given up my work respecting to Columbus, which however is a heavy task to undertake.

I hope you and Price are on good terms. If he does not act up to the mark you will certainly have done your part, and will have got a stock of theatrical manuscript hurried out of you which you could not otherwise have produced, and which will surely bring something in the market.

If I see anything striking here when the theatres open I will purchase a copy and send it to you. In the meantime believe me ever,

Very truly yours,

W. IRVING

THE LAVENDER VENDER

By Anne Bunner

In the crowded city, the thronging thoroughfare,
Thro' the chill of winter, a fragrance on the air
Faint and fresh of lavender mocks at memory—
Mocks and murmurs softly, “Dreamer, come with me.”
“Lavender, sweet lavender,” vender, you should call,
“Purple, perfumed packages with memories for all.”
Lavender, sweet lavender, and tired souls are sent
Drifting down the Dream path to the Country of Content.

Subtile scents of lavender thro' the busy street,
Vague, elusive memories, haunting, haunting sweet.
Stealing soft on perfumed wings thro' the moving mass,
White and tired faces brighten as they pass.

And the crowded city slowly drifts away,
Hushed the noise and clamor of the busy day.
While for a fleeting second, they who dream are blest
With drowsy dreams of lavender and quiet country rest.
“Lavender, sweet lavender,” vender, you should call,
“Purple, perfumed packages with memories for all.”
Lavender, sweet lavender, and tired souls are sent
Drifting down the Dream path to the Country of Content.

THE BOY WHO WENT BACK TO THE BUSH

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER



STEVE MACDONALD came down from the Bush with the thrill of life pulsing high in heart and brain and big, brawny body. He said good-by to his old crowd of Residency No. 8 on the Trans-continental Right-of-Way with more joy in leaving them than was right, for Kenyon and O'Hara and Randall and Donald Ferguson and little Jean Feroux had been his friends in such friendships as men make in the wildernesses of the world where they work and play together. Being men, they came with Steve as far as they could, which happened to be Groundhog, where the railroad from the south met the Right-of-Way. Being boys still, they sat on the flat floor of the last car of the steel train and jeered at Steve as he stood on the back platform of the outbound passenger coach.

"It's a great get-up, Steve," said O'Hara, critically surveying the tawny-haired lad. "You look just like the hero in the third act, waiting to bridge the chasm."

"Did you know they don't wear exactly that costume now, even in North Bay?" inquired Kenyon, with a slight accentuation of his languid drawl.

"Well, I'll wear it," said Steve firmly. "What's the matter with it? These are the best corduroys the Hudson's Bay Company has, and this is Don's shirt and Jean's tie."

"Send us a post-card with tinsel trimmings," teased O'Hara, "to let us know that our little Steve has not been lost in New York."

"What shall you do in New York?" asked Randall.

Steve laughed, that great, resounding laugh of his that used to rouse the echoes on the Grassy River clear above the rapids. "What?" he repeated. "I'm going to do all the things I've wanted to do for two years and three months, ever since I came up here. I'm going to eat fresh food—beefsteak, real beefsteak! Chicken and

lobsters! All kinds of fancy things on little plates! Jean Feroux, I'll have a dozen grape-fruits for my breakfast the day after to-morrow. Randall, I'll be sick on Nesselrode pudding. Brian Boru, I'm going to—stop throwing that sand! I want to look civilized going back to civilization."

"Don't you consider Groundhog civilization?" drawled Kenyon. "I remember some nights that you did."

Steve laughed again as his gaze went over the town of rough pine shacks, where the streets straggled back into the Bush. "Haven't we had some great times here?" he chuckled. "Oh, the dances, the dances, where there were twenty of us to every girl, and most of the girls were more than twenty!"

"An epigram—from Steve," cried O'Hara. "'Tis easy known he's going out and gone mad with the joy of it."

"Don't put us all in the past tense so quickly," said Randall, with a little heat in his usually quiet tone. "Some of us will be here for quite a while yet. This railroad won't be finished for a couple of years, and there will still be other dances in Groundhog."

"And me away," laughed Steve. "Think of the dances I'll be going to! Big dances, with real music, and girls who wear fluffy things and come in carriages."

"Did you say good-by to Molly Law?" asked O'Hara, too casually.

"Oh, cut it!" said Steve.

"May we call on her, individually or collectively?" asked Kenyon.

"Do anything you please. I'll be gone," said Steve generously.

"And there ain't no busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay," quoted Kenyon softly.

"Going through Quebec, Steve?" It was the tenth time little Jean Feroux had asked that question since MacDonald had told him he was going out.

"Maybe." It was the same answer always.

"You won't forget to look up my mother if you do? I've written to her about you."

"Run in on my old man if you're near Detroit," said Donald Ferguson.

"There's an uncle of mine in Connemara, who'll bring out the potheen for you in joy that it wasn't meself come along," said O'Hara. The whimsical Irishman had seen the shadow of loneliness in Randall's eyes and had glimpsed the sadness that sometimes pierced through Kenyon's cynicism. "He's a rare old boy," he went on, "who'll take you through the Longer Catechism of Horse-Racing, and if you fail he'll condemn you to the depths of perdition. He's disowned me because I prefer railroad building to horse raising."

"I don't expect to get as far as Ireland," said Steve seriously. "After I've had my holidays in New York I'm going to Chicago."

"What will you do there?" inquired Donald Ferguson. He had not spoken more than ten words that morning, though to say good-by to Steve he had walked eighteen miles through the muskeg from the last cache on the Right-of-Way.

"Work at my trade," said Steve. "I'm no lily of the field, and all my money will be gone by the time I get there."

"And when the sailor goes ashore.

He spends all his money and he works for more,"

carolled Randall as the engine-bell sounded and the whistle of the steel train dummy answered with shrill blast. The men on the flat car rose and solemnly shook hands with the one who was going. "Will you surely write to us?" pleaded little Feroux. "Of course I will," promised Steve. "And when you come out, you'll all come down to Chicago to see me?"

They chorused assent, all but Kenyon. "You'll come back to the Bush before that," he told him.

"Me?" cried the lad. "Me back to the Bush? Not Steve MacDonald! I'm so glad to be getting out I'm forgetting how sorry I am to be leaving you fellows," he ended, with sudden sentiment, as the train began to move away from the flat car.

He shouted his valedictory to the Bush as he watched the steel train receding into the forest, while the out-train crept up toward the Height-of-Land. For more than two

years he had been an engineer on the Right-of-Way of the Transcontinental across northern Canada, coming into the Bush with the first corps when there were no white men on the Abitibi but those of the Hudson Bay posts. Now all he remembered of that time was the aching longing for the world to the south. The steel train was taking back his fellows to their work in the dank, dark Bush which stretched under the V of Hudson Bay, and he was free, gloriously free! He breathed deep the heady air of the North Country. The steel train was only a thin line of smoke near the Fauquier camp. The out-train made a sharp turn to the southward as it passed one of the log houses on the edge of Groundhog, where a bright-haired girl in a pink gingham dress stood in the doorway.

"Hi-yi!" yelled Steve. "Molly! Molly Law!"

The girl in the pink dress fluttered a handkerchief to him, and he waved back with furious gayety. He was still waving to her when the brakeman came out on the platform. "Guess you're glad to be leaving Groundhog?" said he.

"You bet I am!" said Steve heartily, but he kept on waving till the pink speck was quite gone from his sight, lost in the sentinel pines of the low forest. With a sudden sense of something lost he knew that he would be very sorry not to see Molly Law again, for the girl had been more to him than he had realized. She had come out of a Montreal convent and short skirts when her father, a sub-contractor, had brought her to the North Country nearly two years before. A dozen homesick boys on the Transcontinental had lost their impressionable hearts to her and had rushed into impetuous proposals. But Molly Law had smiled on them all with kindly sympathy and had kept them her friends. And Steve MacDonald, who had never proposed to her or to any other girl, she made her best friend of all. When Steve failed to carry Molly Law away with him from the North Country the boys of Residency No. 8 lost their faith in romance. But the idea of being in love with Molly never occurred to the big fellow. He liked her, he confided in her, he missed her when he was out on the trails, but he accepted her as he had come to regard the Northern Lights in the sky as part of the land and part of the life.

"She's a dear little girl," he smiled, still looking backward.

He fell into the day-dreams of the world he was going to without even a look at the sunlight shining on the green of the larches or the remembrance of one night of the many when he had paddled a canoe under the gleaming lights of the auroras. Forgotten were the days in the Bush when summer had hung heavily over the pungent-odored pines. Forgotten were the short seasons of the flaming autumn when the Bush had rustled with swirling messengers of the long night. Forgotten was the long night of the great silences when the Bush had gleamed in tingling whiteness. Forgotten were the sunsets flaring through the forests; forgotten the camp-fire vigils of the lonely land; forgotten the mystic moonlights and glistening starlights that had roused in the boy deep feelings of an eternity he had never guessed at before. And soonest forgotten of all were the lights, that symbol of the spell that the North weaves about the men who have lingered with her. Steve MacDonald had been her captive. Now, leaving her, he hungered for the cities, their crowds, their noises, their lights, their throb, their thrill, so fiercely that the realization that he was about to come into his desire was a river of oblivion flooding out all other memories and sweeping down all other emotions.

On the Height-of-Land he flung out his arms in sheer gladness, looking back on the miles and miles of Bush. "I've tramped your muskeg for the last time," he exulted to the trail. "No more caches, no more packs, no more black flies, no more frozen hands and face and feet! No more stuttering on the corduroy! The city for me!"

A little French girl in a bright orange dress smiled at him as he came back to the day coach. "Holloa, little one," he cried, with that laugh that challenged a world darker than his own. Every one turned to look at the white-shirted giant whose laugh was a piper's flute to the young and a reed of Pan to the old, echoing down long vistas of joy for youth to travel and age to recall.

Before the train came to Cobalt every man in the dingy car had spoken to MacDonald, every woman had smiled on him, and every child had crept close to him. A

man with a prospector's kit, who had come on at Dane, watched him wistfully. A habitant with a basket of cherries boarded the train at New Liskeard where the boat from the Quebec province meets the railway, and was pushing his way through the car when the fragrance of his burden was wafted toward Steve. As the habitant passed him he leaned forward with the eager interest of the children at his knee. "Cherries," he breathed ecstatically, "fresh cherries! I haven't seen one for two years," he explained to the politely surprised Frenchman. "I've been up in the Bush, but I'll see plenty now." And he again laughed that wonderful laugh of the gods of the North.

"M'sieu will have some?" The habitant was insistent, but Steve shook his head in embarrassment that his pleasure should have been misconstrued into a request.

"M'sieu!" the habitant was pleading. "M'sieu with the laugh! M'sieu may have them all if he will but laugh again."

The man with the prospector's kit leaned forward from the seat across the aisle. "I'd give my Larder Lake claim to be going back to the world with a heart like yours," he said to Steve MacDonald.

"M'sieu is right," said the Frenchman. "A light heart is the greater gift of *l'bon Dieu* than the meel-ions of Cobalt."

"Oh, I could manage a few of the mill-ions," declared Steve, and at the thought of what he could do with them the laugh bubbled forth again.

"Where are you going?" asked the mining man, giving Steve a card with a name the boy knew as one of the magic ones of Cobalt.

"Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Chicago," chanted Steve in mimicry of the brakeman's call.

The mining man looked down at his kit and his khaki clothes consideringly. "I was going to New York to-morrow," he said. "Do you mind if I go down with you to-day?"

"Not at all," said Steve, with the camaraderie of the camps.

Their progress down to Toronto was an informal triumph, for Steve MacDonald's laugh was the key that opened locked doors of men's houses of friendliness. The Cobalt millionaire, tired and disillusioned, caught a glow of the radiant joy of the boy

to whom he had attached himself. "I wish you'd come back with me from New York," he told Steve before they came to Toronto. "I've a new gold claim at Larder Lake I'll go halves with you on. You're bright, you'll work—and you make me feel ten years younger." He struck the heart of the vein.

"Back to the Bush? No, sir!" said Steve. "Anyhow, I'm an engineer," he added, with that pride of caste that had built a barrier between the mining men and the builders of the railroad.

"I'm sorry you won't come," said the mining man.

The day and night when the engineer in corduroy and the Cobalt millionaire in khaki hurled themselves upon Toronto was long remembered, even in the King Edward where engineers and millionaires were not rare. Buying up the hotel coach and four for the day and filling it with street gamins while Steve tooted the footman's horn was the least exciting of their adventures, though the Cobalt man enjoyed it most. The grape-fruits, the Nesselrodes, the chickens, the oysters that Steve consumed made the waiters gasp, and the beefsteaks he ordered were of barbecue measure. He lolled luxuriously in taxicabs and believed he had hardly begun to touch the entertainment resources of Toronto when he went on to Montreal. The gay hotel set there gave him and his companion royal welcome and implored them to linger. In Quebec Steve found an engineering crowd he had known in Winnipeg, and they crammed his week so full of excitement that he had no opportunity to call on Jean Feroux's mother.

Then New York held the goblet of pleasure to his lips, a riotous New York of glitter that fascinated the engineer and held him long after the millionaire had tired of the play he had seen before and gone back to the North, a little wearier than he had come down, though sometimes echoing the boy's gloriously joyous laugh. Steve rode high on the tides of life. Even in the crowds, where men were but crushed units, he was marked by the exuberant joy that shone in his smile, thrilled in his hand-clasp, and rollicked in his laughter. He dashed a-tilt through romance, too full of animal spirits to recognize in those incidents that crowded his days and nights the

vivid dramatic phases of the town. He loved New York for those aspects the stranger always delights in. He gloried in the dazzling humanity of the city, but he was keen enough to realize when the pleasures began to pall on him. "All play and no work makes Steve a dull boy," he reasoned, with a return of the sturdy Scotch sense that balanced his wildness, and he took the next train for Chicago.

The plunge into work there gave him at first little time for play at all. He secured the post of construction engineer on one of the great sky-scrapers through the influence of a man who had worked with his father under Thomas Stevenson in the building of the Skerryvore light-house. His love of engineering and his determination to prove himself worthy of the trust of his father's friend kept him at the grindstone of labor till he mastered his problem. Then he set out to meet Chicago as he had met New York.

Already in his work he had come to feel himself part of the tense activity of the city's existence and had caught the spirit of her terrific pressure. The throb of energy pulsing under Chicago, the great diapason in her harmony of toil, beat in unison with his own pulse of desire for achievement in the tread-mill. "Of course I like Chicago better than New York," he told his father's friend. "I feel as if I belonged here. I'm at the work I like in a big city. I just loafed in New York, and I never felt a part of the town at all. But here——"

What he could not explain he filled in with his laugh.

Maizie Clare flashed on his horizon while he was still drunk with the mescal of the city's excitement. Forbes of the *Tribune*, who lived at Steve's hotel, was giving a supper-party at the College Inn and bade the engineer. Steve, theatre-mad as he was after the years of deprivation of them, believed himself the luckiest lad in town when he discovered that the party included the leading members of the cast of a resident musical comedy. The soft candle-gleams, the sensuous music, the pretty women, the aroma of intimate companionship dizzied him, though his merry humor made him one of the gay crowd where acquaintanceship came so easily.



Every man in the car had spoken to MacDonald . . . every child had crept close to him.—Page 619.

They were calling him Steve before he was able to distinguish one girl from another, except the daringly slender one with the red poppies swaying over her ears. She was the one who leaned across the table when he asked them vaguely where they had played. "From hell to Wabash," she phrased her life swiftly, and after Steve laughed lustily at the girl's epigram he looked curiously at the girl herself. Black of hair, green of eyes, white of cheeks, and red of lips, she had exaggerated her bizarre type by the adoption of geisha effects in the coloring of her gown and the dressing of her hair.

"That's awf'ly clever," Steve said to her approvingly.

"Maizie Clare read it somewhere," said the pretty blonde near Forbes.

"Do you like the theatre?" Maizie Clare asked Steve directly.

"Oh, I just love it," he smiled at her. "You know I hadn't been inside a theatre for more than two years, and that was in Winnipeg. Since I've come out I've seen everything. I've even been to amateur nights on Halsted Street. I've seen you," he said, with sudden recollection. "You play something or other in some show at——"

They all laughed but Maizie. "I've been playing something or other in something or other ever since I could squall," she said. "I was the stock baby in a stock company."

"I thought your father was a Washington millionaire," said the blonde maliciously.

"He wasn't," said Maizie calmly. "What do you do?" she questioned Steve, with a narrowing of her slant eyes.

"Engineer," he beamed under her interest in him.

"MacDonald's not one of us," said Forbes. "He's one of the chaps who do the big things out in the open. Wouldn't you know it to look at him?"

"Does Charlie Forbes expect you to pay for the supper?" the girl asked. She came around the table to sit beside Steve. "Tell me about engineering," she said, but instead of giving him opportunity to talk of his work she regaled him with anecdotes of her profession that led him into the land behind the foot-lights.

"I like that boy," she told Forbes as they went out. "He's got something about him we haven't got."

"He's got a future," said Forbes. "Why don't you get in on it?"

"Oh, I ain't a fool," said Maizie Clare, "but I ain't no adventuress. Did you ever hear anything like his laugh?"

As she was no fool she used all her hard-learned arts on the engineer that first night she met him to bring about a second meeting. After that the meetings came easily. Maizie Clare knew men as she knew dances, and this big fellow with the boyish light in his blue eyes exhilarated her like a gust of fresh air in the stuffiness of the dressing-rooms. She saw that he wanted amusement, and she amused him. She played on his craving for excitement and satisfied his gulping appetite for the artificial till he set her on a frail pedestal of youthful idolatry, his pinchbeck goddess of the gayeties.

He seldom thought of the Bush in those days. Once, when waiting for Maizie, he went to a play of the Hudson Bay country, and the scene of the post up the Abitibi, and the smell of the pine boughs strewn on the stage had brought to his throat a strange, strangling sensation. When he took Maizie to supper afterward he wanted to talk of the Bush, of the boys in the Residency, of the Groundhog dances, but Maizie would have none of it. "It must have been a horrid place," she shuddered, when he told her of tramping for miles from camp to camp through the oozy muskeg. "Ain't you glad you came away from there? You would never have met me if you hadn't,"

she smiled, and Steve said he was indeed glad. And in the pressure of work and the more urgent press of the pleasure of being favored by the girl who had a dozen men buying tickets every week for the privilege of watching her, Steve again forgot the North Country.

A letter from Kenyon painted for him a vivid picture of the Residency. Steel was ten miles farther to the west. They were all busy sending supplies up the line before the winter came. Lemont from Winnipeg had his place, but the chief wasn't satisfied with his work, always comparing it with MacDonald's. Filled with the details of the work though it was, the letter still carried its own message of Kenyon's personality in the alien loneliness that had always set him a little apart from their wilder comradeship. In the revival of the old affection for Kenyon Steve answered his letter with an outpouring of his own delight in the glories of the city.

The answer came from Jean Feroux and was a passionate wail of despair over the monotony of existence on the Transcontinental. "Nothing ever happens," he wrote, "and down in Quebec the crowd is having the most gorgeous time just now. If quitting wouldn't be an everlasting disgrace to the family, I'd go home or go down with you." The idea of having one of the Residency boys with him hurried Steve into instant answer of the letter, and he wrote so long that night that he forgot to go to the theatre for Maizie till the time had slipped by.

For the next week he was abjectly penitent, and she lorded her domain over him, but he was beginning to chafe under the chains, beginning to question himself if the pleasures he sought were quite worth the seeking, beginning to weary of the excitements he had so craved. Then O'Hara's letter reached him.

"You may picture us a desolate band of mourners, *keening* your empty chair," the Irishman wrote, "but let me assure you that we're having a very passable time at your wake. The Transcontinental must still be built, even though you've deserted to the States, and we're going to build it. And while we're doing it we're finding that life up here may have as many charms as life in one of the big cities of the world. If you don't know what they are after being

one of us, I'll not point them out to you. If you've chosen the flesh-pots of Egypt, far be it from me to extol the praises of your birth-right. I wouldn't have said this at all, but you've driven poor little Feroux half-mad in their hands to reach the scene of action, and the function was nearly as deadly as any one in the great world outside, but we enjoyed it, and that's more than even Kenyon could say for a tea anywhere else.



She regaled him with anecdotes of her profession that led him into the land behind the foot-lights.—Page 622.

between love of life and duty in life, and the plain truth won't hurt you, Steve.

"Now I've said my sermon and I'll write something pleasant. A crowd of us have joined with the boys at Groundhog and we've organized a dancing club with dances every fortnight. There are still the twenty men to every girl, but we manage to secure at least one dance with one girl in the course of the evening and we go home happy. We play cards and go to church socials. Groundhog has another church, and we're crusaders in the cause of any religion that gives a party. Mrs. Montresor, wife of the banker, gave a five-o'clock tea for her sister from Ottawa. The sister is not exactly young nor exactly beautiful, but she's a new woman in Groundhog, and she's reported to have already received six invitations to remain permanently. The elite of the Bush jumped the ditches with their calling-cards held tightly

"There's a new girl in Groundhog, the sister of the postmaster. She's all that fancy paints her. Feroux went into town the other day and came back with the report that there was a Dream there. The news spread out to the fifty-mile camp. The boom at the post-office has put dreams at a premium and made millions for the government.

"But we're not fickle, even though we flit about new flames, and we go once a week all the way down to Molly Law's. She was asking for you the other night, and Kenyon and Jean showed her your letters."

Steve set down O'Hara's letter and sat with wrinkled brows. "The devil they did!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if I said anything about Maizie in them."

When he went to dinner alone he saw a girl who looked like Molly Law. "I'll bet they're having a dance in Groundhog to-

night," he sighed, and wondered why none of the dances he had attended in town, the big formal affairs where he had been invited through his business associates, or the

O'Hara's letter for company, for a sudden lonesomeness had assailed him in the gay hotel dining-room. "Flesh-pots of Egypt," he repeated, at first angrily, then



The next night Steve MacDonald took the train to the North Country.—Page 627.

many informal, rather fervid ones where he had taken Maizie, had ever brought him the enjoyment of those dances back in the Bush, where an old fiddler furnished the music and where reels outstripped two-steps in popularity. "Alleman left!" The phrase rang through his brain among the strains of the orchestra. "I'd like to be going to a dance in Groundhog," was the thought that startled him. He reread

with puzzled consideration. "I wonder if they are?" he asked himself. And again that night he did not go to Maizie Clare, but this night he did not forget.

The Cobalt millionaire came to Chicago the next day, and in the rush of entertaining him Steve neglected Maizie entirely. The week left him a memory of wild rides in taxicabs, of impromptu dinner parties prolonged into breakfast functions, and of

one talk with the man who had come with him from the Bush.

"I've made good," Steve had boasted.

"And you've paid the price," said the older man. "You've lost your laugh." Just to prove that he had not, Steve tried to laugh, but his effort showed how keen had been the observation. "Isn't it queer," said the miner, "that when we get the things we thought we wanted we lose our feeling of caring for them?"

"Then doesn't anything ever make you happy?" Steve groped through the problem.

"Oh, yes," said the philosopher, "but not the rainbows we've chased—you and I."

The night the millionaire went North Steve sought Maizie again in a vague desire to win back that joy he had possessed when he had come to Chicago. She went to supper with him in a brilliant restaurant, but she was curiously distraught under her assumed vivacity. "Why aren't we having a good time?" he asked her at length.

"You don't make good times for any one any more," she said, with a hardening of her pretty, overcolored lips.

"I don't?" he repeated. "Why, I never made them. I only enjoyed them."

"Oh, no," she said, "you've made all the good times for yourself and every one else."

"Perhaps that's true," he agreed.

"You ain't happy, are you?" she asked, leaning over the table toward him and searching his face with eyes that darkened in the tension of her scrutiny. The thought that Molly Law used good grammar thrust itself on Steve's brain before he found answer to Maizie's query.

"Oh, I suppose I'm as happy as most men," he evaded.

"You ain't happy the way you used to be happy," she persisted. "Why, you used to laugh in a way that made me ache to feel like that for one little minute, and now you laugh like all the rest of them—" her jewelled hand flashed over the restaurant crowd. "Why ain't you happy?" she demanded. The jewelled hand was over his own now, and the green eyes had grown soft with tears. "Don't you love me any more, Steve?"

He stared at her a moment, swallowing hard. "I'm sorry," he said, rising from the table. "I think it's time to go."

The hot color rushed to the girl's face. "I ought to have known better than josh with a rube," she said bitterly. "You're awful afraid of yourself, ain't you? Well, you needn't be scared I'll follow you. There's a fellow from St. Louis with more money than you'll ever scrape together who's crazy about me," she sobbed harshly as they reached the sidewalk. "Put me in a cab and pay the driver." And she left him without a good-by.

He stared down the street after the disappearing wheels, then shrugged his shoulders and pursed his lips in a whistle. It was the old song of the boys in the Bush that he was whistling, "I Wish I Had a Girl," but he did not know it. He was living over the weeks he had lived in the thought of Maizie Clare, and he was wondering how he could have been such a blind idiot as to lose his head over such a common, sordid, superficial wisp of a woman. The whistle grew livelier as he went along, and he shed his self-disgust with his overcoat at the hotel. In spite of his unheroic attitude in the crisis, he slept better than he had slept on the night O'Hara's letter came to him.

For weeks he went without any thoughts but those of the work, while the great skyscraper pushed upward. A building strike that curtailed his labors threw him back on his own resources, and he struggled to re-invest Chicago with the atmosphere it had glowed under when he had first come to the city. He would walk down LaSalle Street at mid-day, trying to catch that feeling of rushing commercial activity, and failing utterly to make himself part of the throng. He would saunter along Michigan Boulevard to Park Row at dusk, seeking the elusive thrill of being of the home-hastening crowds and thinking only of the men and women whose only homes were the bleak hotels and boarding-houses.

He haunted the theatres again, all but Maizie's, though he often left before the plays were half finished. He lingered in the restaurants, but he failed to enjoy his solitary dinners, even when he compared them, course by course, with the old haphazard meals of the Residency. He tried to pick up the life he had swerved away from in the time that had followed his break with Maizie Clare, but he could not find the thread to guide him through the

labyrinth of confusion to the halls of enjoyment.

He had expected the rush of work on the structure to restore to him that interest in the world that had been his ever since he started as a rodman out in the West; but the work came and Steve MacDonald was still apathetic in his interest and restless in his heart. He worked resistlessly, however, and the day before the flag was to flutter from the top of the steel skeleton the chief architect sent for him.

"MacDonald," he said, "you're the man we've been looking for. We've tried you in this work, and you've proved up. We have three big contracts ahead, and we're going to put you in charge of one of them and raise your salary if you want to stay with us. What's your answer?"

MacDonald stared out of the window toward the lake. "Can I let you know tomorrow?" he asked, and wondered why he sought time for consideration of so splendid an opportunity. It was as if, having come to the garden of the Hesperides, he dallied in fear of plucking the golden apples.

"Surely," said the chief.

All day long the engineer tried to make the decision, even while he was conscious of the knowledge that the question required no thought at all, since acceptance meant only ultimate success. But the work of the day projected itself into his brain so often that he shoved over his self-communing until he should be undisturbed. When it came dark he went up to the highest floor of the leviathan of steel and stood looking out over the city whose call had brought him from the far places. Under the veil of dusk, she sprawled flatly, her lights gleaming vaguely through a mist. The sky in the west smouldered a sullen red under the slowly settling smoke. Here and there flames from furnaces shot upward sharply. To the south, above the mills, a line of fire swept across the sky. Trains on the Elevated crept along like sinuous serpents. In the streets men and women, ant-like, scurried along, their individual purpose hidden in the apparently purposeless rush of this ant-hill. Too far away to feel the human thrill of contact with the crowds, the man above the city peered down with the gaze of a judge on scenes he had before looked at with the

glance of a passer-by. A seething caldron of the races of the world over blazing fires of energy, Chicago revealed to the watcher on the heights her purpose, her power, her greatness, her glory as she had never shown them to him before. She was the splendid city of the toil of men.

But what did she offer him? Success? He could win success on the outposts of the world, where the boys, his fellows, would be working and winning by his side. Pleasure? He knew the taste of Dead Sea apples. What did she take from him? What had she already taken from him in payment for the pleasures? Youth and the gift of the gods—laughter!

He chilled in the cold night air which swept up from the lake, and he moved over to where a forge-fire burned low. As he crouched beside it the desolation of the loneliness of the cities flooded over Steve MacDonald. He had known loneliness in the Bush when he had been miles away from a camp in the long nights of the arctic, when the wolves howled round his camp-fire and no human being was within call, but where an answering fire cast its light on the white radiance of the sky and where there was always the knowledge that back in the Residency the boys would be keeping watch for his coming, and down in Ground-hog Molly Law——

He raised his eyes to the north as if he would send across space his message to those who had cared for him in the North Country. A glow that flickered and flamed afar off in the sky shimmered before his startled eyes. Long lines of white brilliancy flashed, then green and red and blue and orange flared in dazzling rushes, crackling through the keen air. "The Lights!" he cried, "the Lights! I'm dreaming; I know I'm dreaming. This is Chicago; this is forty-two. I couldn't see them; I know I couldn't see them; but they're the Lights!"

He watched the glow fade down in the far sky. Had the Northern Lights really shone over Chicago? Steve MacDonald knew only that they had gleamed for him. He knelt beside the fire, watching the north for another flame of the aurora, but the embers crumbled to ashes and only the misty veil of the city met his eyes. Then he went down from the heights into a city that had shown him her soul and his own.

The next night Steve MacDonald took the train to the North Country. When he bought his ticket to the end of the line he laughed with an echo of that laugh that had been his when he left the Bush. He did not know that some men, great in their work, would tell each other that young MacDonald was a fool to throw away his chance of fortune. He did not know that a trivial little actress would grieve for him so bitterly—for he had been the only real man to

cross her tawdry world—that she would go down in the whirlpool which swirled under the piers of her palace of pleasure.

All he knew was that he was speeding on to where the lights would glow for him in truth, that the boys in the Residency, Kenyon and O'Hara and Randall and Ferguson and little Jean Feroux, would be glad of his home-coming, and that Molly Law would wave him welcome as she had waved him farewell.

AFRICAN SKETCHES AND IMPRESSIONS

By Janet Allardyce

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND



ONE of the first things I noticed on coming to Africa was the blank absence of personality in the houses. They are all too new, and at the same time too many tenants have occupied them; they are as yet merely shelters from the sun and the rain. I speak only of the newer Africa, I have not had the good fortune to visit Egypt. But it was in South Africa I first became aware of the Spirit of the Land.

The Spirit of South Africa is a savage recluse. From the gray dawn of the world he ruled undisturbed the gigantic barren leagues of desert and plain, whose sullen, cowering peoples propitiated him with sinister sacrifices. Then came the intruders, the fearless and insolent white men, breaking the barriers of perilous rocks and currents, feverish swamps, and waterless deserts. Leaving their dead behind, they pushed ever into the heart of the land, and found at last the gold and diamonds. Perhaps he needed more sacrifices. If so he had his desire, for the souls as well as the bodies of men perished in uncounted numbers in the frantic and unholy battle for gain.

In the Africa I love, the splendid, virile land of danger and romance, like a boy's dream come true, the Spirit of the Land is but half awakened. Does he dream of past kingdoms, crumbled ages ago to dust, and

will he rouse himself to see a strong young race pushing before it the buffalo and the lion? He does not care. They may turn on you, rending to a quivering mass that which was once a man, and fever and thirst will take their tribute of our bravest. He is wholly indifferent, as far from any vindictiveness as from sympathy.

But the rains twice a year spread living green over the parched plains, large scented blue water-lilies surprise you with their beauty, starring the muddy reach of a sluggish stream, and in a solitary glade of the gray, primeval forest you may stumble upon a kaleidoscopic dance of great swallow-tailed butterflies that takes your breath away.

Something of the charm of the childhood of the world clings to the country. You may come across a Masai herd-boy piping on a reed under a tree, the flock of grave brown sheep and goats cropping round him. The lovely lines of his limbs are unconcealed by the loose hide slung over his shoulder; but for his chocolate skin you would dream yourself back in ancient Greece, a startled dryad vanishing into the forest, and the echoes of the mocking laughter of Pan still haunting the air.

For there is something truly pagan in the mystery of the deserts, lakes, and mountains. Strange, unknown creatures live in the depths of the forests, and enormous reptiles haunt the great lakes. It must be felt, it cannot be described, the strange presence of the Spirit of East Africa, brooding

sullenly in his solitudes, so utterly indifferent to us mushrooms of a day. We rejoice, body and soul, in the happy security of our homeland; but we are drawn back again and again from its safe, beautiful shores to this vast, waiting, primeval country, with a fascination it is vain to resist.

A NATIVE SERVICE

A little tin house, skeleton wooden beams supporting the naked hideousness of corrugated iron; and under foot a trampled earthen floor. On ten or twelve wooden benches, huddled together like poultry in a shower of rain, sits a strange collection of human beings. Outside the trees are motionless against the chilly gray sky. Here in the uplands, seven thousand five hundred feet high, the morning mist still swathes the glades and forests, though far below the plains lie golden, sweltering in equatorial heat.

A black boy, smartly dressed in khaki coat and breeches, putties and shoes, and wearing a brilliant vermilion silk necktie, stands up in front of us. Suddenly an amazing sound fills the air, harsh, tuneless, and profoundly melancholy, but strangely conveying suggestions of little children in a quiet nursery long ago, and many thousands of miles away.

The rows of dark figures have risen to their feet and all are singing. One by one I observe them. The type of face is extraordinarily low: the lips protrude far beyond the nose, the chin and forehead both receding, and the furtive sullen eyes are seldom raised. Here is a couple of small shivering boys, mother-naked save for monkey skins slung over their skinny little black shoulders. They have herded sheep and cattle from the age of three or four. Next them stand several men clothed in blankets, varying in color from bright scarlet to a faded magenta. Their dark apelike faces are bent, and their raucous voices massacre the quiet old tune. Two or three boys are dressed in long white garments; they are house boys, the table maids and housemaids of this country. Amongst them I recognize with amusement my own treasure, an enthusiastic youth, who, when he asks my gracious leave to go and buy himself food, leans over chairs and tables, kicking his heels out behind him. One boy

only has a face above the average; it is what one would call a "good face," dignified, reserved, and trustworthy. I noticed him lift his eyes, and the effect was remarkable. It seemed to set him at once on a higher level than his low-browed companions.

Next to the house boys stand two dandies, oiled with castor-oil from head to foot. The first wears a gray and scarlet blanket, but the second is magnificent in vermilion paint. His hair, like matted ends of worsted, is smeared with earth, his neck and shoulders, his shapely legs and slender ankles, gleam like copper in firelight. He wears at least thirty strings of beads, many of an opaque, almost Egyptian blue, most satisfying to the eye against his chocolate and red body. Over one shoulder hangs his cloak of tanned skins, and the lobes of his ears are distended with large rings and spikes of wood.

Behind this Brummell sits a woman, neatly dressed in almost European clothes, carrying a small black baby. Some well-meaning person has bestowed on it the garments of a white baby, with grotesque result. Its poor little black face looks out in protest from the unwonted and ridiculous trappings.

Two women sit on the back row close to the door, no smart Mission ladies these, but such as one may see here by the thousand. Their heads are shaved and they wear an arrangement of hides reaching to the knee, which, when they walk, flaps like a wet water-proof. They are usually bent double under loads of enormous weight suspended from a strap across the scalp, which in time wears a deep groove into the skull. Poor little beasts of burden, they sit each with the inevitable baby, observing these strange new customs. Near them an old man is listening also, his face lined and wrinkled with long years of villany.

"Jesu ku Mareithu," they sing over and over. "Jesus is our Shepherd." What does it convey to them, I wonder? The singing stops, and the boy with the red necktie prays in a loud monotone. The behavior is wonderful, not an eye is raised, no one moves a muscle.

Another hymn, no homely melody this time, but a wild barbaric chant. The heat grows stifling, and the smell of castor-oil is unendurable. The red necktie will give

us a long sermon and I shall not understand one syllable of it. It may be a very bad example, but I can stand no more. The sun has come out, the mist wreaths have melted, and the air is clear and sweet. Blue forget-me-nots and little yellow and orange flowers, spots of the purest flame, have opened all round me. I am so glad to be out of that nauseating atmosphere!

And yet there was something in that ugly little room that I do not find in the vast, empty skies. A tiny spark, a flickering ray, from some mighty incalculable Source. Something that has swayed empires in the past, and that may in ages to come, and in spite of countless blunders and discouragements, lift dark Africa's sullen eyes and enkindle them with joy.

ON VARIOUS GRAMOPHONES

"So-oldiers of the Que-een, me lads." Out of a whirring fog barked a raucous, spasmodic voice, and we shivered and hurried on. Between the gusts of bitter wind blowing over leagues of high veldt and raising blankets of solid red dust, the air was of an extraordinary stillness. Pervading everything was the curious, half-pleasant smell of the eucalyptus trees and the sickly dry scent of the wattle blossom, together with the smell of the South African dust which is not in the least like any other dust I know.

This was a strange, ugly, pitiful world I had come to. Miles of streets lay deserted, the squalid little tin houses, thrown apparently haphazard on the deep red earth. A few of our regiments were camped in the empty spaces of the town, and where a camp had been abandoned you could hear the black cloud of flies roaring like the rapids of a river. Millions of empty tin cans winked like diamonds at the sun, burning in the pale blue sky. Few women were to be seen, no children, no flowers, only martial law and khaki, khaki everywhere.

The dining-room of our little boarding-house was crowded to suffocation. Ten or twelve of us dined and spent the evening in a little hole fourteen feet by ten, and the atmosphere, in more ways than one, was stifling. It often drove us out into the strange, cool night of Johannesburg, and it was thus I first became acquainted with the Gramophone, that prince of make-shifts. One after another we would pass,

jarring with their inconceivable vulgarity the vast silence of the South African night, each surrounded by a group of khaki-clad figures, dimly seen through a haze of smoke. There were, of course, no theatres, no concerts; we could only wander about the more frequented streets. No one in his senses would willingly walk along the lonelier roads, for the town was full of disbanded irregular troops who had drunk their last penny (their wolf-like faces, desperate with hunger, haunt me yet), and hardly a night passed without its tales of assault and murder. In a shadowy corner—thud! would go a sand-bag on your neck. If you were lucky, you lay insensible for hours, and awoke, dazed and semi-conscious, minus money and valuables. If the sand-bag fell a trifle too heavily—well, you did not wake at all!

"Good-by, Dolly, I must le-eave you," went the gramophones. There seemed to be one at every street corner making the night hideous. Whatever the tune, the singer seemed always the same. First the droning whirr, then the harsh, throaty voice barking out the words, now far distant, now suddenly close and startling. Then again the whirr, with ghost-like applause or roars of phantom, senseless laughter, and with a jerk the horrible thing stopped.

A sudden gust of bitter wind, a rush of suffocating dust, leaving the teeth gritting and the eyes smarting, and we remember that our "Pass" is at home, and that if we are not indoors by ten we stand a fair chance of being arrested and locked up for the night! The gramophones have stopped and the khaki figures have disappeared. Nothing breaks the silence but a sentry's "Halt! Who goes there?" or a revolver shot and the sharp scream of a policeman's whistle.

The city of bars and gramophones is asleep.

Seven years have passed, bringing changes both to ourselves and the gramophone. Johannesburg has long been for us an experience of the past, and our home is now in an "Outpost of progress," in the land of the lion and the Masai. And although, from what I can judge out here, music lovers at home would as soon admit a jews'-harp or a barrel-organ as a gramophone into their houses, yet he plays a large and ever-increasing part in African life. It

must be said that he is now a comparatively self-respecting personage; the droning whirr has almost disappeared, and Melba's golden voice pours like honey through its magic funnel.

In this country of the chase he accompanies every "safari" or shooting party. The evenings are long on the Equator, and many a disappointment and fit of irritation evaporates under the spell of the "Merry Widow" or the "Geisha." My countrymen, of whom there are many in the land, will listen all night to the strains of Harry Lauder, but though that jovial gentleman's sentiment and somewhat bacchanalian pleasantries are alike anathema to me, the skirl of the pipes in a Highland March often brings the sudden tears to my eyes.

To men in solitary stations, who rarely see their kind, and whose reason itself is threatened by the deadly monotony and loneliness, the gramophone is sometimes literally salvation. Into the deserts of Taru and Baringo, along the lonely fever-stricken coast, where the surf breaks with a deep "CR-rr-ush-sh" on the coral reef—up even to the pestilent swamps of the Upper Nile goes the brave little gramophone with its cheerful reminder of good times past, and "leave" soon to come again.

To me the great charm is in its suggestiveness. You can just catch the indescribably sweet wailing of the violins, and now and then the elfin call of the oboe and the fairy lilting of the flute. Far away in a happy land people are listening, perhaps at this very hour, to the heart-rending beauty of Isolde's dying song, or the divine majesty of a Beethoven symphony. Not for many a long day will that joy be mine, but the despised little instrument does recall now and then, however faintly, something of the spell.

I know a lonely valley, bare, treeless, almost waterless; lying, tawny-colored as the lions with which it abounds, between its ramparts and escarpments of hot blue hills. Only a few years ago the slave gangs, in their living hell, passed along its rocky sides on their way to the markets at the coast. Here at night, when the white man, wearied by the long day in the saddle, lies asleep in his tent, a little woman dances round the camp fire to her gramophone.

The firelight glows on the stiff forms of the slumbering Masai, wrapped from head

to foot in their crimson blankets. The kraaled ostriches hoot mournfully, a hyena far away utters his God-forsaken howl, and often she stops to listen to the deep woomph of a hunting lion. Now and then the ground shakes with the thunderous charge of a herd of frantic zebra stampeding before him, but no other sounds disturb the miraculous revolving disk, waking echoes of the "Valse Bleue," "Carresante," "La Faute des Roses."

A waft of alien perfume, of music, light, and laughter, of roses and wine, floats over the sullen desolation of the valley, and dies as it came.

ON LEAVE

The Andersons are going home, their leave is due. Mr. Anderson, a thin, tired-looking man, walks restlessly up and down the station platform. A black boy, carrying a trunk and yelling at the top of his voice, cannons violently against him. Mr. Anderson's feelings instantly find vent in terse and pointed personalities, and Mrs. Anderson's pale face turns pink. She has been packing hard for a week, and the baby, usually a healthy enough little soul, of course chose this identical time for a sharp attack of fever. She brought a white nurse from home last leave, who married within the first six months, so Mrs. Anderson struggles on alone as best she can. She wears a washed-out blouse of nondescript hue and cut, and her tussore skirt matches her once rosy face. But she does not worry about her looks; Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Stewart are no better dressed than herself, and anyhow she has not had time to think about it. Time enough for that when she gets to London, when she really must get some clothes before facing the critical younger sisters at home. (Those terrible, immaculate young sisters, how we tremble before them!) But baby's temperature is still high, Jim is on the verge of a bad nervous breakdown (he has worked thirty months without one week's holiday), and she feels if she can only get them all safely on board ship that the end of the world may come and welcome. She is too utterly weary to think of anything beyond the voyage.

The Andersons' leave is up, they must be arriving to-day. But this is surely not Mrs. Anderson? It might be her sister,

ten years younger. She is fresh and rosy-cheeked, smiling and smart. Her hair is done in the newest way (we have seen it in the "Pictorial" at the Club), and her frock turns us green as we awake, with a swift pang of envy, to the dismal dowdiness of our own dhobi*-mauled garments. The worn, strained expression has left Mr. Anderson's eyes, and when the same yelling porter (or his brother) bumps into him he mildly remarks, "Now, then, Juggins, look where you're going, can't you?"

And we begin again to count the months that lie between us and the day of days when we too will stand on the platform, and, at peace with friend and foe, bid them all for six months a joyful farewell.

We most sorely need our mother-land. We need her cool, bracing winds for our bodies, tired and relaxed by the endless summer, for which they were not framed. Healthy though our climate may be (and on that point opinions are much divided), the rays of the equatorial sun have an effect on the white man which is not yet fully understood.

And England could never maintain her reputation for governing justly and fairly, in the interests of the ruled rather than of the rulers (those only who stagger under the white man's burden know what it costs us)—her standards would decline with terrible rapidity, did she not wisely bring her children back to her. We accept too easily the lower, more facile code of manners and morals of the East and South, and we have many a wholesome shock when we return to the higher, but certainly narrower, outlook at home. Tonics generally taste bitter, and it is annoying to be banished to the smoking-room when you want to have a cigarette in your bedroom—or even, if you are visiting your maiden aunt, to the kitchen.

Words can never tell what Leave means to the wives. There is only a handful of "Memsahibs," practically all of the educated classes, many delicate and burdened with the dear and terrible responsibility of children in the tropics, and all more or less homesick. Cut off from all home influence, they find themselves in a state of civilization in many ways about seventy years or so behind the times. And these women, some barely out of their teens, must fight for the

sake of their husbands, their children, and themselves, against every conceivable difficulty, to maintain the same simple, upright code of conduct and belief which their mothers taught and practised in their sheltered English homes. No one who has not lived in an isolated tropical station can understand the struggle, but to their honor be it said it is carried on not unworthily. "It was such a heavenly relief," said one woman to me on her return, "to know that whether I went to church or not, everybody else did, and that instead of setting the standard of conduct it was all I could do to keep up with it."

This constant coming and going gives a curious sense of impermanency to our lives. They seem to be all "Good-by's," and Africa, like India the "land of regrets," is a land of separations. Friends here to-day are gone to-morrow, and you yourself are gone the day after. You sell up your furniture, your piano, your pony and trap; you deposit a few treasures in boxes in a neighbor's store-room, and you take your Leave. You come out in tremendous spirits but without a cent, to buy back by degrees what you can at sales. You live in whatever house a somewhat stepmotherly Government can spare you, and scrape together enough rupees to buy another pony—though he is never so good as the last. And just as the roses and carnations begin to repay your pains, Leave is due, and you joyfully begin to sell up all over again.

Though the constant partings from our friends are hard, yet there is another side to it. When you feel you cannot endure that fellow another day, of all the impossible and objectionable bounders—only possess your soul in patience for a little; he will go, or you will go, and not even the "neiges d'antan" melt quicker than the remembrance of your differences.

Our lives are dated by our Leaves, for years have no meaning here. We have no tempestuous spring gales, or the wonderful smiles that follow, when the wild hyacinths drown the dying primroses in their ocean of blue, and the may snows white and rosy petals flakes on the buttercups below. We never see the fall of the leaf and the first frosts, when the dahlias hang dead and black in the garden, and every blade of grass glistens like a fairy scymitar.

* "Dhobi" is an Indian laundryman.

Twice a year it rains, or it ought to, and the country is green. We dig in our gardens with joyful hearts, and our houses, plastered with the muddy footprints of men and dogs, are unfit for human habitation. But for the greater part of the year the plains are tawny yellow, dust clouds hide the tin roofs of the ugly little town below our bungalows, and the coarse khaki-colored grass snaps in your hand. Still we have our crystalline mornings, when the bush-cuckoo gurgles his chromatic "koo-koo-kookkookkoo-oo," our silent blazing days, and the cool, dark splendor of the nights. "How fortunate we are," we say, as we read of the bitter, harsh cold and the suffocating fogs, while we sit in muslins among our scarlet hibiscus blossoms and tuberose. But I sometimes think we protest it overmuch.

To some of us, unspeakably to be pitied, home is but a grave of sad memories. Nothing could be more dreadful than to spend one's Leave in hotels and boarding-houses, a stranger in the father-land. To most of us, fortunately, "Home" means the home of our childhood, and dear faces which wait and watch for us almost as eagerly as we for them. Few things can be more like a foretaste of heaven than to find yourself, after years of unbroken anxiety, responsibility, and care, again a child in the house of your father. Gray hairs may begin to intrude, and friends in the most tactful way convey to you that you are "going off," but you may be quite sure that you are not even yet really grown-up to your mother.

We left Africa in the hot season, her baking, sweltering plains gasping for the belated rains. And now the train was rushing us, half stupid with the joy of it all, through the greenest, tidiest pastures, speckled with dear little English lambs. Tufts of cool, fresh primroses were growing in copses and spinneys from which came a sudden exquisite breath of moss and damp leaves. A gentle gray shower swept over the fields, and the clear, pale sun of home shone out again on the kind world. It was all so dear, so friendly, and so small. So different to the immense storms thundering over leagues of desolation, and that terrible god of flame, the African sun.

We all, of course, flock to London, and

you may see bashful-looking men in shabby old flannels and battered sun-helmets, and women in three-year-old frocks and hats only fit for a scarecrow, slinking along byways in terror of recognition, all alike hastening to tailor and dressmaker. We reappear in a day or two, holding our heads high, clothed and hatted, manicured and shampooed, gloved and shod; looking great mother London in the face and with all the joys of the world spread before us. There is music to listen to, flutes and violins, Mozart and Beethoven. There are new books to be read, new movements to come into touch with, even new catch-words to learn the meaning of.

There are the pictures we so neglected before, and have so longed to see again. The theatres are waiting for us—for us who are so tired of slaving at our own concerts and theatricals; and we shall enjoy ourselves from the first moment of tuning-up to the last bow, without a moment's anxiety about the tenor's cold or the sulks of the leading lady.

Then we shall have supper, and admire the beautiful clear-skinned ladies in their lovely gowns, looking as though hardship and care were as far from them as the planet Mars. And do not think us greedy, but the food does taste so good.

We did not think of it at the time, but the hens were so small and stringy, and the mutton was sometimes very goaty, and the black paws that slapped them down before you did not help matters much. Everything here is so fresh, so clean, and so delightfully different.

Even London, however, does not keep us long. The huge express sweeps us along till we stop at the sleepy junction, and the little branch line takes us over. It jolts and crawls through loved and familiar ground. The blue smoke from the cottages drifts lazily up in the evening mist, the country dreams in the soft western atmosphere. Just as it all used to be, not a new house in the village, not a strange name over the dull little shops.

The road stretches white in the dusk, sweet scents blow off the fields. The old gray house stands, bright with light and welcome for its wandering children. The Heart of Home is reached at last.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WITH each recurring commencement season the demand becomes more general and more insistent that "a liberal education" shall be justified of its children. Which is, no doubt, very well. No system of education can be justified otherwise. No doubt, also, education is a preparation for life, and so must "drive at practice." The college-bred man must somehow justify his breeding to the practical man, who is mostly not college-bred, or the practical man will cease to lavish upon colleges those huge endowments which, rather paradoxically, are more prodigally bestowed "here and now" than they ever were elsewhere or heretofore.

But the insistence assumes the more and more unmistakable form of a demand that the college-bred man must take a more leading place in the dollar-hunt. He must, it is held with a confidence all the more impressive for being implicit, proceed to make more money for the four years he has spent out of the dollar-hunt than he would probably be making if he had been engaged in the chase for that quadrennium. And this demand is made not only from editorial, but from professorial chairs, and from the very commencement platforms themselves. This is what seems to mark an increased prevalence of the mercantile standard of "success in life," this more extended inability to conceive of any other. It recalls that absurd anecdote of the wayfaring man who was awakened by the brakeman's cry of "Concord" to inquire, "Concord! Don't Ralph Waldo Emerson live here?" and, being affirmatively answered, to comment, "Well, I understand that he's a man of considerable means."

One may further comment, in the words of Emerson himself, that "it is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science, and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate." At any rate, whether we are more commercially minded than Emerson's contemporaries or not, the inducements to the dollar-hunt are too obvious and numerous to need inculcation from the commencement platform any more than from the pulpit. It seems to be competent for the "American

scholar," so aggressively put on his defence, to pluck up spirit enough to declare that, if education be a means, it is also an end, and that a main use and complete justification of education is, simply, to be educated. It is rather odd, and perhaps another exemplification of "the domineering temper of the sensual world," how slow he is to resort to that obvious repartee. It is at any rate true that a man can hardly be called educated, and is quite unworthy to be so called, who would put a price on his bit of education, in "success" or other money's worth. He would expose himself to Schiller's distinction among the votaries of the Muse:

To some she is the goddess great,
To some the milch-cow of the field;—
Their care is but to calculate . . .
What butter she will yield.

Clive Newcome told Ethel that though he did not expect ever to become a famous painter, he would never give up painting. "That would be like leaving your friend who was poor, or deserting your mistress because you were disappointed about her money." Ethel, of course, no more understood him than if she had been an American "practical man." But every artist understands him, and, for that matter, every educated man who justifies his education. It is to him a priceless thing. Mr. John Jay Chapman has just gone so far as to say that the boy who gets the usual good out of the usual smattering of Latin is set apart by his accomplishment from the boy who has missed it. And no reader of Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" is likely to have forgotten the pathetic consolation of the hapless college-bred waif and stray, "with a tattered Virgil in his pocket," who was at least able to understand why the other university man named his island "Nemorosa Zacynthos," and was able to fill out from memory the rest of the hexameter. If the single-minded dollar-hunter misses the dollar, as he so often does, he is quite without resources, having conscientiously eschewed all other interests in life. If the worst comes to the worst with the scholar, he at least has something to think about. "The use of culture," remarks the author of the "Confessio Medici," "is not

to help us to practice, but to console us for the want of practice; and then its price is above rubies." A commencement orator might deliver an interesting and effective diversion to the monotonous run of discussions of the conduciveness or inconduciveness of a liberal education to "success," by a celebration of such an education as the "Comfortress of Unsuccess."

The
Psychology
of Names

BEING interested in family names and their history is like being interested philosophically in spelling—unreformed spelling, that is to say. You find a lot of psychology, racial and human, in the changes of words under the erosions of time; or in their tenacious holding together, at least in the tell-tale integrity of their root-parts. The merest smattering amateur knowledge of philology and etymology so greatly adds to the interest of life that it is a

constant wonder why the average up-to-date person concerns himself comparatively so little about them. But if you apply any sort of curiosity along those lines to the fate of family names, in particular, you get side-lights on human nature illuminative enough for a liberal education. When the nearer ancestors of Tess begin to be known as Darbyfield, and calling themselves such, we who find interest in pursuing such investigations recognize the change as a sign, a sort of public registration, of traits in the D'Urbervilles always existent probably, but secreted and ignored, or covered up by various graces. It is a sort of murder-will-out. We nod our heads at the demonstration, realizing that they were the kind of family, facile and pleasure-loving, who naturally would tend to slip back, not to be able to keep themselves "up." That pull soilward, bringing a name down into the popular places where outlines of consonants are blurred and vowels more carelessly sounded, is an ever-present danger to a family. In every generation there are the sons who carry the patronymic to frontier places, where one name is as good as another, and no one cares. In every family group there is the black-sheep cousin who drops out of sight, denaturing the family appellation to suit his own strange surroundings. Every so often, too, in this epic of changing fortunes, there arises the self-made strong man who lops off the distinctive details of the name, because he means to retrieve those fortunes, and must go stripped of all superfluities into the fray. We most naturally have

many such in America as in all other new countries.

If your name should happen to be Rochambeau, it would doubtless, though ugly and un-historical, be more convenient to be known, in an Anglo-Saxon commercial community, as Rockembaugh. Even so the Tagliaferros become Tollivers, and the mediæval St. Johns and St. Clairs, with their hagiological associations, turn into stenographic and unpicturesque Sinjohns and Sinclairs. Less noticed, on the other hand, than these familiar examples, but quite as significant, is the process of rehabilitation of names that takes place whenever people better themselves. A few Americans whose grandfathers were content to be Maginnis, McGowan, and Macomber are beginning, one observes, occasionally to be Mac Innes, and Mac Owen, and Mac Omber. And quite legitimate and very interesting is this return to the old Celtic usage. He should not be surprised to find well-to-do Rices, of Welsh descent, going back to Ap Rhys. In the first generation on the new soil the effort is to be one with the mass, not to stand out from the majority. Almost pathetically we see this in some of our immigrants. How many black-eyed little Mamies and Joes who but a year or two back toddled about Calabria or Sicily! That excellent upholsterer and odd-job man, Schlesinger, who repairs the minor decrepitudes of the household furniture, has moments of glumness unaccountable, until one discovers that one has not called him Slessinger, which is what he calls himself. And yet so good a workman and progressive is Schlesinger, that one foresees how peremptorily his grandchildren, with positions of their own, a little while hence will abjure the mongrel Slessinger, and revert to the authentic pronunciation that reveals their stock! The housekeeper is Mrs. Gensen. It would be gratuitous rudeness to point out to her that no English name, with self-respecting roots of its own, was ever anything like that. But by-and-by there may be coming Jäntzens; and possibly a discovery, some day, that they should really be von Jäntzens!

It all seems to point out that the instinct of separateness, so ineradicable in human nature at certain stages, is but a part of the equally ineradicable æsthetic feeling. Distinction and difference may be the beginnings of snobbishness. It appears to be among the same group of desires, however, that the love of variety is born, and notably the love of clarity. To pull some of the strands of your antecedents out of

the ruck, so soon as you have leisure to think of such things, is to satisfy the love of clarity, at least. There may not be much to boast of in what is found, but you have mentally more elbow-room; there are clearings in the forest. Things which seemed difficult, inside yourself and out, are plain and quite easy, after all. It is something like a working knowledge of Greek in dealing with modern scientific nomenclature. How distracting to remember accurately just what those hard words stand for until you know the Greek, and then how absurdly clear the compounds. It reminds one of an aeronautical discussion recently overheard. Two enthusiasts were trying to locate the ailerons of a bi-plane. A third, a woman, remembering a little French, observed: "They must be those little planes. Ailerons means little wings."

And there you were.

DICKENS'S popularity is enduring, some one has said, because there is so much eating and drinking in his novels. Say, rather, because there are so many waiters. Find me a chapter in Dickens through whose pages there is no waiter slipping in and out; where Mr. Weller, Senior, fails to call for a double glass of the invariable, and there is no such incident as this:

"'Here, waiter,' shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, 'glasses around—brandy and water, hot, and strong, and sweet, and plenty!'"

All the world loves a waiter—his fresh linen (so long as it *is* fresh); his flirtatious napkin; his good-natured encouragement of the appetite; his waddling motion, confined to the lower leg. Why is "You Never Can Tell" the pleasantest of Mr. Shaw's "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" if it be not thanks to good "William"; an infinitely more lovable figure than his accomplished son, the barrister?

I speak not of your waiters who are not waiters—those who only ask briskly, "Beg pardon, sir, wish see bedroom?"—it is the waiter with something to eat and drink in each hand and a polite invitation to be merry, that I have in mind. At public dinners, even in Dickens, waiters are not themselves:

"Tureens of soup are emptied with awful rapidity—waiters take plates of turbot away, to get lobster sauce, and bring back plates of lobster sauce without turbot,"—and the whole

rite is spoiled for us by the interference on the speaker's part that robs the waiter of his sacerdotal character. In "Pickwick Papers" two waiters play, with Weller, Junior, leading rôles in that famous Eatanswill contest of Slumkey *vs.* Fizkin: "pumpin' over the independent voters," as Mr. Weller expresses it to Mr. Pickwick, "at a shilling a head." But it is not for his activity in the political sphere that one most highly values the waiter; nor are we much attracted by that description of the White Horse Cellar, with its uncomfortable travellers' room, "divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers," and furnished with "a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter: which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment"; for here the waiter is "a man with a dirty complexion, and a towel of the same." This is but a poor apology for a noble species: such as we have at its best in one of the Christmas stories and in the "Copperfield." It is in these two places, and these, I think, alone, that the waiter emerges in Dickens a perfectly established personality: a character with its points of likeness to the type and its own fine individuality. First, it is in the tale, "Somebody's Luggage," where the waiter is the representative of a whole line of these great men; born of a family of waiters; owning five brothers that are all practitioners of the art of waiting; one whose only sister is a waitress, or as near to being a waiter as sex, that cruel barrier! will permit. It is the waiter himself who tells the story of "Somebody's Luggage"; which is, so far as I know, the waiter's one excursion into authorship. And lucky it is that the writing bee does not often sting these silent, favored observers of their kind; whose cloister is the dining-room and whose chapel the pantry; who see us alone and in company; at the beginning of the meal, and after burgundy has done its worst. What a story, what an epic, rather might not the waiter write for us, were it but worth his while!

Is that chapter in "Chuzzlewit" remembered wherein John Westlock entertains Tom Pinch in Garden Court, and Tom Pinch's sister Ruth, his sweetheart? There is a waiter in *that* chapter, too; a being who suddenly appeared in a white waistcoat, "carrying under his arm a napkin, and attended by another being with an oblong box upon his head, from which a banquet, piping hot, was taken out and set upon the table."

How Dickens sets one's mouth to watering

at his banquets, even when they are spread in a lawyer's offices in Garden Court! He finds the way to a man's heart as clever women do; the road is sure and leads not through the ribs. Here is his menu on the present occasion:

"Salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumbers, a tender duckling, and a tart—all there. They all came at the right time. Where they came from, didn't appear; but the oblong box was constantly coming and going, and making its arrival known to the man in the white waistcoat by bumping modestly against the outside of the door. . . . He was never surprised, this man; he never seemed to wonder at the extraordinary things that he found in the box; but took them out with a face expressive of a steady purpose and an impenetrable character, and put them on the table. He was a kind man; gentle in his manners, and much interested in what they ate and drank."

The very secret of his power—that impenetrability; that refusal to be astonished (who ever saw an astonished waiter, even for a ten-dollar tip?); that kindly interest in urging on our appetites and suggesting, somehow, that virtue, health, and hearty feeding are all inextricably bound up in one another—if they be not the very same thing, on last analysis. Does the waiter ever frown when we "make it twice"? Has he anything less than a pleasant "Yessir" for us when we order dinner for three—and eat it all ourselves, like Balzac? On the contrary, his mien on such occasions expresses growing respect, as for a record maker. He commends the oysters. He makes a plea for the early vegetables. He shakes his head at our notion of a casserole, and sings the praises of the guinea-hen. And yet—and yet Dickens in "Copperfield" suggests that the waiter's is not always a perfect altruism; suggests that he can, at times, turn to account the tenderness of youth. "Now, six-foot! come on!" he said very affably, this waiter; but there was guile in the invitation. Copperfield's own words best tell this tale of treachery:

"I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it exceedingly difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so very hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye".

We, too, have blushed to meet the waiter's

eye—but that has been when we have given an exceptionally slim order, or have discovered that, if we are to pay the bill presented, we haven't currency enough to give a tip as well. But back to David:

"After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"'There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?'

"I thanked him and said 'Yes.' Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"'My eye!' he said. 'It seems a good deal, don't it?' 'It does seem a good deal,' I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"'There was a gentleman here yesterday,' he said—'a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?'

"'. . . No,' I said bashfully, 'I haven't the pleasure.'

"'He came in here,' said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, 'ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn, that's the fact.'

What wonder if, after this, poor David called for water? The unfaithful servant got the ale in this case: "I don't think it will hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?" It was, decidedly, a mean advantage to take of a boy on his first travels unattended. If any adventure of the sort befell the boy Dickens, I wonder how he was ever able to make the waiters in his books such genial, decent individuals. It would bespeak in the novelist a largeness of mind and a generosity of nature almost superhuman. But perhaps other waiters, later in Copperfield's career, atoned the wrong he suffered when so young and innocent. And perhaps David Copperfield's waiter had had a bad bringing-up, to begin with; and an unfortunate heredity to combat. Certainly he is no fair specimen to judge the rest by—either in Dickens or in real life. I have found them a kindly and a sympathetic race; soft-spoken, useful, and far less garrulous than barbers.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Moose by A. Phimister Proctor.

SOME WILD BEASTS SCULPTURED BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

PROBABLY the most haunting piece of animal sculpture in the world is the ancient relief of "The Wounded Lioness" in the British Museum, and there are numerous other masterpieces which testify to the fascination exerted by the wild beast upon the artists of the historic past. Yet this and no other is emphatically the age of the animal sculptor, the one in which his true inspiration would seem to be positively in the air, energizing his art constantly and in the simplest, most natural fashion. Barye began it, of course, this modern establishment of the *animalier* upon the right principles, properly co-ordinated. He substituted truth for convention and, since he also possessed a genius for style, he worked a revolution in his field. But even without Barye the art which owes him so much would pretty certainly have travelled far from its old moorings, baffled by the large majestic spirit of

classical antiquity, impatient of the naïvete of the mediæval stone-cutters who decorated the Gothic cathedrals with their grotesques, and quickened by a new ideal. That is the ideal of our latter-day scientific dispensation, which has transformed most of our notions and, in one subtle way or another, influenced the rest. The animal sculptor of our time reads with all the kindling sympathy in the world, but with a commentary of his own, that poignant poem of Blake's:

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night.
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry!

A sculptor like Mr. Proctor will cheerfully admit that the poet shows him a mystery, but thereupon he goes off to see and touch and handle the tiger's secret, tracking the beast to its den, stripping the hide from its flesh, and, in short, anatomizing it to the last bone. And



Tigers for the entrance of Nassau Hall
Presented by the

all the time that he is doing this the sportsman, the zoologist, and the photographer are not only playing into his hands, enriching his knowledge, but so educating the public that outside his studio as well as within its walls he has to reckon with an ever more critical standard. Is it any wonder that the cast-iron stags which made proud the lawns of our grandfathers have become ludicrously impossible? Thirty-one years ago the class then graduated from Princeton University presented a couple of lions to their alma mater, placing them on pedestals flanking the entrance to Nassau Hall. It was a fine gift, but there is a parable which I need not elaborate in the fact that the same class has now commissioned Mr. Proctor to model a couple of tigers for the same pedestals.

I have seen the lions and have nothing to say about them save that they are harmless creatures. About the tigers, heroic bronzes nearly nine feet long and about three feet high, there is much to say. Even the plaster model in the sculptor's studio, observed with difficulty from a poor point of view, is eloquent of his intimacy with the secrets of structure and character underlying Blake's "fearful symmetry." Inquiring as to how he achieved it you make little of his having studied at the National Academy and the Art Students' League, and you pause for but a moment, as upon a secondary matter, to note that he strengthened his technique in Paris under Puech and Injalbert. The important thing to know is that when he was in his teens he was roughing it in the mountain forests of Colorado, hunting the grizzly. He

has been doing that sort of thing ever since. He can show you the head of a mountain sheep, the largest yet brought down, which he secured with his own gun in British Columbia only last year, and in this present autumn he is traveling to Alberta to study the bison in their former native haunts. His practice is not unlike that of the landscape painter whose summer's sketches give him the material for a winter's work. Mr. Proctor is by turns the naturalist-hunter and the sculptor.

You would guess as much from these colossal tigers of his. They are true monumental statues, fitted to their place against an architectural background, and not only in their generalized masses but in the balancing of one pose with the other, the two animals are made justly to express the idea of entrance guards. Perfectly harmonized, they are nevertheless sufficiently varied to avoid the suggestion of having been cast in the same mould. In other words, it is the aim of the sculptor to give his statues character, to make each one a portrait. Though his tigers are recumbent and immobile with the placidity suiting their decorative purpose they are sentient bodies with a kind of grim vitality made manifest in their heavy yet lithe forms. It is in the simple realism with which they are blocked out that this appears, and, again, in the telling disposition of the limbs, the poise of the head, and those details which do not jump to the eye, but, on close examination, disclose research into structure and expressive modelling. They are the latest of Mr. Proctor's productions, and,



sau Hall, Princeton University.
Class of 1879.

for a certain breadth and dignity, richly imbued with life, I think they are the best. But their central virtue, that of wild beauty, ruggedly and truthfully handled, has been his for a long time.

If he owes it, in a measure, to his experience as a hunter he owes it also to an artless sincerity which has gained him a great deal and has, I think, cost him a little. To return to Barye for a moment, every student of his work will recall the lesson of composition which he teaches. The ingenuities of design which he would wreak upon a movable little bronze so that one might turn it about and about in the hand, always finding new felicities, were not forgotten by him when he labored on a larger scale. You can walk around one of his heroic statues and your interest in it will not falter. Always he saw his composition as a whole and always, too, as I have noted above, he had, at his finger-tips the charm of style. The result is that while he never violates the truths of nature in his art he invariably gives you a fresh and original impression, investing his portrait with the beauty of a work of creative art. Mr. Proctor does not stop abruptly at the portrait, but neither does he greatly heighten its effect in the manner just indicated. His composition is honest and adequate but without compelling individuality or that beautifully rounded constructive quality which makes Barye so beguiling. It is without surprises.

On the other hand, it is happily without the forced picturesqueness which some clever sculptors, lesser men than Barye, have thought

it worth while to cultivate. I remember a Salon in which Frémiet exposed his celebrated statue of a gorilla clasping a nude woman in one arm while, with the other, he signified his readiness to defend his prey. The horror of the subject had, of course, nothing to do with the sculptor's technique, but the whole thing breathed a sensationalism which, in spite of much popular applause, was obviously inimical to the rectitude of plastic art. I mention the episode not to compare the technical resources of the two men but merely to illustrate a mood which Mr. Proctor could not develop if he tried. There lies the quality of his defect. He may not be a miracle-worker in composition, but neither is he a sensation-monger. He keeps to the safe level of the observed fact, studiously portrays his model, and leaves the latter to speak for itself. Though, as I have shown, the connoisseur of design, of harmonies of line and surface cunningly interwoven, may miss something, he comes back with contentment to work that is so candid, so full of homely force, so faithful to untutored nature. It has atmosphere, the image of a single beast uplifted on its pedestal in the middle of a gallery evoking a vision in which the quivering body seems bathed in forest light amid rocks and trees.

There was an exhibition of Mr. Proctor's work in New York, last year, which vividly showed how his studies of particular animals are enveloped in his feeling for the whole world out-of-doors. Water-colors and drawings were there, and they struck one not as pendants to the bronzes or in any way subsidiary to those

nominally more important things. In them there was the same gusto, the same sense of nature at large, of movement and color, of light and air. I make no reservations in implying that Mr. Proctor's bronzes convey this animated and fairly luminous impression. It is their best trait, the one making them worthy of the French master, that they are so intensely alive, so tingling with the terrible elasticity of the carnivoræ. This is notably true of his "Charging Panther," gripping the earth in its stride, determination in its cruel jowl, fury in its swinging tail, and, in its taut muscles, the clear proclamation of an irresistible leap. It does not require much effort of the imagination to see the long grasses parting before the brute's advance and, all around, you are aware of the hot sun and the smell of the woods. His animals are all like this. He gets their gait, the rippling of their skins, the tense

direction of their ears, and the palpitation of their snuffing nostrils. Also he gets their grace and beauty, the charm that makes them worth while even to the beholder who has never slain anything more ferocious than a rabbit.

Are we not learning every year to seek a deeper delight in the study of wild beasts? The hunters who use the camera tell us in book and lecture something of their hardships but more of their joy in spectacles of sheer enchantment. Some queer streak in human nature still lures many a visitor into the monkey-house at the Zoo, but the beautiful animals, especially antelopes and the like, and the divers members of the cat family, are more and more appreciated. The Zoo is not, by any means, a place of amusement alone. Its strongest appeal is to the intelligence and to the taste. I have known an enthusiast to wax almost romantic in praise of the beauty to be found in the snake-house. To this finer conception of what the animal kingdom means, such sculptors as Mr.

Proctor are forever ministering. They range far afield and set in the light of their art countless types, countless phases of the struggle for life that goes on in the forest. In one of his sculptures Mr. Proctor interprets the anger of a charging elephant, indicating the light movement of massy bulk; and in another he deftly realizes the fragile, shivering character of a young fawn. Turning his back for a moment on these wild themes, he models a commonplace domestic animal, a dog nuzzling a bone, and, by the way, produces in this bronze one of his cleverest, most sympathetic pieces.

In a great deal of this work he puts us peculiarly in his debt, performing for America much the same service that was rendered by the late Frederic Remington. His sculptures make so many records of the fauna of the West, precious souvenirs of an animal life that has been steadily going to the wall. It is good to



Head on the elephant house at the New York Zoological Park.

have work like his in our museums. And, apropos of the statues by him which have passed into public galleries, I must refer to his activities as an architectural sculptor. At expositions held in Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis, he has contributed quantities of subjects including equestrian groups, and these ephemeral transactions have well served to foster a natural gift. They have paved the way for his gigantic lions at the base of the McKinley Monument in Buffalo, the heads on the elephant house at the Zoo in New York, and a number of other enduring works in decoration. They remind us how the sculptor of wild beasts has come to exercise functions now as frequently in demand as those of any type in the current development of art. True to his character as an exemplar of modern realism, Mr. Proctor keeps step in practical fashion with his contemporaries. He bears a helpful part in the movement which is not only filling our galleries with works of art, but is beautifying our parks and public buildings. ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

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THE BONNET, WITH LILACS

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK



MARY CAROLINE, my namesake granddaughter, came home from Hyacinth Hall this morning, for her Easter vacation. I can hear her now as she sits in the library, discoursing earnestly with, or rather at, her father. Poor Charles Edward! He has thought to escape his implacable child by barricading himself in that gloomily majestic cell, held inviolate, time out of mind, to his sovereign uses. When that massive door swings shut, the servants tiptoe and whisper. Even my daughter-in-law walks softly by. But stone walls could not a barrier make to Mary Caroline, when she gets her head set. The beleaguered Charles Edward cannot choose but hear. So do I hear, and with unpitying delight. For Mary Caroline's voice is that slow deep mellow croon, that liquid organ tone, like pouring honey, which all punctilious schools for young women instill into their charges nowadays. Mary Caroline bodies forth visibly in every pleading note. She is a big apple-cheeked, solemn-eyed child, captain of her basketball team, a famous track champion, "a two-fisted whirlwind with the gloves on," so her young brother Ted avows with reverent pride. She could bowl over Charles Edward, who is a nervous overworked man of forty, with one well-aimed clip of that solid pink-and-white palm. Yet there she kneels beside his chair, deluding him with the identical stratagems

which Nausicaa, Princess of Phæacia, undoubtedly employed in beseeching her father Alcinoüs for a new tunic.

"You see, Precious Lamb, I'm not asking anything unreasonable," she cooes, in that deep-throated lyric note forlorn. "Just think. Here I am, seventeen years old, and a Junior at Hyacinth. Yet I've never once owned a car that was really my own. Nothing but hand-me-downs and scrap-iron. It's a burning shame. Next year I'll be a Senior. And I simply cannot go back and snoop around in the other girls' cars, as I've done all year. You don't want me acting such an outsider, Dad."

"No. No. Certainly not." Poor Charles Edward's fretted voice crackles like a harassed live wire. "But what has become of your mother's little runabout? Thought I shipped it down when I bought her the new electric."

"Yes, but it was scrap-iron, I say. So old-fashioned and queer, alongside of the other girls' cars. It was a 1909 model, you know. Then Ted was always teasing for it, so I sent it to Concord in December. So now I'm simply destitute. You order a car for me to-day, Dad, and it will be delivered by July. I'll try to make that do. Four cylinders, and a nice thrilly Gabriel horn, and have the metal work in green bronze, it's so effective. And——"

"In short, you want the best the market affords. Immediately."

I hear Charles Edward's neck creak. Then, a faint anguished groan. Partial suffocation is Mary Caroline's idea of demonstrating filial gratitude.

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"You're *such* a peach!" murmurs that clinging velvet voice.

"I suppose you'll go, now, and let me finish my papers," gasps Charles Edward, extricating himself.

"Yes, you nice silly. Only"—the exquisite voice implores—"only I'll need new motoring clothes, you know. Coat, and goggles, and so on. All violet, to harmonize with my lovely green-bronze car. Then a bonnet, of course. There's a shirred lilac dream at Celestine's that I positively must have. It's only forty dollars."

"Only forty dollars? For one of those smashed cabbages you call motor bonnets?"

"Oh, Dad, don't chaff so. It's extremely moderate for forty. And it is my dearest earthly hope, and—and you always are extravagant when it comes to me, Dad. Shockingly extravagant. Really."

"Extravagance runs in the family. You're a typical instance, you imp. That reminds me, I remember hearing mother—your grandmother—confess that, once in her life, she actually paid forty-five dollars for a bonnet. It had lilacs on, too. She bought it for her wedding, seems to me. She kept it under lock and key, world without end; we children used to gaze at it with our eyes sticking out. Forty-five dollars sounded like forty-five thousand in those days. Considering that, I can hardly refuse— Here, stop that. You're grinding the collar buttons into my neck. There's a story mixed up with that bonnet; can't remember how it goes, though. Ask your grandmother about it. Now, you young pirate, will you get out of my office? Or shall I have you thrown out?"

There resounds one loud fond parting smack. Then Mary Caroline's step trips ponderously across the hall. She will not come to my veranda chair, and beg me, in that melting amber voice for the tale of the bonnet with lilacs, for she has an engagement somewhere. Probably to golf, or fence, or break wild horses. But it is odd that Charles Edward should remember hearing me tell of that epoch-making bonnet. Rather sweet of him, too. Yet . . . I do wonder how he would feel, could he know that, were I forced to choose between my memories of him, my cherished only son, and my memories of that spendthrift lilac bonnet, I would stand and wa-

ver, in a torture of irresolution, not knowing which treasure to hold fast to—and would end by clutching piteously for both!

Like Mary Caroline, I was a Junior at boarding-school when that bonnet with lilacs first swam into my ken. Unlike Mary Caroline, however, my name did not adorn the scroll of a stately Hyacinth Hall. For Hyacinth Halls did not flourish in western Ohio during the fifties. Yet, in its very beginning, my college life was honored by far more splendid observance than my grandchild's can ever achieve. For when Mary Caroline was made ready, even to the seventh huge trunk, there came from Hyacinth a bleak elegant preceptress, and convoyed her ceremoniously thither—much as a little mediæval countess would be led away to take her place in the Queen's household, by a coiffed and brocaded lady-in-waiting. Yet Mary Caroline's impressive chaperon was not the Head; merely an humble lay mistress. While for me, far more exalted, there came the noblest envoy that heart could ask. By wonderful chance, the builder of my college was the one who came to lead me away. The great grave splendid old herald that he was! And on the anniversary of that day of his coming, now half a century past, I waken always in the gray dawn, trembling with a wild eager thrill. For the memory wakes me and stirs me, like the marching tread, half heard, half felt, of a great grave splendid pageant, rolling by.

It was the spring of '52 when father brought us out West to Ohio, all the way from New Ipswich. Six of us—father, my little step-mother, the three small boys, and myself; a great shy awkward girl, with my hands full of blunders and my heart full of dreams. We took up a half-cleared timber tract in Greene County; a glorious tropical place, we children thought, with its dark crowding beech woods, tangled in hazel brush and perfumy wild grape, and its black treacherous swamp, our place of fearful joy. Yet I can never think on its beauty without a bitter ache of resentment, so weary a shadow lay over those splendid untamed acres. For we were not the stuff of true pioneers. A wild young virgin country will yield her strength only to men of strength and daring and youth. While father—poor father!

All his youth and power had been drained from him, drop by drop, through twenty grinding years in a New Ipswich school-room. He started West a dull, tired man, spent and disheartened by half a lifetime of drudging failure, yet led on by his curious mirage-hope that somewhere, in that far gleaming West, he should find his own garden at last, his place of dreams. Instead, he found himself yoked to that grand unconquerable wilderness. Under that crushing disappointment, his tired body and his flagging spirit went down to sullen wreck.

Yet all those shadows, all the memories, dear and bitter, cannot cloud that one perfect hour; my own hour, when my college came for me.

It was late September, a stormy blustering day, that dropped to a sunset all raw gold, and gusty with searching chill. I had gone down the ravine with the little boys to hunt a cow that had strayed. Now and then, through the deep woods, we could hear her bell. Then we would scramble uphill through wet thick leaves and lashing briers, certain that the next gully would bring the runaway in sight. But the shrewd creature dodged us at every turn, and it was late dusk when we caught her, away down the branch, and pelted her wrathfully home.

The wind was biting cold, and we were wet and muddy and chilled to the bone. Thomas, the little wee brother, had stubbed his toe and was roaring dismally. I picked him up and carried him, and his yellow curls blew in my face and blinded me, so that at first I did not see the horseman waiting at the cabin door. When I did see him, I dropped Thomas bodily, and stood staring, open-mouthed.

Yet there was nothing alarming about the stranger. He was a tall, well-built old man, dressed in clay-spattered black broadcloth ("town folkth!" little bashful Thomas whispered shrilly). His lean finely cut face was burnt by wind and sun; his body twisted sagging in the saddle, lame from the hard day's ride. But, stranger though he was, his eyes caught me and held me, full of swift kind question, like the eyes of a friend. And as he sat there, the great black welter of cloud in the stormy west parted suddenly, and, wave on wave, the molten gold sunset poured

round him, dazzling bright. It was as if the light shone out from the man himself: as if he had brought that last tempestuous glory with him.

He lifted the hat from his thatched white head and leaned to me, smiling.

"This is John Chandler's place, is it? You are Miss Mary Caroline Chandler?"

Never before, in my sixteen years, had living man lifted his hat to me. As for being addressed as Miss Mary Caroline Chandler! I flattened one bare foot over the other and gasped.

"I have ridden over from King's Cross-roads," he went on. "I want to see your father and mother. Squire Mears sent me here. His daughter, Miss Lucinda Mears, told me of you."

Now Lucinda Mears, dimpled and freckled and lisping, was my one idolized girl friend. Miraculously I found my tongue.

"Will you 'light, sir? I'll call the folks and take your horse."

The man bowed again, with quick courteous thanks, and dropped from the saddle. I opened the cabin door for him, then fled to the barn with my news. The wayfaring guest came too frequently to rouse much concern.

"Go build a fire and start some hominy boiling, Mary Caroline. I'll fry the ham as soon as we're through milking," directed my step-mother.

"He'll be soaked through, riding from the crossroads to-day," added father. "Fetch him my dry clothes from the chest, and tell him to hang his in the fireplace. Did he tell his name?"

"He said Squire Mears sent him."

"Tall, and white-haired, and"—Father pondered. "Sounds like the new teacher that's come from Boston to be president at Yellow Springs. They say he's riding all over the country, gathering up students for the college. He didn't need to come out here to teach. He's a famous man, back East. But they say he's bound to build up that school, so everybody can send their children, no matter whether they can pay for their schooling or not. It's the grandest thing that ever came into Ohio. If it's that man— And he's over yonder, in my cabin!" Father straightened: his gaunt face kindled, then dulled again. "No, there's no chance of that. He'd never ride out this far, and just for us."

But father's first thought was right. This was the new teacher from Yellow Springs. And he had ridden all the way out here, and just for us.

That night was an enchanted hour. We sat till midnight around the hearth, our eyes fastened upon our guest as he stood leaning on the high shelf, his straight tall body cut dark and clear against the flames, his splendid eager old face alight. Not one of us spoke a word. Only we listened. Listened, with our souls. For even we children knew that this man spoke as one having authority, that he spoke illumined prophecy. My little step-mother bent forward in her splint rocker, her knitting for once forgotten, her small face rapt. My father stood silent, erect as steel, his grim face set in inscrutable lines. I looked from one to the other. A queer fierce pride burned through me. With a child's unerring sight, I knew that my rough toil-stained father and this splendid gentleman faced each other as equals. That they met here, in our mean cabin, before our failing hearth, eye to eye, man to man.

"It's a hard country, this West." Father spoke out at last, his sombre eyes bent on the fire.

"It is a royal country!" The stranger wheeled on him with blazing challenge. He leaned toward father, shaking his long hand. He seemed to swell and grow tall. The firelight eddied round him, like the very radiance of the man himself. The broad gold light seemed to stream from his flashing eager face, to glow from his upraised hand. "A royal country, I say! Oh, it is hard now, I grant that. But you and I and all our generation are breaking the way. We must turn out of the trodden highways, and cut new paths, and lay them straight and clean. And keep them clean. For I tell you"—the flame burned deeper in his deep eyes: his voice held a stern reverberation—"I tell you, a few more years, and this hard West will be the lap, the granary, the vital core of this nation. You and I will live to see it pour forth wealth in a torrent that will never fail. It is against the menace of that certain wealth that we must fortify ourselves to-day. We must train and warn our children, that they will not be swept beyond their depth by that great flood. We must give them the realities: the wisdom and the understanding

that shall fill their hearts, and hold them sane and resolute, that they shall not be tempted to snatch at that perishing riches when it rises round them."

Father laughed out shortly. That was the fall of '57, the year of the great panic. All the perishing riches that he could seize that year, by slaving early and late, had come to thirty-six dollars and forty cents.

"There may be wealth for this country—some day." Father's leaden voice dragged on. "You and I will not live to see it come. As for our children——"

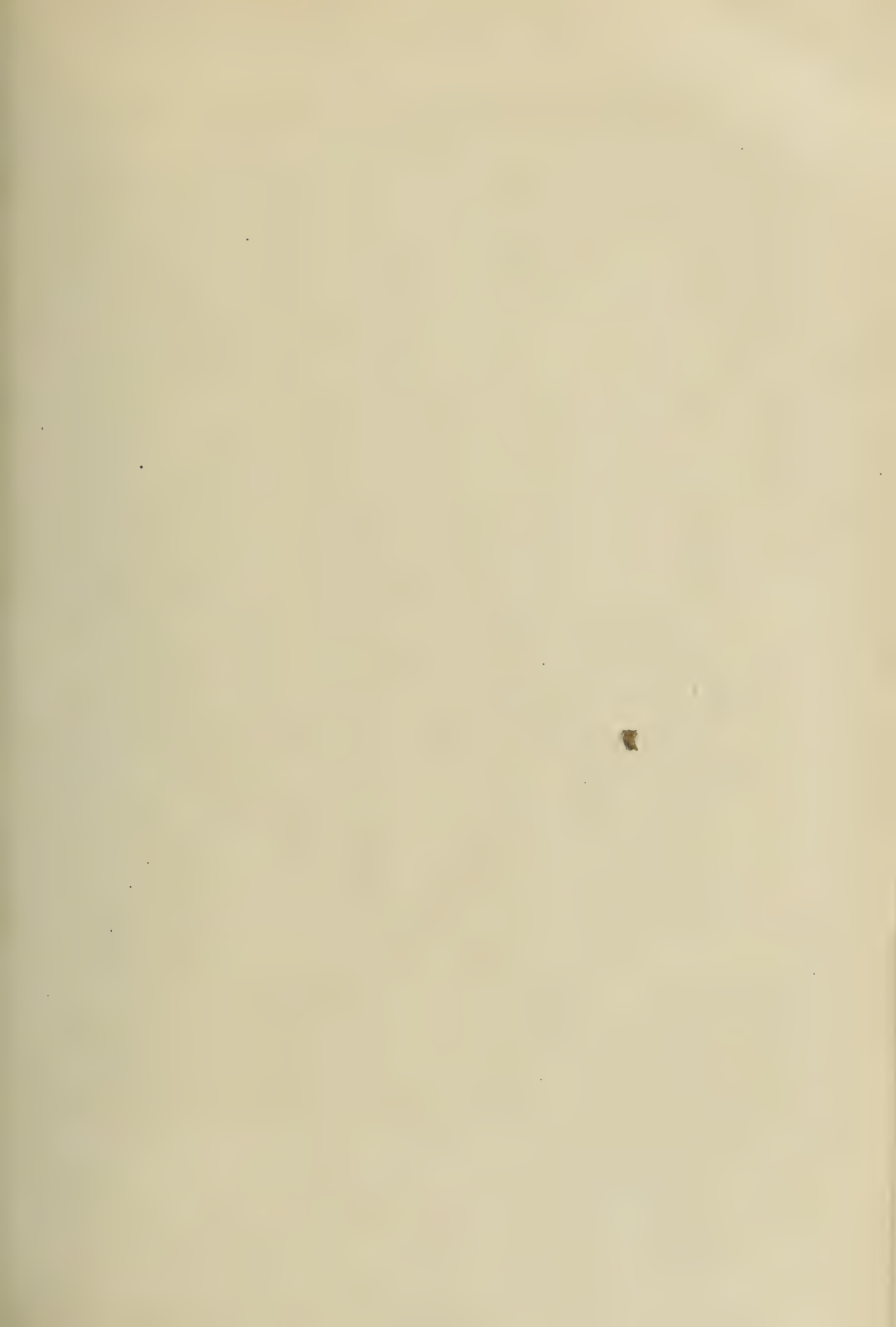
Then all the spirit died from his face. He sat back, stooped and dumb.

"For the children, then! Wealth or no wealth, give them their chance at life. Look at your four here. There's many a rich man who would give his all for your boys here, or your tall girl. What about your daughter, say?" His flashing glance swept me like a pointing finger. "Surely she deserves all that you can give to her. Send Mary Caroline to us. Give her her chance!"

My heart went pounding to my throat. I turned to father.

Father stood up heavily. His eyes met the eyes of the stranger with a slow defiance. I saw the veins swell dark on his forehead. He drew a hard breath: then he spoke out, for the first time in his grim patient life. In those slow cruel words he bared his scarred soul.

"Look you, then. Look at me. I was a teacher, myself. We were good stock, our folks, but somehow we could never get ahead. I was bound things should be different for my children. So I worked and stinted and saved, dollar by dollar, for twenty years, till I could buy this land. I thought, once I owned the land, even though it did take every cent I had, that I could fight it out, the rest of the way. But now I find, as you say, that it's rich country. But what of that? There must be years on years of labor, clearing and breaking and ploughing, before this land, no matter how rich, will give us more than a bare living. Who will do that work? Look at me, all warped and broken and rusted out. It's all I can do to keep a roof over their heads. They'll have to fight it out for themselves—these babies!" His marred hand groped for little Thomas's drowsy yellow head. "Can't you see what





Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock.

And held it high while I climbed the steep garret stairs Page 045.

I've done? When I meant to do my best by them, here I was tying a millstone round their necks. They'll be old men, beat out and worthless like me, before this land is conquered. That's what is grinding the soul out of me. I've weighed down their lives, I've ruined all their chances——"

"You have not ruined their chances! You have no right to give up!" The stranger shot the words at him. "What if this is not the opportunity that you had hoped to give your children? Will you hold back every other chance from them, to save your foolish pride?"

Father looked back at him.

"No. You need not say that. If there's any way, any chance at all," he turned his heavy eyes on me, "then one of my children shall have that chance. Mary Caroline shall go."

I do not know what more was said. Not another word reached me. For that marvellous promise, given on father's un-failing word, opened before me vista on vista of misty golden destinies. And all for me. For little sunburnt, red-headed Mary Caroline!

Yet one more picture shines in my thought. And I cherish it from day to day, that not one line shall fade from my eyes.

At last mother bade us light our candles and say good-night. Stumbling, dazed with my dream, little Thomas swung dead asleep over my shoulder, I bent to light mine at the hearth. But with that quick courtesy which was part of the man himself, the stranger took the candle from my hand, lit it, then stood at the door and held it high while I climbed the steep garret stairs. At the head of the stairs I turned and looked back. There he stood. . . . The very picture that I hold so treasured to-day. He held the flickering light high. It streamed back upon his lean erect body, his thatched white head, his tired friendly eyes . . . This, my own memory, is the one true likeness that I have ever known of him, although I have seen many, many portraits of my stranger. Since that the new teacher from Yellow Springs stands now among the builders of his generation. You will find his name held in reverence by all who work and care for little children. You will find his wildest dreams and theories built up into strong towers of service. You will find his statue

honoring his great State, his eager gentle face portrayed among the world leaders of his day. Yet no artist, no sculptor, can ever give us his likeness. No one will ever know him, the real Horace Mann, save those who saw him as he strode through his days, his worn body hurrying through its tireless journey, his face uplifted. And, shining high in his grasp, that brave white guiding torch that neither pain nor calumny nor failure could strike down from his tired indomitable hand.

Ah, well! In the course of fabulous adventure, Mary Caroline did go to college. To paint the lily of the miracle, with me went my dear stuttering Lucinda, her every blessed freckle scintillating with pure joy. And when we drove up the long winding turnpike, through the spiced October dusk, and saw our college, that palace of grave splendor, with its lordly red-brick walls, its august pillars, its transcendent worldly "cupola," not Babylon nor Tyre could hold their state before it to our mar-velling eyes.

Nowadays I catch myself looking at my little Mary Caroline and at her rampaging brother Ted with a comical pity. Poor innocents! Their pleasures cost them so much tedious complicated effort. While it took so little, so ridiculously little, to make us so superbly happy! Every experience was fire-new; every tiny incident spelled Event. Our lessons, we studied dutifully, not brilliantly, alas. But life at Antioch granted far more vivid interests than those of scholarship alone. There was the college itself, in sybarite magnificence of black walnut and hair-cloth. There were our learned professors, a bit dry and remote, all the more godlike for their rare condescensions. Then—if one must confess all—for each of us, our hero. Lucinda's glance rested with favor upon one Peter D. Hopkins, a solemn, bullet-headed youth whose quarter section joined her father's. But, before my own staid down-cast eyes there glinted the face of the one boy in all the college who wore the true insignia of romance, a shadow of mystery. Once more I can feel Lucinda's fingers nip through my delaine sleeve, her shocked delighted whisper in my ear.

"Look, Mary Caroline! There he comes! The new student from Boston that Peter D. Hopkinth was telling us about. His

name is Frederic Wentworth, and his folkth used to be the grandest people down Boston way, and his father was an Abolitionist preacher, and he was shot and killed, trying to help three slaves over the Canada border, so this boy hasn't any folkth left, and he's come out here to finish his schooling to be an engineer. And Peter D. Hopkinth told me he'd helped on the Underground, too, just like his father. He's been in prison twice for nigger-stealing. Isn't he genteel? He looks justh like Mithter Rochester in 'Jane Eyre.'"

My eyes clung studiously to $x \div y$. Yet one flying glance had assured me that the new pupil, for all his bloodthirsty record, bore a striking resemblance not only to the fascinating Mr. Rochester, but to Lord Byron and to Henry Esmond. He was a tall, powerfully built fellow, yet he carried his big body with a curious alertness and ease. His red-bronze hair crested thick above his dark clear-featured face; his steady gray eyes lighted with a queer swift flash as they met my own. My gaze returned in calm abstraction to $x \div y$.

"Looks stuck-up," continued Lucinda dispassionately. "See those straps on his trouserth."

I went on drawing blameless triangles in my Colburn's Mental.

"He doesn't look stuck up one bit," I whispered to a sympathetic hypothernuse. "He looks like—like the Prince in Tennyson's 'Day-Dream.' There, now!"

And the Prince in Tennyson's "Day-Dream" he was to my eyes, from that day on.

Reality jostled hard against our airy fantasies. Antioch knew deeper concerns than thistledown romance. Through the late fifties the whole nation seethed in the ferment of a thousand agitations and reforms. Cult after cult sprang up—impassioned little mushrooms that they were—sprouting overnight in that hot teeming soil of bitterness and disunion, where, in four years more, the great sowing of the dragon's teeth was doomed to rise in armed ranks, stern and terrible. So many new creeds there were, it seemed as if the very air were pregnant, a hot fecund dust. Hardly a day dawned that did not bring its funny bumptious reform, its grim bumptious reformer. Millerite, Grahamite, Phrenolo-

gist, Communist, a swarming host, known afar off by their intolerable deal of beard and their plentiful lack-of collar, stormed our gates. One and all quartered upon Antioch, naïvely sure of its broad fellowship and sympathy.

Back of all this surface restlessness throbbed the deep poisoned fever of the nation. We were barely seventy miles from the Ohio River and slave territory. All that district of Ohio was vehemently abolitionist. Underground railway trails ran from hamlet to hamlet, and a guerilla warfare of capture and reprisal went on from day to day under our oblivious noses. One morning we would be called to the chapel to hearken, blandly unconcerned, to the wild-eyed oratory of some millennial seer, chanting the virtues of unleavened bread or seamless garment. By afternoon we would be gathered placidly around a way-faring "nigger stealer," homeward bound from a desperate race to Sandusky or Cleveland with his frenzied charges: a starved, fagged scarecrow of a man, famished for sleep, reeling from his saddle with exhaustion, yet holding back from rest and food with the stoic zeal of the prophet, till he could pour his message into our happy young careless ears.

In truth, few of these things moved us. Now and then their echoes wakened a vague thrill. But the harsh clamors never sounded real. They were but echoes of the outside world, that dismal grown-up country that lay so far beyond the marches of our happy ken. Actual manhunts and escapes could never stir our pulses as did the wild enchanting tales that our greedy hands would steal from the college library of nights, and bear away to be rapturously devoured. Father had held fast to his few precious volumes; Plutarch and Shakespeare and Bunyan were tried familiars. But old friends were forgotten before these new delights, these poems and stories written by living flesh-and-blood men. I remember the very feel of those first volumes of Tennyson; the thin blue covers, the cheap paper, the luminous strange words. Then there were long sparkling worldly stories, written by an Englishman named Thackeray, strung out in exasperating serial; and then the hours of tears and chuckles that we spent with "Dombey and Son" and "Oliver

Twist"! Those winter Saturdays, Lucinda and I would curl up on our brick hearth and read the precious daylight through, weaving closer with every page the rainbow curtain of dreams that hung between us and the dull stormy outside world. It was all glowing truth to us. We lived it, every word. We entered into all that Old World glamour as into our lawful heritage. We heard only that far music, the ripple of those enchanted streams. While, day by day, our own mighty and terrible epic rolled on, looming sublime in its very horror, beneath our blank indifferent eyes. And the deep murmur of its tortured voices swelled ever deeper around us; but we could never hear.

Yet the day came at last when we were shaken awake.

From time to time, to our mild curiosity, Frederic Wentworth would disappear from school, sometimes for three or four days together. No one ever spoke to us of these absences. Even his instructors refrained from the mild irony which we others, less favored, would have been accorded in like case. Lucinda and I, it must be owned, wasted many minutes in speculation.

"I'd think he went home, to visit his folkth. Only he hasn't any home. Nor any folkth, either. What do you thuppose, Mary Caroline?"

"I don't suppose anything. Why don't you ask him, straight out?"

"Ask that Stuck-up!" Lucinda bristled. "When he wouldn't come to our taffy pull. Nor go on our coasting party, though we wrote him a note and invited him on my pink paper!"

I pondered. I was forever trying to understand why Frederic Wentworth should refuse our timid little courtesies. His aloofness was the more puzzling because I knew, infallibly, that Frederic Wentworth was not blind to my existence. More than once, as my linsey flounces brushed airily past him on my way to the blackboard, I had caught his swift unconscious movement toward me, his gray flashing glance.

"I think he wanted to go coasting with us. But he didn't quite dare. Maybe—he's bashful," I ventured.

"Bashful fiddlestickth. He's just a conceited Boston dandy, that's all ailth

him," snapped Lucinda. And I held my peace, but not my thought.

Now, for an interminable week, Frederic Wentworth had not been seen. The first day his absence meant little. The second day I found unusual difficulties in dealing with x and y . By the third day I grew tremulous and alert. At sundown, that third day, the grapevine telegraph brought exciting news. A daring Underground raid had just swept northern Kentucky. Eighteen fugitives were now well on their way to Cleveland. However, the Underground had paid dearly for its triumph. Of the seven men who had planned this coup, one was killed and three badly hurt. No; the scout could give no names.

That night, Lucinda slept the sleep of the just and the single-hearted. I know that she did, for I spent the entire night hanging wide-eyed and shivering from my window, and peering down the white starlit road. The next day moved rather heavily. At night Lucinda slept again, in maddening calm, while I cowered on the dew-wet sill.

And the morning hours crept as if each separate minute stumbled in iron chains.

Halfway through our Latin recitation the door opened. Into the room strode Frederic Wentworth.

Æneas and all his crew forgot, the whole school wheeled and gaped at him, pop-eyed with joyful awe. My own eyes were glued virtuously to my text-book: I did not need Lucinda's nipping clutch on my arm, her shocked ecstatic voice in my ear.

"Look at Frederic Wentworth! Isn't he splendid! Isn't he *grand*! Peter D. Hopkinth told me that he helped drive that whole wagon load of fugitive negroes to Cleveland, night before last. And the slave hunters chased them clear to the steamer, and fired, and justh missed killing him. Look at that bullet scratch, ploughed right across his cheek-bone. And hith arm in a sling! Isn't he justh *grand*!"

Then I looked. But only for a moment. Again I met Frederic Wentworth's gray level eyes, blazing now above the bandage that bound his face. I did not look up again. So he was, in truth, the hero that I had silently worshipped! Sometimes even our farthest wildest dreams come true.

And that sense of certainty, that fathomless understanding, was so clear that what came next brought no surprise; only a dearer certainty, a more exquisite truth.

Late that afternoon I met Frederic Wentworth, up the long hill past the Glen. He stopped, with a short greeting word, and took my books for me. In silence he fell into step beside me. On we went, up the lovely hills, all silvered in their brave new green; through wood-paths foaming sweet with wild grape, down warm slopes rosy with anemone. Up the last shining slope we climbed, side by side, with not a word to break the crystal spell. And then——

Oh, I dare say I was a silly young sentimentalist in those days, precisely as I'm a silly old sentimentalist to-day. But, as I walked beside him, it was as if the wind and the leaves and the sunlight went singing it, high and sweet, and the magical petals of words blew eddying round us, an elfin charm. And never shall I see those hills, that white road shining in the sunset, that falling gleam of leaf and light, that I shall not wait and listen for the melody that blows forever through their golden dream.—

"Across the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him."

And the magic rang so true, so clear, that when he stopped at the crest of the last long shining hill, and stood there, his strong face ashen white save for the angry burn, and told me that he loved me, that he had loved me from the first hour his eyes had seen me . . . Why, it was only my own unspoken thought come true. Surely he loved me. I, who had lived my whole life through, to be beloved of him!

Ah, be sure I was a happy princess from that hour! Together we laid our royal plans. Neither of us possessed one penny; a fact which caused us no annoyance whatever. Promptly we both left school. Frederic went to work for a surveying firm, earning a prosperous twenty-five dollars a month, "and found." I was given a winter school, with a dignified salary of fifteen dollars and my board. Five dollars I sent home regularly, for the winter was bitterly

hard. The other ten went, every copper, into the fund for our household gear. Each month, Frederic could come for a day with me. The winter fled on sunlit wings.

The new year brought even grander fortune. One April morning Frederic rode up to my school-house, waving a letter. His face was flushed and afire; the red-bronze hair lay wet upon his forehead. Breathless, he poured out his news. Through Antioch College a great opportunity had come to him. He was offered a position with a noted engineering firm in Albany, at a salary beyond our farthest imaginings. Seventy-five dollars a month—think of it! Secure in this prodigious wealth, we could be married at once, instead of waiting the three years that we had planned.

Home we went, post-haste, to share our news with father and my little step-mother. Sometimes, I wonder, whether we two knew any dearer joy than they two found in the vision of our delight.

My little step-mother went straight to her cedar chest and brought out her last treasure, a flowing pale-blue silk, with rose-edged flounces, her own bridal gown, and set tenderly to piecing it down for her tall girl. My father gave me the twenty-five dollars that I had sent home and added twenty more. Every cent of this, he declared magnificently, should be mine to spend for my wedding clothes. The fifty that I had saved should buy household furnishings; thus I should not go to my husband empty-handed. Forty-five dollars, to be squandered in one reckless, glorious day! Anxiously the princess pinched her sunburnt thumbs, to make sure it was not all a dream.

We drove to town together, Frederic and I, to choose my trousseau. First, my wedding bonnet; then a cloak for travelling; then the stuff for the one good dark woolen frock which would make me trim and citified for the long journey to Albany. Soberly practical, I talked of each garment, Frederic sedately assenting. A firm soft merino for gown and coat, dark and durable; a plain straw "poke," with a bit of ribbon, nothing more, "because it must be just neat and plain, Frederic. We can't afford anything fine."

"Certainly not," Frederic approved punctiliously.

And at that moment we reached Miss Eliza Tate's millinery window. And in one dazzling burst of splendor, the bonnet with lilacs dawned upon our sight.

"Oh! Oh!" I sighed.

"Oh, Cricky!" gasped the Prince of Dreams. "Mary Caroline! There's the very bonnet you want! Let's buy it right away."

"Buy that bonnet!" I clung to the picket fence for support. But my charmed eyes clung to the lovely fairy thing, perched breezily on its tall standard, like a great wandering flower. It was of lilac straw, satin-thin and fine. A scarf of cobwebby real lace veiled it; lilac blossoms, so perfect that they were all but fragrant, lilac plumes, heavy yet misty, wreathed it in a broad purple frame; beneath their heaped violet shadows swung a great silken "bridle," of lilac-and-rose shot silk, last touch of earthly pomp. I looked from those lilac plumes to the tossing lilac hedge beneath my hand. Eye could not choose the lovelier.

"We'll buy it this minute, I say. Come along." Frederic's jaw set, iron. "Don't look so scared. You've got to have that bonnet. It's yours. It's *you*."

"But, Frederic, we can't. It's fit for an empress. Think what it must cost!"

"It costs exactly forty-five dollars," said Frederic coolly. "So the card says that's pinned to it. Come along."

"But—but—that's every single penny! We'd meant to buy my travelling dress, and my cloak—everything. I—I daren't!"

"You can travel in that blue dress. In your wedding dress." Frederic's set face did not yield.

"But I'll look so ridiculous! And I wanted you to be proud of me——"

"Proud of you! I'd be proud of you in pink calico. I don't care whether you have a cloak or not. You can wear my great-coat if you're cold. But you must have that bonnet. I won't listen to anything else."

I looked at his unyielding face. I turned back to that apotheosis of a Bonnet. I do confess that, had that bonnet worn wings and a halo, it could not have looked more worshipful to my eyes. Sternly I summoned all my traitorous will.

"We can't have it, Frederic. It isn't possible. We must do without it."

"We won't, either. I'm going straight in——"

"Please, please, dear! We can't. We daren't. *No*."

Frederic looked at me a long minute. Then, sulky as a cross puppy from kingly head to heel, he followed me down the village street.

Inexorably I led the way into the general store and asked for merino—"dark and durable." It was no use. We could not make ourselves look at the hateful stuff: we could not bear to buy. Fruit of Tantalus, that lilac bonnet fluttered its bridle, wafted its seraph plumes before our eyes. It had swept us out of our reckoning. It had broken down all our stolid sensible defences. Heart and soul, we yearned for it together. Silently we read each other's miserable eyes.

"Travelling dress, indeed! Nonsense. I want you in that bonnet. I've set my heart——"

"Frederic, don't. We can't have it, that's all. Let's walk out to the grove and eat our lunch. Then maybe we'll feel differently."

Out to the grove we went, and spread our luncheon on the grass, and picked at it dismally. My little step-mother had put it up with dainty pains. But fried prairie chicken and pound cake and preserves were alike dust and ashes. I sighed. Frederic glowered.

"I wouldn't have such a tantrum over just a bonnet," I derided, adoring the tantrum.

"Very well, young lady. I'll not take you unless you're wearing that bonnet. I'll not marry you without it."

"Then you may as well go pick out somebody else—*Frederic*! Don't you dare!"

Soberly we took our way back to town. But not one pennyworth had we the heart to buy. That distracting bonnet filled our horizon. We walked down the blossoming April lanes, quite silent. Across the fallen bars of sunlight we went, through the sweet windless calm. The soft air hung about us like a bubble of pearl, all iridescent with hurrying nesting wings. So sweet and tranquil, it seemed as if even our hot rebellious thoughts must be stilled beneath its peace.

But as we crossed the little square, we turned to each other in sudden bewilder-

ment. Inexplicably, that fragrant calm seemed jarred, then shattered before our eyes. I felt myself shuddering as if struck by some mysterious icy wind.

At the post-office door a group of men shuffled and crowded, staring. They looked like men stricken by evil magic. Their good friendly faces gaped at us, blank and gray, drained of wits, drained even of breath. It was as if that sweet air gave them no life. They looked like men smothering under the great pitiless turquoise bell of the sky.

As we came near, that weight of smothering dread fell upon us. We stood there, choked and stunned. We listened to those clattering senseless voices, babbling over and over the crazed preposterous words.

"They've fired on Sumter!". . . "Yes, they have, I tell ye." "No, don't you believe that. They'd never dare!" . . . "They've fired on Sumter!"

We turned away through the little square. Back we went, up the hills, beyond the Glen once more. But now our wonder hills lay bare and lifeless. All that purple glory had faded from their misty heights. For we had crossed our hills of dream, into the cruel barren country of the Real.

"I'll have to go, Mary Caroline."

"Yes."

"It'll mean waiting. . . . Oh, you love, you love!"

"It's lucky I didn't buy that extravagant lilac bonnet!" I sobbed after a while. But Frederic's fingers tightened on my arm.

"No. You're wrong now, Mary Caroline. I wanted you to have that bonnet—then. But I'm determined that you shall have it—now. Hush. We won't say one word more. You're going to put on that lilac bonnet, and that blue dress, your wedding dress, the day that I go away to war—Though the war won't last more than a week or so. We'll settle the whole thing in a fortnight, no doubt. But when I do go, I want to see you wearing that bonnet. I want to dream of you in it, every night that I'm gone. I want to find you wearing it, the day I come back to claim you. Now, Mary Caroline!"

Well! We went back and bought that lilac bonnet, for forty-five dollars, every penny of my precious hoard. And we carried it home, in love and laughter and triumph. All that gray formless terror

had fled from our thoughts. The war would be over in a fortnight at the least. Had Frederic himself not said it? Flaunting my blue-and-lilac finery, like any princess indeed, I followed the regiment to the little town and waved my prince away.

The fortnight passed. Oddly enough, the war was not yet over. June came. My lilac bonnet was laid away in its flowered bandbox, my Tennyson gathered dust on its shelf. I had no time for make-believe romance. I, who was living romance with every hour! Poetry allured us no longer. Instead, we snatched at the newspapers, great flapping blanket-sheets that they were. We helped pick lint, we rolled bandages. And we wrote letters.

In August, my boy came home for a ten days' furlough. I brought out my trappings and wore them for him every day. Together we forgot the clanging, hurrying real world, and spent those days far away, deep in our kingdom of dreams.

In October I took my winter school again. It began to look as if the war might not be over till cold weather. . . .

Lilac time came again. It brought no furlough for my boy. The summer ripened and waned, the leaves fell. At Christmas time, for four jewel days, Frederic came home to me. He was gaunt and tired, yet beautiful in his worn uniform, with the eagle on his shoulder. The village folk held their breath as he went by, wrapped in glory. They walked pigeon-toed before him, in comical awe. Together we went back to our enchanted hills. But we went back in vain. We could not step foot past those white barriers. For all our vows, our pleas, we could not pass. Terror, formless, prescient, barred the way.

Winter dragged on. Once more it was lilac time; once more June. The weary summer held through month on month of cruel heat. With every parching hour, we listened. With strained eyes, we bent above the long black columns in the papers. Then came Gettysburg. Day after day the papers held nothing save those black margins, those long inexorable lists. . . . And as I stared down the last blurred column, in aching, blinding fear, that name leaped out at me like a flash of steel.

The word brought no great shock. It had been so long dreaded, so foreseen. They were all very tender with me at home.

They blundered lovingly about with patient awkward ministries; they tried to hearten me with forlorn meaningless hopes. Only one wish stirred in my dull brain. They would be bringing him home to die. I must go and meet him. I must seize on every moment that I could win with him, my own.

Clumsily I dressed myself in the finery that he so loved—the pale-blue flowing gown, the lilac bonnet. For very pity, they could not say a word. My father left his team in the field, and put on his black clothes, and went with me. As our wagon creaked down the orchard road, little tow-headed Thomas came scuttling to kiss me good-by. He had brought me his best-beloved turtle, to carry along. Out of all that gray whirling day, just one recollection stands out clear—poor little Thomas's sobbing clutch around my neck, his blubbery wrathful face when father said gently that the turtle could not go too.

We drove to the village, then took the railroad cars to Madison. The little town was a Bedlam. Through its streets poured a frenzied crowd, storming, whimpering, exultant. Soldiers, teamsters, camp-followers, negroes; spruce fresh volunteer detachments hurrying down from the North to fill the torn ranks back from Gettysburg; ghastly stumbling hordes, creeping home to the North on the furlough that might heal them—to go back and fight again. Of all that clamoring mob, not one soul had a word to give us. Not one could stop to answer our helpless questions. Singing, shouting, past they fled, like figures in some monstrous carnival.

"We will go to the levee," said father. "They are bringing the wounded men up-river on the steam-boats. There's no telling. . . ."

We picked our way through the turmoil of wagons and ambulances, down to the hot windy river front. A line of great white boats lay panting at Madison landing. But the first north-bound steamer bearing Gettysburg wounded would not reach Madison before ten o'clock that night.

"The *Mattie Lee* will be the first boat to reach here. She's bringing up the worst injured men. Then there'll be steamer load after steamer load," said the officer that we questioned. He put out a grimy

hand and touched my pale-blue sleeve. "It is little use, Miss. Among those thousands of wounded men, you'll never find—him. They'd not permit you to go aboard and search, for that matter. It's dead against regulations. You'd best just go home—and wait. There's nothing else you can do."

Father's patient eyes entreated me. But I could not yield. I went with him to the dingy inn, and stayed with him, till at dusk, utterly worn out, he fell asleep. Then I crept out to the streets again.

After a while I found my way back to the landing. There I stood, and strained my eyes against night and fog for the lights of the *Mattie Lee*. But no lights came. Only the yelling, laughing, scolding crowd streamed by and brushed past me, unseeing, as if I had been a wisp of river mist.

After a while a soldier came and sat down on a heap of plank near by. He was hideously ragged and foul: his dirty face was seared and bloodless with exhaustion. In the torch light I watched him try to tighten the bandage on his broken wrist. I went over and re-tied it for him. He stared up at me with his scorched blood-shot eyes.

"What are you waiting here for, I'd like to know?"

"The *Mattie Lee*."

"Lordy, what's the use of that? She's due here to-night, yes. But with all those dyin' men aboard, you can bet she won't make no landing. She'll push on up to Cincinnati, to the Federal Hospital. Only place you could board her would be at Carrollton, on the Kentucky side. She'll stop there an hour, likely, to coal."

"How can I get to Carrollton?"

The man stared. Then he laughed out.

"Get there? You couldn't get there to-night for love nor money. It's ten mile up-river, and there's no packet, no nothin'. Carrollton ain't a town, anyhow. Nothin' but a coal pile. You'd better go on home."

"I've got to get aboard the *Mattie Lee*."

"They wouldn't let you aboard, mind that. She's a Government hospital now—see? They'd order you back ashore the minute you set foot on the plank."

"I'm going somehow." I started blindly away, up the landing.

The man pitched to his feet and followed me, swearing under his breath.

"Look here, you. Have you got to reach the *Mattie Lee*?"

"Yes."

"Come along, then. I'll find a couple niggers and a skiff. I'll take you to Carrollton myself."

We rowed away up-stream through the wet black smother. It was close on midnight when we reached the dark line of coal barges banked at Carrollton landing. Noiselessly I crept ashore. Without a sound, a ripple, the skiff melted away into the night.

I crouched there shivering till, far down the river, the lights of the *Mattie Lee* flared spectral through the mist. Then I slipped behind a pile of freight and waited, hardly breathing, while the great white ghostly boat swung inshore. I watched my chance. I dared not try to slip aboard the gang-plank. But the steamer had backed so close alongside that her fenders rubbed the pier. The top of my sheltering freight pile was almost level with the rail of the passenger deck. Shielded by the darkness, I crept to the top of the pile. Then, clinging to the rail, I swung myself lightly on deck.

No one spoke to me. Nobody glanced my way. Again I might have been invisible, only a figure of the mist.

There I stood, in the midst of that ship of pain. Under the flickering lanterns they lay around me, poor lifeless shapes, ghastly rank on rank, still in their torn stained uniforms; wrenched tortured bodies, ashen boyish faces: the shadowy wreck of the army that had been.

I crossed the long cabin. Deep in a great gilt mirror, I caught my own reflection. The lilac bonnet; the torn blue flounces trailing round me. But the face, old, haggard, strained—I looked at it stupidly. It was the face of a stranger. On I went, never pausing to look nor search, as if swept on by some compelling wind.

I climbed the stairs to the hurricane deck. I crossed it, treading softly past more shattered windrows. Ah, those hundreds of wan drowning faces, those beaten moveless files!

There he lay, my own boy, stretched out on his blanket, at the edge of the sloping deck. Mercifully they had laid him where the faint breeze could blow upon his death-like face.

I knelt by him; and called his name, and whispered, over and over, the little dear foolish words that only we two knew. After a while his gray face lightened slowly, and he opened his eyes and stared up at me. But there was no greeting in that dull stare, though I pleaded with him to know me, in all the words that my mouth knew to say. He did not remember. He did not care. He could not drag himself past that black shadow of pain.

At last he turned and stretched out one lean hot hand. His fingers touched the rose-and-lilac silken bridle, and there they clung.

"So cool, so cool!" he whispered, fingering it slowly. He drew the broad silk crissping back and forth through his groping hands. He looked up at me once more, and into his vague eyes, deep under gaunt brows like sunken pits of misery, there came a faint far glint of reason, like a light struggling through those deeps of pain.

"So cool, so cool!" he whispered on, in his tired, tired voice. Then his drawn gray mouth began to smile, in mischievous piteous content. "And the lilacs—that lilac bonnet! I bullied her into taking it—my poor little gentle Mary Caroline! And we went back and bought it together. Oh, so cool, so cool! Now I can go to sleep."

Then I took him up in my arms, for my great splendid boy was wasted and broken with fever till I could lift him as I would lift little Thomas. And in my stupid anguish I was clumsy, and my hands slipped, and hurt him cruelly. But he did not seem to care. Through the black fog of the fever, it was as if he could see and know that my cruel clumsy hands were only slow and blundering with love and grief.

And when I had made him easier, he turned in my arms and clutched for the length of shining rose and lilac, and held it tight between his burning wasted hands. And so he fell asleep.

I sat there, holding him. After a while an orderly came past and looked at us doubtfully. But the hollow-eyed surgeon looked up from his work near by and shook his head.

"I reckon the boy's dying right now. Let them alone."

At first it was all one depth of bitter night. Then my heart grew numb, as my breast grew numb beneath his motionless



Dragon by Lucius W. Scott Hitchcock.

He turned in my arms and clutched for the length of shining rose and lilac - Page 652.

weight. I knew no more joy nor terror. Only I waited. I had gained my will. I had found my lover and he was in my arms. There was nothing more for me to ask. I had come to the end of it all. There I faced that great dim wall of silence. And I was not alone. For all the sorrow of all our women sat by and watched with me.

So the black hours crept on. I heard the creak of the laboring engines, the heavy steps that passed me, the murmur of voices, ebbing, flowing, a weary tide. On went the battered, disabled old boat, fighting her way slowly up-stream, as if the very heart were broken out of her by the load of anguish that she carried. The hot damp air blew out to us from shore. Ahead I watched the stars, like drowned faces, peering up through the black sluggish stream. I shifted the dear weight in my arms. I tried to lift him higher, to hold him as I would hold a child, my child, beloved and dying. But I dared not try to move his long wasted body. I had not dreamed he was so tall. . . .

Then the surgeon came again, and looked down at the face asleep on my arm, and shook his head and went away. And the endless hours crept on and on.

At last, before my dull eyes there came a slow mysterious change. The blackness seemed to melt, to shift in long dim barricades of shadow. Vaguely the face of the water changed from black to gray, from gray to silver. Softly, softly, the dawn wind came drifting down the shore, and stirred the willows, and made them whisper. Then it faltered and was still, with a strange and healing calm. Now there sounded only the throb of the engines and the faint splash of the broken water below. For the blessed hush of sleep lay on all that suffering crew. Even the haggard surgeon slept, flung down on the deck at my feet. Then the dawn wind crossed the ruffling water and laid its soft touch on my eyes.

Then I looked up. All that cloud of night had vanished from the river, so that now, in the first pale dawning, it shone as a river of pearl. And the drowned stars, that had glimmered deep in that horror of night, were gone. I looked up once more. White and far, they shone in the deepening rose of the sky.

Then I felt the beloved weight stir in my arms. Slowly those gaunt eyes opened and met my own. Slowly they smiled up at me, with a grave and wondering contentment, as if, at last, they could see and know. I felt those weak hands tighten on the foolish ribbon of rose and lilac, that they had held fast, all the long night through. Then the pale lips bent, smiling, to form the mischievous braggart words.

"Aha, so you're wearing your bonnet with lilacs! The one that I made you buy. Didn't I tell you so, Mary Caroline? That you'd be wearing that very bonnet when I—when I came back to you——"

But I would not smile nor answer him. Instead, I bent my face, to hush those dear eyes back to sleep. The light that was waking in them had blinded me to a swift wild terror of joy. For I knew that that light meant life.

Yes, it meant life. Wrecked and shattered as he was, starved, broken by disease, yet all the might of his youth was still in him, splendid, unconquerable. Slowly we brought him back to his old strength, his old enduring power. And before the new year came, he could walk beside me, superb in his unshaken force, all the more princely for his scars, to my adoring eyes.

Then all the years of our youth were ours together, a golden measure, heaped up, overflowing. And every year was a life in itself. A fear, a struggle, a triumph. We had to fight for our very bread in those days. For we were poor— Oh, but we were poor! I sometimes think that it is truly providential that Charles Edward and his wife are our children, not our contemporaries. It would have been such a dreadful visitation upon them, to have been forced to associate with us. While by Mary Caroline and that young whiffet, her brother Ted, we would have been referred blandly to the nearest Settlement House as deserving indigents.

But oh, what fun it was, just to be poor together! I wore that bonnet with lilacs to my wedding, after all. I wore it and the pale blue gown to Charles Edward's christening, two years later; and for the first twelve years of our married life, that bonnet was our one social bulwark. Beneath its panoply of plumes, what mattered

faded gingham and patched shoes? Helmeted in its magnificence, serenely I could face a frowning world. Also, I cried like the great goose that I undoubtedly was, when on the thirteenth spring I took it out of its hibernating bandbox to find my darling lilacs faded past recall. Whereat Frederic went straightway and bought me another lilac bonnet, far more splendid, all billowing plumes and flashing buckles, although there were five babies by that time, and crops were none too good, and he ought by rights to have saved that money toward the new barn roof. I scolded him roundly for his extravagance. But, as Charles Edward has said, extravagance always did run in the family.

Ah, me! When I hear them talk of the Heaven that all their wise ethical leaders affect nowadays, I realize sadly what an abject old materialist I really am. For I cannot make myself look forward to gaining a pale, intangible ideal of Heaven with-

in me. I want a real and tangible Heaven, instead—modelled upon western Ohio in the late sixties, if I may have my say. Neither am I orthodox, and old-fashioned, and pining for a visible golden halo. Indeed, I should much prefer just my bonnet with lilacs. Moreover, I don't want to be pestered with riches, and power, and glory. Not I! I'd far rather have the fun of being poor again, the chance to work and scheme and contrive, side by side with my big reckless boy husband. Not Charles Edward's sedate father, nor Mary Caroline's dim-remembered stately grandfather. But the splendid headstrong boy with whom I threw away those golden years; and the brave gay life that we two sinful young spendthrifts won and squandered together. And I am quite convinced that I shall be granted all that I ask, even to the last diamond moment. For, surely as Heaven is Heaven, so surely will it give us back our youth.

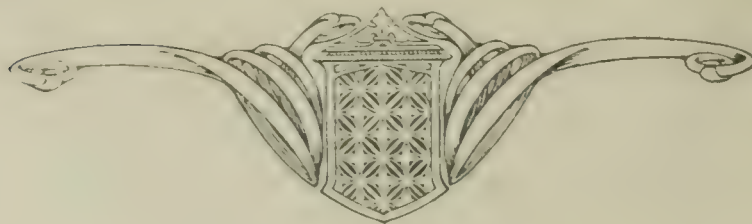


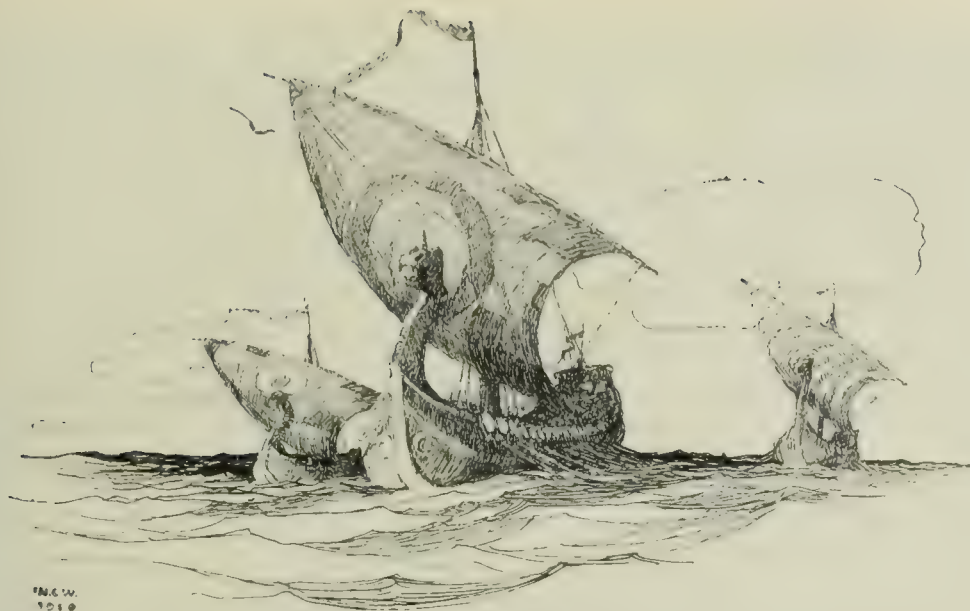
SUPPLIANT

By Alan Sullivan

GRANT me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest
And that which shall my weariness assoil
The Sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield, with valor to defend
A faith immutable, and steadfast years
That move unvexed to their mysterious end.





THROUGH THE MISTS

II

THE FIRST CARGO

"Ex ovo omnia"

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



WHEN you left Britain with your Legion, my dear Crassus, I promised that I would write to you from time to time, when a messenger chanced to be going to Rome, and keep you informed as to anything of interest which might occur in this country. Personally, I am very glad that I remained behind when the troops and so many of our citizens left, for though the living is rough and the climate is infernal, still by dint of the three voyages which I have made for amber to the Baltic, and the excellent prices which I obtained for it here, I shall soon be in a position to retire, and to spend my old age under my own fig-tree, or even perhaps to buy a small villa at Baia or Posuoli, where I could get a good sun-bath after the continued fogs of this accursed island. I picture myself on a little farm,

and I read the Georgics as a preparation, but when I hear the rain falling and the wind howling, Italy seems very far away.

In my previous letter I let you know how things are going in this country. The poor folk, who had given up all soldiering during the centuries that we guarded them, are now perfectly helpless before these Picts and Scots, tattooed barbarians from the north, who overrun the whole country and do exactly what they please. So long as they kept to the north, the people in the south, who are the most numerous and also the most civilized of the Britons, took no heed of them; but now the rascals have come as far as London, and the lazy folk in these parts have had to wake up. Vortigern, the king, is useless for anything but drink or women, so he sent across to the Baltic to get some of the North Germans, in the hope that they would come over and help him. It is bad enough to have a bear in your house, but it does not seem

to me to mend matters if you call in a pack of ferocious wolves as well. However, nothing better could be devised, so an invitation was sent and very promptly accepted. And it is here that your humble friend appears upon the scene. In the course of my amber-trading I had learned the Saxon speech, and so I was sent down in all haste to the Kentish shore that I might be there when our new allies appeared. I arrived there on the very day when their first vessel appeared ("ceol" they call it, or "keel," exactly as we say "carina") and it is of my adventures that I wish to tell you. It is perfectly clear to me that the landing of these warlike Germans in England will prove to be an event of historical importance, and so your inquisitive mind will not feel wearied if I treat the matter in some detail.

It was, then, upon the day of Mercury, immediately following the Feast of Our Blessed Lord's Ascension, that I found myself upon the south bank of the river Thames, at the point where it opens into a wide estuary. There is an island there named Thanet, which was the spot chosen for the landfall of our visitors. Sure enough, I had no sooner ridden up than there was a great red ship, the first as it seems of three, coming in under full sail. The white horse, which is the ensign of these rovers, was hanging from her top-mast, and she appeared to be crowded with men. The sun was shining brightly, and the great scarlet ship, with snow-white sails, and a line of gleaming shields slung over her side, made as fair a picture on that blue expanse as one would wish to see.

I pushed off at once in a boat, because it had been arranged that none of the Saxons should land until the king had come down to speak with their leaders. Presently I was under the ship, which had a gilded dragon in the bows, and a tier of oars along either side. As I looked up, there was a row of bearded heads looking down at me, and among them I saw, to my great surprise and pleasure, that of Earic the Swart, with whom I do business at Venta every year. He greeted me heartily when I reached the deck, and became at once my guide, friend, and counsellor. This helped

me greatly with these barbarians, for it is their nature that they are very cold and aloof unless one of their own number can vouch for you, after which they are very hearty and hospitable. Try as they will, they find it hard, however, to avoid a certain suggestion of condescension, and in the baser sort, of contempt, when they are dealing with a foreigner.

It was a great stroke of luck meeting Earic, for he was able to give me some idea of how things stood before I was shown into the presence of Kenna, the leader of this particular ship. The crew, as I learned from him, was entirely made up of three tribes or families, those of Kenna, of Lanc, and of Hasta. Each of these tribes gets its name by putting the letters "ing" after the name of the chief, so that the people on board would describe themselves as Kennings, Lancings, and Hastings. I observed in the Baltic, that the villages were each named after the families who lived in them, so that I have no doubt if these fellows get a footing on shore, we shall see settlements with names like these rising up among the British towns.

The greater part of the men were sturdy fellows, with red, yellow, or brown hair, mostly the latter. To my surprise, I saw several women among them. Earic, in answer to my question, explained that they always take their women with them so far as they can, and that instead of finding them an incumbrance as our Roman dames would be, they look upon them as helpmates and advisers. Of course, I remembered afterward that our excellent and accurate Tacitus has remarked upon this characteristic of the Germans. All laws in the tribes are decided by votes, and a vote has not yet been given to the women, but many are in favor of it, and it is thought that woman and man will soon have the same power in the state. I observed to Earic that it was fortunate there were several women on board, as they could keep each other company, but he answered that the wives of the chiefs had no desire to know the wives of the inferior officers, and that both of them combined against the more common women, so that any companionship was out of the question. He pointed as he spoke to Editha, the wife of



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

THE FIRST CARGO.

—"Through the Mists," page 655.

Kenna, a red-faced, elderly woman, who walked among the others with no more notice than if they did not exist.

Whilst I was talking to my friend Earic a sudden altercation broke out upon the deck, and a great number of the men paused in their work and flocked toward the spot, with faces which showed that they were deeply interested in the matter. Earic and I pushed our way among the others, for I was very anxious to see as much as I could of the ways and manners of these barbarians. A quarrel seemed to have broken out about a child, a little fellow with curly yellow hair, who appeared to be greatly amused by the hubbub of which he was the cause. On one side of him stood a white-bearded old man, of very majestic aspect, who signified by his gestures that he claimed the lad for himself; while on the other was a thin, earnest, anxious person, who strongly objected to the boy being taken from him. Earic whispered in my ear that the old man was the tribal high-priest, who was the official sacrificer to their great god Woden, whilst the other was a man who took somewhat different views, not upon Woden, but upon the means by which he should be worshipped. The majority of the crew were on the side of the old priest, but a certain number, who liked greater liberty of worship and to invent their own prayers instead of always repeating the official ones, followed the lead of the younger man. The difference was too great and too old to be healed among the grown men, but each had a great desire to impress his view upon the children. This was the reason why these two were now so furious with each other, and the argument between them ran so high that several of their followers on either side had drawn the short axes or knives from which their name of Saxon is derived, when suddenly a great, burly, red-headed man pushed his way through the throng, and in a voice of thunder brought the controversy to an end.

"You folk, who argue about the things which no man can know, are more trouble aboard this ship than all the dangers of the sea," he cried. "Can you not be content with worshipping Woden, over which we are all agreed, and not make so much of

those small points upon which we differ? If there is all this fuss about the teaching of the children, then I shall forbid either of you to teach them, and they must be content with as much religion as they can learn from their mothers."

The two angry teachers crept away with discontented faces; but Kenna—for it was he who spoke—ordered that a whistle should be sounded and that the crew should assemble. I was pleased with the free bearing of these people, for though this was their greatest chief, they showed none of the exaggerated respect which soldiers of a legion might show to the prætor, but met him on a respectful equality which showed how highly they rated their own manhood.

From our Roman standard, his remarks to his men would seem very wanting in eloquence, for there were no graces or metaphors to be found in them, and yet they were short, strong, and to the point. At any rate, it was very clear that they were to the minds of his hearers. He began by reminding them that they had left their own country because the land was all taken up, and that there was no use returning there, since there was no place where they could dwell as free and independent men. This island of Britain was but sparsely inhabited, and there was a chance that every one of them would be able to found a home of his own. "You, Whitta," he said, addressing some of them by name, "you will found a Whitting hame, and you, Bucka, we shall see you in a Bucking hame, where your children and your children's children will bless you for the broad acres which your valor will have gained for them." There was no word of glory or of honor in his speech, but he said that he was aware that they would do their duty, on which they all struck their swords upon their shields so that the Britons on the beach could hear the clang. Then, his eyes falling upon me, he asked me whether I was the messenger from Vortigern, and on my answering, he bid me follow him into his cabin, where Lanc and Hasta, the other chiefs, were waiting for a council.

Picture me then, my dear Crassus, in a very low-roofed cabin, with these three

huge barbarians seated round me. Each was clad in some sort of saffron tunic, with chain-mail shirt over it, and helmet, with a horn of the ox on either side, laid upon the table before him. Like most of the Saxon chiefs, their beards were shaved, but they wore their hair long, and their huge light-colored moustaches drooped down to their shoulders. They are gentle, slow, and somewhat heavy in their bearing, but I can well fancy that their fury is the more terrible when it does arise.

Their minds seem to be of a very practical and positive nature, for they at once began to ask me a series of questions upon the numbers of the Britons, the resources of the kingdom, the conditions of its trade, and other such subjects. They then set to work arguing over the information which I had given, and became so absorbed in their own contention that I believe there were times when they forgot my presence. Everything, after due discussion, was always decided between them by vote, the one who found himself in the minority always submitting, though sometimes with a very bad grace—indeed, on one occasion Lanc, who usually differed from the others, threatened to refer the matter to the general vote of the whole crew. There was a constant conflict in the point of view, for whereas Kenna and Hasta were anxious to extend the Saxon power and to make it greater in the eyes of the world, Lanc was of opinion that they should give less thought to conquest and more to the comfort and advancement of their followers. At the same time it seemed to me that really Lanc was the more combative of the three, so much so that even in time of peace he could not forego this contest with his own brethren. Neither of the others seemed very fond of him, for they were each, as was easy to see, proud of his chieftainship and anxious to use his authority, referring continually to those noble ancestors from whom it was derived; while Lanc, though he claimed to be equally well born, took the view of the common men upon every occasion, claiming that the interests of the many were superior to the privileges of the few. In a word, Crassus, if you could imagine a free-booting Gracchus on one side, and two piratical patricians upon the other, you

would understand the effect which my companions produced upon me.

There was one peculiarity which I observed in their conversation which soothed me very much. I am fond of these Britons, among whom I have spent so much of my life, and I wish them well. It was very pleasing, therefore, to notice that these men insisted upon it in their conversation that the whole object of their visit was the good of the Islanders. Any prospect of advantage to themselves was pushed into the background. I was not clear that these professions could be made to agree with the speech in which Kenna had promised a hundred hides of land to every man on the ship, but on my making this remark, the three chiefs seemed very surprised and hurt by my suspicions, and explained very plausibly that, as the Britons needed them as a guard, they could not aid them better than by settling on the soil, and so being continually at hand in order to help them. In time, they said, they hoped to raise and train the natives to such a point that they would be able to look after themselves. Lanc spoke with some degree of eloquence upon the nobleness of the mission which they had undertaken, and the others clattered their cups of mead (a jar of that unpleasant drink was on the table) in token of their agreement.

I observed also how much interested, and how very earnest and intolerant, these Barbarians were in the matter of religion. Of Christianity they knew nothing, so that although they were aware that the Britons were Christians, they had not a notion of what their creed really was. Yet without examination they started by taking it for granted that their own worship of Woden was absolutely right, and that therefore this other creed must be absolutely wrong. "This vile religion," "this sad superstition," and "this grievous error" were some among the phrases which they used toward it. Instead of expressing pity for anyone who had been misinformed upon so serious a question, their feelings were those of anger, and they declared most earnestly that they would spare no pains to set the matter right, fingering the hilts of their long broad-swords as they said so.

Well, my dear Crassus, you will have had enough of me and of my Saxons. I

have given you a short sketch of these people and their ways. Since I began this letter I have visited the two other ships which have come in, and as I find the same characteristics among the people on board them, I cannot doubt that they lie deeply in the race. For the rest, they are brave, hardy, and very pertinacious in all that they undertake, whereas the Britons, though a great deal more spirited, have not the same steadiness of purpose, their quicker imaginations suggesting always some other course, and their more fiery passions being succeeded by reaction. When I looked from the deck of the first Saxon ship and saw the swaying, excited multitude of

Britons on the beach, contrasting them with the latent, silent men who stood beside me, it seemed to me more than ever dangerous to call in such allies. So strongly did I feel it that I turned to Kenna, who was also looking toward the beach.

"You will own this island before you have finished," said I.

His eyes sparkled as he gazed.

"Perhaps," he cried, and then suddenly collecting himself and thinking that he had said too much, he added:

"A temporary occupation—nothing more."

JACQUES-ÉMILE BLANCHE

By Christian Brinton



WHEN, just a score of years ago, the great schism took place in the art world of Paris, and the New Salon established itself in the Champ-de-Mars, numerous painters who had hitherto attained but scant recognition forged rapidly to the front. The seceding contingent was on trial before the public at large, and gallant efforts were made to gain an immediate and substantial foothold. The enthusiasm of the leaders of the movement—Puvis de Chavannes, Carrière, Roll, Besnard, and others—was echoed by the younger men, and every member of the Société Nationale, as the organization was proudly christened, made the bravest possible showing. Although, as invariably happens, the points at issue between the New Salon and its parent body have since disappeared, and they to-day hold their exhibitions conjointly under the same vast canopy of steel and glass, the work of these one-time insurgents has by no means been in vain. Casually reviewing the twenty years' career of the Société Nationale, it cannot be claimed that, as an institution, it has contributed anything

definitely novel to the sum of current production. Its programme has in no sense proved revolutionary. Its chief mission seems to have consisted in strengthening the personality of its various members, and in this it has been singularly successful. Year by year these men have sent canvases which have been massed in separate groups rather than being lost amid the chaos of practical anonymity. The public has thus acquired the habit of looking for each man's collective work, the effect naturally being stimulating to the painter himself. It is this fostering of the individual note, rather than the actual breaking of fresh ground, which the New Salon has beyond all else accomplished, and which will doubtless prove its most significant legacy to posterity.

Conspicuous among those native-born artists who have season after season been represented at the Société Nationale is Jacques-Émile Blanche, whose achievements, particularly in the domain of portraiture, form one of the most distinctive contributions to contemporary painting. Monsieur Blanche has never suffered from artistic atrophy. He is the student personified. He is constantly seeking to perfect himself, to attack fresh themes and solve new problems. To a singular degree

he typifies the aims and ideals of the New Salon with which his name has been so long and so prominently associated. His career is the exact reverse of that usually encountered by the aspiring artist. Instead of being obliged to combat opposition and

niture and tapestries, and terraces sloping gently to the Seine. For two generations the house had been the meeting place of the foremost men of letters, musicians, and artists of the day, among the intimate friends of the boy's grandfather and father being

such figures as Balzac, Michelet, Renan, Berlioz, Delacroix, and later Corot, Millet, and Manet. It was in this atmosphere that the painter passed his early years, surrounded by every luxury and solicitously cared for by a scientist father and a mother who possessed exceptional artistic ability.

On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war the lad was sent to London, where he readily acquired that taste for English life and art which has since become such a characteristic feature of his development. After his return it was his parents' wish that the young *élégant*, who was already so at home in society, who knew the poetry of the symbolists and the music of Wagner, should prepare himself for a literary or diplomatic career. Acceding, however, to his own well-defined desire to become



"La Petite Langenegger." (1902.)

unfavorable conditions, he was forced to overcome circumstances which were all too propitious. From the outset he was pampered by fate, and only through the utmost vigilance and severest self-discipline has he managed to attain that mastery over his art and himself which is to-day manifest in his every brush stroke. The son and grandson of celebrated physicians, Monsieur Blanche was born in 1861, in the famous hospital at Passy which was formerly the château of the Princesse de Lamballe and which still retained much of its eighteenth century grace and elegance, with its beautiful fur-

a painter, he was placed under the guidance of the witty and charming, though superficial Gervex. It must be confessed that the future artist did not, at this period, take either himself or his work with unwonted seriousness, nor was the atmosphere of his companion's studio conducive to such an attitude. On leaving Gervex he from time to time sought the sounder counsels of Degas and Manet, though it cannot be said that he was in any specific sense a pupil of either of these masters. It is necessary, on approaching the varied and supple art of Monsieur Blanche, to bear



Portrait of Paul Adam. Luxembourg Gallery. (Salon, 1902.)

in mind these few significant facts concerning his early training. He was essentially self-taught. His receptive spirit responded in turn to many disparate influences: he was fond of literature, music, and the theatre as well as painting, and he frequented from an early age the most exclusive salons of London and of Paris. While he learned not a little from Degas and Manet, and often crossed the Channel to renew his friendship with Tissot and Fantin-Latour, he confesses that the only serious instruction he ever received was from Whistler, with whom he passed a memorable summer at Dieppe.

It was not because he fancied he had attained artistic maturity, but for the express purpose of measuring his progress, that the young painter began exhibiting when he was scarcely out of his teens. His official début was made in 1882, at the Palais de Champs-Élysées, when he was represented by two canvases, one entitled "On the Yacht," the other, "On the Verandah." Without a single omission he has figured at every Salon since that date, sometimes sending as many as a dozen subjects. In 1890 he left the Old Salon for the New, where, year by year, his work has revealed a more personal accent and an ever increas-

ing distinction of statement. In addition, he has exhibited regularly at the Pastel-listes, at the Société Nouvelle, of which he became a member in 1902, and in London with the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and the small but always significant displays of the New

the realm of still-life, flowers, and interiors, each of which he paints with kindred ease and fluency. It was not by sudden assault but through unrelaxing devotion to his chosen field that he finally succeeded in capturing his present position in the world of art. The early work was marked by

a severity and restraint not usually associated with his customary manner. Never a robust colorist, these likenesses of what may be termed his prentice period were almost achromatic in quality. He was especially fond of black and white effects, and it was not until he outgrew the influence of Manet and surrendered himself to the pictorial eloquence of the Anglo-Saxon tradition that his art attained that translucent clarity which is to-day one of its chief characteristics. He had been educated in England. He was among the earliest to appreciate the subdued elegance of British domestic life, and



Germaine Ledein, asleep. (1902.)

English Art Club. On occasions he also makes his appearance in Munich, or at the Venice International, and more than once this beautiful, patrician art has found its way overseas to grace for a few brief weeks the walls of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh.

Although, during a severely exacting career, he acknowledges to having destroyed well-nigh half his finished work, the artistic legacy of Monsieur Blanche is by no means inconsiderable. Best known for his portraits, he has also achieved recognition in

he was the first in France to paint the modern woman against a poetic background of park landscape and enveloping horizon. It was a new note in the art of his country, and critics who had never as much as seen a Gainsborough or a Romney promptly accused him of snobbism and of slavishly imitating the English eighteenth century masters.

Undaunted by such strictures, just as he had previously ignored the charge of being a mere aristocratic dilettante, Jacques Blanche went his way unmoved. The ini-



Dowager Lady Colthurst, London. (1904.)

tial efforts had been outdoor studies, interiors, family groups, and formal portraits, the most notable among the latter being those of Docteur Blanche, Mme. Blanche, and MM. Vincent d'Indy, Maurice Barrès, and Henri de Regnier. At the Salon of 1892 he sought to summarize his knowledge of the various elements of his craft in a single canvas entitled "Saying Grace," a modernized treatment of the well-known Scriptural scene. The picture owed its inception largely to the vogue of Fritz von Uhde, Jean Béraud, and similar

popularizers of sacred theme. The painter's family and friends posed for the figures, M. Anquetin impersonating the Saviour, and, while the work was by no means a masterpiece, it marked an epoch in the progress of the artist toward truth and variety of treatment. The succeeding years were signalized by numerous portraits of note and sketches of young folk in the open or freshly painted flower studies. Despite his ceaseless activity and steady advance it was not, however, until four years later, when he exhibited his "Por-



"Chérubin." Municipal Gallery of Rheims. (Salon, 1904.)

trait of Fritz Thaulow and his Family," which now hangs in the Luxembourg, that Monsieur Blanche may be said to have conquered a permanent place in the annals of contemporary art. Fluent in handling, full of suppressed beauty in its color modulations, and felicitous in arrangement, the canvas also breathes not a little of that northern enchantment so appropriate to

the subject. Even in the eyes of his persistent detractors the painter was no longer an apprentice. He had at last forestalled criticism and silenced every dissenting voice.

Despite his success, Monsieur Blanche was in no sense satisfied, and applied himself with renewed energy to further problems of technical perfection, particularly



Portrait of Auguste Rodin. (International Society, 1905.)



"Venetian Glass." (Venice International, 1905.)

in the sphere of draughtsmanship. Memorable portraits of MM. Jules Chéret, Paul Adam, Charles Cottet, Auguste Rodin, and Claude Debussy, together with exquisite family groups, such as that of "M. and Mme. Francis Vielé-Griffin and their Daughters," followed in due course. The likenesses of individual sitters were steadily acquiring more depth and penetration, and

the larger canvases revealed corresponding freedom and invention. In 1904 came the much-discussed "Chérubin," which was shortly succeeded by "Venetian Glass," "The Summer Girl," "The Shrimp Girl," and kindred subjects wherein beauty of surface, subdued richness of tone, and supple rhythm of pose well-nigh achieve their consummation. And yet, as though to off-



"Columbine." (1906.)

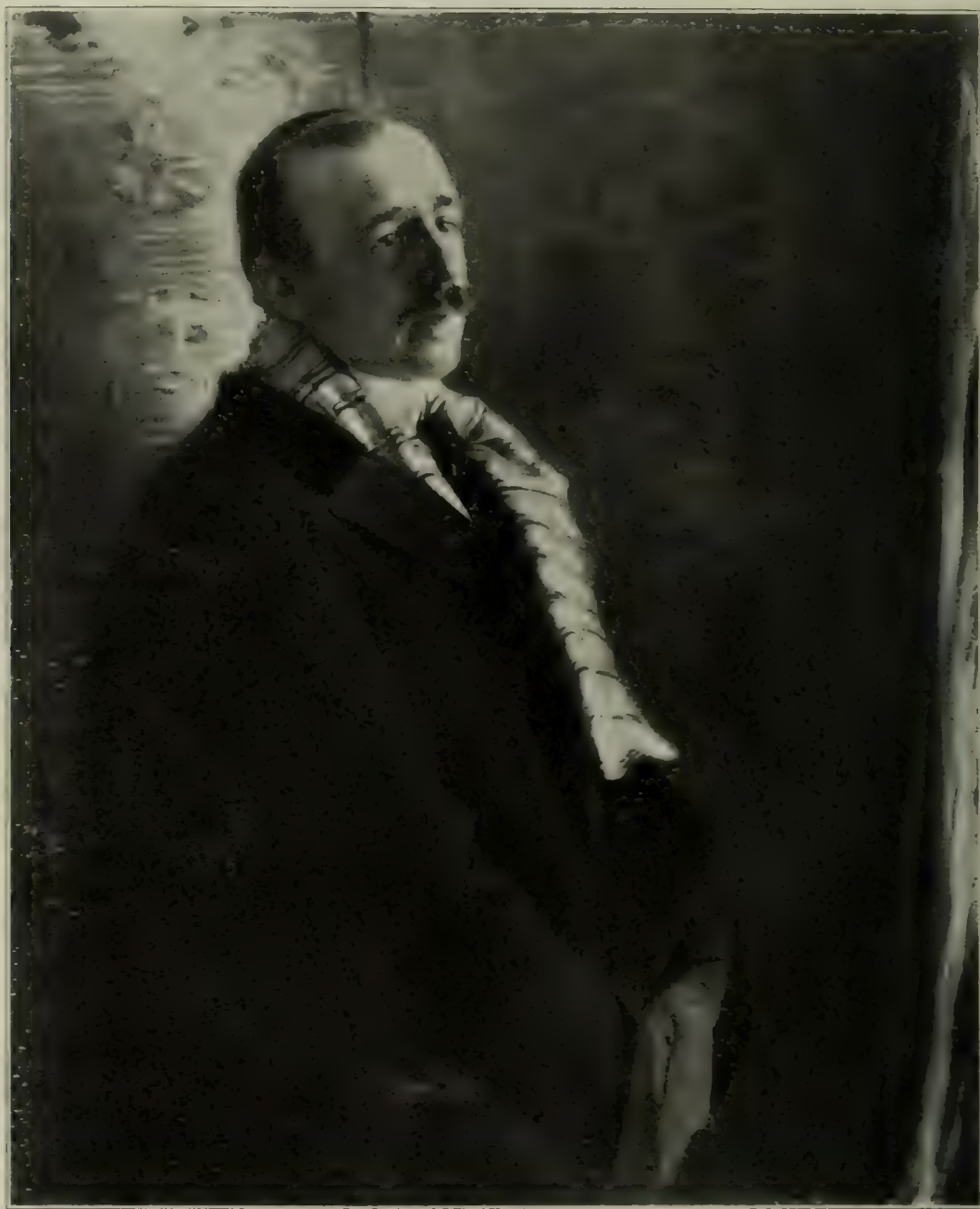
set the discreetly sensuous appeal of such canvases, the painter returned almost immediately to the more exacting province of direct observation, attaining, in his likenesses of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and his own thoughtful, discerning countenance, a vigor of analysis and fidelity of presentment which place him not far from the pinnacle of latter-day por-

traiture. This year, indeed, has witnessed the crowning of Monsieur Blanche's career, the special exhibition of his works at the current Salon having been one of the artistic successes of the season.

It has been necessary to follow with a certain patience the progressive phases of Monsieur Blanche's development in order to grasp the scope and significance of his

work as a whole. Although modern in its psychology, and characteristically flexible in handling, this art, in its more permanent aspect, is essentially conservative. Unlike certain of his colleagues, Jacques Blanche

the impressionist school, as his own private collection eloquently testifies, he did not at any stage of his career become an exponent of broken color, nor has he ever evinced sympathy with the extremes of



Portrait of the artist. The Uffizi Gallery, Florence. (Salon, 1902.)

is not an initiator. He believes in evolving new forms out of those which have gone before. He preserves, rather than overturns, precedent, and the esthetic pedigree of these high-bred women, serious-browed writers, painters, and musicians, and fresh-faced children is both distinguished and of appropriate antiquity. While he was one of the first to appreciate

divisionism and pointillism. It was to the older masters rather than the intrepid newcomers that he turned for inspiration and guidance, and, in consequence, there clings about these fastidious canvases something of the poise and serenity of the past. It is the continuity of artistic tradition which they conserve in their harmonious tonality, their graceful contours, and their indefin-



Marjorie, Cynthia, Humphrey, and Marc Noble, the children of Saxton B. Noble, Esq. (Salon, 1908.)

able repose of spirit. The psychological element becomes, it is true, almost pathological in "Chérubin," for example, yet such tendencies are clothed in an esthetic language every accent of which is full of exquisite, rounded symmetry. You can feel, in this art, the quick response of a highly sensitive nervous organism, but its visible expression never fails to achieve a

balance which admits no hint of unrest or incompleteness.

It is not without a certain curious interest that the foremost Anglo-Saxon as well as the foremost French portrait painter of the day should be the sons of physician fathers and mothers who possessed distinct artistic talent. There are indeed many analogies between the work of John Singer Sargent



Portrait of Henry James. (Salon, 1907.)

and that of Jacques-Émile Blanche, especially the Blanche of the diffident, introspective "James" and the brooding, philosophic "Hardy." Both painters share the same love of the specific, both avoid the symbolic and allegorical, both are invariably local in their choice of subject and setting, and yet the fundamental differences of race and temperament manifest themselves none the less unmistakably. There is a restraint in Monsieur Blanche's method which it is impossible to discover in the instantaneous vision and insistent stroke of Mr. Sargent.

It virtually resolves itself into a question of relative equilibrium. You are conscious, in the presence of the Frenchman's canvases, of a more finely adjusted mechanism, of the workings of an art process the elements of which are inherently classic. It is this note which gives his portraits their sense of repose despite the fact that the sitters are typically modish in dress and manner. This art expresses in its finest flower the value of tradition, the inestimable advantage of a permanent esthetic patrimony.



Portrait of Thomas Hardy. (Salon, 1909.)

Although represented in the Luxembourg, the Petit Palais, and other leading museums, Jacques Blanche has not been the recipient of notably high honors at the hands of his fellow countrymen. While he has always painted women and children with particular tenderness and perception he is not, as many infer, a mere feminist in art. It is for his portraits of men that he will possibly be best remembered. He has placed on record as no one else the physiognomy of the social and intellectual aristocracy of his generation, yet this same

generation has not, thus far, accorded him commensurate recognition. Though by no means complete, his gallery of contemporary likenesses is fast assuming national significance. It already compares favorably with that which Lenbach painted of the Germans of Bismarck's iron régime, or Watts has left us of the pacific but exalted personalities of Victorian days. Innately aloof and exclusive, Monsieur Blanche has never placed himself at the disposal of a curious public or thrust his achievements under the noses of patronizing officials,

and has thus escaped the customary much sought after prizes and distinctions. He has, in compensation, invariably met with cordial appreciation in England, and also figures in numerous state and private collections throughout Belgium, Germany, and Austria.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in finding one's self face to face with this flexible, persuasive art in a foreign land, for there its particular qualities, both racial and individual, are naturally intensified. Wiesbaden possesses the spirited "Misses Capel Having Tea." One of the gems of the admirable collection of Herr Thomas Knorr of Munich is the delightful canvas entitled "Just Awake," showing a young miss barely in her teens seated in a big gilt chair with her arms resting idly behind her head; while the most highly, and most justly, prized picture in the palace of Baron Parisi of Trieste is the pensive "Summer Girl," which a few years since won the painter a gold medal in Budapest. Wherever, indeed, these beautiful, appealing canvases wander they carry with them the same sense of dexterous craftsmanship and the same caressing charm. One and all they reveal a unity which is rare in the art of their day. Every detail has been properly subordinated to the general effect. The flash of jewels, the sheen of silks, the liquid gleam of a mirror, or the mellow glow of a bowl of fruit on the table—all is wooed into a subtle harmony which seldom fails to

captivate the most exacting esthetic taste. There is never the faintest over-accentuation. Differences of tone and texture are indicated with discernment but without undue emphasis. This art is strictly impartial. It exhibits no marked preferences. The men are not super-masculine nor are the women feminized, as is often the case, to the point of caricature. There is even, in certain of these slender creatures, a wistful, haunting ambiguity which in itself constitutes an added element of mystery and romance. The painter's success in depicting the earnest, cerebral countenance of the modern intellectual, either French or English, is only comparable to that delicacy with which he enshrines dawning womanhood.

The message which this art brings us has been matured during many years of unremitting effort in the big studio at Passy, amid the sobriety of English home atmosphere, and at the painter's summer residence at Offranville, near Dieppe, where he loves to study the play of morning sunlight in the breakfast room, or the vernal brightness of the garden. This work offers an ever widening panorama of modern social and domestic life. It embraces the extremes of benign old age and vivacious or slumberous babyhood. It is by turns full of subdued, indoor charm and invigorating outdoor radiance. And above all it expresses in its every accent that refinement of spirit which we flatter ourselves is the special legacy of latter-day civilization.





THE CONSUL*

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

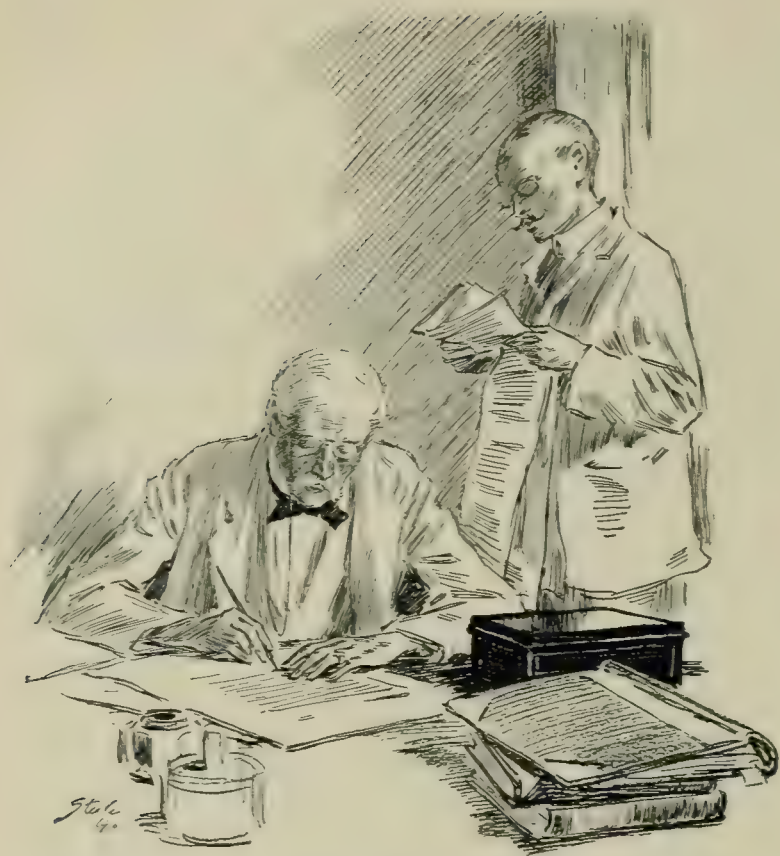


FOR over forty years, in one part of the world or another, old man Marshall had served his country as a United States consul. He had been appointed by Lincoln. For a quarter of a century that fact was his distinction. It was now his epitaph. But in former years, as each new administration succeeded the old, it had again and again saved his official head. When victorious and voracious place-hunters, searching the map of the world for spoils, dug out his hiding-place and demanded his consular sign as a reward for a younger and more aggressive

party worker, the ghost of the dead President protected him. In the State Department, Marshall had become a tradition. "You can't touch HIM!" the State Department would say; "why, HE was appointed by Lincoln!" Secretly, for this weapon against the hungry head-hunters, the department was infinitely grateful. Old man Marshall was a consul after its own heart. Like a soldier, he was obedient, disciplined; wherever he was sent, there, without question, he would go. Never against exile, against ill-health, against climate did he make complaint. Nor when he was moved on and down to make way for some ne'er-do-well with influence, with a brother-in-law in the Senate, with a cousin owning a newspaper, with rich relatives who desired him to drink himself to death at the expense of the government rather than at their own, did old man Marshall point to his record as a claim

*AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since the days in which the events described in this story are supposed to have taken place, innumerable reforms have been brought about in the consular service. In consequence, to suggest that the story is a picture of present conditions would be most unfair.

R. H. D.



His official reports, in a quaint, stately hand, were models of English.

for more just treatment. And it had been an excellent record. His official reports, in a quaint, stately hand, were models of English; full of information, intelligent, valuable, well observed. And those few of his countrymen, who stumbled upon him in the out-of-the-world places to which of late he had been banished, wrote of him to the department in terms of admiration and awe. Never had he or his friends petitioned for promotion, until it was at last apparent that, save for his record and the memory of his dead patron, he had no friends. But, still, in the department, the tradition held, and, though he was not advanced, he was not dismissed.

"If that old man's been feeding from the public trough ever since the Civil War," protested a "practical" politician, "it seems to me, Mr. Secretary, that he's about had his share. Ain't it time he give some one else a bite? Some of us that has done the work, that has borne the brunt——"

"This place he now holds," interrupted the Secretary of State suavely, "is one hardly commensurate with services like yours. I can't pronounce the name of it, and I'm not sure just where it is, but I see

that, of the last six consuls we sent there, three resigned within a month and the other three died of yellow-fever. Still, if you insist——?"

The practical politician reconsidered hastily. "I'm not the sort," he protested, "to turn out a man appointed by our martyred President. Besides, he's so old now, if the fever don't catch him, he'll die of old age, anyway."

The Secretary coughed uncomfortably. "And they say," he murmured, "republics are ungrateful."

"I didn't quite get that," said the practical politician.

Of Porto Banos, of the Republic of Colombia, where as consul Mr. Marshall was upholding the dignity of the United States, little could be said except that it possessed a sure

harbor. When driven from the Caribbean Sea by stress of weather, the largest of ocean tramps, and even battle-ships, could find in its protecting arms of coral a safe shelter. But, as young Mr. Aiken the wireless operator pointed out, unless driven by a hurricane and the fear of death, no one ever visited it. Back of the ancient wharves, that dated from the days when Porto Banos was a receiver of stolen goods for buccaneers and pirates, were rows of thatched huts, streets, according to the season, of dust or mud, a few iron-barred jail-like barracks, custom-houses, municipal buildings, and the whitewashed adobe houses of the consuls. The back yard of the town was a swamp. Through this at five each morning a rusty engine pulled a train of flat cars to the base of the mountains, and, if meanwhile the rails had not disappeared into the swamp, at five in the evening brought back the flat cars laden with odorous coffee-sacks.

In the daily life of Porto Banos, waiting for the return of the train, and betting if it would return, was the chief interest. Each night the consuls, the foreign residents, the wireless operator, the manager

of the rusty railroad met for dinner. There at the head of the long table, by virtue of his years, of his courtesy and distinguished manner, of his office, Mr. Marshall presided. Of the little band of exiles he was the chosen ruler. His rule was gentle. By force of example he had made existence in Porto Banos more possible. For women and children Porto Banos was a death-trap, and before "old man Marshall" came, there had been no influence to remind the enforced bachelors of other days. They had lost interest, had grown lax, irritable, morose. Their white duck was seldom white. Their cheeks were unshaven. When the sun sank into the swamp and the heat still turned Porto Banos into a Turkish bath, they threw dice on the greasy tables of the Bolivar for drinks. The petty gambling led to petty quarrels; the drinks to fever. The coming of Mr. Marshall changed that. His standard of life, his tact, his worldly wisdom, his cheerful courtesy, his fastidious personal neatness, shamed the younger men; the desire to please him, to stand well in his good opinion, brought back pride and self-esteem.

The lieutenant of her Majesty's gunboat *Plover* noted the change.

"Used to be," he exclaimed, "you couldn't get out of the Café Bolivar without some one sticking a knife in you; now it is a debating club. They all sit round a table and listen to an old gentleman talk world politics."

If Henry Marshall brought content to the exiles of Porto Banos, there was little in return that Porto Banos could give to him. Magazines and correspondents in six languages kept him in touch with those foreign lands in which he had represented his country, but of the country he had represented, newspapers and periodicals showed him only too clearly that in forty years it had grown away from him had changed beyond recognition.

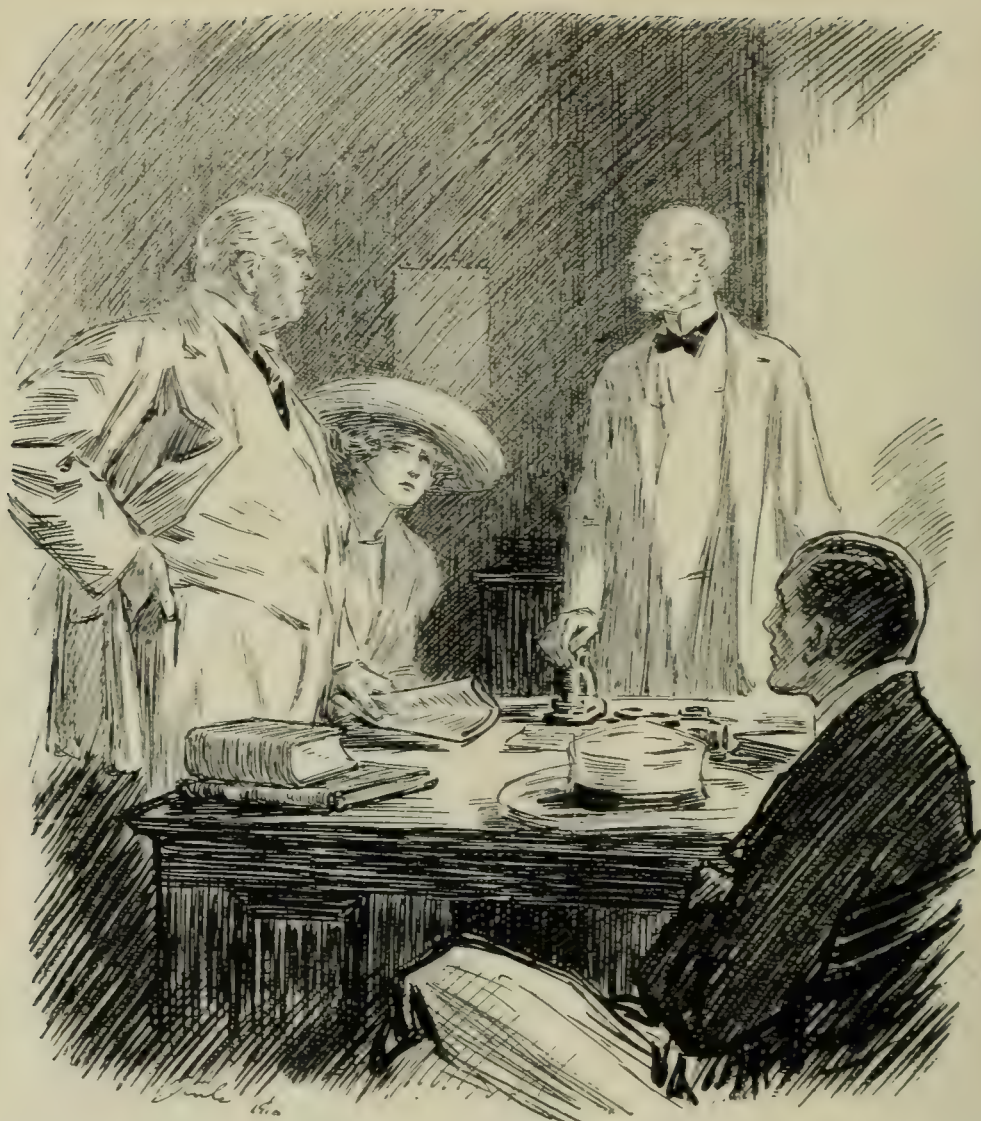
When last he had called at the State Department, he had been

made to feel he was a man without a country, and when he visited his home town in Vermont, he was looked upon as a Rip Van Winkle. Those of his boyhood friends who were not dead had long thought of him as dead. And the sleepy, pretty village had become a bustling commercial centre. In the lanes where, as a young man, he had walked among wheat-fields, trolley-cars whirled between rows of mills and factories. The children had grown to manhood, with children of their own.

Like a ghost, he searched for house after house, where once he had been made welcome, only to find in its place a towering office building. "All had gone, the old familiar faces." In vain he scanned even the shop fronts for a friendly, home-like name. Whether the fault was his, whether



"Why don't you speak to the senator?" she asked.—Page 680.



"Then I am to understand," he exclaimed, "that you refuse to carry out the wishes of a United States Senator and of the President of the United States?"—Page 682.

he would better have served his own interests than those of his government, it now was too late to determine. In his own home, he was a stranger among strangers. In the service he had so faithfully followed, he had been dropped, rank by rank, until now, he, who twice had been a consul-general, was an exile, banished to a fever swamp. The great Ship of State had dropped him overside, had "marooned" him, and sailed away.

Twice a day he walked along the shell road to the Café Bolivar, and back again to the consulate. There, as he entered the outer office, José, the Colombian clerk, would rise and bow profoundly.

"Any papers for me to sign, José?" the consul would ask.

"Not to-day, Excellency," the clerk would reply. Then José would return

to writing a letter to his ladylove, not that there was anything to tell her, but because writing on the official paper of the consulate gave him importance in his eyes, and in hers. And in the inner office the consul would continue to gaze at the empty harbor, the empty coral reefs, the empty burning sky.

The little band of exiles were at second breakfast, when the wireless man came in late to announce that a Red *D.* boat and the island of Curaçoa had both reported a hurricane coming north. Also, that much concern was felt for the safety of the yacht *Serapis*. Three days before, in advance of her coming, she had sent a wireless to Wilhelmstad, asking the captain of the port to reserve a berth for her. She expected to arrive the following morning.

But for forty-eight hours nothing had been heard from her, and it was believed she had been overhauled by the hurricane. Owing to the presence on board of Senator Hanley, the closest friend of the new President, the man who had made him president, much concern was felt at Washington. To try to pick her up by wireless, the gun-boat *Newark* had been ordered from Culebra, the cruiser *Ruleigh*, with Admiral Hardy on board, from Colon. It was possible she would seek shelter at Porto Banos. The consul was ordered to report.

As Marshall wrote out his answer, the French consul exclaimed with interest:

"He is of importance, then, this senator?" he asked. "Is it that in your country ships of war are at the service of a senator?"

Aiken, the wireless operator, grinned derisively.

"At the service of *this* senator, they are!" he answered. "They call him the 'king-maker,' the man behind the throne."

"But, in your country," protested the Frenchman, "there is no throne. I thought your president was elected by the people?"

"That's what the people think," answered Aiken. "In God's country," he explained, "the trusts want a rich man in the Senate, with the same interests as their own, to represent them. They chose Hanley. He picked out of the candidates for the presidency the man he thought would help the interests. He nominated him, and the people voted for him. Hanley is what we call a 'boss.'"

The Frenchman looked inquiringly at Marshall.

"The position of the boss is the more dangerous," said Marshall gravely, "because it is unofficial, because there are no laws to curtail his powers. Men like Senator Hanley are a menace to good government. They see in public office only a reward for party workers."

"That's right!" assented Aiken. "Your forty years' service, Mr. Consul, wouldn't count with Hanley. If he wanted your job, he'd throw you out as quick as he would a drunken cook."

Mr. Marshall flushed painfully, and the French consul hastened to interrupt.

"Then, let us pray," he exclaimed, with fervor, "that the hurricane has sunk the *Serapis*, and all on board."

Two hours later, the *Serapis*, showing she had met the hurricane and had come out second best, steamed into the harbor.

Her owner was young Herbert Livingstone, of Washington. He once had been in the diplomatic service, and, as minister to the Hague, wished to return to it. In order to bring this about he had subscribed liberally to the party campaign fund.

With him, among other distinguished persons, was the all-powerful Hanley. The kidnapping of Hanley for the cruise, in itself, demonstrated the ability of Livingstone as a diplomat. It was the opinion of many that it would surely lead to his appointment as a minister plenipotentiary. Livingstone was of the same opinion. He had not lived long in the nation's capital without observing the value of propinquity. How many men he knew were now paymasters, and secretaries of legation, solely because those high in the government met them daily at the Metropolitan Club, and preferred them in almost any other place. And if, after three weeks as his guest on board what the newspapers called his floating palace, the senator could refuse him even the prize legation of Europe, there was no value in modest merit. As yet, Livingstone had not hinted at his ambition. There was no need. To a statesman of Hanley's astuteness, the largeness of Livingstone's contribution to the campaign fund was self-explanatory.

After her wrestling-match with the hurricane, all those on board the *Serapis* seemed to find in land, even in the swamp land of Porto Banos, a compelling attraction. Before the anchors hit the water, they were in the launch. On reaching shore, they made at once for the consulate. There were many cables they wished to start on their way by wireless; cables to friends, to newspapers, to the government.

José, the Colombian clerk, appalled by the unprecedented invasion of visitors, of visitors so distinguished, and Marshall, grateful for a chance to serve his fellow-countrymen, and especially his countrywomen, were ubiquitous, eager, indispensable. At José's desk the great senator, rolling his cigar between his teeth, was using, to José's ecstasy, José's own pen to write a reassuring message to the White House. At the consul's desk a beautiful creature, all in lace and pearls, was strug-

gling to compress the very low opinion she held of a hurricane into ten words. On his knee, Henry Cairns, the banker, was inditing instructions to his Wall Street office, and upon himself Livingstone had taken the responsibility of replying to the inquiries heaped upon Marshall's desk, from many newspapers.

It was just before sunset, and Marshall produced his tea things, and the young person in pearls and lace, who was Miss Cairns, made tea for the women, and the men mixed gin and limes with tepid water. The consul apologized for proposing a toast in which they could not join. He begged to drink to those who had escaped the perils of the sea. Had they been his oldest and nearest friends, his little speech could not have been more heart-felt and sincere. To his distress, it moved one of the ladies to tears, and, in embarrassment, he turned to the men.

"I regret there is no ice," he said, "but you know the rule of the tropics; as soon as a ship enters port, the ice-machine bursts."

"I'll tell the steward to send you some, sir," said Livingstone, "and as long as we're here——"

The senator showed his concern.

"As long as we're here?" he gasped.

"Not over two days," answered the owner nervously. "The chief says it will take all of that to get her in shape. As you ought to know, Senator, she was pretty badly mauled."

The senator gazed blankly out of the window. Beyond it lay the naked coral reefs, the empty sky, and the ragged palms of Porto Banos.

Livingstone felt that his legation was slipping from him.

"That wireless operator," he continued hastily, "tells me there is a most amusing place a few miles down the coast, Las Bocas, a sort of Coney Island, where the government people go for the summer. There's surf bathing and roulette and cafés chantant. He says there's some Spanish dancers——"

The guests of the *Serapis* exclaimed with interest; the senator smiled. To Marshall the general enthusiasm over the thought of a ride on a merry-go-round suggested that the friends of Mr. Livingstone had found their own society far from satisfying.

Greatly encouraged, Livingstone continued, with enthusiasm:

"And that wireless man said," he added, "that in the launch we can get there in half an hour. We might run down after dinner."

He turned to Marshall.

"Will you join us, Mr. Consul?" he asked, "and dine with us, first?"

Marshall accepted with genuine pleasure. It had been many months since he had sat at table with his own people. But he shook his head doubtfully.

"I was wondering about Las Bocas," he explained, "if your going there might not get you in trouble at the next port. With a yacht, I think it is different, but Las Bocas is under quarantine——"

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"It's not serious," Marshall explained. "There was bubonic plague there, or something like it. You would be in no danger from that. It is only that you might be held up by the regulations. Passenger steamers can't land any one who has been there at any other port of the West Indies. The English are especially strict. The Royal Mail won't even receive any one on board here, without a certificate from the English consul saying he has not visited Las Bocas. For an American they would require the same guarantee from me. But I don't think the regulations extend to yachts. I will inquire. I don't wish to deprive you of any of the many pleasures of Porto Banos," he added, smiling, "but if you were refused a landing at your next port I would blame myself."

"It's all right," declared Livingstone decidedly. "It's as you say; yachts and war-ships are exempt. Besides, I carry my own doctor, and if he won't give us a clean bill of health I'll make him walk the plank. At eight, then, at dinner. I'll send the cutter for you. I can't give you a salute, Mr. Consul, but you shall have all the side boys I can muster."

Those from the yacht parted from their consul in the most friendly spirit.

"I think he's charming!" exclaimed Miss Cairns. "And did you notice his novels? They were in every language. It must be terribly lonely down here, for a man like that."

"He's the first of our consuls we've met on this trip," growled her father, "that we've caught sober."

"Sober!" exclaimed his wife indignantly. "He's one of the Marshalls of Vermont. I asked him."

"I wonder," mused Hanley, "how much the place is worth? Hamilton, one of the new senators, has been devilling the life out of me to send his son somewhere. Says if he stays in Washington he'll disgrace the family. I should think this place would drive any man to drink himself to death in three months, and young Hamilton, from what I've seen of him, ought to be able to do it in a week. That would leave the place open for the next man."

"There's a postmaster in my State thinks he carried it." The senator smiled grimly. "He has consumption, and wants us to give him a consulship in the tropics. I'll tell him I've seen Porto Banos, and that it's just the place for him."

The senator's pleasantry was not well received. But Miss Cairns alone had the temerity to speak of what the others were thinking.

"What would become of Mr. Marshall?" she asked.

The senator smiled tolerantly.

"I don't know that I was thinking of Mr. Marshall," he said. "I can't recall anything he has done for this administration. You see, Miss Cairns," he explained, in the tone of one addressing a small child, "Marshall has been abroad now for forty years, at the expense of the taxpayers. Some of us think, men who have lived that long on their fellow-countrymen had better come home and get to work."

Livingstone nodded solemnly in assent. He did not wish a post abroad at the expense of the taxpayers. He was willing to pay for it. And then, with "ex-Minister" on his visiting cards, and a sense of duty well performed, for the rest of his life he could join the other expatriates in Paris.

Just before dinner, the cruiser *Raleigh* having discovered the whereabouts of the *Serapis* by wireless, entered the harbor, and Admiral Hardy came to the yacht to call upon the senator, in whose behalf he had been scouring the Caribbean Seas. Having paid his respects to that personage, the admiral fell boisterously upon Marshall.

The two old gentlemen were friends of many years. They had met, officially and unofficially, in many strange parts of the

world. To each the chance reunion was a piece of tremendous good fortune. And throughout dinner the guests of Livingstone, already bored with each other, found in them and their talk of former days new and delightful entertainment. So much so that when, Marshall having assured them that the local quarantine regulations did not extend to a yacht, the men departed for Las Bocas, the women insisted that he and the admiral remain behind.

It was for Marshall a wondrous evening. To forgather with his old friend, whom he had known since Hardy was a mad midshipman, to sit at the feet of his own charming countrywomen, to listen to their soft, modulated laughter, to note how quickly they saw that to him the evening was a great event, and with what tact each contributed to make it the more memorable; all served to wipe out the months of bitter loneliness, the stigma of failure, the sense of undeserved neglect. In the moonlight, on the cool quarter-deck, they sat, in a half circle, each of the two friends telling tales out of school, tales of which the other was the hero or the victim, "inside" stories of great occasions, ceremonies, bombardments, unrecorded "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy.

Hardy had helped open the Suez Canal. Marshall had helped the Queen of Madagascar escape from the French invaders. On the Barbary Coast Hardy had chased pirates. In Edinburgh Marshall had played chess with Carlyle. He had seen Paris in mourning in the days of the siege, and Paris in terror in the days of the Commune; he had known Garibaldi, Gambetta, the younger Dumas, the creator of Pickwick.

"Do you remember that time in Tangier," the admiral urged, "when I was a midshipman, and got into the bashaw's harem?"

"Do you remember how I got you out?" Marshall replied grimly.

"And," demanded Hardy, "do you remember when Adelina Patti paid a visit to the *Kearsarge* at Marseilles in '65—George Dewey was our second officer, and you were bowing and backing away from her, and you backed into an open hatch, and she said—my French isn't up to it—what was it she said?"

"I didn't hear it," said Marshall, "I was too far down the hatch."

"Do you mean the old *Kearsarge*?" asked Mrs. Cairns. "Were you in the service then, Mr. Marshall?"

With loyal pride in his friend, the admiral answered for him:

"He was our consul-general at Marseilles!"

There was an uncomfortable moment. Even those denied imagination could not escape the contrast, could see in their mind's eye the great harbor of Marseilles, crowded with the shipping of the world, surrounding it the beautiful city, the rival of Paris to the north, and on the battle-ship the young consul-general making his bow to the young Empress of Song. And now, before their actual eyes, they saw the village of Porto Banos, a black streak in the night, a row of mud shacks, at the end of the wharf a single lantern burning yellow in the clear moonlight.

Later in the evening, Miss Cairns led the admiral to one side.

"Admiral," she began eagerly, "tell me about your friend. Why is he here? Why don't they give him a place worthy of him? I've seen many of our representatives abroad, and I know we cannot afford to waste men like that." The girl exclaimed indignantly: "He's one of the most interesting men I've ever met! He's lived everywhere, known every one. He's a distinguished man, a cultivated man; even I can see he knows his work, that he's a diplomat, born, trained, that he's——"

The admiral interrupted with a growl.

"You don't have to tell ME about Henry," he protested. "I've known Henry twenty-five years. If Henry got his deserts," he exclaimed hotly, "he wouldn't be a consul on this coral reef; he'd be a minister in Europe. Look at me! We're the same age. We started together. When Lincoln sent him to Morocco as consul, he signed my commission as a midshipman. Now I'm an admiral. Henry has twice my brains, and he's twice been a consul general, and he's *here*, back at the foot of the ladder!"

"Why?" demanded the girl.

"Because the navy is a service, and the consular service isn't a service. Men like Senator Hanley use it to pay their debts. While Henry's been serving his country abroad, he's lost his friends, lost his 'pull.' Those politicians up at Washington have

no use for him. They don't consider that a consul like Henry can make a million dollars for his countrymen. He can keep them from shipping goods where there's no market, show them where there is a market. The admiral snorted contemptuously. "You don't have to tell ME the value of a good consul. But those politicians don't consider that. They only see that he has a job worth a few hundred dollars, and they want it, and if he hasn't other politicians to protect him, they'll take it."

The girl raised her head.

"Why don't you speak to the senator?" she asked. "Tell him you've known him for years, that——"

"Glad to do it!" exclaimed the admiral, heartily. "It won't be the first time. But Henry mustn't know. He's too confoundedly touchy. He hates the *idea* of influence, hates men like Hanley, who abuse it. If he thought anything was given him except on his merits, he wouldn't take it."

"Then we won't tell him," said the girl. For a moment she hesitated.

"If I spoke to Mr. Hanley," she asked, "told him what I learned to-night of Mr. Marshall, would it have any effect?"

"Don't know how it will effect Hanley," said the sailor, "but if you asked *me* to make anybody a consul-general, I'd make him an ambassador."

Later in the evening Hanley and Livingstone were seated alone on deck. The visit to Las Bocas had not proved amusing, but, much to Livingstone's relief, his honored guest was now in good-humor. He took his cigar from his lips, only to sip at a long cool drink. He was in a mood flatteringly confidential and communicative.

"People have the strangest idea of what I can do for them," he laughed. "It was his pose to pretend he was without authority. 'They believe I've only to wave a wand, and get them anything they want. I thought I'd be safe from them on board a yacht.'"

Livingstone, in ignorance of what was coming, squirmed apprehensively.

"But it seems," the senator went on, "I'm at the mercy of a conspiracy. The women folk want me to do something for this fellow Marshall. If they had their way, they'd send him to the Court of St. James. And old Hardy, too, tackled me about him. So did Miss Cairns. And

then, Marshall himself got me behind the wheel-house, and I thought he was going to tell me how good he was, too! But he didn't."

As though the joke were on himself, the senator laughed appreciatively.

"Told me, instead, that Hardy ought to be a vice-admiral."

Livingstone, also, laughed, with the satisfied air of one who cannot be tricked.

"They fixed it up between them," he explained, "each was to put in a good word for the other." He nodded eagerly. "That's what I think."

There were moments during the cruise when Senator Hanley would have found relief in dropping his host overboard. With mock deference, the older man inclined his head.

"That's what you think, is it?" he asked. "Livingstone," he added, "you certainly are a great judge of men."

The next morning, old man Marshall woke with a lightness at his heart that had been long absent. For a moment, conscious only that he was happy, he lay between sleep and waking, frowning up at his canopy of mosquito net, trying to realize what change had come to him. Then he remembered. His old friend had returned. New friends had come into his life and welcomed him kindly. He was no longer lonely. As eager as a boy, he ran to the window. He had not been dreaming. In the harbor, lay the pretty yacht, the stately, white-hulled war-ship. The flag that drooped from the stern of each caused his throat to tighten, brought warm tears to his eyes, fresh resolve to his discouraged, troubled spirit. When he knelt beside his bed, his heart poured out his thanks in gratitude and gladness.

While he was dressing, a bluejacket brought a note from the admiral. It invited him to tea on board the war-ship, with the guests of the *Serapis*. His old friend added that he was coming to lunch with his consul, and wanted time reserved for a long talk. The consul agreed gladly. He was in holiday humor. The day promised to repeat the good moments of the night previous.

At nine o'clock, through the open door of the consulate, Marshall saw Aiken, the wireless operator, signalling from the wharf excitedly to the yacht, and a boat leave the

ship and return. Almost immediately the launch, carrying several passengers, again made the trip shoreward.

Half an hour later, Senator Hanley, Miss Cairns, and Livingstone came up the water front, and entering the consulate, seated themselves around Marshall's desk. Livingstone was sunk in melancholy. The senator, on the contrary, was smiling broadly. His manner was one of distinct relief. He greeted the consul with hearty good-humor.

"I'm ordered home!" he announced gleefully. Then, remembering the presence of Livingstone, he hastened to add: "I needn't say how sorry I am to give up my yachting trip, but orders are orders. The President," he explained to Marshall, "cables me this morning to come back and take my coat off."

The prospect, as a change from playing bridge on a pleasure boat, seemed far from depressing him.

"Those filibusters in the Senate," he continued genially, "are making trouble again. They think they've got me out of the way for another month, but they'll find they're wrong. When that bill comes up, they'll find me at the old stand and ready for business!" Marshall did not attempt to conceal his personal disappointment.

"I am so sorry you are leaving," he said; "selfishly sorry, I mean. I'd hoped you all would be here for several days."

He looked inquiringly toward Livingstone.

"I understood the *Serapis* was disabled," he explained.

"She is," answered Hanley. "So's the *Raleigh*. At a pinch, the admiral might have stretched the regulations and carried me to Jamaica, but the *Raleigh's* engines are knocked about too. I've got to reach Kingston Thursday. The German boat leaves there Thursday for New York. At first it looked as though I couldn't do it, but we find that the Royal Mail is due to-day, and she can get me to Kingston Wednesday night. It's a great piece of luck. I wouldn't bother you with my troubles," the senator explained pleasantly, "but the agent of the Royal Mail here won't sell me a ticket until you've put your seal to this."

He extended a piece of printed paper.

As Hanley had been talking, the face of the consul had grown grave. He accepted the paper, but did not look at it. Instead,

he regarded the senator with troubled eyes. When he spoke, his tone was one of genuine concern.

"It is most unfortunate," he said. "But I am afraid the Royal Mail will not take you on board. Because of Las Bocas," he explained. "If we had only known!" he added remorsefully. "It is *most* unfortunate."

"Because of Las Bocas!" echoed Hanley. "You don't mean they'll refuse to take me to Jamaica because I spent half an hour at the end of a wharf, listening to a squeaky gramophone?"

"The trouble," explained Marshall, "is this: if they carried you, all the other passengers would be held in quarantine for ten days, and there are fines to pay, and there would be difficulties over the mails. But," he added hopefully, "maybe the regulations have been altered. I will see her captain, and tell him——"

"See her captain!" objected Hanley. "Why see the captain? He doesn't know I've been to that place. Why tell *him*? All I need is a clean bill of health from you. That's all HE wants. You have only to sign that paper."

Marshall regarded the senator with surprise.

"But I can't," he said.

"You can't? Why not?"

"Because it certifies to the fact that you have not visited Las Bocas. Unfortunately, you have visited Las Bocas."

The senator had been walking up and down the room. Now he seated himself, and stared at Marshall curiously.

"It's like this, Mr. Marshall," he began quietly. "The President desires my presence in Washington, thinks that I can be of some use to him there in helping carry out certain party measures—measures to which he pledged himself before his election. Down here, a British steamship line has laid down local rules which, in my case anyway, are ridiculous. The question is, are you going to be bound by the red tape of a ha'penny British colony, or by your oath to the President of the United States?"

The sophistry amused Marshall. He smiled good-naturedly, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid, Senator," he said, "that way of putting it is hardly fair. Unfortunately, the question is one of fact. I will explain to the captain——"

"You will explain nothing to the captain!" interrupted Hanley. "This is a matter which concerns no one but our two selves. I am not asking favors of steamboat captains. I am asking an American consul to assist an American citizen in trouble, and," he added, with heavy sarcasm, "incidentally, to carry out the wishes of his president."

Marshall regarded the senator with an expression of both surprise and disbelief.

"Are you asking me to put my name to what is not so?" he said. "Are you serious?"

"That paper, Mr. Marshall," returned Hanley steadily. "is a mere form, a piece of red tape. There's no more danger of my carrying the plague to Jamaica than of my carrying a dynamite bomb. You *know* that."

"I *do* know that," assented Marshall heartily. "I appreciate your position, and I regret it exceedingly. You are the innocent victim of a regulation which is a wise regulation, but which is most unfair to you. My own position," he added, "is not important, but you can believe me, it is not easy. It is certainly no pleasure for me, to be unable to help you."

Hanley was leaning forward, his hands on his knees, his eyes watching Marshall closely.

"Then you refuse?" he said. "Why?"

Marshall regarded the senator steadily. His manner was untroubled. The look he turned upon Hanley was one of grave disapproval.

"You know why," he answered quietly. "It is impossible."

In sudden anger Hanley rose. Marshall, who had been seated behind his desk, also rose. For a moment, in silence, the two men confronted each other. When Hanley spoke, his tone was harsh and threatening.

"Then I am to understand," he exclaimed, "that you refuse to carry out the wishes of a United States Senator and of the President of the United States?"

In front of Marshall, on his desk, was the little iron stamp of the consulate. Protectingly, almost caressingly, he laid his hand upon it.

"I refuse," he corrected, "to place the seal of this consulate on a lie."

There was a moment's pause. Miss Cairns, unwilling to remain, and unable

to withdraw, clasped her hands unhappily and stared at the floor. Livingstone exclaimed in indignant protest. Hanley moved a step nearer and, to emphasize what he said, tapped his knuckles on the desk. With the air of one confident of his advantage, he spoke slowly and softly.

"Do you appreciate," he asked, "that, while you may be of some importance down here in this fever-swamp, in Washington I am supposed to carry some weight? Do you appreciate that I am a senator from a State that numbers four millions of people, and that you are preventing me from serving those people?"

Marshall inclined his head gravely and politely.

"And I want you to appreciate," he said, "that while I have no weight at Washington, in this fever-swamp I have the honor to represent eighty millions of people, and as long as that consular sign is over my door I don't intend to prostitute it for *you*, or the President of the United States, or any one of those eighty millions."

Of the two men, the first to lower his eyes was Hanley. He laughed shortly, and walked to the door. There he turned, and indifferently, as though the incident no longer interested him, drew out his watch.

"Mr. Marshall," he said, "if the cable is working, I'll take your tin sign away from you by sunset."

For one of Marshall's traditions, to such a speech there was no answer save silence. He bowed and, apparently serene and undismayed, resumed his seat. From the contest, judging from the manner of each, it was Marshall, not Hanley, who had emerged victorious.

But Miss Cairns was not deceived. Under the unexpected blow, Marshall had turned older. His clear blue eyes had grown less alert, his broad shoulders seemed to stoop. In sympathy, her own eyes filled with sudden tears.

"What will you do?" she whispered.

"I don't know what I shall do," said Marshall simply. "I should have liked to have resigned. It's a prettier finish. After forty years—to be dismissed by cable is—it's a poor way of ending it."

Miss Cairns rose and walked to the door. There she turned and looked back.

"I am sorry," she said. And both understood that in saying no more than that she had best shown her sympathy.

An hour later the sympathy of Admiral Hardy was expressed more directly.

"If he comes on board my ship," roared that gentleman, "I'll push him down an ammunition hoist and break his damned neck!"

Marshall laughed delightedly. The loyalty of his old friend was never so welcome.

"You'll treat him with every courtesy," he said. "The only satisfaction he gets out of this is to see that he has hurt me. We will not give him that satisfaction."

But Marshall found that to conceal his wound was more difficult than he had anticipated. When, at tea time, on the deck of the war-ship, he again met Senator Hanley and the guests of the *Serapis*, he could not forget that his career had come to an end. There was much to remind him that this was so. He was made aware of it by the sad, sympathetic glances of the women; by their tactful courtesies; by the fact that Livingstone, anxious to propitiate Hanley, treated him rudely; by the sight of the young officers, each just starting upon a career of honor, and possible glory, as his career ended in humiliation; and by the big war-ship herself, that recalled certain crises when he had only to press a button and war-ships had flown to his aid.

At five o'clock there was an awkward moment. The Royal Mail boat, having taken on her cargo, pulled out of the harbor on her way to Jamaica, and dipped her colors. Senator Hanley, abandoned to his fate, observed her departure in silence.

Livingstone, hovering at his side, asked sympathetically:

"Have they answered your cable, sir?"

"They have," said Hanley gruffly.

"Was it—was it satisfactory?" pursued the diplomat.

"It *was*" said the senator, with emphasis.

Far from discouraged, Livingstone continued his inquiries.

"And when," he asked eagerly, "are you going to tell him?"

"Now!" said the senator.

The guests were leaving the ship. When all were seated in the admiral's steam launch, the admiral descended the accommodation ladder and himself picked up the tiller ropes.

"Mr. Marshall," he called, "when I bring the launch broadside to the ship and stop her, you will stand ready to receive the consul's salute."

Involuntarily, Marshall uttered an exclamation of protest. He had forgotten that on leaving the war-ship, as consul, he was entitled to seven guns. Had he remembered, he would have insisted that the ceremony be omitted. He knew that the admiral wished to show his loyalty, knew that his old friend was now paying him this honor only as a rebuke to Hanley. But the ceremony was no longer an honor. Hanley had made of it a mockery. It served only to emphasize what had been taken from him. But, without a scene, it now was too late to avoid it. The first of the seven guns had roared from the bow, and, as often he had stood before, as never he would so stand again, Marshall took his place at the gangway of the launch. His eyes were fixed on the flag, his gray head was uncovered, his hat was pressed above his heart.

For the first time since Hanley had left the consulate, he fell into a sudden terror lest he might give way to his emotions. Indignant at the thought, he held himself erect. His face was set like a mask, his eyes were untroubled. He was determined they should not see that he was suffering.

Another gun spat out a burst of white smoke, a stab of flame. There was an echoing roar. Another and another followed. Marshall counted seven, and then, with a bow to the admiral, backed from the gangway.

And then another gun shattered the hot, heavy silence. Marshall, confused, embarrassed, assuming he had counted wrong, hastily returned to his place. But again before he could leave it, in savage haste

a ninth gun roared out its greeting. He could not still be mistaken. He turned appealingly to his friend. The eyes of the admiral were fixed upon the war-ship. Again a gun shattered the silence. Was it a jest? Were they laughing at him? Marshall flushed miserably. He gave a swift glance toward the others. They were smiling. Then it *was* a jest. Behind his back, something of which they all were cognizant was going forward. The face of Livingstone alone betrayed a like bewilderment to his own. But the others, who knew, were mocking him.

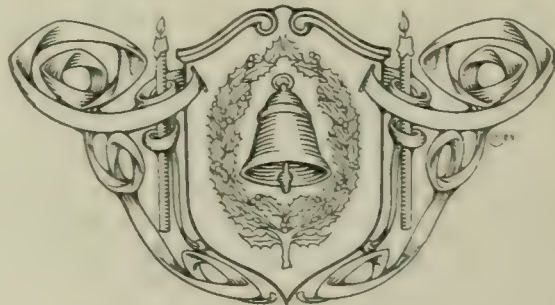
For the thirteenth time a gun shook the brooding swamp land of Porto Banos. And then, and not until then, did the flag crawl slowly from the mast-head. Mary Cairns broke the tenseness by bursting into tears. But Marshall saw that every one else, save she and Livingstone, were still smiling. Even the bluejackets in charge of the launch were grinning at him. He was beset by smiling faces. And then from the war-ship, unchecked, came, against all regulations, three long, splendid cheers.

Marshall felt his lips quivering, the warm tears forcing their way to his eyes. He turned beseechingly to his friend. His voice trembled.

"Charles," he begged, "are they laughing at me?"

Eagerly, before the other could answer, Senator Hanley tossed his cigar into the water and, scrambling forward, seized Marshall by the hand.

"Mr. Marshall," he cried, "our President has great faith in Abraham Lincoln's judgment of men. And this salute means that this morning he appointed you our new minister to the Hague. I'm one of those politicians who keeps his word. I TOLD you I'd take your tin sign away from you by sunset. I've done it!"





THE STRANGER'S PEW

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATION BY BLENDON CAMPBELL



THE church-bells were ringing loudly, and the bells of St. ——'s Church were giving forth a particularly deep and resonant tone, which set the frosty morning air to throbbing. It was a fine chime, and the parishioners were justly proud of it. The tune the bells rang now was, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The broad street on which the church faced was full of shining vehicles: automobiles, with fur-clad chauffeurs, and carriages with well-groomed horses prancing in the chill air. The sidewalks, which in the sunshine were covered with a sort of slush from the now melting snow, were alive with well-dressed men and richly dressed ladies who moved decorously toward the handsome stone portal, above which carven saints, who had lived holy lives, stood in stony repose. With solemn mien the worshippers entered, exchanging salutations or bits of news with acquaintances, bowing to the bowing vergers, who obsequiously showed them up the dim aisles to their seats in cushioned pews, where they settled themselves with an air of satisfaction. Each pew contained a plate or card engraved with the name of the owner.

As the congregation passed in, off to one side, in a shadow beneath the gargoyles, which, with satanic rage graven in their stone faces, appeared as if trying to spring down from the eaves on the heads of the church-goers, stood a person gravely observing those who entered the church. His garb was poor and he was manifestly a stranger in that section. He had come immediately from the lower part of the town where, a little while before, he might have been found in a group about a rusty street-preacher, whose husky voice, as he tried to tell the throng about him of heaven and the kingdom of God, appeared to excite their amusement. Oaths and foul language were freely passed among them; yet when the preacher ended, a few of them moved off with serious faces, and one or two of them stopped and offered their pennies to a blind beggar working at a wheezy accordion. The stranger joined the preacher and walked away with him as if they had been friends, and when he left him he turned toward St. ——'s, whose bells were just beginning to peal. He accosted one of the passers-by and inquired, "Whose church is this?" "This is Doctor ——'s church," said the gentleman as he passed on. The stranger moved a little away—out of the shadow to where the sunlight fell, and looked long and curiously at the building. Another person

as he passed him and followed his glance said, "A fine church. It's the finest in the city." The stranger, however, did not appear to hear. He only shivered slightly. His worn clothing was so thin as to appear wholly unsuitable to the winter temperature, and his shoes showed his bare feet through their gaping sides. His face was grave, and marked as if by want or sorrow. His eyes, deep sunken as with care, were habitually cast down, and his shoulders stooped as though he had long borne heavy burdens. He might, but for his gentle expression, have been a workman out of work, who had known better days, but his countenance, as he talked to some little children who had stopped by him, was kind and gentle, and had something childlike in it. As he stood talking with and enjoying them, a number of the church-goers observed him and, after a consultation, one turned back and said something to the children in a commanding voice, at which they started and ran off, looking back, now at the stranger and now at the gentleman, who still remained in sight as if to see that his orders were obeyed. The stranger too gazed after the children, as if in a sort of pleasant dream. From this he was aroused by another church-goer with an official mien, who, after a casual glance at him, paused at the threshold and then turned back. In his gloved hand he carried a small gold-headed cane, as fine as a reed, with which he pointed at the stranger as he approached him, and called in a tone of authority, "Don't hang around the church— Go on." So the stranger kept on until he had crossed the street when he turned just in time to see the gentleman enter the church. As the latter passed a bowing usher he paused to say, "I am expecting friends in my pew to-day—Lord and Lady —— (the name was lost), so do not show any strangers to it". The usher bowed. Close on his heels came another who said, "No strangers in my pew, they annoy me." "Yes, sir," bowed the usher. At that moment a poor woman, dressed like a widow, in a thin, shabby, black dress, long worn threadbare, and with shoes old and broken, passed by, and entering the church stood in the aisle just within the door, timidly waiting to be allowed to sit down in one of the empty pews. The official-looking gentleman passed her, apparently without looking at her; but as

he passed a verger he said to him, with a jerk of the head, "Give her a seat; don't let people block up the aisles." The verger turned back and said to the woman, in the same tone the other had used, "Sit there, and don't block up the aisle." He indicated a seat in a pew near the door, and she sat down coughing. Her cough was bad, and it appeared to irritate the verger. Every time he returned from showing someone to his pew he kept looking at her with an expression of disapproval, and presently he walked up to her and said, "You had better sit in that side-pew. Perhaps you will not cough so much there." He pointed to the first pew at the side, under a gallery. The widow thanked him, and, trying to stifle her cough, moved to the other seat.

A little later the sound of the processional came through the closed door, and the stranger, outside, returned to the church, and, as if half-timidly, entered the vestibule by a door beside the main entrance. The vestibule was empty. He stopped long enough to read the inscription on a memorial tablet, declaring that the church was erected to the glory of God, and in memory of someone whose name was almost indecipherable. Then he glanced at the list of pew-holders, in a gilded frame, containing many names, though there was still room for others. He tried to open the heavy middle door, but it appeared to have caught fast; for a drop of blood trickled down as he stopped and gazed around. Finally, after some apparent irresolution, he entered the church by a small door at the side of the vestibule. The church was a large one and very richly ornamented. The fine, stained-glass windows represented a number of scenes taken from Bible history, most of them, indeed, from the life of our Lord—there was the annunciation; the scene in the stable at Bethlehem; the healing of Jairus's daughter; the raising of Lazarus; and over the high altar, on which burned brightly a number of candles, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. The church was so large that even with the congregation that had entered, many of the pews were yet unoccupied. In one or two of them was a card bearing the word, "Reserved." The congregation was praying as he entered—at least, some were; the priest was reading a confession, and they were

following the words, some as they gazed around, others with bowed heads. Near the door in pews were a few shabbily-dressed persons.

After a glance of interest at the windows, followed by a moment of irresolution, the stranger moved up to where gaped a number of empty pews; but even in the dusk of the church the eye of a verger was too sharp for him, and as he started to take his seat the verger, with a gesture and a low word, halted him. "These pews are all taken—you must stand till after the second lesson." He indicated the open space near the door, and the stranger, as if abashed, moved haltingly back. It was the first time he had showed a lameness. He stood near the door while the service proceeded, and listened to the fine choir singing and chanting to the strains of a great organ, wonderfully played. Once or twice vergers came silently down the aisle, when some one of the congregation entered late, and rather scowled at him for standing in the way. But when the "second lesson" was ended, the verger either forgot the stranger, or missed him; so he continued to stand, though from his expression he appeared to suffer from pain, and now and then shifted his pose wearily. Only once he smiled. It was when, after a telling notice of the needs of the parish by the white-robed priest, and a high tribute to the generosity of the people, a company of gentlemen in kid gloves passed down the aisles, with large silver platters, and took up the offertory, while the well-trained choir sang a voluntary of much intricacy—a part of which ran, "How beautiful are the feet of them who bring the glad tidings!" and as one of the collectors passed near him, the old woman in black, with the bad cough, tremblingly put in two cents. The collector wore a set and solemn expression of severe virtue, quite as he had done outside the church when he had ordered the little children off. But the stranger smiled at the old widow. The old woman caught his eye upon her and, moving up a little, made a place beside her which he took with a smile of thanks. As he passed the collector he reached out his hand over the plate, but whatever he put in it fell so softly as to make no sound. The collector turned without looking at him and placed his hand mechanically over the plate to press down the loose notes. Just

then the choir ceased singing, the collectors formed in line and marched up the aisle, standing in a line while the collection was poured jingling from one plate into another. Then the priest received it, turned and marched to the altar, and while he held it aloft the congregation sang, "All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee." The old woman stood up, but could not sing; she only coughed.

When the service was over the congregation, fur-clad and cheery, poured out of the church, greeting each other with words or smiles somewhat measured, entered their luxurious vehicles, and drove off. The stranger in the pew near the door, with a smile of thanks as the poor widow, with her racking cough, passed quietly out, followed her and crossing the way stood for a moment in the shadow, as if observing the congregation; then, as the vestryman who had ordered him off before the service appeared, he turned and disappeared in the direction which the widow had taken toward the poorer part of the city. She was picking her way slowly along the sidewalk when she heard his voice, offering to help her along. Her shoes were old and worn in holes, and let in the icy water; but she appeared not to mind it. Her interest was in the stranger.

"Why, you are almost barefooted!" she exclaimed in a pitying voice.

"Not any more than you," he smiled.

"Why, your feet are actually bleeding!" she argued.

"Old hurts," he answered her. "The church was cold."

"Yes, it was cold near the door," she coughed. "You must come in and let me see what I can do for you."

He smiled his thanks.

"You must come in and let me make you a cup of hot—something, I will make up my fire at once." She was going to say "hot tea," but she remembered she was out of tea.

"A cup of water would do for me," said the stranger.

She was at her door now, and her hands were cold as she fumbled at the lock, and as she turned after entering to call him in, he had disappeared. She made her way up to her little, cold, back room and sat down, shivering and quite out of breath. The

coal was out, so she could not make a fire, but she wrapped herself up as well as she could and presently forgot her cold and hunger in sleep.

As the official-looking man lifted his hand on his way home his wife said, "Why, your hand has blood on it!" He glanced at it with annoyance. "It must have come from that money. I thought that person's hand was bleeding."

"Whose?" demanded his wife.

"Oh, a stranger who was hanging around the church."

It was not long afterward that, in the poor part of the little town, in a very small and dingy house, and in a little back bedroom of that house, a sick woman lay dying. The doctor who had attended her, sent by a charity organization connected possibly with St. —'s, had just left her side and stood on a little dark landing outside the door, which was slightly ajar, speaking in a professional tone to a white-habited nurse, who also had been furnished by the charity organization.

"Well, there is nothing further to be done," he said as he drew on his right glove.

"No, sir."

"How long did you say the coma has lasted?"

"All day."

"She will not rally again; you know what to do when it is over?"

"Yes, sir." It was all professionally kind.

Just then a murmur came from the dying woman within, and the nurse, moved by professional instinct, stepped softly back to the bedside. Some change had taken place in the patient. Her worn face had changed. A new light had fallen on it. "He is coming!" she murmured. "Oh, the glory!—You!" she exclaimed. "You!—Lord— It was nothing— How beautiful are the feet!"

Her head turned slightly on the pillow, and a subtle smoothing came over her face. The doctor instinctively laid his hand on her. "She is gone," he said, "I knew she would." But he little knew how.





Drawn by Blenden Campbell.

The Stranger.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Is it good now?" he asked.

CHRISTMAS FOR BIG AME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE badge of office shone like a jewel in the hollow of his hand and ex-Marshall Hawkins was marshal again. His fingers trembled as he pinned it to the lapel of his coat, for it was the fortune of politics and no dereliction of duty that had wrested it from him. Indeed, during his previous term he had left but one duty and only one undone. He had tried hard, but Big Ame had winged him through the shoulder and had escaped. During the term of the marshal's successor, the giant moonshiner had been at liberty in the hills and it was characteristic of the marshal now that those fingers should at once pull forth from under the badge a time-stained warrant that was yet unserved.

"Is it good now?" he asked. The deputy collector smiled:

"Perfectly."

It was also characteristic of Marshal Hawkins that he should at once turn without a word, saddle his horse, and within half an hour be on his way to the fastnesses wherein the big moonshiner had found safety so long. Against Big Ame he had no personal animosity at all. It had been his duty to bring the law-breaker to justice—it had been the law-breaker's privilege to resist; and, moreover, it had been an open fight between the two and Big Ame had sought no mean advantage, but when he had the marshal at his mercy had not only gone his way but had sent his prostrate foe

assistance from the nearest house. The whole matter had been business pure and simple, and, therefore, during the marshal's temporary retirement from office he had left the mountaineer alone, and his successor, by the way, had for different reasons followed his example with the utmost care: and thus it was that the marshal knew not whether the mountaineer was alive or dead. But that mattered not, for the marshal knew with his own eyes Big Ame's guilt, a duty was undone, and the statute of limitations played no part. On the first day Marshal Hawkins learned that Big Ame was very much alive. He asked no question except where the mountaineer was, and then he started for him. At dusk of the second day he was lost in a snow-storm taking a short cut through some fastnesses, and he simply got off his horse and went downward, stumbling, falling, cursing, until a light shone from a little cabin on the bank of a little creek, inhabited by a one-armed mountaineer and his big, soft-voiced, kind-faced wife. An hour later he had his horse in a stable, his belly full of beans and bacon, a pipe in his mouth, his feet to a huge fire, and the old woman was talking:

"I can show ye ter-morrow right from the door thar the smoke a-quilin' from Big Ame's house," she said—and then Marshal Hawkins's eye fell on the front page of the county paper and on the date thereon and he stared. Then he smiled rather grimly. That night was Christmas eve and next day the marshal and Big Ame would, one or the other, make one or the other a Christmas present of himself.

II

ON and on the old woman talked:

"Melisse, ye know, was Jim Phillips's gal. Ole Jim kept store down at the cross-roads on Hog Branch o' Little River—as hard-fisted a ole feller as ever you see, but he did give *one* big dance. Thar was a whole passel o' boys an' gals thar, an' a drummer-man was a-stayin' all night at Jim's an' of co'se he was thar too. Thar wasn't no gal thar like Melisse an' the boys was a-swarm-in' aroun' her like bees on a tree full o' apple blossoms, an' Big Ame was a-takin' her fust from one feller an' then from another, an' Melisse was a-throwin' them snappin' black eyes o' hers right an' left

an' a-stirrin' up all the devilment she could. By an' by that drummer-man begun to shake his foot some. Thar wasn't nobody who could ever tech Melisse in these mountains when hit come to dancin', an' the drummer-man, they tell me, cut powerful pigeon wings hisself. At any rate hit wasn't long afore he had all the boys a-glowerin' at him an' Big Ame a-grittin' his teeth an' a-sulkin' and cussin' in a corner, an' if hit hadn't 'a' been fer ole Jim I reckon Big Ame would 'a' jumped that drummer-man that very night, an'," said the old woman calmly, "I wish to God he had!"

Marshal Hawkins began to recall that while he was wounded in bed he had heard of that dance in connection with Big Ame, but, on account of the fever, doubtless, his memory was now vague. He was interested straightway, but he had no need to ask questions. The old woman went on:

"Well, atter everybody had gone, the drummer-man sot up with Melisse a while and ole Jim, who was a-doin' a lot o' business with the feller, let 'em alone. An' the drummer-man tol' Melisse he'd never seed sech dancin' as Melisse done that night, an' that hit was a sin an' shame fer her to be a-wastin' her life up thar in the mountains when she could go down to Norfolk an' he'd git her some dancin' to do an' she'd make mebby twenty dollars a month. An' Melisse naturely got all flustered an' says:

"'But I hain't got the means,' an' the drummer-man says:

"'Don't you bother about that. You just meet me at the cross-roads at crack o' day an' I'll take ye down to the railroad in my hack.'

"Well, Melisse wasn't at home all next day. She didn't come home to dinner ner supper an' ole Jim jes thought she was a-stayin' all night with her married sister, but the next mornin' he got uneasy an' rid down an' Melisse hadn't been thar! Well, sir, she didn't come home that night ner the next ner the next, an' everybody was out a-sarchin' fer her, a-seinin' the cricks, an' a-lookin' to see if she had fell off a cliff somewhar or had got lost in the woods, but no Melisse nowhar! Big Ame was most distracted, an' when he couldn't find Melisse he got to droopin' an' drinkin' an' laid quiled up blind drunk in a fence corner fer a week jes a-gnashin' his teeth an' a-clenchin' his fists. By an' by the mail-carrier



"He marched straight up to ole Jim's porch, still holdin' the baby."—Page 693.

brung back word that he'd seen Melisse down in the Big Settlement jes as she was gittin' on a train—with the drummer-man! Well, thar was a powerful lot o' talk an' yit Big Ame never spoke nary a word to nobody; but purty soon it was norated aroun' that he had sold his pa'r of steers an' his still an' a little passel of sheep he was past-

urin' on top o' the mountain, an' the fust thing we knowed Big Ame was gone, too, aimin', he said, nuver to come back hisself until he'd found Melisse an' brought her back home."

The old woman rose to put a fresh stick of wood on the fire. Marshal Hawkins said nothing but he was puffing more and

more fiercely on his pipe as the story went on. His predecessor had not lied then, as he suspected, when he claimed that he could not find Big Ame because the latter had left for parts unknown; but of one fact the marshal still felt sure: that predecessor was glad Big Ame was gone and he had never tried to learn if the moonshiner had ever come back again.

"Of co'se," the old woman went on, "some folks lowed as how he was a-leavin' on account o' shootin' a low-down revenue named Hawkins, but I knowed better'n that." The marshal started so suddenly that the old woman looked around, but, subduing a chuckle, he recovered himself quickly.

"Did he fetch her back?" he asked.

The old woman poked the fire, lit her own clay pipe with a living coal, spat once into the ashes, and sat down. "Well, sir, nobody ever heerd a word o' Melisse or Big Ame fer nigh on to a year, an' then one day a letter come from Big Ame hisself signed with his mark. Big Ame had found Melisse. He found her in one o' them horspitals down in Norfolk. He never said nothin' bout the drummer-man, but one o' them unfortunate accidents as sometimes happens to young women had happened to Melisse an' Big Ame allowed in his letter that he was aimin' to bring Melisse an' her baby home! Well, mebbly tongues didn't wag! Ole Jim, Melisse's daddy, 'lowed as how she'd made her bed an' now she could lay on it, an' one feller said one thing an' t'other another, some agin Melisse an' some fer her, while hit looked like all the women folks was plum' agin her all around.

"Well, they come, an' might' nigh the whole country, I reckon, was down thar at ole Jim's store to see that hack come in. An' when it come thar was Melisse a-settin' in it, puny, pale-like, an' her eyes deep-sot an' big an' onnatural, an' thar was Big Ame with the baby in his arms! An' Big Ame got out an' he marched straight up to ole Jim's porch, still holdin' the baby an' Melisse follerin' him, an' he says to ole Jim:

"'You air goin' to take keer of 'em fer a spell—hit won't be long.' An' ole Jim was so plum' flustered he couldn't open his mouth, an' Big Ame handed Melisse the baby an' started straight fer that ole tumble-down shanty down thar in the holler whar

he used to live. He never said nothin' to nobody, but from sunup to sundown I could heer his axe a-choppin' an' his hammer a-goin' an' every night folks seed Melisse on ole Jim's porch an' Big Ame a-settin' by her with that baby in his arms. Seemed like Big Ame was a-losin' his self-respect an' all shame, an' one day I meets him in the road an' I says:

"'Big Ame, do you mean to tell me you air goin' to take up with that—' I didn't get no furdur fer Big Ame's blazin' eyes made my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, as the Scripture says—right then and thar.

"'Miz Bolton,' he says, 'don't—you—say—nary—one—word—agin—Melisse!' An' he was so solemn I was plum' skeered to death. 'I gives warnin', he says, 'to every human in these mountains never to say one word agin that gal; an' ef thar's even a woman or child that opens his mouth, I'm a-goin' fer that child's daddy or that woman's husband, an' one of us two has got to die. I've never loved nobody but Melisse I love her jes the same now, and I'd ruther see the rest of the world dead an' buried than any more harm a-comin' to Melisse. Tain't her fault and tain't her baby's, an' *I'm a-goin' to marry Melisse.*'

"Well, sir, my tongue was stuck tight fer the fust time in my life, but I didn't lose no time spreadin' them words o' Big Ame's aroun', an' the fust thing I heerd was as how somebody heerd the squire a-sayin' to Big Ame: 'Thar ain't no law agin your marryin' Melisse ner agin her marryin' you. You go git a pa'r o' licenses an' I'll stand behind ye.' An' then hit wasn't long before I heerd as how this man an' that was a-sneakin' down to help Big Ame fix up his house, an' as how Melisse's daddy said he reckoned, atter all, hit was the best way outen it. Then the fust thing I knowed some folks was a-goin' fer ole Jim fer lookin' at it that a-way. An' I got to studyin' an' studyin', an' afore I knowed what I was a-doin' I was up in the loft pullin' out a feather tick an' a-wonderin' if I couldn't git along with two cheers less, secin' as my children was all married an' ^{it} wasn't likely no more would be comin' along. So I took 'em all down to Big Ame's, an' purty soon this woman an' that sent fust one thing an' then another, an' by the time the day come



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He pulled from his coat pocket the time-stained warrant, slowly tore it into bits, and tossed them to the wind — Page 195.

fer the weddin' that ole shack o' Big Ame's was chuck full o' as many things as I ever knowed any couple in these mountains to git.

"Well, sir, the infair come an' ever'body come, an' Melisse couldn't do nothin' but cry. She threwed her arms aroun' my

neck an' wept, she even throwed her arms aroun' that ole cat Miz Sallie Bond's neck, an' every woman thar was a-blubberin' like a passel o' children, ontill one o' the men jes ups an' says:

"'Here, folks, this ain't no funeral—this is a weddin'!' An' he pulled out a bot-

tle an' most everybody took a dram—men and women. An' then I tell ye thar was dancin' an' my, what a time!"

The old woman paused and put her apron to her eyes. The marshal's pipe had gone out. He coughed and, rising, knocked the ashes from it and aimlessly sat down again.

"Yes, sir, they be about as happy as any two people I ever see. Big Ame has been workin' like a dog ever since. Ole Jim got ashamed o' hisself an' give him a little passel o' sheep. One man sent him a steer an' tol' him he could pay fer him when he got damned good an' ready—them was his very words, an' Big Ame got him another steer somehow an' he swore an oath that he would never make another drop o' moonshine as long as he lived. Melisse got stout an' healthy an' rosy an' smilin' right away, an' any time ye go by thar atter Big Ame's day's work is done, ye can see him settin' in the porch with that baby in his arms an' Melisse inside gittin' supper fer him. Ye never would know that that baby wasn't Big Ame's own child, an' I reckon it

won't be long afore Big Ame does have one o' his own. Thar's plenty o' time. I never seed sech a change in a man as thar is in Big Ame. Folks goes to him now to settle their quarrels, an' ef they could I do reckon folks 'ud make him presidint."

It was time to "lay down." Through the falling snow Marshal Hawkins went down to the stable to see his horse. When he got back to the porch, he turned to look down into the cove. For a moment, the moon, floating through a clear space between two flying clouds, lit the world as with a flashing smile from on high and he could see the smoke rising from Big Ame's cabin. As he threw back the lapel of his coat, the door opened behind him and the old woman's startled eyes caught the badge shining on his waistcoat.

"It's all right, mother," he said gently, and he pulled from his coat pocket the time-stained warrant, slowly tore it into bits, and tossed them to the wind. And Big Ame's Christmas sped down with the feathery flakes toward the cabin in the snowy depths below.

THE RHYTHM

By G. E. Woodberry

THE rhythm of beauty beat in my blood all day;
The rhythm of passion beat in my blood all night;
The morning came, and it seemed the end of the world.

Day, thou wast so beautiful I held my breath from song!
Night, how passion-wild thy throb, how voiceless, O how strong!
The night was not more lonely than the day;—
But death-deep was the glimmer of the snow-dawn far away.

I remember the throb of beauty that caught my throat from song,
And the wilder throb when passion held me voiceless the night long;
And life with speed gone silent swept to its seas untold;—
But O, the death-white glory on the pale height far and cold!

When passion gives beauty yet one day more the rapture of my breath,
Ever a luminous silence comes dawn, and the chill more cold than death;
But rhythm to rhythm, deep unto deep, through the years my spirit is hurled,
As when that morning on Etna came, and it seemed the end of the world.

This is it to be immortal, O Life found death after death,
From the deep of passion and beauty to draw the infinite breath,
To be borne through the throb and the throe and the sinking heart of strife,
And to find in the trough one more billow of thy infinite rhythm, O Life!

DICKENS'S CHILDREN

FOUR DRAWINGS

BY

JESSIE WILLCOX
SMITH

TINY TIM AND BOB CRATCHIT
ON CHRISTMAS DAY

In came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.



DAVID COPPERFIELD AND PEG-
GOTTY BY THE PARLOUR FIRE

"Peggotty," says I, suddenly, "were you ever married?"

"Lord, Master Davy," replied Peggotty, "what put marriage in your head?"

She answered with such a start that it quite woke me. . . .

"But *were* you ever married, Peggotty?" says I. "You are a very handsome woman, an't you?"



JENNIE WILCOX SMITH.

PAUL DOMBEY AND FLORENCE
ON THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON

His favourite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.



LITTLE NELL AND HER GRAND-
FATHER AT MRS. JARLEY'S

“Set 'em out near the hind wheels, child, that's the best place”—said their friend superintending the arrangements from above. “And now hand up the teapot for a little more hot water, and a pinch of fresh tea, and then both of you eat and drink as much as you can, and don't spare anything; that's all I ask of you.”





Prison by A. I. Kélier.

But it was the Colonel who took possession of her when she reached the floor of the great hall.— Page 708.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

III



MOORLANDS was ablaze!

From the great entrance gate flanked by moss-stained brick posts capped with stone balls, up the avenue of oaks to the wide portico leading to the great hall and

spacious rooms, was one continuous glare of light. All along the great driveway, between the tree-trunks, crackled torches of pine knots, the flare of their curling flames bringing into high relief the black faces of innumerable field-hands from the Rutter and neighboring plantations, lined up on either side of the gravel road—teeth and eyeballs flashing white against the blackness of the night. On the porches hung festoons of lanterns of every conceivable form and color, while inside the wide baronial hall, and in the great drawing-room with the apartments beyond, the light of countless candles, clustered together in silver candelabra, shed a soft glow over the groups of waiting guests.

To-night Colonel Talbot Rutter of Moorlands direct descendant of the house of De Ruyters, with an ancestry dating back to the Spanish Invasion, was to bid official welcome to a daughter of the house of Seymour, equally distinguished by flood and field in the service of its king. These two—God be thanked—loved each other, and now that the young heir to Moorlands was to bring home his affianced bride, soon to become his wedded wife, no honor could be too great, no expense be too lavish, no welcome too joyful.

Moreover, that this young princess of the blood might be accorded all the honors due her birth, lineage, and rank, the colonel's own coach-and-four, with two postilions and old Matthew on the box—twenty years

in the service—his whip tied with forget-me-nots, the horses' ears streaming with white ribbons—each flank as smooth as satin and each panel bright as a mirror—had been trundled off to Kennedy Square, there to receive the fairest of all her daughters, together with such other members of her royal suite—including His Supreme Excellency the Honorable Prim—not forgetting, of course, Kate's old black mammy, Henny, who was as much a part of the fair lady's belongings when she went afield, as her ostrich plume fan, her white gloves, or the wee slippers which covered her enchanting feet.

Every detail of harness, wheel, and brake—even the horn itself—had passed under the colonel's personal supervision; Matthew on the box straight as a hitching post and bursting with pride, reins gathered, whip balanced, the leaders steady and the wheel horses in line. Then the word had been given, and away they had swept round the circle and so on down the long avenue to the outer gate and Kennedy Square. Ten miles an hour were the colonel's orders and ten miles an hour must Matthew make, including the loading and unloading of his fair passenger and her companions, or there would be the devil to pay on his return.

And the inside of the house presented no less a welcome. Drawn up in the wide hall, under the direct command of old Alec, were the house servants;—mulatto maids in caps—snuff-colored second butlers in livery, jet black mammies in new bandannas and white aprons—all in a flutter of excitement, and each one determined to get the first glimpse of Marse Harry's young lady, no matter at what risk.

Old Alec was a veritable joy to look upon. Marse Harry was the apple of his eye, and had been ever since the day of his birth. He had carried him on his back when a boy—had taught him to fish and hunt and to ride to hounds; had nursed him when he fell ill at the University in his

college days, and would gladly have laid down his life for him had any such necessity arisen. To-night, in honor of the occasion, he wore a new bottle-green coat with shiny brass buttons, white waistcoat, white gloves three sizes too big for him, and a huge white cravat flaring out almost to the tips of his ears. Nothing was too good for Alec—so his mistress thought. Not only was he the ideal servant of the old school, but he was the pivot on which the whole establishment moved. If a particular brand or vintage was needed, or a key was missing, or had a hair trunk, or a pair of spurs, or last week's Miscellany, gone astray—or even had his mistress's spectacles been mislaid—Alec could put his hand upon each and every item in so short a space of time that the loser was convinced the old man had hidden them on purpose, to enjoy their refinding. Moorlands without old Alec would have been a wheel without a hub. About him everything revolved.

Furthermore,—and this was the best part of the programme,—Harry was to meet Kate at the outer gate (was there already—had been for an hour, so impatient was he)—supported by half a dozen of his young friends and hers—Dr. Teackle, Mark Gilbert, Langdon Willits, and one or two others—while Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Cheston, Mrs. Richard Horn, and a bevy of younger women and girls, were to welcome her with open arms the moment her dainty feet cleared the coach's step. This was the way princesses of the blood had been welcomed from time immemorial to palaces and castles high, and this was the way their beloved Kate was to make entry into the home of her lord.

Soon the flash of the coach lamps was seen outside the outer gates. Then there came the wind of a horn—a rollicking, rolling, gladsome sound, and in the wink of an eyelid every one was out on the portico straining their eyes, listening eagerly: never had Moorlands been so stirred. A joyous shout went up from the negroes lining the fences; from the groups about the steps and along the driveway.

"Here she comes!"

The leaders now pranced into view as they cleared the gate posts. There came a sudden pull-up; a postilion vaulted down, threw wide the coach door, and a young man sprang in. It was Harry! Snap!!

Crack!! Toot—toot!!—and they were off again, heading straight for the waiting group. Another prolonged, winding note—louder—nearer—one of triumph this time!—a circling dash toward the porch crowded with guests—the reining in of panting leaders—the sudden gathering up of the wheel horses, back on their haunches—the coach door swung wide and out Kate steps—Harry's hand in hers, her old mammy behind, her father last of all.

"Oh, such a lovely drive!" she cried, "and it was so kind of you, dear colonel, to send for me!" She had come as a royal princess, but she was still our Kate. "Oh, it was splendid! And Matthew galloped most all the way. And you are all out here to meet me!" Here she kissed Harry's mother—"and you too, Uncle George—and Sue—Oh, how fine you all look!"—and with a courtesy and a joyous laugh she bent her beautiful head and stepped into the wide hall under the blaze of the clustered candles.

It was then that they caught their breaths, for certain it was that no such vision of beauty had ever before stood in the wide hall of Moorlands: her eyes shining like two stars above the rosy hue of her cheek; her skin like a shell, her throat and neck a lily in color and curves. And her poise—her gladsomeness, her joy at being alive and at finding everybody else alive; the way she moved and laughed and bent her pretty head; the ripples of gay laughter and the low-pitched tone of the warm greetings that fell from her lips!

No wonder Harry was bursting with pride—no wonder Langdon Willits heaved a deep sigh when he caught the glance that Kate flashed at Harry and went out on the porch to get a breath of fresh air; no wonder St. George's heart throbbed as he watched them both and thought how near all this happiness had come to being wrecked; no wonder the servants tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get a view of her face and gown, and no wonder, too, that the proud, haughty old colonel who ruled his house with a rod of iron, determined for the first time in his life to lay down the sceptre and let Kate and Harry have their way, no matter what they might take it into their two silly young heads to do.

And our young Lochinvar was fully her match in bearing, dress, and manners,—

every inch a prince and every inch a Rutter,—and with such grace of movement as he stepped beside her, that even punctilious, outspoken old Mrs. Cheston—who had forgiven him his escapade, and who was always laughing at what she called the pump-handle shakes of some of the underdone aristocrats about her, had to whisper to the nearest guest—"Watch Harry, my dear, if you would see how a thoroughbred manages his legs and arms when he wishes to do honor to a woman. Admirable!—charming! No young man of my time ever did better." And Mrs. Cheston knew, for she had hobnobbed with kings and queens, her husband having represented his government at the Court of St. James—a fact, however, which never prevented her from calling a spade a spade; nor was she ever very particular as to what the spade unearthed.

Yes—a very gallant and handsome young man was our prince as he handed Kate up the stairs on her way to the dressing-room, and looked it in his pearl-gray coat with buttons of silver, fluffy white silk scarf, high dog-eared collar, ivory white waistcoat, and tight-fitting trousers of nankeen yellow, held close to the pumps with invisible straps. And a very gallant and handsome young fellow he felt himself to be on this night of his triumph, and so thought Kate—in fact she had fallen in love with him over again—and so too did every one of the young girls who crowded about them, as well as the dominating, erect aristocrat of a father, and the anxious gentle mother, who worshipped the ground on which he walked.

Kate had noted every expression that crossed his face, absorbing him in one comprehensive glance as he stood in the full blaze of the candles, her gaze lingering on his mouth and laughing eyes and the soft sheen of his brown hair, its ends brushing the high velvet collar of his coat—and so on down his shapely body to his shapely feet. Never had she seen him so adorable—and he was all her own, and for life—that was the best of it! Was there ever such joy!

As for St. George Temple, who had never taken his eyes off them, he thought they were the goodliest pair the stars ever shone upon, and this his happiest night. There would be no more stumbling. Kate had the bridle well in hand—all she needed

was a clear road, and that was ahead of both horse and rider.

"Makes your blood jump in your veins, just to look at them, doesn't it Talbot?" cried St. George to Harry's father when Kate disappeared—laying his hand as he spoke on the shoulder of the man with whom he had grown up from a boy. "Is there anything so good as the love of a good woman—the wise old prophet places her beyond the price of rubies."

"Only one thing, St. George—the love of a good man—one like yourself, you dear old fellow. And why the devil you haven't found that out years ago is more than I can understand. Here you are my age, and you might have had a Kate and Harry of your own by this time, and yet you live a stupid old——"

"No, I won't hear you talk so, colonel!" cried a bride of a year. "Uncle George is never stupid, and he couldn't be old. What would all these young girls do—what would I have done?" (another love affair with St. George as healer and mender!) "what would anybody have done without him? Come Miss Lavinia—do you hear the colonel abusing Uncle George because he isn't married? Speak up for him—it's wicked of you, colonel, to talk so."

Miss Lavinia Clendenning, who was one of St. George's very own, in spite of her forty-odd years—threw back her head until the feathers in her slightly gray hair shook defiantly:

"No—I won't say a word for him, Sue. I've given him up forever. He's a disgrace to everybody who knows him."

"Oh, you renegade!" exclaimed St. George in mock alarm.

"Yes—a positive disgrace! He'll never marry anybody, Sue, until he marries me. I've begged him on my knees until I'm tired, to name the day, and he won't! Just like all you shiftless Virginians, sir—never know when to make up your minds."

"But you threw me over, Lavinia, and broke my heart," laughed Temple with a low bow, both hands on his waistcoat in assumed humility.

"When?"

"Oh, twenty years ago."

"Oh, my goodness gracious! Of course I threw you over then;—you were just a baby in arms and I was old enough to be your mother—but now it's different. I'm

dying to get married and nobody wants me. If you were a Marylander instead of a worthless Virginian, you would have asked me a hundred times and kept on asking until I gave in. Now it's too late. I always intended to give in, but you were so stupid you couldn't or wouldn't understand."

"It's never too late to mend, Lavinia," he pleaded with hands extended.

"It's too late to mend you, St. George! You are cracked all over, and as for me—I'm ready to fall to pieces any minute. I'm all tied up now with corset laces and stays and goodness knows what else. No—I'm done with you."

While this merry badinage was going on, the young people crowding the closer so as not to lose a word, or making room for the constant stream of fresh arrivals on their way toward the dressing-rooms above, their eyes now and then searching the top of the stairs in the hope of getting the first glimpse of Kate, our heroine was receiving the final touches from her old black mammy. It took many minutes—the curl must be adjusted, the full skirts pulled out or shaken loose, the rare jewels arranged before she was dismissed with—"Dah, honey chile, now go-long. Ain't nary one on 'em ain't pizen hongry for ye—an' mos' on 'em 'll drown derselves fo' mawnin' becos they can't git ye."

She is ready now, Harry beside her, her lace scarf embroidered with pink rosebuds floating from her lovely shoulders, her satin skirt held in both hands that she might step the freer, her dainty silk stockings with the ribbons crossed about her ankles showing below its edge.

But it was the colonel who took possession of her when she reached the floor of the great hall, and not her father nor her lover.

"No, Harry—stand aside, sir. Out with you! Kate goes in with me! Seymour, please give your arm to Mrs. Rutter." And with the manner of a courtier leading a princess into the presence of her sovereign, the two passed into the spacious drawing-room already crowded with guests.

It was a great ball and it was a great ball-room—in spaciousness, color, and appointments. No one had ever dreamed of its possibilities before, although everybody knew it was the largest in the county.

The gentle hostess, with old Alec as head of the pulling-out-and-moving-off-department, had wrought the change. All the chairs, tables, sofas, and screens, little and big, had either been spirited away or pushed back against the wall for tired dancers. Over the wide floor was stretched a linen crash; from the ceiling and bracketed against the white walls, relieved here and there by long, silken curtains of gold-yellow, blazed clusters of candles, looking for all the world like so many bursting sky-rockets, while at one end, behind a mass of flowering plants, sat a quartette of musicians, led by an old darky with a cotton-batting head, who had come all the way from Philadelphia a-purpose.

Nor had the inner man been forgotten: bowls of hot apple toddy steamed away in the dining-room; bowls of eggnog were to be found in the library; ladlings of punch, and the contents of several old cut glass decanters, flanked by companies of pipe-stem glasses, were being served in the dressing-rooms; while relays of hot terrapin, canvas-back duck, sizzling hot; olio, cold joints;—together with every conceivable treatment and condition of oysters—in scallop shells, on silver platters and in wooden plates—raw, roasted, fried, broiled, baked, and stewed—everything in fact that could carry out the colonel's watchword—"Eat, drink, and be merry," were within the beck and call of each and every guest.

And there were to be no interludes of hunger and thirst if the host could help it. No dull pauses nor recesses, but one continued round lasting until midnight at which hour the final banquet in the dining-room was to be served, and the great surprise of the evening reached—the formal announcement of Harry and Kate's engagement, followed by the opening of the celebrated bottle of the Jefferson 1800 Monticello Madeira, recorked at his birth.

And there *were* no interludes. The fun began at once, a long line of merry talk and laughter following the wake of the procession, led by the host and Kate, the colonel signalling at last to the cotton-batting with the goggle spectacles, who at once struck up a polka and away they all went, Harry and Kate in the lead, the whole room in a whirl.

This over and the dancers out of breath, Goggles announced a quadrille—the colonel

and St. George helping to form the sets—then there had followed the schottische, then another polka until everybody was tired out, and then with one accord the young couples rushed from the hot room, hazy with the dust of lint from the linen crash, and stampeded for the cool wide stairs that led from the great hall. In summer the shadows on the vine-covered porch swallowed the lovers, but in winter the stairs were generally the trysting-place—and the top step the one most sought—because there was nobody behind to see. This was the roost for which Kate and Harry scampered, and there they intended to sit until the music struck up again.

“Oh, Kate, you precious darling, how lovely you look!” burst out Harry for the hundredth time when she had nestled down beside him—“and what a wonderful gown! I never saw that one before, did I?”

“No—you never have,” she panted, her breath gone from her dance and the dash for the staircase. “It’s my dear mother’s dress, and her scarf too. I had very little done to it—only the skirt made wider. Isn’t it soft and rich? Grandpa used to bring these satins from China.”

“And the pearls—are they the ones you told me about?” He was adjusting them to her throat as he spoke—somehow he could not keep his hands from her.

“Yes—mother’s jewels. Father got them out of his strong box for me this morning. He wanted me to wear them to-night. He says I can have them all now. She must have been very beautiful, Harry—and just think, dear—she was only a few years older than I am when she died. Sometimes when I wear her things and get to thinking about her, and remember how young and beautiful she was and how unhappy her life, it seems as if I must be unhappy myself—somehow as if it were not right to have all this happiness when she had none.” There was a note of infinite pathos in her voice—a note one always heard when she spoke of her mother. Had Harry looked deeper into her eyes he would have found the edges of two tears trembling on their lids.

“She never was as beautiful as you, my darling—nobody ever was—nobody ever could be!” he cried, ignoring all allusion to her mother. Nothing else counted with the young fellow to-night—all he knew and

cared for was that Kate was his very own, and that all the world would soon know it.

“That’s because you love me, Harry. You have only to look at her portrait in father’s room to see how exquisite she was. I can never be like her—never so gracious—so patient, no matter how hard I try.”

He put his fingers on her lips: “I won’t have you say it,” he protested, devouring her with his eyes. “I won’t let anybody say it. I could hardly speak when I saw you in the full light of the hall. It was so dark in the coach I didn’t know how you looked, and I didn’t care; I was so glad to get hold of you. But when your cloak slipped from your shoulders and you—Oh!—you darling Kate!” His eye caught the round of her throat and the taper of her lovely arm—“I am going to kiss you right here—I will—I don’t care who—”

She threw up her hands with a little laugh. She liked him the better for daring, although she was afraid to succumb.

“No—*no*—Harry! They will see us—don’t—you mustn’t!”

“Mustn’t what! I tell you, Kate, I am going to kiss you—I don’t care what you say or who sees me. It’s been a year since I kissed you in the coach—forty years—now you precious Kate—what difference does it make? I will, I tell you—no—don’t turn your head away.”

She was struggling feebly, her elbow across her face as a shield, meaning all the time to raise her lips to his, when her eyes fell on the figure of a young man making his way toward them. Instantly her back straightened.

“There’s Langdon Willits, at the bottom of the stairs talking to Mark Gilbert,” she whispered in dismay. “I wonder what he wants. See—he is coming up.”

Harry gathered himself together and his face clouded. “I wish he was at the bottom of the sea,” he echoed in a disappointed tone. “I don’t like Willits—I never did. Neither does Uncle George. Besides, he’s in love with you, and he always has been.”

“What nonsense, Harry,” she answered opening her fan and waving it slowly. She knew her lover was right—knew more indeed than her lover could ever know: she had used all the arts of which she was mistress to keep Willits from proposing.

"But he *is* in love with you," Harry insisted stiffly. "Won't he be fighting mad, though, when he hears father announce our engagement at supper?" Then some tone in her voice recalled that night on the sofa when she still held out against his pleading, and with it came the thought that while she could be persuaded she could never be driven. Instantly his voice changed to its most coaxing tones: "You won't dance with him, will you Kate darling? I can't bear to see you in anybody else's arms but my own."

She laid her hand on his wrist with a certain meaning in the pressure.

"Now don't be a goose, Harry. I must be polite to everybody, especially to-night—and you wouldn't have me otherwise."

"Yes, but not to him."

"But what difference does it make? You are too sensible not to understand, and I am too happy, anyway, to want to be rude to anybody. And then you should never be jealous of Langdon Willits."

"Well then, not a round dance, please, Kate." He dare not oppose her further. "I couldn't stand a round dance. I won't have his arm touch you, my darling." And he bent his cheek close to hers.

She looked at him from under her shadowed lids as she had looked at St. George when she greeted him at the foot of the stairs; a gleam of coquetry, of allurements, of joy shining through her glances like delicate antennæ searching to feel where her power lay. Should she venture, as her Uncle George had suggested, to take the reins in her own hands and guide this restive, mettlesome thoroughbred, or should she surrender to him? Then a certain mischievous coquetry possessed her. With a light, bubbling laugh she drew her cheek away.

"Yes, any kind of a dance that he or anybody else wants that I can give him," she burst out with a coquettish twist of her head, her eyes brimming with fun.

"But I'm on your card for every single dance," he demanded, his eyes again flashing. "Look at it—I filled it up myself," and he held up his own bit of pasteboard so she could read the list. "I tell you I won't have his arm around you!"

"Well, then, he shan't touch even the tips of my fingers, you dreadful Mr. Bluebeard." She had surrendered now. He

was never so compelling as when determined to have his own way. Then her whole manner changed; she was again the sweetheart: "Don't let us bother about cards, my darling, or dances, or anything. Let us talk of how lovely it is to be together again. Don't you think so, Harry?" and she snuggled the closer to his arm, laying her soft cheek against his coat.

Before Harry could answer young Willits, who had been edging his way up the stairs two steps at a time, avoiding the skirts of the girls, reaching over the knees of the men as he clung to the hand-rail, stood before them.

"It's my next dance, Miss Kate, isn't it?" he asked eagerly, scanning her face—wondering why she looked so happy.

"What is it to be, Mr. Willits?" she rejoined in perfunctory tones, glancing at her own blank card hanging to her wrist: he was the last man in the world she wanted to see at this moment.

"The schottische, I think—yes, the schottische," he replied nervously, noticing her lack of warmth and not understanding the cause.

"Oh, I'm all out of breath—if you don't mind," she continued evasively, "we'll wait for the next one." She dared not invite him to sit down, knowing it would make Harry furious—and then again she couldn't stand one discordant note to-night—she was too blissfully happy.

"But the next one is mine," exclaimed Harry suddenly, examining his own dancing card. He had not shifted his position a hair's breadth, nor did he intend to—although he had been outwardly polite to the intruder.

"Yes—they'd all be yours, Harry, if you had your way," Willits remarked in a thin, dry tone—"but you mustn't forget that Miss Kate's free, white, and twenty-one, and she can do as she pleases."

Harry's lips straightened. He did not like Willits's manner and he was somewhat shocked at his expression; it seemed to smack more of the cabin than of the boudoir of a princess—especially a princess like his precious Kate. He noticed, too, that the young man's face was flushed and his utterance unusually rapid, and he knew what had caused it.

"They will be just what Miss Seymour wants them to be, Willits." The words

came in hard, gritting tones through half-closed lips, and the tightening of his throat muscles. This phase of the Rutter blood was dangerous.

Kate was startled. Harry must not lose his self-control. There must be no misunderstanding on this the happiest night of her life.

"Yes," she said sweetly, with a gracious bend of her head—"but I do want to dance with Mr. Willits, only I don't know which one to give him."

"Then give me the Virginia reel, Miss Kate, the one that comes just before supper, and we can go all in together—you too, Harry," Willits insisted eagerly. "See, Miss Kate—your card is still empty," and he turned toward her the face of the one hanging to her wrist.

"No, never the reel, Kate, that is mine!" burst out Harry determinedly, as a final dismissal to Willits. He lowered his voice, and in a beseeching tone said—"Father's set his heart on our dancing the reel together—please don't give him the reel!"

Kate, intent on restoring harmony, arched her neck coyly, and said in her most bewitching tones—the notes of a robin after a shower: "Well, I can't tell yet, Mr. Willits, but you shall have one or the other; just leave it to me—either the reel or the schottische. We will talk it over when I come down."

"Then it's the reel, Miss Kate, is it not?" he cried ignoring Harry completely, backing away as he retraced his steps, a look of triumph on his face.

She shook her head at him but she did not answer. She wanted to get rid of him as quickly as possible. Willits had spoilt everything. She was so happy before he came, and Harry was so adorable. She wished now she had not drawn away her cheek when he tried to kiss her.

"Don't be angry, Harry dear," she pleaded coaxingly, determined to get her lover back once more. "He didn't mean anything—he only wanted to be polite."

"He didn't want to be polite," he retorted with some heat. "He meant to force himself in between us; that is what he meant, and he's always at it, every chance he gets. He tried it at Mrs. Cheston's the other night until I put a stop to it, but there's one thing certain—he'll stop it when

our engagement is announced after supper, or I'll know the reason why."

Kate caught her breath. A new disturbing thought entered her mind. It was at Mrs. Cheston's that both Willits and Harry had misbehaved themselves and it was Harry's part in the sequel which she had forgiven. The least said about that night the better.

"But he is your guest, Harry," she urged at last, still determined to divert his thoughts from Willits and the loss of the dance—"our guest," she went on—"so is everybody else here to-night and we must do what everybody wants us to, not be selfish about it. Now, my darling—you couldn't be impolite to anybody—don't you know you couldn't? Mrs. Cheston calls you 'My Lord Chesterfield'—I heard her say so to-night."

"Yes, I know, Kate"—he softened—"that's what father said—but all the same I didn't want Willits invited, and it's only because father insisted that he's here. Of course, I'm going to be just as polite to him as I can, but even father would feel differently about him if he had heard what he said to you a minute ago."

"What did he say?" She knew, but she loved to hear him defend her. This, too, was a way out—in a minute he would be her old Harry again.

"I won't even repeat it," he answered doggedly.

"You mean about my being twenty-one? That was rather ungallant, wasn't it?"

Again that long look from under her eyelids—he would have succumbed at once could he have seen it.

"No, the other part of it. That's not the way to speak to a lady. That's what I dislike him for. He never was born a gentleman. He isn't a gentleman and never can be a gentleman."

Kate drew herself up—the unreasonableness of the objection jarred upon her: He had touched one of her tender spots—pride of birth was something she detested.

"Don't talk nonsense, Harry," she replied in a slightly impatient voice. Mood changes with our Kate were as unexpected as April showers. "What difference should it make to you or anybody else whether Langdon Willits's grandmother was a countess or a country girl, so she was honest and a lady?" Her head went up with a

toss as she spoke, for this was one of Kate's pet theories.

"But he's not of my class, Kate, and he shouldn't be here. I told father so."

"Then make him one of your class," she answered stoutly, "if only for to-night, by being extra polite and courteous to him and never letting him feel that he is outside of what you call 'your class.' I like Mr. Willits, and have always liked him. He is invariably polite to me, and he can be very kind and sympathetic at times. Listen! they are calling us, and there goes the music—come along, darling—it's a schottische and we'll dance it together."

Harry sprang up, slipped his arm around Kate's waist, lifted her to her feet, and kissed her squarely on the mouth.

"There, you darling! and another one—two—three! Oh, you precious Kate! What do I care about Willits or any other red-headed lower county man that ever lived? He can have fifty grandmothers if he pleases and I won't say a word—kiss me again, my darling. Quick now, or we'll lose the dance," and, utterly oblivious as to whether any one had seen them or not, the two raced down the wide stairs.

IV

WHILE all this gayety was going on in the ball-room another and equally joyous gathering was besieging the serving tables in the colonel's private den leading out of the larger supper room, where he kept his guns and shooting togs, and which had been pressed into service for this one night.

These thirsty gentlemen were of all ages, from the young men just entering society to the few wrinkled bald-pates whose legs had given out and who, therefore, preferred the colonel's Madeira and terrapin to the lighter pleasures of the dance.

In and out of the groups, his ruddy, handsome face radiant with the joy that welled up in his heart, moved St. George Temple. Never had he been in finer form or feather—never had he looked so well—(not all the clothes that Poole cut came to Moorlands). Something of the same glow filtered through him that he had felt on the night when the two lovers had settled their difficulties and he had swung back through the park at peace with all the world.

All this could be seen in the way he threw back his head smiling right and left; the way he moved his hands—using them as some men do words or their eyebrows—now uplifting them in surprise at the first glimpse of some unexpected face, his long delicate fingers outspread in exclamations of delight; now closing them tight when he had those of the new arrival in his grasp—now curving them, palms up, as he lifted to his lips the fingers of a *grande dame*. "Keep your eyes on St. George," whispered Mrs. Cheston, who never missed a point in friend or foe and whose fun at a festivity often lay in commenting on her neighbors, praise or blame being impartially mixed as her fancy was touched. "And by all means watch his hands, my dear. They are like the baton of an orchestra leader and tell the whole story. Only men whose blood and lineage, my dear, have earned them freedom from toil, or men whose brains throb clear to their finger tips, have such hands. Yes! St. George is very happy to-night, and I know why. He has something on his mind that he means to tell us later on."

Mrs. Cheston was right: she generally was—St. George did have something on his mind—something very particular on his mind—a little speech really which was a dead secret to everybody except prying Mr. Cheston—one which was to precede the uncorking of that wonderful old Madeira, and the final announcement of the engagement—a little speech in which he meant to refer to their two dear mothers when they were girls, recalling traits and episodes forgotten by most, but which from their loveliness had always lingered in his heart and memory.

Before this important event took place, however, there were some matters which he intended to look after himself, one of them being the bowl of punch and its contiguous beverages in the colonel's den. This seemed to be the storm centre to-night, and here he determined even at the risk of offending his host, to set up danger signals at the first puff of wind. The old fellows, if they chose, might empty innumerable ladles full of apple toddy or compounds of Santa Cruz rum and pineapples into their own persons, but not the younger bloods. His beloved Kate had suffered enough because of these roysterers. There should be one ball around Kennedy Square

in which everybody would behave themselves, and he did not intend to mince his words when the time came. He had discussed the matter with the colonel when the ball opened, but little encouragement came from that quarter.

"So far as these young sprigs are concerned, St. George," Rutter had flashed back, "they must look out for themselves. I can't curtail my hospitality to suit their babyships. As for Harry, you're only wasting your time. He is made of different stuff—it's not in his blood and couldn't be. Whatever else he may become he will never be a sot. Let him have his fling: once a Rutter, always a Rutter," and then with a ring in his voice, "when my son ceases to be a gentleman, St. George, I will show him the door, but drink will never do it."

Dr. Teackle had also been on the alert. He was a young physician just coming into practice, many of the younger set being his patients, and he often acted as a curb when they broke loose. He, with St. George's whispered caution in his ears, had also tried to frame a word of protest to the colonel, suggesting in the mildest way that that particular bowl of apple toddy be not replenished—but the Lord of the Manor had silenced him with a withering glance before he had completed his sentence. In this dilemma he had again sought out St. George.

"Look out for Willits, Uncle George. He'll be staggering in among the ladies if he gets another crack at that toddy. It's an infernal shame to bring these relays of punch in here. I tried to warn the colonel but he came near eating me up. Willits has had very little experience in this sort of thing and is mixing his eggnog with everything within his reach. That will split his head wide open in the morning."

"Go and find him, Teackle; and bring him to me," cried St. George; "I'll stay here until you get him. Tell him I want to see him—and Alec"—this to the old butler who was skimming past, his hands laden with dishes—"don't you bring another drop of punch into this room until you see me."

"But de colonel say dat——"

"—I don't care what the colonel says, if he wants to know why, tell him I

ordered it. I'm not going to have this night spoiled by any tomfoolery of Talbot's, I don't care what he says. You hear me, Alec? Not a drop. Take out those half-empty bowls and don't you serve another thimbleful of anything until I say so." Here he turned to the young doctor who seemed rather surprised at St. George's dictatorial air—one rarely seen in him. "Yes—brutal, I know Teackle, and perhaps a little ill-mannered, this interfering with another man's hospitality, but if you knew how Kate has suffered over this same stupidity you would say I was right. Talbot never thinks—never cares. Because he's got a head like a town clock and can put away a bottle of port without winking an eyelid, he believes anybody else can do the same. I tell you this sort of thing has got to stop or sooner or later these young bloods will break the hearts of half the girls in town. . . . Steady! here comes Willits—not another word. . . . Oh, Mr. Willits, here you are! thank you for coming. I want to talk to you about that mare of yours—is she still for sale?" His nonchalance was delightful.

"No, Mr. Temple, I had thought of keeping her, sir," the young man rejoined blandly, greatly flattered at having been specially singled out by the distinguished Mr. Temple. "But if you are thinking of buying my mare, I should be most delighted to consider it—if you will permit me—I will call upon you in the morning." This last came with elaborate effusiveness. "But you haven't had a drop of anything to drink, egad! Mr. Temple, nor you either, doctor! What am I thinking of! Come, won't you join me? The colonel's mixtures are——"

"Better wait, Mr. Willits," interrupted St. George calmly, and with the air of one conversant with the resources of the house. "Alec is just getting a fresh bowl of toddy." He had seen at a glance that Teackle's diagnosis of the young man's condition was correct.

"Then let us have a swig at the colonel's port—it's the best in the county."

"No, hold on till the punch comes. You young fellows don't know how to take care of your stomachs. You ought to stick to your tipples as you do to your sweetheart—you should only have one."

"——At a time," laughed Teackle.

"No, one *all* the time, you dog! When I was your age Mr. Willits, if I drank Madeira I continued to drink Madeira, not to mix it up with everything on the table."

"By Jove, you're right Mr. Temple! I'm sticking to one girl—Miss Kate's my girl to-night. I'm going to dance the Virginia reel with her." St. George eyed him steadily. He saw that the liquor had already reached his head, or he would not have spoken of Kate as he did.

"Your choice is most admirable, Mr. Willits," he said suavely, laying his hand confidently on the young man's shoulder—"but let Harry have Miss Kate to-night. They were made to step that dance together."

"But she said she would dance it with me!" he flung back—he did not mean to be defrauded.

"Really?" It was wonderful how soft St. George's voice could be. Teackle could not have handled a refractory patient the better.

"Well, that is," rejoined Willits, modified by Temple's tone—"she is to let me know—that was the bargain."

Still another soft cadence crept into St. George's voice: "Well, even if she did say she would let you know, do be a little generous. Miss Seymour is always so obliging; but she ought really to dance the reel with Harry to-night." He used Kate's full name, but Willits's head was buzzing too loudly for him to notice the delicately suggested rebuke.

"Well, I don't see that, and I'm not going to see it, either. Harry's always coming in between us; he tried to get Miss Kate away from me a little while ago, but he didn't succeed."

"*Noblesse oblige*, my dear Mr. Willits," rejoined St. George in a more positive tone. "He is host, you know, and the ball is given to Miss Seymour and Harry can do nothing else but be attentive." He felt like strangling the cub, but it was neither the time nor place—nothing should disturb Kate's night if he could help it. One way to help it was to keep Willits sober, and this he intended to do whether the young man liked it or not.

"But it is my dance," Willits broke out. "You ask him if it isn't my dance—he heard what Miss Kate said. Here comes Harry, now."

Like a breath of West Wind Harry blew in, his face radiant, his eyes sparkling. He had entirely forgotten the incident on the stairs in the rapture of Kate's kisses and Willits was once more one of the many guests he was ready to serve and be courteous to.

"Ah, gentlemen—I hope you have everything you want!" he cried with a joyous wave of his hand. "Where will I get an ice for Kate, Uncle George? We are just about beginning the Virginia reel and she is so warm. Oh, we have had such a lovely waltz! Why are you fellows not dancing? Send them in Uncle George." He was brimming over with happiness.

Willits moved closer: "What did you say? The Virginia reel? Has it begun?" His head was too muddled for quick thinking.

"Not yet, Willits, but it will right away—everybody is on the floor now," returned Harry, his eyes in search of something to hold Kate's refreshment.

"Then it is my dance, Harry. I thought the reel was to be after supper, or I would have hunted Miss Kate up."

"So it is to be after supper," laughed Harry, catching up an empty plate from the serving table and moving to where the ices were spread. "You ought to know, for you told her about it yourself. This is an extra one."

"Then that's *my* reel," Willits insisted. "You heard what Miss Kate said, Harry—that's what I told you too, Mr. Temple," and he turned to St. George for confirmation.

"Oh, but you are mistaken, Langdon," continued Harry, bending over the dish. "She said she would decide later on whether to give you the reel or a schottische—and she has. Miss Kate dances this reel with me." There was a flash in his eye as he spoke, but he was still the host.

"And I suppose you will want the one after supper too," snapped Willits. He had edged closer and was now speaking to Harry's bent back.

"Why certainly, if Miss Kate is willing and wishes it," rejoined Harry simply, still too intent on having the ice reach his sweetheart at the earliest possible moment, to notice either Willits's condition or his tone of voice.

Willits sprang forward just as Harry regained his erect position. "No you

won't, sir!" he cried angrily. "I've got some rights here and I'm going to protect them. I'll ask Miss Kate myself and find out whether I am to be made a fool of like this," and he made a quick movement toward the door.

Harry dropped the plate on the table and blocked the enraged man's exit with his outstretched arm. He was awake now—wide awake—and to the cause.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Langdon—not in your present state. Pull yourself together man! Miss Kate is not accustomed to be spoken of in that way and you know it. Now don't be foolish—stay here with Uncle George and the doctor until you cool down. There are the best of reasons why I should dance the reel with Miss Kate, but I can't explain them now."

"Neither am I, Mr. Harry Rutter, accustomed to be spoken to in that way by you or anybody else. I don't care a rap for your explanations. Get out of my way, or you'll be sorry," and he jumped to one side and flung himself out of the room before Harry could realize the full meaning of his words.

St. George saw the flash in the boy's eyes, and stretching out his hand laid it on Harry's arm.

"Steady, my boy! Let him go—Kate will take care of him."

"No! I'll take care of him!" exclaimed Harry excitedly—"and now!" He was out of the room and the door shut behind him before Temple could frame a reply.

St. George shot an anxious, inquiring look at Teackle, who nodded his head in assent, and the two hurried from the room and across the expanse of white crash, Willits striding ahead, Harry at his heels, St. George and the doctor following close behind.

Kate stood near the far door, her radiant eyes fixed on Harry's approaching figure—the others she did not see. Willits reached her first:

"Miss Kate, isn't this my dance?" he burst out—"didn't you promise me?"

Kate started and for a moment her face flushed. If she had forgotten any promise she had made it certainly was not intentional. Then her mind acted. There must be no bad blood here—certainly not between Harry and Willits, on a night like this.

"No, not quite that Mr. Willits," she

answered in her sweetest voice, a certain roguish coquetry in its tones. "I said I'd think it over, and you never came near me and so Harry and I are——"

"But you *did* promise me," he interrupted. His voice could be heard all over the room—even the colonel, who was talking to a group of ladies raised his head to listen, his companions thinking the commotion was due to the proper arranging of the dance.

Harry's eyes blazed: Angry blood was mounting to his cheeks. He was amazed at Willits's outburst.

"You mean to contradict Miss Kate! Are you crazy, Willits?"

"No, I am entirely sane," he retorted, an ugly ring in his voice.

Everybody had ceased talking now. Good-natured disputes over the young girls were not uncommon among the young men, but this one seemed to have an ominous sound. Colonel Rutter evidently thought so, for he had now risen from his seat and was crossing the room to where Harry and the group stood.

"Well, you neither act nor talk as if you were sane," rejoined Harry in cold incisive tones, inching his way nearer Kate as if to be the better prepared to defend her.

Willits's lip curled: "I am not beholden to you, sir, for my conduct, although I can be later on for my words. Let me see your dancing card, Miss Kate," and he caught it from her unresisting hand. There—what did I tell you!" This came with a burst of indignation. "It was a blank when I saw it last and you've filled it in, sir, of your own accord!" Here he faced Harry. "That's your handwriting—I'll leave it to you, Mr. Temple if it isn't his handwriting."

Harry flushed scarlet and his eyes blazed as with a suppressed oath he stepped toward the speaker. Kate shrank back in alarm—she had read Harry's face and knew what it meant.

"Take that back, Langdon—quick! You are my guest but you mustn't say things like that here. I put my name on the card because Miss Kate asked me to. Take it back, sir—*now*!—and then make an humble apology to Miss Seymour."

"I'll take back nothing! I've been cheated out of a dance. Here—take her—and take this with her!" and he tore Kate's card in half and threw the pieces in Harry's face.

Harry lunged forward and raised his arm as if to strike Willits in the face—Willits drew himself up to his full height and confronted him. Kate shrivelled within herself, all the color gone from her cheeks. Whether to call out for help or withdraw quietly, was what puzzled her. Both would concentrate the attention of the whole room on the dispute.

St. George, who was boiling with indignation and disgust, but still cool and himself, pushed his way into the middle of the group.

"Now a word, Harry," he whispered in low, frigid tones. "This can be settled in another way." Then in his kindest voice, so loud that all could hear—"Teackle, will you and Mr. Willits please meet me in the colonel's den—that, perhaps is the best place after all, to straighten out these tangles. I'll join you there as soon as I have Miss Kate safely settled." Then he bent over her: "Kate, dear, perhaps you had better sit alongside of Mrs. Rutter until I can get these young fellows cooled off"—and in a still lower key—"you behaved admirably, my girl—admirably. I'm proud of you. Mr. Willits has had too much to drink—that is what is the matter with him, but it will be all over in a minute—and, Harry, my boy, suppose you come and help me look up Teackle," and he laid his hand with an authoritative pressure on the boy's arm.

The colonel had by this time reached the group and stood trying to catch the cue. He had heard the closing sentence of St. George's instructions, but he had missed the provocation although he had seen Harry's uplifted fist.

"What's the matter, St. George?" he inquired nervously.

St. George laughed in a light dismissing way, as he gripped Harry's arm the tighter. "Just a little misunderstanding, Talbot, as to who was to dance with our precious Kate. She is such a darling that it is as much as I can do to keep these young Romeos from running each other through the body, they are so madly in love with her. I am thinking of making off with her myself as the only way to keep the peace. Yes, you dear girl, I'll come back. Hold the music up for a little while, Talbot, until I can straighten them all out," and with his arm still tight through Harry's, the two walked the length of the room and closed the far door behind them.

Kate looked after them and her heart sank all the lower. She knew the feeling between the two men, and she knew Harry's hot, ungovernable temper—the temper of the Rutters. Patient as he often was, and tender-hearted as he could be, there flashed into his eyes now and then something that frightened her—something that recalled an incident in the history of his house. He had learned from his gentle mother to forgive affronts to himself; she had seen him do it many times, overlooking what another man would have resented, but an affront to herself, or any other woman was a different matter: that he would never forgive. She knew, too, that he had just cause to be offended, for in all her life no one had ever been so rude to her. That she herself was partly to blame only intensified her anxiety. Willits loved her, for he had told her so, not once, but several times, although she had answered him only with laughter. She should have been honest and not played the coquette: and yet, although the fault was partly her own, never had she been more astonished than at his outburst. In all her acquaintance with him he had never spoken rudely. Harry, of course, would lay it to Willits's lack of breeding—to the taint in his blood. But she knew better—it was the insanity produced by drink, combined with his jealousy of Harry, which had caused the gross outrage. Oh, why had she not told Willits herself of her betrothal and not waited to have surprised him before the assembled guests? It would have been fairer and spared every one this scene.

All these thoughts flashed through her mind as with head still proudly erect she crossed the room on the colonel's arm, to a seat beside her future mother-in-law, who had noticed nothing, and to whom not a word of the affair would have been mentioned, all such matters being invariably concealed from the dear lady.

Old Mrs. Cheston, however, was more alert; not only had she caught the anger in Harry's eyes, but she had followed the flight of the torn card as its pieces fell to the floor. She had once been present at a reception given by a prime minister when a similar fracas had occurred. Then it was a lady's glove and not a dancing card which was thrown in a rival's face, and it was a rapier that flashed and not a clenched fist.

"What was the matter over there, Talbot?" she demanded, speaking from behind her fan when the colonel came within hearing.

"Nothing! Some little disagreement about who should lead the Virginia reel with Kate. I have stopped the music until they fix it up."

"Don't talk nonsense, Talbot Rutter, not to me. There was bad blood over there—you better look after them. There'll be trouble if you don't."

The colonel tucked the edge of a rebellious ruffle inside his embroidered waistcoat and with a quiet laugh said: "St. George is attending to them."

"St. George is as big a fool as you are about such things. Go out, I tell you, and see what they are doing in there with the door shut."

"But my dear Mrs. Cheston," echoed her host with a deprecating wave of his hand—"my Harry would no more attack a man under his own roof than you would cut off your right hand. He's not born that way—none of us are."

"You talk like a perfect idiot, Talbot!" she snapped back. "You seem to have forgotten everything you know. These young fellows here are so many tinder boxes. There will be trouble I tell you—go out there and find out what is going on," she added, her voice increasing in intensity. "They've had time enough to fix up a dozen Virginia reels—and besides, Kate is waiting, and they know it. Look! there's some one coming out—it's that young Teackle. Call him over here and find out!"

The doctor had halted at the door and was now scrutinizing the faces of the guests as if in search of some one. Then he crossed the room rapidly, touched Mark Gilbert—(Harry's most intimate friend)—on the shoulder, and the two left the room.

Kate sat silent, a fixed smile on her face that ill concealed her anxiety. She had heard every word of the talk between Mrs. Cheston and the colonel, but she did not share the old lady's alarm as to any actual conflict. She would trust Uncle George to avoid that. But what kept Harry? Why leave her thus abruptly and send no word back? In her dilemma she leaned forward and touched the colonel's arm.

"You don't think anything is the matter, dear colonel, do you?"

"With whom, Kate dear?"

"Between Harry and Mr. Willits. Harry might resent it—he was very angry." Her lips were quivering, her eyes strained. She could hide her anxiety from her immediate companions, but the colonel was Harry's father.

The colonel turned quickly: "Resent it here! under his own roof, and the man his guest? That is one thing, my dear, a Rutter never violates, no matter what the provocation. I have made a special exception in Mr. Willits's favor to-night and Harry knows it. It was at your dear father's request that I invited the young fellow. And then again, I hear the most delightful things about his father, who though a plain man is of great service to his county—one of Mr. Clay's warmest adherents. All this you see, makes it all the more incumbent that both my son and myself should treat him with the *utmost* consideration, and this, as I have said, Harry understands perfectly. You don't know my boy; I would disown him, Kate, if he laid a hand on Mr. Willits—and so should you."

V

WHEN Dr. Teackle shut the door of the ball-room upon himself and Mark Gilbert the two did not tarry long in the colonel's den, which was still occupied by half a dozen of the older men who were being beguiled by a relay of hot terrapin that Alec had just served, the younger gallants having either joined the ladies or betaken themselves off to the larger supper room which had just been thrown wide, and where brimming bowls of punch and other invigorating beverages were free from Temple's cautionary edicts.

That St. George's "cooling-off" process was not being put into practice within the den's four walls, was apparent from the absence of both belligerents and from the way the two young pacificators continued on past the serving tables, past old Cobden Dorsey, who was steeped to the eyes in Santa Cruz rum punch; past John Purviance, and Gatchell and Murdoch smacking their lips over the colonel's Madeira, until the two disappeared through a door leading first to a dark passage, then to a short flight of steps leading to another dark passage and so on through a second door which gave into a small room level with the

ground. This was the colonel's business office, where he conducted the affairs of the estate—a room remote from the great house and never entered except on the colonel's special invitation and only then when business of importance necessitated its use.

That business of the very highest importance—not in any way connected with the colonel—though of the very gravest moment was being enacted here to-night, could be seen the instant Teackle threw wide the door. St. George and Harry were in one corner—Harry backed against the wall. The boy was pale, but perfectly calm and silent. On his face was the look of a man who had a duty to perform and who intended to go through with it come what might. On the opposite side of the room stood Willits with two young men, his most intimate friends. They had followed him out of the ball-room to learn the cause of his sudden outburst, and so far had only heard Willits's side of the affair. He was now perfectly sober and seemed to feel his position, but he showed no fear. On the desk lay a mahogany case containing the colonel's duelling pistols. Harry had taken them from his father's closet as the party left the colonel's den.

St. George turned to the young doctor, who with Gilbert had just entered the room. His face was calm and thoughtful, and he seemed to realize fully the gravity of the situation:

"It's no use, Teackle," St. George said with an expressive lift of his fingers. "I have done everything a man could, but there is only one way out of it. I have tried my best to save Kate from every unhappiness to-night but this is something much more important than woman's tears, and that is her lover's honor."

"You mean to tell me, Uncle George, that you can't stop this!" Teackle whispered with some heat. Here he faced Harry, his eyes strained, his lips twitching. "You shan't go on with this affair, I tell you, Harry. What will Kate say? Do you think she wants you murdered for a thing like this!—and that's about what will happen."

The boy made no reply, except to shake his head. He knew what Kate would say—knew what she would do, and knew what she would command him to do, could she have heard Willits's continued insults but a

moment before and in this very room while St. George was trying to make him apologize to his host and so end the disgraceful incident.

"Then I'll go and bring in the colonel and see what he can do!" burst out Teackle, starting for the door. "It's an outrage that——"

"You'll stay here, Teackle," commanded St. George—"right where you stand! This is no place for a father. Harry is of age."

"But what an ending to a night like this!"

"I know it—horrible!—frightful!—but I would rather see the boy lying dead at my feet than not defend the woman he loves." This came in a decisive tone, as if he had long since made up his mind to this phase of the situation.

"But Langdon is Harry's guest," Teackle pleaded, dropping his voice still lower to escape being heard by the group at the opposite end of the room—"and he is still under his roof. It is never done—it is against the code. Besides—" and his voice became a whisper—"Harry never levelled a pistol at a man in his life, and this is not Langdon's first meeting. We can fix it in the morning. I tell you we *must* fix it somehow."

Harry, who had been listening quietly, reached across the table, picked up the case of pistols, handed it to Gilbert, whom he had chosen as his second, and in a calm, clear, staccato tone—each word a bullet rammed home—said:

"No—Teackle, there will be no delay until to-morrow. Mr. Willits has forfeited every claim to being my guest and I will fight him here and now. I could never look Kate in the face, nor would she ever speak to me again if I took any other course. You forget that he virtually told Kate she lied," and he gazed steadily at Willits as if waiting for the effect of his shot.

St. George's eyes kindled. There was the ring of a man in the boy's words. He had seen the same look on the elder Rutter's face in a similar situation twenty years before. As a last resort he walked toward where Willits stood conferring with his second.

"I ask you once more, Mr. Willits," he said in his most courteous tones—(Willits's pluck had greatly raised him in his estimation)—"to apologize like a man and a gentleman. There is no question in my mind

that you have insulted your host in his own house and been discourteous to the woman he expects to marry, and that the amende honorable should come from you. I am twice your age and have had many experiences of this kind, and I would neither ask you to do a dishonorable thing nor would I permit you to do it if I could prevent it. Make a square, manly apology to Harry."

Willits gazed at him with a certain ill-concealed contempt on his face. He was loosening the white silk scarf about his throat at the time in preparation of the expected encounter. He evidently did not believe a word of that part of the statement which referred to Harry's engagement. If Kate had been engaged to Harry she would have told him so.

"You are only wasting your time, Mr. Temple," he answered with an impatient lift of his chin as he stripped his coat from his broad shoulders. "You have just said there is only one way to settle this—I am ready—so are my friends. You will please meet me outside—there is plenty of fire-light under the trees, and the sooner we get through this the better. The apology should not come from me, and will not. Come, gentlemen," and he stepped out into the now drizzling night, the glare of the torches falling on his determined face and white shirt as he strode down the path followed by his seconds.

Seven gentlemen hurriedly gathered together, one a doctor and another in full possession of a mahogany case containing two duelling pistols with their accompanying ammunition, G. D. gun caps, powder-horn, swabs and rammers, and it past eleven o'clock at night, would have excited but little interest to the average ducky—especially one unaccustomed to the portents and outcomes of such proceedings.

Not so Alec, who had absorbed the situation at a glance. He had accompanied his master on two such occasions—one at Bladensburg and the other on a neighboring estate, when the same ominous tokens had been visible, except that those fights took place at daybreak, and after every requirement of the code had been complied with, instead of under the flare of smoking pine torches and within a step of the contestant's front door. He had, too, a most intimate knowledge of the contents of the mahogany case, it being part of his duty to see that these defenders of the honor of all the Rut-

ters—and they had been in frequent use—were kept constantly oiled and cleaned. He had even cast some bullets the month before under the colonel's direction. That he was present to-night was entirely due to the fact that having made a short cut to the kitchen door in order to hurry some dishes, he had by the merest chance, and at the precise psychological moment, run bump up against the warlike party just before they had reached the duelling ground. This was a well-lighted path but a stone's throw from the house, and sufficiently hidden by shrubbery to be out of sight of the ball-room windows.

The next moment the old man was in full run to the house. He had heard the beginning of the trouble while he was carrying out St. George's orders regarding the two half-emptied bowls of punch and understood exactly what was going to happen, and why.

"Got de colonel's pistols!" he gasped as he sped along the gravel walk toward the front door as the quicker way to reach the ball-room—"and Marse Harry nothin' but a baby! Gor-a-Mighty! Gor-a-Mighty!" Had they all been grown-ups he might not have minded—but his "Marse Harry," the child he brought up, his idol—his chum!—"Fo' Gawd dey shan't kill 'im—dey shan't!—*dey shan't!*!"

He had reached the porch now, swung back the door, and with a sudden spring—it was wonderful how quick he moved—had dashed into the ball-room, now a maze of whirling figures—a polka having struck up to keep everybody occupied until the reel was finally made up.

"Marse Talbot!—Marse Talbot!" All domestic training was cast aside, not a moment could be lost—"All on ye!—dey's murder outside—somebody go git de colonel!—Oh, Gawd!—somebody git 'im quick!"

Few heard him and nobody paid any attention to his entreaties; nor could anybody, when they did listen, understand what he wanted—the men swearing under their breath, the girls indignant that he had gotten in their way. Mrs. Rutter, who had seen his in-rush, sat aghast. Had Alec succumbed too, she wondered—old Alec, who had had full charge of the wine cellar for years! But the old man pressed on, still shouting, his voice almost gone, his eyes bursting from his head.

"Dey's gwinter murder Marse Harry—I seen 'em! Oh!—whar's de colonel! Won't somebody please—Oh, my Gawd!—dis is awful! Don't I tell ye dey's gwinter kill Marse Harry!"

Mrs. Cheston, sitting beside Kate, was the only one who seemed to understand.

"Alec!" she called in her imperious voice—"Alec!—come to me at once! What is the matter?"

The old butler shambled forward and stood trembling, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Yes, mum—I'm yere! Oh, can't ye git de colonel—ain't nobody else 'll do——"

"Is it a duel?"

"Yes, mum! I jes' done see 'em! Dey's gwinter kill my Marse Harry!"

Kate sprang up: "Where are they?" she cried, shivering with fear. The old man's face had told the story.

"Out by de greenhouse—dey was measurin' off de groun'—dey's got de colonel's pistols—you kin see 'em from de winder!"

In an instant she had parted the heavy silk curtains and lifted the sash. She would have thrown herself from it if Mrs. Cheston had not held her, although it was but a few feet from the ground.

"Harry!" she shrieked—an agonizing shriek that reverberated through the ball-room, bringing everybody and everything to a stand-still. The dancers looked at each other in astonishment: What had happened? Who had fainted?

The colonel now passed through the room. He had been looking after the proper handling of the famous Madeira, and had just heard that Alec wanted him, and was uncertain as to the cause of the disturbance. A woman's scream had reached his ears, but he did not know it was Kate's, or he would have quickened his steps.

Again Kate's voice pierced the room:

"Harry! *Harry!*"—this time in helpless agony. She had peered into the darkness made denser by the light rain, and had caught a glimpse of a man standing erect without his coat, the light of the torches bringing his figure into high relief—whose she could not tell, the bushes were so thick.

The colonel brushed everybody aside and pulled Kate, half fainting, into the room. Then he faced Mrs. Cheston.

"What has happened?" he asked sharply. "What is going on outside?"

"Just what I told you. Those fools are out there trying to murder each other!"

Two shots in rapid succession rang clear on the night air.

The colonel stood perfectly still. No need to tell him now what had happened, and worse yet, no need to tell him what would happen if he showed the slightest agitation. He was a cool man, accustomed to critical situations, and one who never lost his head in an emergency. Only a few years before he had stopped a runaway hunter, with a girl clinging to a stirrup, by springing straight at the horse's head and bringing them both to the ground unhurt. It only required an instantaneous concentration of all his forces, he said to himself, as he gazed into old Alec's terror-stricken face framed by the open window. Once let the truth be known and the house would be in a panic—women fainting, men rushing out, taking sides with the combatants, with perhaps other duels to follow—Mrs. Rutter frantic, the ball suddenly broken up, and this too, near midnight, with most of his guests ten miles and more from home.

Murmurs of alarm were already reaching his ears: What was it?—who had fainted?—did the scream come from inside or outside the room?—what was the firing about?—etc.

He turned to allay Kate's anxiety, but she had cleared the open window at a bound and was already speeding toward where she had seen the light on the man's shirt. For an instant he peered after her into the darkness, and then, his mind made up, closed the sash with a quick movement, flung together the silk curtains and raised his hand to command attention.

"Keep on with the dance, my friends; I'll go and find out what has happened—but it's nothing that need worry anybody—only a little burnt powder. Alec—go and tell Mr. Grant, the overseer, to keep better order outside. In the meantime let everybody get ready for the Virginia reel; supper will be served in a few minutes. Will you young gentlemen please choose your partners, and will some one of you kindly ask the music to start up?"

Slowly, and quite as if he had been called to the front door to welcome some belated guest, he walked the length of the room preceded by Alec, who, agonized at his master's measured delay, had forged ahead

to open the door—closed it softly behind him, and once out of sight hurried down the path.

Willits lay flat on the path, one arm stretched above his head. He had measured his full length, the weight of his shoulder breaking some flower pots as he fell. Over his right eye gaped an ugly wound from which oozed a stream of blood that stained his cheek and throat. Dr. Teackle on one knee, was searching the patient's heart, while Kate, her pretty frock soiled with mud, her hair dishevelled, sat crouched in the dirt rubbing his hands—sobbing bitterly—crying out whenever Harry, who was kneeling beside her, tried to soothe her:—"No!— No!— My heart's broken—don't speak to me—go away!"

The colonel towering above them, looked the scene over, then he confronted Harry, who had straightened to his feet on seeing his father.

"A pretty piece of work, sir—and on a night like this! A damnable piece of work, I should say! Has he killed him, Teackle?"

The young doctor shook his head ominously.

"I cannot tell yet—his heart is still beating."

St. George now joined the group. He and Gilbert, and the other seconds, had, in order to maintain secrecy, been rounding up the few negroes who had seen the encounter, or who had been attracted to the spot by the firing.

"Harry had my full consent, Talbot—there was really nothing else to do. Only an ounce of cold lead will do in some cases, and this was one of them." He was grave and deliberate in manner, but there was an infinite sadness in his voice.

"He did—did he?" retorted the colonel bitterly. "*Your* full consent! *YOURS!* and I in the next room!" Here he beckoned to one of the negroes who, with staring eyeballs, stood gazing from one to the other. "Come closer, Eph—not a whisper, remember, or I'll cut the hide off your back in strips. Tell the others what I say—if a word of this gets into the big house or around the cabins I'll know who to punish. Now two or three of you go into the greenhouse, pick up one of those wide planks, and lift this gentleman on to it so we

can carry him. Take him into my office, doctor, and lay him on my lounge. He'd better die there than here. Come, Kate—do you go with me. Not a syllable of this, remember, Kate, to Mrs. Rutter, or anybody else. As for you, sir—" and he looked Harry squarely in the face—"you will hear from me later on."

With the same calm determination, he entered the ball-room, walked to the group forming the reel, and, with a set smile on his face indicating how idle had been everybody's fears, said loud enough to be heard by every one about him:

"Only one of the men, my dear young people, who has been hurt, in the too careless use of some fire-arms. As to dear Kate—she has been so upset—she happened unfortunately to see the affair from the window—that she has gone to her room and so you must excuse her for a little while. Now everybody keep on with the dance."

With his wife he was even more at ease: "The same old root of all evil, my dear," he said with a dry smile—"too much peach brandy, and this time down the wrong throats—and so in their joy they must celebrate by firing off pistols and wasting my good ammunition," an explanation which completely satisfied the dear lady—peach brandy being capable of producing any calamity, great or small.

But this would not do for Mrs. Cheston. She was a woman who could be trusted and who never, on any occasion, lost her nerve. He saw from the way she lifted her eyebrows in inquiry, instead of framing her question in words, that she fully realized the gravity of the situation. The colonel looked at her significantly, made excuse to step in front of her, and with his forefinger tapping his forehead, whispered:

"Willits."

The old lady paled, but she did not change her expression.

"And Harry?" she murmured in return.

The colonel kept his eyes upon her but he made no answer. A hard, cold look settled on his face—one she knew—one his negroes feared when he grew angry.

Again she repeated Harry's name, this time in alarm:

"Quick!—tell me—not killed?"

"No—I wish to God he were!"

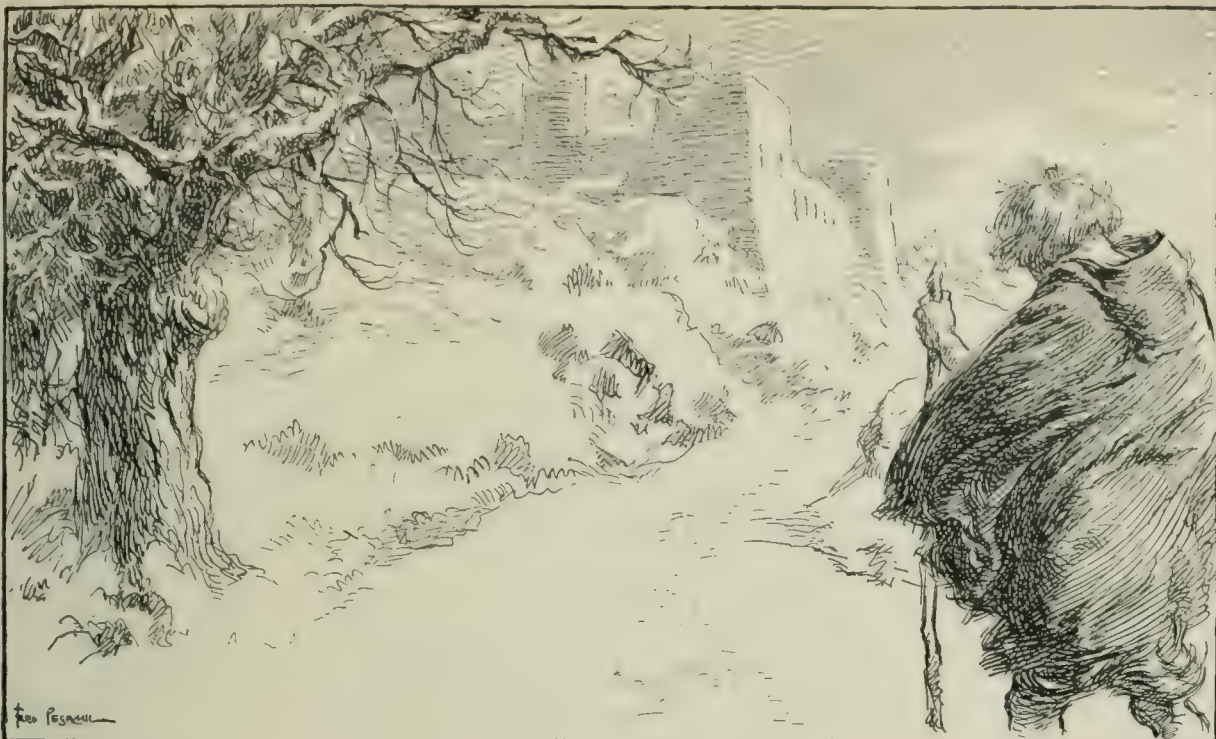
(To be continued.)



Devotion by Fred Pegram.

But wistful-sweet, while to her raiment sainted
Clung laughing cheruim.

—Page 724.



The Vision of Cædmon

By E. Sutton

DARK in the cow-byre 'neath the Saxon castle
He heard, amid the wind-gusts loud or low,
Rude glees, and harping, and the noise of wassail,
With lights along the snow.

"What dost thou, Cædmon?" at the open portal
One softly spake, and for a voice divine
His starting pulses knew it, for no mortal
Stood mid the breathing kine.

No shape was there; naught save a fragrance vying
For wonder with that voice, so golden-clear.
He knelt, and from his simpleness replying
As one that had no fear:

"Our Lady—if indeed thy grace hath lent her
"Sweet marvels, all unseen—I make my dule;
"They mock me, and for shame I may not enter
"The merry hall of Yule."

"Wherefore?" it said. "I tell no jest nor story,
"But sit and stare, or do unhandily."
"Darest thou no song?" then spake the viewless glory.
"Nay, Blessed One," said he.

"I who am but a neat-herd, though a freeman,
"So fear the hall and all the flouting ring,
"Had I the cunning of my lord's own gleeman
"I have no heart to sing."

Ceasing he heard, the raftered gloom beguiling,
Whispers, low childish laughter, tiny wings.
"Those be her little house-carles," thought he smiling,
"Like them that serven Kings."

"They bear her robe and strewn heavenly flowers.
"Would I could see!" and lo! at his desire
A hollow clearness, rayed with iris-showers,
Dawned in the wretched byre.

Orbing Our Lady; not the Queen as painted,
Star-crowned and sceptred with a lily slim,
But wistful-sweet, while to her raiment sainted
Clung laughing cherubim.

"Grieve not," she said, while he with eyes adoring
Drank deep of wonder and of mystery,
"Song shall be thine in fullest floods outpouring;
"My singer shalt thou be."

"All Earth, and Paradise, and the darker dwelling
"Of sprites forlorn shall be thy realm." Then spanned
The waiting darkness, sweeter than all telling
And as it were a hand

Bearing a glede came swiftly, and ascended
When it had touched his lips; the scent also
Passed with the harping of the wind, and ended
In naught but stars and snow.

And Cædmon sang; the warring Kingdoms Seven
Laid down the twybill and the sword to hear,
In battle-measures of the Viking leaven,
The Christian hope and fear.

And ran, by Roman ways and forest arches,
His fame from Wessex' royal town, where free
Northumbrian Eadwinsburg upon the marches
Looks to the Northern Sea.





Fort Resolution in charge of Chief Trader Harding.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

II.—THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU

XI.—FORT RESOLUTION AND ITS FOLK



EARLY next morning, Preble called on his old acquaintance, Chief Trader Harding, in charge of the post. Whenever we have gone to Hudson Bay Company officials to do business with them, as officers of the

company, we have found them the keenest of the keen; but whenever it was their own personal affair, they were hospitality out-hospitalled. They give without stint, they lavish their kindness on the stranger from the big world. In a few minutes Preble hastened back to say that we are to go there to breakfast at once.

That breakfast, presided over by a charming woman and a genial, generous man, was one that will not be forgotten

while I live. Think of it! After the hard scrabble on the Nyarling we had real porridge and cream, coffee with veritable sugar and milk, authentic butter, light rolls made of actual flour, unquestionable bacon and potatoes, with jam and toast—the really, truly things—and we had as much as we could eat! We behaved rather badly, intemperately, I fear; we stopped only when forced to it, and yet both of us came away with appetites.

It was clear that I must get some larger craft than my canoe to cross the lake from Fort Resolution, and take the 1,300 pounds of provisions that I had sent ahead. Harding kindly offered the loan of a York boat, and with the help chiefly of Charlie McLeod, the white man, who is interpreter at the fort, I secured a crew to man it. But oh! what worry and annoyance it was. These Great Slave Lake Indians are petulant, inconsistent, shiftless, and tricky. Pike, Whitney, Buffalo Jones, and others

united twenty years ago in denouncing them as the most worthless and contemptible of the human race, and since then they have considerably deteriorated. There are exceptions, however, as will be seen by the record.

One difficulty was that it became known that on the buffalo expedition Bezya had received three dollars a day, which is government emergency pay. I had already agreed to pay the maximum, two dollars a day, with presents and keep. All came and demanded three dollars. I told them they could all go at once in search of the hottest place ever pictured by a diseased and perfervid human imagination.

If they went, they decided not to stay. In an hour they were back, offering to compromise. I said I could run back to Fort Smith (it sounds like nothing) and get all the men I needed at \$1.50. (Since Fort Smith was nine days away, I should mortally have hated to try.) One by one the crew resumed. Then another bomb-shell. I had offended Chief Snuff by not calling and consulting him; he now gave it out that I was here to take out live muskox, which meant that all the rest would follow to seek their lost relatives. Again my crew resigned. I went to see Snuff. Every man has his price. Snuff's price was half a pound of tea, and the crew came back, bringing, however, several new modifications in contract.

The following were secured, after they had received presents, provisions, and advance pay:

Weeso; the Jesuits called him Louison d'Noire, but it has been corrupted into a simpler form. "Weeso" they call it; "Weeso" they write it, and for "Weeso" you must ask, or you will not find him. So I write it as I do "Soussi," "Yum, etc.," with the true local color.

He was a nice, kind, simple old rabbit, not much use and not over-strong, but he did his best, never murmuring, and in all the mutinies and rebellions that followed he remained stanch, saying simply, "I gave my word I would go, and I will go." He would make a safe guide for the next party headed for Aylmer Lake. He alone did not ask

for rations for his wife during his absence; he said, "it didn't matter about her, as they had been married for a long time now." He asked as presents a pair of my spectacles, as his eyes were failing, and a Marble axe. The latter I sent him, but he could not understand why glasses that helped me should not help him. He acted as pilot and guide, knowing next to nothing about either.

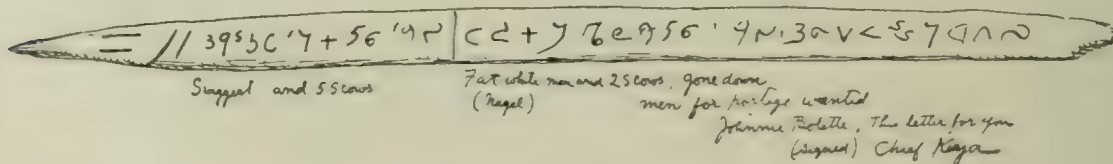
François d'Noire, son of Weeso, a quiet, steady, inoffensive chap, but not strong.

Y. (W.) C., a sulky brute and a mischief-maker. He joined and resigned a dozen



Lobstick given to Mr. Seton on a slate island, Great Slave Lake.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.



Chipewyan inscription with interpretation.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.



The deathbirds, the storm, and the wolverine.

times that day, coming back each time with a new demand.

T. S., grandson of the Chief —, a sulky good-for-nothing—would not have him again at any price. Besides the usual wages, tobacco, food, etc., he demanded an advance to support his wife during his absence. The wife, I found, was a myth.

F. T., a sulky good-for-nothing.

L. Beaulieu, an alleged grandson of his grandfather. A perpetual breeder of trouble; never did a decent day's work the whole trip. Insolent, mutinous, and over-

bearing, till I went for him with intent to do bodily mischief, then he became extremely obsequious. Like the rest of the foregoing, he resigned and resumed at irregular intervals.

Yum (William) Freesay (Frisé?) The best of the lot; a bright, cheerful, intelligent, strong Indian boy. He and my old standby, Billy Loutit, did virtually all the handling of that big boat. Any one travelling in that country should secure Yum if they can. He was worth all the others put together.



The meal at the Lobstick, Pike's Portage.

This, then, was the crew that was to handle the York boat on the run of "three or four days" that should take me from Fort Resolution to Pike's Portage, and then portage my goods to the first lake. Of course, I have not reckoned in the certain individuals that joined and resigned a number of times before we set out.



Forcing ice on the Great Slave Lake.

XII.—THE SPEECH AND WRITING OF THE CHIPEWYANS

THESE Indians are still in the hunter and fisher stage; they make no pretence of agriculture or stock-raising. Except that they wear white man's clothes and are most of them nominally Roman Catholic, they live as their fathers did one hundred years ago. But there is one remarkable circumstance that impressed me more and more—practically every Chipewyan reads and writes his own language.

This miracle was inborne on me slowly. On the first buffalo hunt we had found a smoothened pole stuck in the ground by the trail. It was inscribed as here-with.

"What is that, Sousi?"

"It's a notice from Kiya that Swiggert wants men on the Portage," and he translated it as in the illustration.

Each of our guides in succession had shown a similar familiarity with the script of his tribe, and many times we found a few spideresque characters on tree or stone that supplied valuable information. They could, however, tell me nothing of its age or origin. Simply "we all do it, it is easy."

At Fort Resolution I met the Jesuit Fathers and got the desired chance of learning about the Chipewyan script.

First, it is not a true alphabet, but a syllabic; not letters, but syllables are indicated by each character; seventy-three characters are all that are needed to express the whole language. It is so simple and stenographic that the Fathers often use it as a rapid way of writing French. It has, however, the disadvantage of ambiguity at times. Any Indian boy can learn it in a week or two; practically all the Indians use it. What a commentary on our own cumbersome and illogical spelling, which takes even a bright child two or three years to learn!

Now, I already knew something of the Cree syllabic invented by the Reverend James Evans, Methodist missionary on Lake Winnipeg in the '40's; but Cree is a much less complex language, only thirty-six characters are needed, and these are so simple that an intelligent Cree can learn to write his own language in one day.

In support of this astounding statement, I give, first, the thirty-six characters which cover every fundamental sound in their language, and then a sample of application (page 731). While crude and inconcise, it was so logical and simple that in a few years the missionary had taught practically the whole Cree nation to read and write their own language. And Lord Dufferin, when the matter came before him, during his north-west tour, said enthusiastically: "There have been buried in Westminster Abbey, with national honors, many men whose claims to fame were far less than those of this devoted missionary, the man who taught a whole nation to read and write."

These things I knew, and now followed up my Jesuit source of information.

"Who invented this?"

"I don't know for sure. It is in general use."

"Was it a native idea?"

"Oh, no; some white man made it."

"Where? Here or in the South?"

"It came originally from the Crees, as near as we can tell."

"Was it a Cree or a missionary that first thought of it?"

"I believe it was a missionary."

"Frankly, now, wasn't it invented in 1840 by Reverend James Evans, Methodist missionary to the Crees on Lake Winnipeg?"

Oh, how he hated to admit it, but he was too honest to deny it.

"Yes, it seems to me it was some name like that. 'Je ne sais pas.'"

Reader, take a map of North America, a large one, and mark off the vast area bounded by the Saskatchewan, the Rockies, the Hudson Bay, and Arctic Circle, and realize that in this region, as large as Continental Europe, outside of Russia and Spain, one simple, earnest man, inspired by the love of Him who alone is perfect love, invented and popularized a method of writing, that in a few years—in less than a generation, indeed—has turned the whole native population from ignorant illiterates to a people who are proud to read and write their own language. This, I take it, is one of the greatest feats of a civilizer. The world has not yet heard of, much less comprehended, the magnitude of the achievement; when it does, there will be no name on the Canadian roll of fame



Snap shot
No. 2.



Snap shot
No. 3.



Snap shot
No. 5.



Snap shot
No. 6.



July Camp on the Great Slave Lake.

that stands higher or is blazoned more brightly than that of James Evans, the missionary.

XIII.—THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE LAKE

HITHERTO I have endeavored to group my observations on each subject. I shall now, for a change, give part, at least, of the Great Slave Lake voyage, much as it appears in my Journal.

"July 16, 1907. Left Fort Resolution at 9.40 A.M., in the York Boat, manned by 7 Indians and Billy Loutit, besides Preble and myself, 10 in all; ready with mast and sail for fair wind, but also provided with heavy 16-foot oars for head-winds and calm.

"July 17th. Rose at 6 (it should have been 4, but the Indians would not rouse); sailed north, through the marsh, with a light east breeze. At noon this changed to a strong wind blowing from the north, as it has done with little change ever since I came to the country. These Indians know little of handling a boat, and resent any suggestion. They maintain their right to row or rest, as they please, and camp when and where they think best. We camped on a sand-bar and waited till night, most exasperating when we are already behind time. Reached Stony Point Island at night, after many stops and landings. The Indians land whenever in doubt and make

a meal (at my expense) and are in doubt every two hours or so. They eat by themselves and have their own cook. Billy cooks for us, *i. e.*, Preble, Weeso, and myself. Among the crew I hear unmistakable grumblings about the food. Which is puzzling, as it is the best the H. B. Co. can supply, the best they ever had in their lives; there is great variety, and no limit to quantity.

"Made 6 meals and 10 miles to-day, rowing 7, sailing 3.

"July 18th. I am more and more disgusted with my Indian crew; the leader in mischief seems to be young Beaulieu. Yesterday he fomented a mutiny because I did not give them 'beans,' though I had given them far more than promised, and beans were never mentioned. Still, he had discovered a bag of them among my next month's stores, and that started him.

"To-day, when sick of seeing them dawdling two hours over a meal, when there are 6 meals a day, I gave the order to start, Beaulieu demanded insolently, 'Oh! who's boss?' My patience was worn out. I said, 'I am, and I'll show you right now,' and proceeded to do so, meaning to let him have my fist with all the steam I could get back of it. But he did not wait. At a safe distance he turned and in a totally different manner said, 'I only wanted to know: I thought maybe the old man (the guide); I'll do it, all ri, all ri,' and he smiled and smiled.

"Oh! why did not I heed Pike's warning and shun all Beaulieus; they rarely fail to breed trouble. If I had realized all this last night, before coming to the open lake, I would have taken the whole outfit back to Resolution and got rid of the crowd. We could do better with another canoe and 2 men, and at least make better time than this (17 miles a day).

"July 19th. I got up at 4, myself, talked strong talk, so actually got away at 5.30. Plenty grumbling; many meals to-day, with many black looks and occasional remarks in English, 'Grub no good.' Three days ago these men were starving on one meal a day, of fish and bad flour; now they have bacon, dried venison, fresh fish, fresh game, potatoes, flour, baking powder, tea, coffee, milk, sugar, molasses, lard, cocoa, dried apples, rice, oatmeal, far more than was promised, and all *ad libitum* and the

best that the H. B. Co. can supply, and yet they grumble. There is only one article of the food store to which they have not access, that is a bag of beans which I am reserving for our own trip in the north when weight counts for so much. Beaulieu smiles when I speak to him, but I know he is at the bottom of all mischief.

"To-day they made 6 meals and 17 miles.

"July 20th. Rose at 4; had a row on my hands at once. The Indians would not get up till 5, so we did not get away till 6.20.

Beaulieu was evidently instructing the crew, for at the third breakfast, altogether (but perhaps 2) shouted out in English, 'Grub no good.'

"I walked over to them, asked who spoke, no one answered; then I said, 'See here, boys, when I hired you to take me to Pike's

Portage, I agreed to pay \$2.00 a day and feed you pork, flour, tea, sugar and tobacco. In addition I have given you pemmican, milk dried apples, cocoa, etc. I never promised you any beans, and I have none to spare and am not eating them myself. There is only one way for you to get your pay, that is by the paper I give you to be presented to the H. B. Co., when you get back to Fort Resolution. Without that paper you can get nothing, and you will get only so much as it calls for. The next one of you that grumbles or shirks, I will suspend for that day, and he will be docked so much in the paper.

"I didn't promise you beans, but will say now that if you work well, I'll give you a bean feast once in a while."

"They all said in various tongues and ways, 'That's all ri.' Beaulieu said it several times and smiled and smiled.

"If the mythical monster that dwells in the bottom of Great Slave Lake had reached up its long neck now and taken this same half-breed son of Belial, I should have said, 'Well done, good and faithful monster,' and the rest of our voyage could have been happier.

SYLLABARIUM

	A	E	O	A	FINALS
	▽	△	▷	◁	o w
P	▽	△	▷	◁	i p
T	U	∩	∩	∩	/ t
K	q	p	d	b	\ k
CH	∩	∩	∩	∩	- ch
M	∩	∩	∩	∩	c m
N	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩ n
S	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩ s
	∩	∩	∩	∩	

A dot gives a "w" sound

EXAMPLES.

atokwa ∇∩q pimatisiw ∆∩∩∩
maskanaw ∩∩b∩ astumitik ∆∩∩∩
makwach ∩b∩ ustootin ∆∩∩∩
pimachehewam ∆∩∩∆∇c kakwi qb:

The syllabic alphabet of the Cree language.

"At noon, that day, Billy announced that it was time to give me a lobstick or tree monument; a spruce was selected on a slate island and trimmed to its proper style, then inscribed:

E. T. Seton
E. A. Preble
W. C. Loutit
20 July
1907

"Now I was in honor bound to treat the crew. I had neither the will nor the wish to give whiskey. Tobacco was already provided, so I seized the opportunity of smoothing things by announcing a feast of beans, and this, there was good reason to believe, went far in the cause of peace.

"At 1.30, for the first time, a fair breeze sprung up, or rather lazily got up. Joyfully then we raised our mast and sail. The boys curled up to sleep, except Beaulieu. He had his fiddle and now he proceeded to favor us with 'A life on the ocean wave,' 'The Campbells are coming,' etc., in a manner worthy of his social position and of his fiddle. When not in use, this æsthetic instrument (in its box) knocks about on deck or under foot, among pots and pans, exposed in all weathers; no one seems to fear it will be injured.

"At 7 the usual dead calm was restored. We rowed till we reached Et-then Island at 8, covering two miles more, or 32, in all, to-day. I was unwilling to stop now, but the boys said they would row all day Sunday if I would camp here, and then added, 'and if the wind rises to-night we'll go on.'

"At 10 o'clock I was already in bed for the night, though of course it was broad daylight. Preble had put out a line of mouse traps, when the cry was raised by the Indians, now eating their 7th meal, 'Chimpalle Hurra chilla quee'—('Sailing wind, Hurra boys!')

"The camp was all made, but after such a long calm, a sailing wind was too good to miss. In 10 minutes every tent was torn down, and bundled into the boat. At 10.10 we pulled out under a fine promising breeze; but alas for its promise! At 10.30 the last vestige of it died away and we had to use the oars to make the nearest land, where we tied up at 11 P. M."

That night old Weeso said to me, through Billy, the interpreter, "To-morrow

is Sunday and that, therefore, he would like to have a prayer-meeting after breakfast."

"Tell him," I said, "that I quite approve of his prayer-meeting, but also it must be understood that if the good Lord sends us a sailing wind in the morning, that is His way of letting us know we should sail."

This sounded so logical that Weeso meekly said, "All right."

Sure enough, the morning dawned with a wind, and we got away after the regular sullen grumbling. About 10.20 the usual glassy calm set in and Weeso asked me for a piece of paper and a pencil. He wrote something in Chipewyan on the sheet I gave, then returned the pencil, and resumed his pilotic stare at the horizon, for his post was at the rudder. At length he rolled the paper into a ball, and when I seemed not observing, dropped it behind him overboard.

"What is the meaning of that, Billy?" I whispered.

"He's sending a prayer to Jesus for wind." Half an hour afterward, a strong *head* wind sprang up, and Weeso was severely criticised for not specifying more clearly what was wanted.

XL.—CROSSING THE LAKE—THE LYNX AT BAY

ON the morning of July 27, when half a mile from Charleton Harbor, one of the Indians said "Cheesay" (lynx), and pointed to the south shore. There on a bare point, a quarter of a mile away, we saw a large lynx walking quietly along. Every oar was dropped and every rifle seized, of course, to repeat the same old scene; probably it would have made no difference to the lynx, but I called out, "Hold on there! I'm going after that 'cheesay.'"

Calling my two reliables, Preble and Billy, we set out in the canoe, armed, respectively, with a shot-gun, a club, and a camera.

When we landed the lynx had gone. We hastily made a skirmishing line in the wood where the point joined the mainland, but saw no sign of him; so concluded he must be hiding on the point. Billy took the right shore, Preble the left, I kept the middle. Then we marched toward the point, but saw nothing. There were no bushes except a low thicket of spruce, some twenty-

feet across and three or four feet high. This was too dense to penetrate standing, so I lay down on my breast and proceeded to crawl in under the low boughs. I had not gone six feet before a savage growl warned me back, and there, just ahead, crouched the lynx. He glared angrily, then rose up, and I saw, with a little shock, that he had been crouching on the body of another lynx, eating it. Photography was impossible there, so I took a stick and poked at him; he growled, struck at the stick, but went out, then dashed across the open for the woods. As he went, I got photograph No. 1. Now I saw the incredible wonder I had heard of—a good runner can outrun a lynx. Preble was a sprinter, and before the timber, two hundred yards off, was reached, that lynx was headed and turned; and Preble and Billy were driving him back into my studio. He made several dashes to escape, but was out-maneuvred and driven onto the far point, where he was really between the devils and the deep sea. Here he faced about at bay, growling savagely, thumping his little bobtail from side to side, and pretending he was going to spring on us. I took photograph No. 2 at twenty-five yards. He certainly did look very fierce, but I thought I knew the creature, as well as the men who were backing me. I retired, put a new film in place, and said:

"Now, Preble, I'm going to walk up to that lynx and get a close photo. If he jumps for me, and he may, there is nothing can save my beauty, but you and that gun."

Preble, with characteristic loquacity, said "Go ahead."

Then I stopped and began slowly approaching the desperate creature we held at bay. His eyes were glaring green, his ears were back, his small bobtail kept twitching from side to side, and his growls grew harder and hissier as I neared him. At fifteen feet he gathered his legs under him, as for a spring, and I pressed the button, getting No. 3.

Then did the demon of ambition enter into my heart and lead me into peril. The lynx at bay was starving and desperate. He *might* spring at me, but I believed that if he did, he never would reach me alive. I knew my man—this nerved me—and I said to him, "I'm not satisfied; I want him to fill the finder. Are you ready?"

"Yep."

So I crouched lower and came still nearer and at twelve feet made No. 4. For some strange reason, now, the lynx seemed less angry than he had been.

"He didn't fill the finder; I'll try again," was my next. Then, on my knees, I crawled up, watching the finder, till it was full of lynx. I glanced at the beast, he was but eight feet away. I focused and fired.

And now, oh, wonder! that lynx no longer seemed annoyed; he had ceased all growling and simply looked *bored*.

Seeing it was over, Preble says, "Now where does he go? To the museum?"

"No, indeed," was the reply; "he surely has earned his keep; turn him loose. It's back to the woods for him." We stood aside, he saw his chance and dashed for the tall timber. As he went, I fired the last film, getting No. 6, and, so far as I know, that lynx is alive and well, and going yet.

XV.—PIKE'S PORTAGE

PART of my plan was to leave a provision cache every hundred miles, with enough food to carry us two hundred miles, and thus cover the possibility of considerable loss. I had left supplies at Chipewyan, Smith, and Resolution, but these were settlements; now we were pushing off into the absolute wilderness, where it was unlikely we should see any human beings but ourselves. Now indeed we were facing all primitive conditions. Other travellers have done the same thing about storing food, but there are three deadly enemies to a cache—weather, ravens, and wolverines. I was prepared for all three. Water-proof leath-eroid cases were there to turn the storm, dancing tins and lines will scare the ravens, and for wolverines the tree was made unclimbable by the addition of a necklace of charms in the form of large fishhooks, all nailed on with points downward. This idea, borrowed from Tyrrell, has always proved a success; and not one of our caches was touched or injured.

Here we had a sudden and unexpected onset of blackflies. They appeared for the first time in numbers, and attacked us with ferocity that made the mosquitoes seem like a lot of baby butterflies in comparison. However much we may dislike the latter, they at least do not poison us or convey disease (as yet) and are repelled by thick cloth-

ing. The blackflies attack us like some awful pestilence walking in darkness, crawling in and forcing themselves under our clothing, stinging and poisoning as they go. They are, of course, worst near the openings in our armor, that is, necks, wrists, and ankles. Soon each of us had a neck like an old fighting bull walrus; enormously swollen, corrugated with bloats and wrinkles, blotched, bumpy and bloody, as disgusting as it was painful. All too closely it simulated the ravages of some frightful disease and for a night or two the torture of this itching fire kept me from sleeping. Three days fortunately ended this blackfly reign and left us with a deeper sympathy for the poor Egyptians, who on account of some other bodies' sins were the victims of plague of flies.

But there was something in the camp that amply offset these annoyances; this was a spirit of kindness and confidence. Old Weeso was smiling and happy, ready at all times to do his best, blundering about the way, which he had seen only once and that when he was young, but his blunders did not matter since I had Tyrrell's admirable maps. Billy, sturdy, strong, reliable, never needed to be called twice in the morning. No matter what the hour, he was up at once and cooking the breakfast in the best of style, for an Ar cook he was. And when it came to the portages, he would shoulder his two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds each time. Preble combined the mental force of the educated white man with the brawn of the savage, and although he was not supposed to do it, he took the same sort of loads as Billy did. Mine, for the best of reasons, were small, and con-

sisted chiefly of the guns, cameras, and breakables, or occasionally, while they were transporting the heavy stuff, I acted as cook. But all were literally and figuratively in the same boat, all paddled all day, ate the same food, worked the same hours, and, imbued with the same spirit, were eager to reach the same far goal. From this on, the trip was ideal.

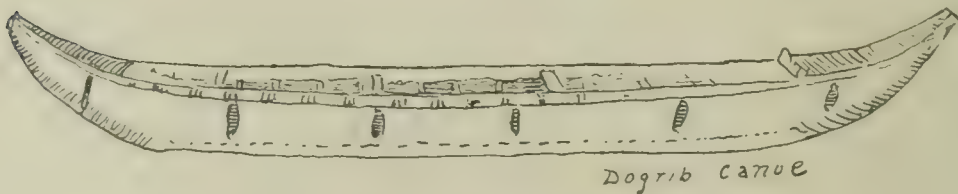
We were three and a half days covering the eight small lakes and nine portages (thirty odd miles) that lie between the two great highways, Great Slave Lake and Artillery Lake, and camped on the shore of the latter on the night of July 31.

Two of these nine lakes had not been named by the original explorers, I therefore exercised my privilege and named them respectively "Loutit" and "Weeso," in honor of my men.

The country here is cut up on every side with caribou trails; deep-worn like the buffalo trails on the plains, with occasional horns and bones; these, however, are not so plentiful as were the corresponding relics of the buffalo. This, it proved, was because the caribou go far north at horn-dropping time, and they have practically no bones that the wolves cannot crush with their teeth.

Although old tracks were myriad-many, there were no new ones. Weeso said, however, "In about four days, the shores of this lake will be alive with caribou." It will show the erraticness of these animals when I say that the old man was all wrong; they did not appear there in numbers until many weeks later, probably not for eight or nine.

(To be continued.)



From Mr. Selous's sketchbook

A DEFEAT AND A VICTORY

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. JOHN

JIGUANI



EARLY five months had passed since the victory of Guaimaro, and in this time the forces of Garcia had roamed at will through the provinces of Oriente and Camaguey. Large convoys escorted by formidable bodies of Spanish troops moved slowly along the main roads, carrying supplies to the isolated garrisons of the interior, and were harassed and fought from the time of starting until their return. Occasionally a column unhampered by transport would sally out on operations, and move ponderously for a week or so from town to town, but was never for a moment out of sight of the Cubans, who fought it or not as seemed most expedient. Now and then a band of guerrillas, well mounted and thoroughly familiar with the country, would dash by night out of one of the larger garrisons and raid through the country, cutting up such small bodies of insurgents as they might encounter, and making a specialty of hunting out our hospitals and murdering the helpless wounded found in them. These detestable wretches were more mobile than the insurgents themselves, their horses being better fed, and usually managed to return to their home stations. When they were run down, however, it was a fight to the death, quarter being neither asked nor given. On one occasion Major Pablo Menocal, a brother of the chief of staff, while scouting with eighty insurgent cavalry in the Holguin district, encountered a band of sixty guerrillas on a raid. He formed line before being discovered and made a furious mounted charge. The guerrillas fought desperately, but were driven back into a barbed-wire fence and annihilated. Not one escaped, and there were no wounded when it was

over. In this encounter both sides had gone back to the days of the Crusades, as not a shot was fired, the long machete doing it all. But Menocal's victory cost him heavily in killed and wounded.

During this period no attacks had been made on Spanish towns, however, but early in March the order had gone forth for a part of the troops in the province of Oriente to concentrate near the town of Jiguani, in the Bayamo district of that province. The days of hardship and hunger had come with a vengeance. The thousands of Cuban families living in the "bush," off the lines of operations of the enemy's columns, were eking out a miserable existence. All the able-bodied men being in the war, the women and children could barely raise enough vegetables to keep off starvation. Clothing could not be obtained at any price, and it was no uncommon sight to see women who had been gently reared whose raiment consisted of a patchwork of gunny sacks, while children of both sexes went as naked as they were born. And day and night they lived in terror of the raids of the merciless guerrillas. The insurgent forces were barefooted and clothed in rags and tatters, and were always hungry. In this desolated and starving country the question of feeding the more than four thousand men about to be concentrated for the coming campaign was one that taxed the resources of our leaders to the utmost. The remnants of the great herds of cattle that a few months before had been grazing on the plains of Camaguey were gathered up and driven over the long road to the east of the Cauto. Pack trains scoured the country, taking from the miserable people the last sweet potato, ear of corn, or banana that could be found. The prefects, officers of the civil government, were ordered to bend every energy to the task, and did their work thoroughly. In a short time all the units ordered to take part in the coming operations were on the

move, and, it being in the dry season, the concentration was rapidly effected, and by the 10th four thousand two hundred of us, well armed but ragged and hungry, were in camp. On the first night after our arrival in the camp we Americans indulged ourselves in a picturesque poker game, some one having found a deck of cards. Gathered about a rubber blanket stretched on the ground, the necessary light being furnished by a few candles stuck onto bayonets, and revolver cartridges being the chips, we played far into the night, an audience of Cubans watching every move. I suppose we might have been in better business, but our recreations were certainly few enough.

No time was to be lost, so the whole force marched toward Jiguani and surrounded the town. By this time we Americans were seasoned campaigners, and had been under fire so many times that going into battle awakened no emotions in our breasts, and we went about the necessary preparations with scant thoughts as to what might happen to us individually. We had seen so much of death and misery that we were in a way hardened, and I believe had become the victims of a sort of fatalism, thinking that the war would last for years and that our chances of seeing home again were pretty small. It did not seem important when the end came or how.

We now had with us a gun that had not been used in the sieges described in the two previous articles, a twelve-pounder Driggs-Schroeder naval landing gun, one of the inventors of which was the present Admiral Schroeder of the United States Navy. This gun came near to the field-piece type, having a long barrel and high velocity. It, of course, could not be packed, but was drawn by mules. Like the guns that we already had, it used fixed ammunition, but unlike them, dispensed with the nuisance of the friction primer, the pull of the lanyard causing a bolt to descend through the breech block and fire the cartridge. This weapon had been purchased with funds raised by Cuban residents of Key West, known among Spanish-speaking people as Cayo Hueso, and so came to be known by that name. We always spoke of it as "Cayo Hueso," just as we would have applied the name to an animate being.

The town of Jiguani was much larger than any we had heretofore attacked, being a local commercial centre of importance. The garrison was about eight hundred strong, consisting mostly of infantry, but with a detachment of artillery and a troop of guerillas. The strongest work, and the one that was really the key to the whole situation, was a very substantial two-story masonry fort known as *El Castillo*, the Castle. This was situated on the end of a ridge, about eighty feet above the streets of the town, and was surrounded by formidable trenches and wire entanglements, both of which extended for some distance along the ridge to the northward. Very near the fort, in fact almost under its walls, was a small earthen redoubt. In the upper story of the Castle was an eight-centimetre Krupp gun and on the roof was the heliograph station, used in communicating with the town of Bayamo. Around the town was the usual circle of blockhouses, about a dozen of them, connected by barb-wire fences and surrounded by trenches and entanglements, while in the town itself were several well-fortified barracks and other buildings.

Besides Cayo Hueso we had a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder and a two-pounder, the former being our old friend of Cascorra and Guaimaro, and the latter the gun that had riddled the church on the last day at Guaimaro. The ridge, on one end of which stood the Castle, extended for a considerable distance in a north-westerly direction, and eight hundred yards along it from that work we selected the position for our battery, or rather for the most of it, as it was realized that against these masonry walls one might as well use a bean-shooter as the smaller Hotchkiss. On the night of the 12th a strong parapet with overhead cover and embrasures for two guns was constructed at the principal position, and on the south side of the town, in easy range of several of the blockhouses, a smaller one for the two-pounder. I took command of the main battery and assigned the smaller one to Cox, who had Janney with him, while Jones, Latrobe, Joyce, and Pennie were with me.

When dawn came, on a beautiful but very hot day, the Castle loomed big before us, while down to our right about five hundred yards was a blockhouse, and beyond that

at a like distance another. The town was in easy range below us to the right front. The more than four thousand insurgent infantry and cavalry were all about the place, the strongest lines being near us on the north side. Down in the town we could hear the calls of sentries, the crowing of roosters, and the barking of dogs. If the garrison had discovered our gun positions they made no sign. Our guns were loaded and pointed and we sat about waiting for orders. These came just after sunrise, and old Cayo Hueso with a crash sent a shell that made a beautiful burst on the identical spot at which it had been aimed on the side of the fort. We realized that now we had something of a gun. In a couple of seconds the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder let fly and scored a hit, and then we heard away beyond the Castle the bark of the little gun stirring up the blockhouses. We sent in two more shells, both of them bursting against the stone walls without penetrating. The projectiles from the Driggs-Schroeder would have breached the wall in a hurry but for the fact that their fuses were so sensitive that they burst before the full effects of their blows could be felt. At this time we saw a cloud of smoke puff from a port-hole in the upper story of the Castle, and soon heard a rumble as of a train crossing a bridge, followed by the swish of a shell as it rushed past us so close that the blast of air was very perceptible. It missed the left end of the parapet about two feet, and slashed through the tree growth behind us with a noise like a runaway team, cutting off branches and tearing up things generally. A regiment of our infantry had been halted a couple of hundred yards behind us at the foot of the slope, the drop of which just about coincided with the angle of fall of the shell. The result was that the projectile landed among them and burst with a very impressive crash. There was no panic, but the men were quickly ordered out of the dangerous locality, but not until another shell just clearing our parapet had burst among them. We had, in the meantime, sent in a couple more, and the fight was fairly on. We were on the point of concentrating the fire of both guns on the port-hole with the hope of disabling the Krupp, when our attention was called to flashes of light from the top of the fort, the heliograph un-

doubtedly sending news of the attack to Bayamo, to which station General Linares was known to be en route from Manzanillo with a strong column. The heliograph must be disabled first, and I took a careful sight with Cayo Hueso. The shell cleared the top of the fort, and there was borne to our ears the sound of its explosion in the fields beyond the town. The second shot hit the top of the fort in a perfect line and the smoke of the explosion completely obscured the instrument and the men working it. We thought the job was done, but with superb nerve the operators stuck to their post and the smoke of the explosion had barely drifted away when we again saw the little flashes. The next shell was a centre shot, striking the roof right at the instrument, exploding and making a clean sweep of everything. But the two gallant fellows had not died in vain, for Bayamo had the news. In the meantime the Krupp was sending in its compliments as fast as it could be loaded and fired. The shooting was uncomfortably good, but we had to ignore it for the time. One shell made a square hit on the parapet but exploded without penetrating, disarranging the scenery quite a bit, however. Others would barely clear us and burst in the woods behind after cutting down a few trees, while some fell a few feet short, bursting on the stony ground and showering us with pieces of iron and rock splinters. We fired a few more shells against a particular part of the wall where we hoped by a number of hits to breach it and make a big gap, but in vain. Our shells burst too easily, and we longed for solid shot. The fuses could not be removed, being in the bases of the shells. About now the same thing happened to the twelve-pounder Hotchkiss that had befallen one of those guns at Guaimaro. A defective cartridge was fired, there was a stream of flame from the vent, and a shell stuck hard and fast half-way to the muzzle. It may be said in passing that three months were required to remove it. So now it was Driggs-Schroeder *versus* Krupp on even terms. It was a pretty fight, and with a large and appreciative audience, as owing to the fact that both gun positions were well elevated above the surrounding country everybody in the town and probably half of those in the Cuban lines could see the result of every shot. The enemy's gun did

not seem to be so accurate as ours, but its shooting was by no means wild, every shell coming in close, and an occasional one making a hit on the parapet. At a burst of smoke from the Castle the one of us on lookout would call out "Down," and every one, no matter what he might be doing, would throw himself flat on the ground. In a couple of seconds the shell would strike and burst, and then we would leap to our feet and try to give them a couple before they could fire again. The discovery was made that by watching carefully we could discern the enemy's shells up in the air when about half-way to us, and several times when we saw that they had a line on the parapet we succeeded in avoiding them by quick jumping to either the right or left. Before the day was over we had become quite expert in judging the shells and getting out of the way of them. The gun that they were being fired from was a Krupp of one of the older models and of low velocity compared with ours, or this could not have been done. A man would have had to get a mighty early start to dodge a shell from Cayo Hueso, even if he could see it.

For a time we paid no attention to the Krupp other than to avoid being hit by its shells, and confined ourselves to trying to breach the wall below it by hammering a particular spot, knowing that if we succeeded the gun and its detachment would be involved in the catastrophe. But the Spaniards' shooting was becoming better and better, and it was only a question of time until they would land a shell on our sole remaining big gun and take from us the last chance of victory. The Krupp must be put out of action. Very careful sight was taken at the port-hole, which was about four feet in diameter, and the shell struck the lower sill, the smoke of the explosion completely obscuring the embrasure. We hoped that the gun had been disabled, but vainly. But the thing that opened our eyes to possibilities was the fact that this shot loosened some of the masonry where it struck, we having seen some of the fragments fall to the ground. In a minute or so came another shot just as the lanyard of our piece was about to be pulled. The customary dive to cover or vigorous side-stepping took a couple of seconds, and then we sent one straight home. Instead of the usual burst on the outside of the wall a

torrent of smoke poured from the embrasure, and the sound of the explosion of our shell was muffled. This shot disabled the Krupp for several hours, and as was subsequently learned killed or wounded all but one of the twelve men serving it. This hit was greeted by a tremendous outburst of cheering from all the Cubans who could see it from the lines about the town. The gun having been disposed of, we determined to go about tearing down the fort in a systematic manner. There was one little matter that required our attention first, however. Although we had heard considerable infantry firing on the south side of the town, there had not been a great deal directed against us with the exception that the blockhouse below us to our right front had kept up a persistent and annoying peppering of our position. We were partially protected from this fire by the lay of the land, but determined to endure the nuisance no longer. Three shots did the business, and sent the survivors of the garrison on a run toward the town, we speeding them up with a shell after they had got a good start. We were so much above them that their trenches had been but little protection, as we could fire right down into them.

The next shot was fired at the lower sill of the embrasure of the Castle, and went as true as if it had been fired at pistol range. Half a wagon-load of masonry fell to the ground and some of it rolled down the hill slope. This brought another outburst of cheering. From that time we fired very slowly and carefully, planting the shots alternately two feet to the left of or below the ever widening gap, until soon practically the whole corner of the fort had been shot away, and we could see a great pile of debris on the ground. The structure was by this time abandoned and so weakened that it was deemed inadvisable to waste on it any more of our precious ammunition. So we gave our attention to some of the blockhouses and the fortified buildings in the town, more as an object lesson to their defenders than for any other purpose. During all of this time there were occasional bursts of infantry fire against us, and in one of them General Garcia's chief engineer officer who was returning to headquarters from a visit to us was killed.

It was known that it was the general's plan to make a night assault, but several

of us now went to him and pleaded hard and earnestly in an endeavor to induce him to storm the ridge at once, pointing out that the Castle was abandoned and that the men in the trenches could be so distracted by the shells that we could send in on them at the rate of four a minute that they could be overcome by mere weight of numbers. It was argued that to a certainty nearly the whole length of the ridge would be occupied in force as soon as darkness came on, a thing that could not be done in daylight as our battery would be on an extension of the left flank of a line so formed and would rake it from end to end. The general discussed the matter freely, but was unyielding, being convinced that the darkness would be of more advantage to him than to the enemy, as the assaulting line could make considerable headway before being discovered. Furthermore, his orders had been already promulgated and any change in them now might lead to confusion and misunderstanding. It was a terrible and costly mistake, but mighty few men have waged war without making more grievous errors of judgment.

By ten o'clock the day was dragging and it seemed that there would be but little more for us to do than at the appointed time fire the signal for the assault. We could hear Cox's two-pounder barking away and there was some infantry fire of a desultory nature. The heat was terrific, and we were suffering greatly from thirst, water not being obtainable. Latrobe, who had remained in the position all day though very ill from pernicious malaria, was pretty well done for, but stuck it out. A few yards to the left of the parapet was a tree the shade of which was very inviting, and I went over and sat down under it, leaning against the trunk. In a short time I felt something bite the back of my neck and discovered that a lot of little black ants were skurrying up and down, and so shifted my position away from the tree a foot or two.—Not two seconds later a bullet hit the trunk at a point where it would have gone through my body. I suppose I should be a friend of ants, but am not.

And so the hours dragged on until about three o'clock, when, no one being on lookout, we heard the boom of the old Krupp, and a shell passed close over us. Leaping to our feet, we saw a cloud of smoke over

the small redoubt near the Castle. The Spaniards had removed the injured gun from the fort after the shot entering the embrasure had disabled it, repaired the damage and mounted it in the small earthwork. Hot, thirsty, and hungry as we were, we sprang to Cayo Hueso to begin anew the artillery duel. The enemy's new gun position was infinitely better than his first, as the piece would be shoved up so that only its muzzle appeared over the low parapet of the redoubt, the recoil after firing carrying it down to safety. Time and again we tried to dismount the gun, but to no avail. It was loaded before being placed in the firing position, so that it was exposed for only the couple of seconds necessary to take aim. If we fired on the appearance of its muzzle, which could usually be detected by means of glasses, the gun had been fired and had recoiled to cover before our projectile could reach it. Every one of our shots struck the redoubt at the exact spot or landed in it on a perfect line, and a score of times, as we saw the Krupp's position fairly buried under a shower of earth, we cheered wildly and congratulated ourselves on having put it out of business. But as certain as fate in a few moments the black muzzle would reappear for an instant and be followed by a puff of smoke. Our gun, already being loaded and aimed, would be fired, and we would run into the open in order to be able to the more easily jump out of the way of the shell. As our parapet had by this time been badly battered, and all the enemy's shots were aimed at it in the hope of dismounting our gun, the open was much the safer place. There was one thing that impressed itself on our minds, and that was that side-stepping shells from a breech-loading rifle at eight hundred yards range was no business for rheumatics. Joyce finally got tired of these jumps to the open and announced that he was going to stand his ground. So when the next warning yell came he sat down with his back to the parapet. The shell landed squarely on the top, and burst about two feet above his head. Joyce was fairly covered with a few shovels full of earth, and a couple of fragments fell in his lap. He arose very deliberately and began to brush his clothes, remarking in a bored way that it was no way to treat a man who had gone to the trouble to dress neatly for this occasion. But the

next time he accompanied the rest of us. In front of our parapet about ten feet, and just enough to the left of Cayo Hueso's line of fire not to be injured by its blast, stood a young palm tree about twenty feet high. Shells had barely missed it many times, and we had speculated on the probability of it surviving the battle, but now its turn came, it being struck about three feet above the ground and cut down. The shell exploded from the force of the blow and threw fragments all over Jones and myself, we having jumped to the left when we saw where it was going to strike. This bootless duel kept up until nearly dark, each gun trying in vain to dismount the other. The Spanish gun was quite safe owing to its ability to kick down a slope to cover, but how old Cayo Hueso went through that day without being wrecked is a most unaccountable thing. Certainly fifty shells struck or passed within fifteen feet of it.

In due time orders were received to aim the gun at the ruins of the Castle while it was still sufficiently light, and to fire at exactly ten o'clock. This shot, like the last one at Guaimaro, was to be the signal for the assault. We of the artillery had almost reached the limit of endurance from heat, thirst, and hunger, and dragged ourselves down to camp for a scanty meal, but not for sleep. For there was to be no sleep for human beings at Jiguani that night except for the poor fellows whose bodies in a few short hours were to litter the streets of the town and the slopes of that fatal ridge.

About half-past nine, it now being very dark, we returned to the scene of our grilling day's work and awaited the appointed hour. Without exception we had forebodings of disaster, and well we might, for the commanding officer of this post was the one who had made such a game fight against us at Cascorra six months before. The assault was to be made by about two thousand men. On our right twelve hundred under various leaders were to capture the blockhouses and trenches on the north side and enter the town from that direction. The assault on the ridge and Castle was under the general direction of General Enrique Collazo, who had at his disposal eight hundred men. Of these, six hundred and fifty under Augustin Cebreco were to go up the side of the ridge on our left, while one hundred and fifty under

Lieut.-Col. Chas. Hernandez were to assault the Castle direct up the south end of the ridge, directly opposite the side that we had been battering. This officer, one of the bravest and most capable in the insurgent forces, is well known to many Americans, having been subsequently Director of Roads and Posts during the period of intervention. General Collazo in person accompanied Hernandez's detachment. What we had feared happened. As soon as darkness came on half of the garrison had quietly moved up from the town and occupied the southern half of the ridge in a close line.

As for the last half hour before the assault at Guaimaro, the silence after the uproar of the day was oppressive. At last our watches marked ten o'clock. I stepped over to Cayo Hueso and pulled the lanyard, and before the crash had died out of our ears a shell bursting against the walls of the Castle lighted up the ruins for an instant. We climbed up on the parapet and strained our ears for the first sound. For a moment the silence was absolute, and then down to our left where Cebreco's men were waiting we could hear a noise like that made by a drove of cattle breaking through brush. Then we made out a few commands and immediately afterward heard a great roar of yells and cries of "*Adelante, Adelante, Arriba, Arriba,*" as they broke into the open and started up. In an instant the whole south half of the ridge was lit up as if by a thousand fire-flies, and a moment later we could make out Cebreco's front by the flashes of the rifles of his men, as firing rapidly and yelling like madmen they pressed up the slope. But it was more than they could endure, and soon they threw themselves on the ground and kept up a fire fight with the Spaniards on the summit, two hundred yards above them. While this uproar was going on the twelve hundred men on our right carried all the blockhouses on their front and reached the shelter of the buildings of the town. In the face of a murderous fire Hernandez rushed his men up the south end of the ridge to within a stone's throw of the trenches around the Castle and for seven terrible hours held on to the position gained. We artillerymen sat on our parapet listening in awed silence to the hellish uproar and wondering whether it would ever end. It must be remembered that the nearly three

thousand Spaniards and Cubans using breech-loaders, the most of them magazine rifles, could do as much firing in a specified time as ten times their number armed with the muzzle-loaders of our Civil War days. We thought that through the din we could make out the drumming of machine-guns, but I have never learned whether the Spaniards were supplied with them on that occasion or not. But this could not last forever. Cebreco's men began to give up some of the more advanced positions they had reached and to retire down the slope at the foot of which they were re-formed. The fighting in the town after the Cubans penetrated it and began to attack the barracks added to the pandemonium of sound, and we saw flames shooting up from houses that had been fired either accidentally or intentionally.

Although Cebreco had been repulsed the day was by no means lost, as the insurgents had the upper hand in the town and Hernandez was hanging on like grim death to the ground he had gained. And now came the disaster, and from a most unsuspected source. A messenger from the scouts watching the Bayamo road raced into camp with the news that Linares's big column was close at hand and would arrive shortly after daybreak. To be caught as we were, with all our forces scattered about the town and with many of them inside it, would spell inevitable defeat. General Garcia was in an agony of suspense as to what he should do, but finally sent officers to call in all the troops and to concentrate them at daylight at a certain nearby point. Cebreco's men and the two thousand that had not taken part in the assault were easily got at, and began their march through the inky darkness. The withdrawal of the men who had penetrated the town was naturally a problem of great difficulty, as they had scattered to loot or were engaged in isolated fights. The first messenger sent to Hernandez was killed in trying to reach him. After waiting for hours, and wondering why he did not come in, the general sent another, who at five o'clock in the morning gave Hernandez his orders, and that courageous officer withdrew with the handful that remained to him. Before daylight it was all over, and we brought the guns back to the general rendezvous.

The sun rose over a sorrowful scene. Our wounded were everywhere, the few surgeons doing what they could to alleviate their sufferings. Our gray-haired and much-loved chieftain sat apart with bowed head, his grief being made the more poignant by the receipt of information to the effect that Linares's column was still miles away, a force of guerillas scouting on his front having in the darkness been mistaken for the main body, so that his withdrawal had been unnecessary. In general, the Cuban scouting service was excellent. In nearly two years I heard of but two false reports being brought in, and this was one of them.

Our losses were heavy. Of one hundred and fifty men, Hernandez had twenty-four killed, and of course many more wounded, although the proportion of killed to wounded was unusually large because of the fact that some of the wounded lying for hours under fire were hit several times. His losses reached nearly seventy per cent., but for hours that must have seemed endless he had held his men to their work just outside the impenetrable barb-wire entanglements and had withdrawn only under orders. Cebreco lost twenty per cent. in killed and wounded. The losses in these two commands, combined with those of the twelve hundred who had entered the town, brought the total up to about four hundred, just a few short of the losses of Lawton's division of more than six thousand Americans at El Caney.

VICTORIA DE LAS TUNAS

Nearly six months had passed since our futile attack on the town of Jiguani. Garcia's forces, more hungry and more ragged than ever and considerably reduced by battle casualties, continued to range the *Departamento del Oriente*, harassing Spanish convoys and columns sent out on operations and maintaining a sleepless vigilance about all the garrisoned towns. The enemy had long ceased to leave the protection of his forts and blockhouses in columns of less than three or four thousand men, except that the guerillas from time to time ventured out on brief raids. The march of nearly four thousand of us to the Bay of Banes to meet the third expedition of the filibuster *Laurada*, the fight between the



With superb nerve the operators stuck to their post.—Page 737.

Cubans and the Spanish gun-boat *Jorge Juan*, anchored close to shore, the encounters with General Luque's powerful column sent to take the expedition referred to, the blowing up by means of a mine of a small Spanish gun-boat on the Cauto River, resulting in the death of every one of her crew of thirty-four, the all but successful attempt on a transport at the entrance to the Bay of Banes, our disastrous attack on the town of Sama, and many other stirring events cannot be told here. Suffice it to say, however, that this expedition of the *Laurada*, the largest that reached the island during the insurrection, brought us a new weapon, the newly invented Sims-Dudley dynamite gun, one Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, one Colt's automatic gun, three thousand five hundred rifles with nearly three million cartridges, a considerable supply of artillery ammunition, some medical stores, and such sundries as dynamite and machetes.

have made it so long that with the garrison available it could not have been strongly held at any one point. The garrison consisted of about eight hundred infantry, a detachment of artillery with two Krupp field-pieces, and a troop of forty-seven guerrillas. This force was distributed among twenty-two defensive positions. The outer line consisted of nineteen *fortines* or block-houses of the usual type and a large brick building which had been a cavalry barrack, and was known as the *Cuartel de la Caballeria*. This structure, the first to be attacked, lay directly south of the centre of the town. Inside the outer line of the defences, and at the north-west corner of the town, was the *Cuartel de la Infanteria*, or infantry barracks, a massive masonry building about two hundred feet long and having extending southward from its west end an L about sixty feet in length. At the north-east corner of the town was the Telegraph Fort, a two-story brick structure surrounded by a brick

After the Bay of Banes expedition the various organizations of Garcia's force had scattered to their respective districts and had engaged in minor operations against the enemy whenever he ventured outside the towns. In August orders were issued for a concentration in order to attack the town of Victoria de las Tunas, in the northern part of the province of Oriente and very near the Camaguey line. This place was far stronger than any we had yet attempted to take, but had the fatal weakness that the town, which lay on a perfectly level plain, was dominated on the south side by a low ridge within easy artillery range. Doubtless the Spaniards would have been glad to include this ridge in their line of defence but this would

wall five feet high, this wall enclosing something less than an acre of ground. Many buildings were loop-holed, and everywhere were trenches and barb-wire entanglements.

The insurgent organizations affected by this concentration order aggregated about five thousand eight hundred men. Of these about two thousand were held some distance south of the town to watch the road to Bayamo, a like number under Rabi being to the eastward to watch Holguin, from which point relief was most likely to come. In case a relieving column should issue from either of these places the appropriate force was to make a delaying fight until the other could join it. The troops that were to make the attack on the garrison consisted of eighteen hundred men under the direct command of our chieftian.

We had six guns, as follows: One Sims-Dudley dynamite gun, our old friend, Cayo Hueso, two Hotchkiss twelve-pounders, and two two-pounders of the same make.

On this occasion a dynamite gun was for the first time to be used in war. The projectile of this weapon consisted of a cylindrical brass case about two inches in diameter and eighteen inches long, containing a bursting charge of five pounds of nitro-gelatin, the whole shell weighing ten pounds. A small charge of smokeless powder was used to compress the air by means of which the projectile was expelled from the gun. The powder charge, of course, could not act directly on this explosive, or the gun would have been blown to atoms at the first shot. The initial velocity of the piece was low, only about six hundred feet per second, so that it had to be fired at a considerable elevation for all but very short ranges. The projectile was easily deflected by wind, so that at the longer ranges it was difficult to do good shooting. The shell could easily be seen in the air, resembling a swallow in flight. Against earthworks and massive buildings the gun was not of much



To the dynamite gun was given the honor of leading the ball.—Page 744.

use other than for its terrifying effect, but it blew blockhouses and the weaker class of buildings to rubbish in a few shots.

On August 27th the Cubans began closing in about the town. The Spaniards were on the alert, and on a couple of occasions sent shells from their battery at groups of men who exposed themselves. On the night of that day our artillery parapets were constructed. On the low ridge south of the town five hundred yards from the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* and about equally distant from the *Concepcion fortin* to the east of it, was our main position, a parapet about sixty feet long. No head cover was made, as we had learned from experience that it could not long survive the blast of our own guns. The parapet was made with the greatest care, as it was known that it would have to withstand a very severe artillery fire. In this position were placed the dynamite gun, the Driggs-Schroeder rifle, and the two Hotchkiss twelve-pounders. Half a mile to our right was constructed another battery, with two two-pounder Hotchkiss guns, to bear on some of the lighter blockhouses. This battery was commanded by Jones, who had with him Pennie and a number of Cubans. The larger battery was under my personal command, and I also did the sighting of the Driggs-Schroeder. Janney and Devine, with a number of Cubans, had the two Hotchkiss twelve-pounders. Four young Cubans who had come down to the island on the Roloff expedition had been assigned to the artillery with the rank of lieutenant. These were Portuondo, Poey, Marti, and Sedano. The former had charge of the dynamite gun. Joyce had returned to the United States on leave, and so was not with us, while Latrobe, having been appointed to the staff of General Collazo, was in the force to the eastward, and so missed the fight.

We all went to our respective positions early in the night and remained there watching the construction of the cover behind which we were the next day to fight. When daylight came on the morning of the 28th the mists rose slowly from the level plain on which the town was built and disclosed a scene of absorbing interest. Five hundred yards to our front and about thirty feet below us lay the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* with its trenches and maze of barb-wire entanglements. Seven hundred yards beyond

it loomed the masonry walls of the far stronger *Cuartel de la Infanteria*. Twelve hundred yards to our right front was the Telegraph Fort, with the main part of the town directly in line. Blockhouses were everywhere. There was absolute silence, and not a sign of life was to be seen. General Garcia had established his headquarters on the reverse slope of the ridge about sixty yards to the right rear of our position. Colonels Menocal and Garcia remained the greater part of the day in the battery. At last the former gave the word to open on the *Cuartel de la Caballeria*. The guns had been already loaded and pointed, and to the dynamite gun was given the honor of leading the ball. There was no little uneasiness as to what would happen when this uncanny weapon was fired, and there was not much of a tendency to stand too close to it. When the lanyard was pulled the gun gave what sounded like a loud cough, and jumped a little. We were in some doubt as to whether it had gone off or not, but looking toward the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* saw a most astounding spectacle. A section of the brick wall was blown in, making a hole large enough to have admitted a good sized truck, while the sound of a dull explosion was borne to our ears. A cloud of dust and fragments of the wall rose fifty feet in air and descended in a shower on the roof. We raised a great cheer, which was taken up and re-echoed by our people all about the town. For the moment we stood so spellbound and exultant over the results of this shot that we all but forgot the other guns, but only for the instant. The dust was still settling down over the scene of the explosion when every man rushed to his place, and the other three guns crashed out, making a wall of smoke in front of our position. Then we heard the cracks of Jones's two-pounders to our right. In no time the battle was fairly on. From the various forts and blockhouses came a crackling sound that soon swelled almost to a roar, and in less than a minute a big puff of smoke rose from a gun pit about two hundred yards beyond the *Cuartel de la Caballeria* and a little to its right, and almost instantly a shrapnel burst in front of our parapet, showering it with fragments and bullets. Then came a puff of smoke and a boom from another pit near the first one, and a second shell barely



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Battle of Jiguani.

cleared our heads, bursting a few yards to the rear. For the time we paid no attention to the enemy's guns, but continued to fire on the cavalry barracks. While the shells from our rifled breech-loaders made very respectable holes in the walls, those from the dynamite gun created havoc, every shot blowing quantities of bricks and roofing tiles high in the air. Very wisely, the garrison had vacated the building after the first shot, and now from the trenches around it maintained on us a hot and persistent fire. The barrack having been wrecked in short order, there was nothing to be gained by a further bombardment of its ruins, and we aimed at the trenches with the double purpose of throwing shells into them and of breaking up the wire entanglements immediately in front. Our elevation above them made it comparatively easy for us to burst shells right in the trenches, and as we were using so many guns, and at so short a range, the Spaniards could not keep up firing and save themselves by squatting down on the flash of a gun. The result was that we fairly smothered the fire of the hundred men in those trenches, and turned our attention elsewhere. All of this time we were being pelted by shells as fast as two Krupp breech-loaders could be served. Shells were bursting all about us, and occasionally one would wreck a portion of the parapet. I hope it will not be taken as unseemly boasting, but as stating an absolute fact when I say that far from feeling any uneasiness we were as cool as cucumbers, and considered that we were having the time of our lives. But it had taken participation in a good many stiff fights to bring us to such a state of mind. Above the noise of our own fight we could not now hear the reports of Jones's guns, but could see the puffs of smoke from them as they engaged the Telegraph Fort and the blockhouses in its vicinity. Shortly after our fight had begun it had developed that the weeds on our front were interfering with the sighting of the guns. I considered cutting them out of the way a soldier's and not an officer's job, and called on several of the rank and file, but they were so slow in responding that Janney ran out into the open and with his machete did the work utterly oblivious of the bullets and shells that were coming in thick and fast. At this time something went wrong with the breech

mechanism of one of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounders, and for the time being we were reduced to three guns in the main battery. The enemy's guns must now be attended to, or we would soon have no parapet left, and there was much uneasiness lest a shell should strike the dynamite gun while it was loaded and blow up the whole battery and everybody in it. So we switched our fire from the trenches around the cavalry barracks to the gun pits, but as soon as the shells began to strike around them both pieces were dragged out of action and hidden behind nearby buildings. To our right front, and distant only five hundred yards was the Concepcion blockhouse, the garrison of which had with a strange fatuousness remained inside the structure instead of taking to the trenches, and were firing rapidly from the port-holes of the lower story. But their time came quickly. The dynamite gun was dragged from behind the parapet in order that it could be brought to bear, and careful aim taken. When it gave its characteristic cough we saw the projectile sail gracefully through the air and strike the blockhouse squarely in the centre. The shell penetrated and burst inside, killing every one of the sixteen defenders. The structure was all but demolished, portions of the roof being blown a hundred feet in air.

One of the few Americans serving with the Cubans and not attached to the artillery, was Louis Napoleon Chapleau, who had the rank of lieutenant-colonel. As his name would indicate, Chapleau was of French descent, and he had all the characteristics of his race. He was volatile and dashing, and had made a reputation for dare-devil exploits. The Americans whose service under Garcia antedated mine knew him well, but I had not met him until the Bay of Banes campaign. On this occasion he was with some infantry just to our right. When he saw the disaster to the Concepcion blockhouse he took his cue and waited for no orders. With about fifty men he rushed it under a hot fire from the trenches around the cavalry barracks. There was not room for all his men in the trenches, and so Chapleau and some of them fought on the outside, exchanging shots with those who now opened on them from several positions. Chapleau, himself, using a rifle and encouraging the men with him, received a

wound that cut a blood-vessel in his neck. He was brought back under fire and attended by a surgeon attached to General Garcia's head-quarters. The general with his staff was only a short distance to the right rear of our battery, and as soon as it was learned that Chapleau had been brought in wounded I stepped over to inquire as to his condition. There I saw the general and his staff, standing uncovered and with bowed heads, while the blood gushed in torrents from the wounded man's throat, drenching the surgeon who was attempting in vain to stop its flow. Chapleau, perfectly conscious, was muttering, "It is finished," "It is finished," "It is all over," his voice growing gradually weaker until his head sank down on his breast, and another brave man had died a soldier's death. The scene just described is such a one as we have all seen on the stage in melodramas and military plays, and have always thought overdone and unreal. But within a stone's throw was a battery in action, and as Chapleau sank into the last sleep with the silent and uncovered men about him, the last sounds he

heard were the booming of its guns and the crackle of the Mausers and the whistling of their bullets, while the wisps of smoke blowing back from the battery gave a setting that could not be had on any stage.

The men who had taken the Concepcion blockhouse held on to it until the end, although under heavy fire from time to time. The fast work had heated our guns until I believe eggs could have been fried on their barrels, and it was necessary to suspend fire for awhile, this being feasible as we thought we had scared the Krupp guns out of the fight. Our parapet was badly shattered and at one end nearly demolished, but was still serviceable. The only thing that had saved us was that the enemy had used shrapnel as well as common shell, and these former, often bursting by means of time fuses in front of the parapet, had done it but little damage. While we were resting, allowing the guns to cool and taking stock of the wreckage, to our great surprise the Krupps reopened on us from a new position somewhat in rear of the old gun pits, and we went for them in a hurry. Portuondo landed a shell from the dynamite gun



All firing was suspended until the sad procession of a hundred or more, weeping and wailing and wringing their hands, had passed.—Page 749.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

With cries of "*Al machete*," rushed into the barb wire.—Page 750.

squarely under one of them. The explosion killed every man serving the piece and completely wrecked it, shattering the carriage and one wheel. After the surrender we examined this gun with the greatest interest. One peculiar fact was that the minute fragments of the thin brass case that contained the bursting charge had been blown into the steel barrel so hard that they remained there and made it look as if it had been inlaid with gold. The other gun "dusted" for cover before we could hit it, and a little later fired several shots from the streets, but never more than one from the same place. Finally it was removed to a pit near the Telegraph Fort, and from time to time fired on us until it met its fate from old Cayo Hueso. We now began to take shots at the various forts and blockhouses, giving every one two or three in order to get the ranges of all, and then deliberately destroyed several of the latter. It was now discovered that the dynamite gun could not be depended on for work at over nine hundred yards range, as its velocity was not sufficient to make it accurate. Several shots from it fired at the Telegraph Fort fell on the roof of the hospital, which was in direct line, and, as we afterward learned, created a panic among the sick and wounded. At this juncture some one called attention to what seemed to be a white flag flying from the roof of one of the buildings of the town. By a mere coincidence the Spanish infantry fire died down at the same time. Captain Cardenas of the staff mounted his horse, and holding aloft a white flag, rode into the town, passing within a few rods of the wrecked *Cuartel de la Caballeria*. Cardenas was allowed to enter unopposed, and upon inquiring as to the meaning of the flag found that no one had seen it until he pointed it out. It was discovered that a Chinese shopkeeper, hoping that the emblem of his country might save him from our shells, had hoisted this work of art, which was a black dragon on a white ground. The trouble with his flag was that it was very old, and the dragon had washed out to such a degree that it could be detected only by minute inspection. The Spanish commander had it hauled down at once. The officers crowded about Cardenas and inquired as to the nature of the terrible bombs that were being thrown against their defences, and were

told that they were from a dynamite gun. It seems that they had never heard of the weapon. The Spanish commander took advantage of his interview with Cardenas to ask for permission for all the women and children to leave the town. This was granted, and all firing was suspended until the sad procession of a hundred or more, weeping and wailing and wringing their hands, had passed over the ridge just to the right of our battery, at which they cast frightened glances. They were the families of Spanish residents and of the guerillas. It was a sight to unnerve the best of us.

We now fired slowly and carefully at the two strongest positions, the *Cuartel dela Infanteria* and the Telegraph Fort. The walls of the former were too strong for our shells, which burst on the outside, though we managed to do damage by landing several on the roof. The latter was exceedingly hard to hit except on its upper portion because of the hospital being in direct line. The remaining Krupp now opened on us from excellent cover and a well-screened position near the Telegraph Fort, and did good shooting, the gun detachment evidently being cooler than they had been while fighting at the shorter ranges. To dismount this gun had to be the work of the Driggs-Schroeder, as it was beyond the range of the dynamite gun and better shooting would be required than could be done with the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder. I aimed a number of shots very carefully, and though every burst seemed to be right on the spot, it would be only a moment until another flash would presage the coming of a shell. It will be recalled that at Jiguani we had taken pride in our ability to get out of the way of the shells from the Krupp used there, but these guns were of much higher velocity. At the ranges at which they had been fought earlier in the day the shell would follow the flash so quickly that one scarcely had time to move, but now at twelve hundred yards one could dive to cover if he lost no time. Immediately after sighting Cayo Hueso I had been climbing part-way up on the parapet to the windward of the smoke to observe the effects of my own shots. Whenever in this position I saw the flash of the enemy's gun I would yell "Down!" and would drop into one of the short ditches with the others. Finally I took a foolish

notion that this getting down with such haste looked undignified, and that I would do no more of it. So when the next flash came I gave the warning cry and stood my ground. A couple of seconds later I was literally hurled backward through the air for fifteen or twenty feet, landing on my head and shoulders and being half buried under earth and poles, and at almost the same instant heard the explosion of the shell. I heard Menocal cry out, "My God, he is cut in two!" and a second or so later was half drowned under a deluge of filthy water. Colonel Garcia had picked up a bucket containing the water in which the sponge used in swabbing out one of the guns from time to time had been dipped, and had poured it over me. About a year ago I inquired of him as to the object of this well-meant attention and was informed that it had been the only thing handy, and that water is always good for people. This having been the color and consistency of printers' ink, I certainly was not a very inspiring object when helped to my feet, and was not fit to appear in polite society without a change of raiment and a bath. The shell had pierced the parapet about two feet from me, and had burst some twenty feet beyond. But my revenge was coming, and in about two shots more the offending gun was dismounted and the enemy left without artillery.

It was well on in the afternoon of a wild and stirring day when Menocal told me that the trenches around the cavalry barracks were to be assaulted and that the guns would support the attack until the last moment. Owing to the close and accurate work required, the dynamite gun could not be used, but Janney took one of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounders, and I the Driggs-Schroeder. The assault was to be made by the Victoria Regiment, and was to be led by Col. Carlos Garcia of the staff. This organization, about three hundred strong, had lain all day in a shallow draw, two hundred yards in front of us and three hundred from the position to be attacked. For hours the shells of the artillery duel had swished only a few feet over their heads. For a few moments we shelled the trenches as rapidly as the guns could be served. I heard some one cry out, "There they go!" and saw two lines of men emerge from their cover and rush toward the front, yelling

like madmen and firing with great rapidity. The next moment was certainly the most intense in the lives of any of us serving the guns. The slightest mistake might result in landing a shell among our own people. I know that, inured as I was to scenes of war, I fairly shook with excitement, and kept saying to myself, "Keep cool, keep cool." In a very short time the charge reached the maze of entanglements. Our shells, plunging at the rate of three a minute from each gun into the trenches, were demoralizing the defenders to such an extent that they could do but little firing, but from a trench on its right the attacking regiment was brought under a hot flank fire at seven hundred yards range, and suffered severely. A number of the officers having been shot down, and it seeming impossible to get through the entanglements, some confusion arose. The men began to bunch up and lie down. Of course our shells, barely clearing their heads and bursting thirty yards in front of them, did not add to their equanimity. It looked as if the gallant attack must fail, and that it was only a question of drawing out those who could be saved from the wreck, when Menocal and two other officers of the staff mounted their horses and at a dead run rode into the charge, actually coming within thirty or forty yards of the trenches before their horses all went down killed and Menocal had his leg shattered. But the other two officers, with Colonel Garcia and those of the regiment, rose to their feet and with cries of "*Al machete*," rushed into the barb wire. The men followed their lead, and with their machetes began to hack frantically at the wires, and in a few moments had cut their way through. We had continued our artillery fire until this time, but now were glad to cease. The Spaniards took advantage of the opportunity to escape while the Cubans were getting through the entanglements, and under cover of the ruins of the building reached the town, and were distributed among the other defences. They had left behind a very considerable number of killed and wounded.

All of us Americans, in common with many of our Cuban comrades, were suffering from a very severe form of malaria, and took it as a matter of course that about every other day we were to go through the racking experience of a burning fever with

its accompanying delirium and the depressing chill in which it seemed that every man was trying to shake his teeth out. At this juncture I felt mine coming, and knew that in a short time I must be unconscious and delirious, and so turned the battery over to Janney, and led by my faithful orderly, fifteen-year-old Sergeant Cecilio Betancourt, stumbled back to the head-quarters camp, distant half a mile. During my ravings, while imagining I was another person, I could hear a long-continued roar of infantry fire punctuated by cannon shots. Finally came the welcome unconsciousness, and when I awoke late at night there were no people near except Sergeant Betancourt and my striker, Juan Gonzalez. About ten o'clock I felt able to mount my horse, and riding back to the artillery position found that all the guns were gone. A few men who happened to be in the vicinity informed me that they had been taken into the town. We rode down past the ruins of the *Cuartel de la Caballeria*, making inquiries from persons encountered en route, and I finally rejoined my command. The roar heard during my delirium was occasioned by the Spanish sortie, made in an attempt to retake the works lost and probably with the intention if successful of sweeping over the artillery position. The attack had been repulsed after severe fighting. There was more or less desultory firing going on all of the time, the Cubans having loop-holed a number of the houses to facilitate their operations against those of the Spanish works that had not yet been taken. The whole force of insurgents, with the exception of those men stationed to escape on the north, were now in the town in the shelter of the houses. The capture of the cavalry barracks and the Concepcion blockhouse had opened the chain of defences on the south side, and the insurgents in making their entry had taken by assault a number of the blockhouses adjacent to these two works on either side. So there had arisen a peculiar situation, in that the remaining defences, which included two of the strongest works, were to be attacked from the interior of the town instead of from its outside.

There would be no use for the guns until morning, so, hungry, tired, and sick, we sank down on pavements or on brick floors to get what rest we could. The only one of us artillery officers hit during the day was

Lieut. Francisco Sedano, killed late in the afternoon.

With the breaking of day on the 29th we began prospecting for positions from which to attack the remaining forts. The strongest work was the *Cuartel de la Infanteria*. Its masonry walls were three feet thick, loop-holed, and defended by two hundred men. The main business street of the town could not be crossed by us, being swept by the fire of this work at one end and by that of the Telegraph Fort at the other, so that in our operations we were confined to the south half of the town. No building could be found from which a fire could be delivered that would strike the walls of the big barrack at right angles, so we were obliged to content ourselves with a warehouse distant from it one hundred and fifty yards, but so situated that our shells would strike the walls at an angle of thirty degrees, a most serious disadvantage, as much of the force of their blows would be lost. The ammunition of the Driggs-Schroeder was nearly exhausted, and as it was thought best not to try to use all the guns, embrasures were made for two, the dynamite gun and one of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounders. The latter had to be made very large, as the barrel of the piece was not long enough for the muzzle to clear the wall, which would have been shattered by the blast. The guns had to be dismounted to get them through the doorway, but by ten o'clock were in position. The protection was the best we had ever fought behind, we being perfectly safe from infantry fire except for such bullets as might come through the port-holes. But we had a sneaking fear lest the enemy had another Krupp up his sleeve. If he had, it would have been over with us in short order, as the walls of the warehouse could have been breached very quickly. The breaking through of the port-holes for our two guns had been the signal for a hot fire from the line of loop-holes in the great barrack which loomed up across two vacant lots. We kept under cover and allowed this spurt to die out and then gave it to them. I had had a small observation port-hole cut for myself, and saw the two projectiles strike. The Hotchkiss shell glanced from the wall, and then burst. That from the dynamite gun made a terrific explosion but the result was about the same as would be caused by throwing an egg

against a house. There was a fine spatter and nothing else. Not a stone was displaced by either shot. But the moral effect of the explosions of the nitro-gelatine bombs was in time to do the work. The defenders of the building poured such a fire against our embrasures that the greatest care had to be used in serving the guns. Immediately on being discharged each piece would be dragged out of danger, loaded, and carefully run into position again. A moment's respite in the fire would give the few seconds necessary to take aim. On the smooth concrete floor the Hotchkiss cut the most astounding antics. In spite of brake ropes it would recoil clear to the opposite wall, and once turned over and bent the sight, which we had got into the bad habit of not removing for each shot. And so it went on all of a long, tiresome, and dreary day. From illness and hunger and as a result of the exhausting work of the preceding day, we were in a half-dazed condition, and could keep on our feet with difficulty. Yesterday had been my day with the fever, and to-day some of my comrades took their turn, and sank on the floor to let it work its devilish will. For the several reasons given our fire was exceedingly slow. During the day we got in twenty-eight shots from the dynamite gun and about forty from the Hotchkiss. The most of our fire had been concentrated on certain spots in the hope of weakening the wall, but to no avail. Several of the stone columns in front of the building were shattered, and toward the last some shells from the dynamite gun, landed on the roof by most careful aiming, had terrified the defenders by showering them with tiling and broken timbers. Devine, becoming disgusted with the work of the artillery, borrowed a Mauser and spent an hour or two at a loop-hole of his own, sharpshooting at those of the enemy. More or less infantry fire between the Spaniards and Cubans at other positions had taken place during the day, but at no time reached any great volume.

At last night came again to give us some rest and sleep, and we stretched ourselves on the hard floor. About ten o'clock it seemed that the Spaniards in the barrack had been struck by some sort of a panic, probably believing that the Cubans were about to assault, and opened a terrific fire. This was taken up by the Telegraph Fort and the uncaptured blockhouses. This stirred up the

Cubans, and they began to reply, and for an hour or two both sides kept up a most shocking waste of ammunition. We of the artillery listened to the uproar for awhile, and then went to sleep in the midst of it.

When daylight came again the fight had lasted forty-eight hours, but the end was near at hand. Very early in the morning a soldier had escaped from the *cuartel* and brought to Colonel Menocal the information that he was an emissary from his comrades, who had come to the conclusion that they had reached the limit of human endurance. They were in sore straits from hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and their nerve had been completely shattered by the explosions of the nitro-gelatine bombs. The commander and the other officers would fight to the end, but if he would take possession at daybreak they would throw down their arms. It was evident that they were not made of the stuff of the defenders of Cascorra or of Baler in the Philippines. But they knew the situation to be absolutely hopeless, and did not propose to be sacrificed to save the honor of their officers.

The sun had not yet risen when a few officers, including Janney and myself, left the warehouse and walked into the open. We felt a bit ticklish as we approached the grim line of loop-holes, but no flash came from them, and at a run we went over the mound of earth protecting the great gateway. The door swung open and the haggard and wasted men, barely able to stand, threw down their arms, while their officers looked on in helpless astonishment. But they accepted the inevitable, and made no resistance.

I was so hungry that I had pretty nearly lost all regard for the proprieties, and made a quick run for the kitchen, a Spanish soldier showing me where the officers' provisions were kept. The first thing I found was some sausages in cans, and cutting one of these open by one blow of my machete, began to get at the contents in the most primitive way imaginable. I saw two Spanish officers looking at me with disgust plainly evident on their features, but feeling sure that I would never meet them socially, went on appeasing my hunger.

During the night the insurgents had penetrated the north part of the town by running a trench six feet deep across the main street, swept by the fire of the two strongest works.

and swarming into the houses had opened fire on the two blockhouses occupied by the local detachment of guerillas. The defenders of these two positions saw the fall of the *Cuartel de la Infanteria*, and knew that it was only a question of time until the deadly dynamite gun from the shelter of near-by houses would blow their flimsy blockhouses to bits. They were in a terrible position, as they could not expect the quarter given the Spanish regulars. Their captain came out to ask what terms would be given them. The laconic reply was, "The same that you have given the helpless wounded in our hospitals." It was merely a choice of the form of death, so they marched out, threw down their arms, and to their credit met their fate with courage. They were cut down with the machete. It was a shocking spectacle, but it was retributive justice if there is such a thing, for these men had never known what mercy was. Other blockhouses, garrisoned by regulars, now gave up one by one, and at eight o'clock only the Telegraph Fort held out. Its brick walls would quickly yield to our artillery, and Menocal and I went to select a gun position. This was found in the residence of the surgeon of the garrison, a brick building directly across the street.

And now occurred a lamentable tragedy. Lieut.-Col. Angel Guardia, only twenty-four years of age, had obtained some liquor from one of the looted stores, and had taken several stiff drinks. Tired and famished as he was, the stuff had gone straight to his brain and converted him into a mad man. He walked boldly out into the street within fifty feet of the walls of the fort, began flourishing his machete and cursing the Spaniards, telling them that they had murdered his father in the Ten Years War and that he wanted nothing better than to get at them. The unfortunate man's comrades called to him and begged him to come back. The Spanish officers pleaded with him to return, stating that they did not wish to kill him. But he was lost to all reason. Finally a sharp command rang out from behind the brick wall, fire spurted from the loop-holes, and the poor fellow fell riddled with bullets. He was the last man killed at Las Tunas. It speaks well for General Garcia's sense of justice that he did not hold the commander of the Telegraph Fort to account for this incident.

We of the artillery, gathered in the parlor of the residence of the surgeon, breached the wall from the inside and looked through at our expected target, distant only sixty feet. Men had been sent to bring up a gun, and while we were waiting Captain "Barney" Bueno of the staff sat down to the piano and played the Bayames, Yankee Doodle, and the Washington Post March. A lot of our men were sprawled about the floor looking at the pictures in some French periodicals. Outside there was still some exchange of rifle shots. The Spanish commander knew that we had him in a trap, and rather than have his men uselessly slaughtered, hauled down his flag, and at nine o'clock the fight was over, having lasted without cessation for fifty-one hours. To say that we were glad of the end, but mildly expresses our feelings.

It was a good piece of work, the best the Cubans ever did. They had gone at the thing right, pressed every advantage, hung on like grim death, and made no serious mistakes. We had captured two Krupp guns, both disabled, with some ammunition for them, fifteen hundred rifles, there having been stored in the town a number in excess of the needs of the garrison, more than a million cartridges, some real food, and most precious of all, seven hundred and fifty pounds of quinine. The day was spent in resting and sleeping and the night in feasting and rejoicing. Salvador Cisneros, the aged president of the provisional republic, with his cabinet, had arrived from Camaguey during the siege, and we artillery officers had the old patriot to dinner as our special guest. Our cooks outdid themselves in getting up a fine meal from some of the captured food supplies.

For a couple of hours in the afternoon we roamed about the town admiring the havoc wrought by our shells. The streets in places were littered with timbers, brick, and tiling, while shell fragments were everywhere. Our guns standing in the street were surrounded by Spanish officers, who took the most interest in the dynamite gun. They were a fine, game lot of fellows, and were generous enough to express a high opinion of the service of our artillery. It is a pleasure to state that they and their men were well treated. It was impossible for the Cubans to feed them, and the Spanish authorities would recognize no parole given

to the insurgents, so they were marched to near-by garrisons, turned in under the flag of truce, and in a short time were in the field against us.

General Garcia showed his appreciation of his artillery officers by promoting all of them one grade, so that I became a lieutenant-colonel, the highest rank I held in the insurgent service. Our first sergeant was a negro as black as night. He was a brave and faithful fellow and had long ago deserved promotion in the organization in which he had served, but our chief had feared that we Americans would resent such action. But Las Tunas settled it with us, and we went to the general in a body and said we would be glad to have him as a fellow officer. He was glad to comply, and it was my pleasant task to surprise the gallant soldier by handing him his commission as second lieutenant.

After so many years I cannot give the losses suffered by both sides. They were very considerable, but not excessive, so much of the fighting having been under cover. Naturally the Spaniards got the worst of it, owing to the effect of artillery fire on some of their flimsy defences. They had about two hundred killed and wounded.

The end was still nearly a year in the future, when American intervention put a finish to this destructive war. How it would have terminated had it not been for intervention is a question which it is about as futile to discuss as it is to waste words over the old controversy as to whether our own forefathers would have won their fight for independence without the assistance of the French. Had the Spaniards succeeded in carrying out all over the island the policy of concentration of the Cuban population which they were able to enforce in certain districts, it is quite possible that in the course of time the war would have ended owing to the extermination of the people. After the cattle had been destroyed we in the field were dependent for subsistence on what could be raised by the thousands of women and children cultivating small patches of ground far back in the woods, where the Spanish troops seldom went. But Spain, too, was fast being worn out by the drain on her resources, and there were at home mutterings of revolution. In Havana and Matanzas provinces the in-

surgents in the field were pretty well used up and were being chased from pillar to post. In Pinar del Rio and Santa Clara it was about give and take, while we of the eastern two provinces of the island had the decided upper hand, and if we wanted a fight had to look for it.

Owing to the not very efficient assistance rendered our army by the insurgents during the Santiago campaign, there has grown up among our people an idea that they never did any fighting to amount to anything and that their efforts were bent entirely to the destruction of property. There were two things that the insurgents did especially well, one being their scouting and the other the keeping of records. After the close of the war a commission of which Maximo Gomez was president revised the rolls of the army, and after long and patient investigation made its report. This shows that from first to last 53,774 individuals served in the insurgent forces as officers or men. Once incorporated in this force, so far as a native-born Cuban was concerned, there was no getting out except by death, desertion, or absolute disability. The few foreigners in their service could quit whenever they wished. The result of this holding every man to service was that the great majority of them were in the field until the end. It is estimated that at the time of the intervention there were still about 35,000 actually under arms. Of the total number serving in the war, 3,437 died of disease and 5,180 were killed in action or died of wounds. As to these latter, their names, the organizations to which they belonged, the engagements in which they were killed or mortally wounded and the dates thereof, are to-day in the files of the national archives at Havana, and cannot be disputed. The killed and died of wounds of the land forces of the United States, as taken from official records, in four of our wars were as follows: War of 1812, 1,877; Mexican War, 1,721; Spanish War and Philippine insurrection, in round numbers 1,300—a total of 4,898. It is difficult from data that I have consulted to segregate the losses in the last two wars named, for the reason that a number of organizations suffered losses in both wars and I have never seen any table which separates, for instance, losses suffered in fighting the Spaniards in the Philippines and in the same organizations

fighting the insurgents a few months later. For the Spanish War, however, the battle fatalities were approximately 300 and for the Philippine insurrection 1,000. So we arrive at the astonishing fact that not quite fifty-four thousand Cubans in three years of war had more battle fatalities than the several hundred thousand Americans who fought in the four wars named. Could anything more be said on that subject? There are no data to show the battle losses in the American Revolution, but no one who is reasonably familiar with the history of that struggle believes that anything like five thousand men were killed in action or died of wounds in that war. It is not that there were any great battles in the Cuban insurrection, for there were not; but for that matter neither were there in the other wars named. There were no engagements in the Cuban insurrection of the magnitude of Bemis Heights or the Brandywine, and no siege to compare with Yorktown, but there was almost no limit to the number of encounters that in numbers engaged and in casualties exceeded many of the engagements of that war, the names of which are familiar to every American school-boy. For swift marching and almost continuous fighting there was nothing in the American Revolution that approached Maximo Gomez's great march of more than six hundred miles from east of the Cauto River to the very environs of Havana, striking column after column of Spanish troops sent to intercept him. There was more fighting on that one march than in our whole War of 1812. Throughout the whole struggle it was the vast number of engagements in which from five hundred to four thousand men were engaged on either side that finally made up that fearful percentage of casualties, almost unprecedented in modern wars.

There were many faults on both sides, so far as the conduct of the war was concerned. The Cubans did not take full advantage of the great superiority that their mobility gave them, and having won a success they seldom followed it up properly. They took poor care of their arms, wasted ammunition in battle, and too often were not dependable under fire. One of their chief faults was that one never knew just what they were going to do. At times they would go to pieces with no reason, and at others stand up to their work manfully and fight splen-

didly. The Spanish soldier was brave, patient, and by no means the inhuman brute that he has been made out to be, but he had little heart in the war and was always getting yellow fever and other undesirable things. The Spanish strategy was all wrong. They tied up in the garrisoning of unimportant towns and *trochas* tens of thousands of men who had better have been left in Spain. If they had held only a few places on the coast as bases of operations, and had covered the country with fifty thousand mounted troops, they would have kept us on the jump. But their ponderous columns of infantry, hampered by transport, wore themselves out in aimless marches along the main roads, to find finally that the Cubans were all about them, shooting into the column front, flank, and rear, only to desist when they thought they had had enough of it.

I believe that fair-minded Americans who will familiarize themselves with the history of Cuba's two great struggles for independence and consider the tremendous sacrifices made by the people of the island will want to see the young republic endure. I am sure that is the attitude of the few of their countrymen now surviving who shared with the patriots the dangers, the hunger, and other privations of the final struggle.

A pleasant sequel of my own service came a few years ago when I was the guest of honor at a banquet given in Havana by my old comrades of the revolution. The present Cuban minister to the United States, Gen. Carlos Garcia, was toastmaster, and at the table were eighty-one former insurgent officers, one of them being the present president of the republic. Sixty-five had been old comrades of the *Departamento del Oriente*. It was hard to realize that those well-groomed men in evening dress were the worn and wasted men who had led the Cubans at Cascorra, at La Machuca, and many another good fight, and had stormed the ridge at Jiguani and led their men through the wire entanglements at Victoria de las Tunas, or were the same comrades, always kindly and considerate, who in the grim days of hunger always saw that the American *mambis* got their share when food strayed into camp. That one evening of reminiscence and good fellowship was pay enough for it all.

THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL

By G. B. Lancaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON



THE left-hand corner seat near the window commanded the best view in the lounge. From it Strickland could rake the full stretch of the hotel corridor, the stairs, the glassed-in balcony that took the rays of the winter sun, and—when he stretched that long neck of his—a triangle of Swiss mountain scenery, with snow-heights and jagged pines and fret-work chalets, just exactly as you see it in the guidebook.

One forenoon from his corner seat Strickland saw the green-aproned porter bearing a battered suit case and an old army great-coat down the corridor. The suit case was marked R. A. G. and, in conjunction with the great-coat, told Strickland a whole three-years' history in one eye-blink.

"Good Lord!" he said. "They're together yet, then! And here! Well, that does beat the universe."

The man next him asked questions, and Strickland gave answer piecemeal, with his cigar going out and his eager eyes watching the corridor.

"I saw them last in Malay . . . and in Madagascar before that. And once on the Australian diggings. Windham's a retired captain of some native Indian regiment. He was invalided out of it, but I've seen his eyes when a troop goes by. Deuce knows what Gary is, except that he's the most lovable fellow the Lord ever made—and the wildest. But Windham sticks to him. We called them David and Jonathan out in Malay."

The man next him indicated that he had heard those names before, and saw the new-comers pass with some disappointment. Windham was light-built and spare. He walked with a limp and his military mustache was turning gray. But he had the liveness of a cat, and the tenacity of an ant, and Gary was the only living thing

which had ever bounced Windham. Gary followed, with his blue eyes roving and his big body swinging carelessly. His lips were puckered into a whistle and his crisp curly hair was roughened. The man next Strickland grunted.

"Your Gary is a pretty tough proposition," he said. "And there are some jolly girls here. I think we are going to have what our waiter calls 'some excitements.'"

"The little White Girl can beat them all hollow," said Strickland. "But no one's had the wit to find it out yet. Gary will, or he's not the man he used to be."

But it was Windham who found it out first. And this was the very next morning in a little low smelly village shop where Windham tried to explain in execrable French and fluent Hindostani and curt English that he wanted nails—many nails—hammered into his boot heels, and two assistants and the proprietor told him in polite German-Swiss that they could not guess what the Herr desired.

Then the little White Girl spoke at Windham's elbow.

"Perhaps I could make them understand," she said.

Windham whipped round with a sharpness learned in places where a man's life is regulated by the crook of the trigger-finger. Then he uncovered. She was so little and light and young in her close-fitting sweater and round white cap; but the red lips and the dark eyes under the straight brows were more demure than nature made them.

"You heard?" he said, suspiciously.

"I——"

"They thought I wanted a chiropodist at first," said Windham, helplessly. "Now they think it's a lunatic asylum. There's only one sentence on boots in this confounded conversation book, and it says, 'I have very big feet.' A fellow couldn't go about saying that, could he?"

"Of course not," she said, gravely, but Windham saw the flash of a dimple somewhere. "Suppose I try."



They skied . . . always with the little White Girl in the middle.—Page 758.

She wielded the rough patois in a sweet decision that brought fulfilment on the jump. Then they went out to the keen good air and the run of sunlight on the snow, and the jangle of sleigh-bells and the merry laughter of children.

Windham dragged her toboggan and his own up the hotel slope, and he talked to the little White Girl as he had not often talked to a woman in his life. But she was so eager, so interested, with her big eyes and parted lips and the quick ecstatic movements of her hands. Windham caught himself watching for that dimple and feeling honored among men when it came; and when he turned into the lounge at last, and dropped down beside Strickland for a smoke, he discovered, with a shock of dismay, that he had laid bare for

the little White Girl's inspection several of his very intimate thoughts.

"So you've discovered the little White Girl," remarked Strickland. "What has Gary been about to let you get inside running?"

"The little White Girl?"

"We call her that here. She never wears color. Doesn't need it, either. She has been here a week, and the other women don't take to her—or her aunt. I don't wonder, for the aunt is the limit, and the little girl's too pretty. But she isn't having a very good time."

"We'll alter that," said Windham with sudden daring. And in two days he and Gary did it. They tobogganed down the runs, three at a time, with waving caps and a rollicking joy in the danger. They

skied and skated and climbed mountains, always with the little White Girl in the middle. They joined moonlight tailing-parties where the runners hummed on the crisp snow and it was necessary for Windham or Gary to hold the little White Girl very closely at the curves. Windham began to lie awake o' nights after these excursions. It was better than sleep to remember her blown-back hair on his face and the quiver of her eager young body in his arms.

One day a girl called the two 'David and Jonathan with a hyphen,' and Gary carried the joke to the little White Girl. Windham heard and was angry, but the little White Girl looked down on Gary meditatively.

"I shall call you Scylla and Charybdis," she said.

Gary straightened himself with a jerk. He was buckling her skies.

"What in the land——"

The little White Girl nodded her head. It was a way she had, and it invested her for the moment with a sweet intentness.

"You are both so very interesting and so dangerous, you know. If a girl doesn't fall in love with one she's bound to do it with the other. I'm quite safe, of course, because I love you both. But others may not be so cosmopolitan as I am—or you?"

Then she glided swiftly down the slope, with her long skies running smoothly and her mischievous laughter flung down between the men as a challenge. Gary drew his last strap-buckle up, steadied himself, and shot after her. For the first time in six years he had utterly forgotten Windham.

"If you've thrown down the gauntlet, you little girl," he said, exultingly, "you'll find me on hand to pick it up."

From that day the hyphen ceased to join David and Johnathan. Strickland had spoken naked truth when he said that Gary was wild—"wild; but the most lovable man God ever made." Swiftly, imperceptibly, the little White Girl began to

know it. Firstly she laughed at herself, for she understood something of the world and of the people of it. Then she grew frightened, and snubbed Gary, and sat out many dances with Windham, and let him take her down the hotel slope on an autobob, and knock the skin off her elbow in an upset.

Before dinner that night Gary came to Windham's room.

"I've heard about your cursed carelessness," he said. "You might have killed her. D'you hear? You might have killed her, dear little girl."

"Rot," said Windham tersely. The calf of his leg was scarified and his head was aching. Besides, he knew already that he might have killed her.

"You'll not take her on that brutal thing again," said Gary.

"I shall do as I damned please," said Windham.

A silence dropped that seemed wide as the earth to the two. Windham limped over to the window. Something reminded him that he had never sworn at Gary before. That same something asserted that the odds were heavy he would do it again. On the slope below two little Swiss girls,



"Oh, I don't know what to do. I'm afraid. I don't know what to do."—Page 760.

with old-woman dresses and loaves of bread under their arms, slid downward on toboggans. Their cry of "Achtung" came up to Windham, mixed with the jangle of sleigh-bells, the sound of a distant band on the rinks, and the solemn boom from the monastery tower. The jagged snow-tops stood sharp and clean against the rose and opal of sunset, and down the valley, where the mists drew, red eyes opened drowsily as though waked from sleep. Then Gary said:

"I say, you're walking lamer, old chap."

"A bit." Windham's gratitude rushed into words. "Lost some skin myself. I—I saved her all I could, Gary."

"I know." Gary lit a cigarette carefully. "I was a brute, old man. But I do think no end of that little girl."

"You think no end of about ten little girls a year."

"This one's different."

"They are all different."

Gary laughed.

"You unbelieving Jew," he said, and went out.

But Windham stood long at the window. In these last six years Gary had ripped many holes in the universe, and Windham

had mended them. He had asked nothing better of life than the permission to do it. Now—he leaned his forehead on the glass, shutting his eyes. For the rush of thought made him sick and giddy. If Gary ripped another hole here and called on Windham to mend it!

"I . . . can't," said Windham in his throat. "Oh, God! . . . I can't."

For two days this dread took the sap out of his life and held him apart from the whirl around him. He walked for long hours on the mountains, and their white solitudes spoke to him, telling him that he was a man in his strength and that he desired the little White Girl more than anything else in heaven or earth. Then he came through the chill keen dusk to the quiet graveyard around the monastery and stood there, seeking the peace that he could not find.

It was very still by the gray walls beyond the town lights. On either side the crucifixes stood up in black rows through the snow. In the little open chapel of the dead two lights flickered. Over the mighty shoulder of the mountain behind it one star lay, big and glorious. It linked the dead of earth and the quick of heaven





Opened his eyes suddenly to see Gary's face between him and the tent roof.—Page 763.

together, explaining the infiniteness of life, and drawing the sting out of Windham's trouble. And then, down the track from the toboggan runs, between the silent crucifixes, came the little White Girl, alone.

She did not see Windham until she was close upon him. Then she said "Oh," catching her breath in a sob.

"Where's Gary?" demanded Windham, suddenly stern.

"He . . . he went the other way." Then she gripped Windham's arm. "Oh, I don't know what to do. I'm afraid. I don't know what to do."

"Tell me," said Windham.

"I—how can I? But . . . I must know. He says he loves me."

"Yes?" said Windham.

"And—it's just a fortnight, and I know nothing about him, really. You know. Do you—do you think I could let myself care?"

"Let yourself?"

"Now I could forget. In a little while I—I shan't be able to forget. Ah . . . which should I do?"

"That's your business and his. Ask him."

"I can't. You know . . . when he looks at me . . . and touches me . . . I can't think. And I must think. There's nobody to look after me but myself. Aunt is no use."

The words broke on a sob. Windham was silent. Against the white snow the crucifixes stood up very black, very clear.

"He's your friend," whispered the little White Girl. "You know him better than any one."

"Yes."

"Then tell me . . . can I trust him? Does he always mean what he says?"

"To me. Yes."

"But . . . to a girl?"

"How should I know? Ask him!"

"You must know. Have there ever been other girls . . . ? Has he . . . done this often before?"

How often Windham could not remember. Through Gary's gay uncaring life it had been more times than many. But since Judas betrayed his Friend no man has done this thing lightly.

"Most men do. That needn't make a difference."

"It would to me. If I cared . . . and he forgot me. Oh . . . tell me! Do you think he'd be true to me?"

In the chapel of the dead the lights flickered. Above the hill the big star was burning yet. Darker shadows drew up in the graveyard and against the monastery walls. Somewhere down the valley a herdsman was jodelling, making wild music that tugged the heartstrings. Windham never moved.

"Tell me! Do you think he'd be true?"

Those black crucifixes . . . and Gary's frank laugh and frank eyes . . . and the little White Girl whose life hung in the balance. . . .

"No," said Windham.

Across the silence drifted no sound. The flickering dead-lights burnt down into blackness. The little White Girl spoke.

"Thank you. I'm afraid I have been very cruel to you."

"Cruel?" Windham laughed. "You don't know what you have been. How should you? When you tell Gary tell him all that I said."

"Oh . . . but . . ."

"Don't you understand? You owe me that much now."

"I don't understand. But . . . I will tell him."

She went down toward the lighted streets of the village, and Windham stumbled into the monastery chapel and dropped on a seat with his head bent down to the book-board. He was cold—numb with cold. But he did not know it. All unsuspecting he had come suddenly upon his Gethsemane. He had trodden through it as he believed an honorable man should do. But the journey had taken him into the outer desert of thorns and blinding sand, and never in this world or the next would there be any going back.

Very long he sat there, unmoving. He did not know when more lights leaped out above the altar; when a monk passed up the side-aisle, brushing him with black garments; when, obeying the tolling bell, a half-score villagers drifted in for the midnight service.

Then—sudden, strong, majestic—the chant of the monks clashed into the silence. The sound brought Windham to his feet, with pulses hammering in his ears. All down the dim church the altars glimmered out faintly. Either side the crucified Christs hung, patient, in shadow. Up the aisle the

people knelt, in ones, in twos. And opposite stood Gary; Gary, looking straight ahead to the altar; Gary, with hands gripped on the rail and grim lips set.

Windham did not look again. He heard the sonorous Latin chants peal out with that fibre of unrest in them which belongs to the hearts of men who have pruned away earthly desires, earthly loves, earthly joys. He heard the music shake to passion and die to deadness, and the rustle of garments as the monks went out. He heard the people rise softly, and tiptoe down to the doors. He saw the lights fade by one and one, until in all the church were left only one candle burning on a side-altar and two men who had been friends.

Then Gary trod across the aisle.

"I did not come to speak to you," he said. "I came to do that."

The open-handed slap on Windham's face made an echo that ran along the walls. And then Gary swung on his heel and went out with quick crisp steps.

Next day the battered suit case and the old army coat left the sunny hotel on the mountain slope. But they did not go together. Strickland saw, and he sought the little White Girl.

"You have come between the finest friendship I ever knew," he said. "I hope neither of them will forgive you."

But, although she was a woman, the little White Girl was wiser.

"It is not me whom they will never forgive," she said.

Strickland had the opportunity of testing the truth of this some two years later, when he sat with Windham in an Indian shack up in North-west Canada, and waited for the dawn. There was snow from the door to the mountain crests, even as had been when he last met with Windham across the seas. But Windham wore the uniform of a mounted police officer these days, and the last flicker of his youth was gone before the direct uncompromising alertness that marked him as a commander of men.

Cunningly, over their pipes, Strickland strove to lead the talk back to the little White Girl and all that she had meant in two men's lives. But the lever of Windham's will side-tracked him each time, and the long night dragged itself into a frozen pink dawn leaving Gary's name still un-

spoken. Then, beyond the shack end, the sledge dogs roused to bark in savage eagerness, and Windham looked at his watch.

"Good business," he said. "Hope he's brought decent dogs."

"The man himself doesn't seem to worry you any. If I had to go where you're going with only one human being to see me through I guess I'd take rather particular interest in that human being."

"Why so? All hired men are alike. They do as they're told—or you make them do it. He's got dogs with fight in 'em by the sound, I think."

Then some one hammered on the shack door, thrust it open, and walked in.

It was Strickland who came to his feet with an oath. Windham sat still. But on his left cheek he believed that the two-year-old slap from this man's hand was yet throbbing. He looked Gary between the eyes.

"Are you the man sent up from Wesbikow?" he asked.

"Yes." Gary's face had gone suddenly hard as his voice.

"I start in an hour. Can you be ready?"

To Strickland the short silence was explosive with possibilities. Gary was unshaven and ragged. Suffering, cold, hunger, thirst had drawn lines on his face and struck the gay impudent light from his eyes. Beside him Windham looked an insensate steel-cold machine of the law. Between the two betrayal, insult, broken love made a barrier head-high.

"Yes," said Gary. Windham turned on his heel.

"You'll find my kit packed in the corner," he said. "My sled's outside."

Later Strickland watched from the shack as the two pulled out on the long trail where the icy hummocks and the frozen muskegs would greet them. Gary led, tramping the way out, with the swinging arms and stooped shoulders of the snowshoe lope. Windham followed, keeping the two dog-trains in the trail with keen eyes and voice. They breasted the slope where a few naked poplars showed grayly; loomed big on its crest for a moment and passed over. They were gone into the silent places that know the secrets of men's hearts and lives and guard them well.

Strickland shrugged his shoulders.

"A hundred-mile trip in this weather to bring the fear of the law to a mining-camp," he said. "I wonder which of those two

will be needing the law on himself 'fore they get there."

It is probable that the same thought had entered into each man. For that one smite of Gary's hand had wiped out of Windham all but a bitter hate, and those half-score sobbing words from the little White Girl were a corroding acid in Gary's blood.

But day by day they faced the bleak distances and the stinging blizzard together. Night by night they slept in the twelve-by-twelve tent together. The earth was flat and desolate, white as a dead face, and pockmarked with bare scrub and rock outcrops. Their breath blew out before them in white clouds, and hung on their hair and mustaches in little icicles that clinked. Gary's hands got frost-bitten in beating the stiffened tent into folding position, and the pain kept him awake at nights. The old wound in Windham's thigh was a wearing agony. But they spoke no word of all this to each other. They spoke little at all, except when Windham, tramping beside the flagging dogs, cursed when one lay down suddenly and knotted the team into a snarling inferno, or when Gary, defiant of the silent woods wrapped in their white mummy clothes, raised a reckless song through cracked and frozen lips.

Then evil days came on them. Smiting blizzards out of the Arctic held them crouched in their tent for many hours at a time. Food ran low. Two dogs died, and the remainder weakened swiftly. Gary realized the probable end of all first. For youth was hot in him still, and his limbs were strong. He looked across at Windham stumbling and reeling as he faced the stinging ice wind. He looked at the crawling dogs, and the sleds, with the lightened loads that yet were too heavy. And he felt his young blood rebel at thought of death here; death with Windham to know that he suffered; death with no living soul to grieve for him ever.

That night Windham's brain also jumped to the truth. And thereafter the two men watched each other furtively, like dogs circling before they clinch in fight. Once, when the Northern Lights made the midnight sky and the white shadowed earth into a quivering pale mystery of glory Gary got up, gathered his kit and the food-bags together, and went out, never looking at Windham. But a half-hour later he came back. The old worn strings of memory

tugged too hard. And yet, at sight of Windham, the new hate sprang up again.

The cold grew more terrible. The moan of the ice-pack, uneasy about the feet of the pole, seemed to sound in their throbbing ears. The dogs, great hulking huskies, turned into starved devils that the men watched with unflinching eyes. But they pulled; they pulled until they fell in the lines and lay dead, and their mates, with slinking shame and sidewise looks, crawled round and ate them.

And thereafter the two white men reeled on alone through the solitudes, dragging the sleds, enduring to the utmost, seeking neither pity nor help one from the other. For, through gray day, black night, or pale dawning the wraith of the little White Girl walked between them, holding them apart.

Then, little by little, the brute that lives in each soul waked, craving the animal needs of food and warm drink, of fire and the companionship of kind. Death dogged them, nearer, nearer. There were hours when Windham longed to turn his face and reach his arms to her. There were times when Gary, feeling the fever of life leap yet along his veins, would have cried out in utter fear, in wild prayers. But, for sake of their pride and hate, each man was dumb.

One morning Windham fell in the trail and lay there. Gary, dragging the sled which held little but the tent that meant life, heard the ceasing of the snow-shoe crunch, and halted. But he did not turn, and in a moment he went on again. Sound, sense, feeling dredged out of him. He walked, but he did not know it. Red on his strained blind eyeballs pictures of the past glowed vividly. There was no little White Girl in those pictures. Only Windham: Windham who had never failed him but the once; Windham who had been mate of his through good days and evil. Suddenly he halted, thinking he felt Windham's arm about his shoulder, Windham's voice in his ear, using the old affectionate words.

"Windham," he cried. But the sound fell back to him in the echoless silence. Then he turned and beat back to certain death and to Windham. Windham, dreaming of summer and honey-bees and Gary's laugh in an English garden, opened his eyes suddenly to see Gary's face between him and the tent roof. He reached out with groping hands.

"I—was wanting you, old boy," he said.

Gary's hands shut on his. There was silence until Windham spoke again.

"I could have married her. She told me so later. But I never wanted her after that night."

"Nor I," said Gary, briefly.

"You . . . meant more," whispered Windham. "That is why I—hated you so."

"I know," said Gary.

Later Windham turned as though struck by a sudden knife.

"Gary," he cried. "I had to do it. God knows I had to do it."

"I know," said Gary again. Brain-sight, heart-sight were clear to him now. They were his reward for the supreme sacrifice.

"Some one else'll do my work," said Windham, drowsily. "They can always shift up another pawn. Gary . . ."

"Yes, old man."

"She was the only woman who ever came into my life. But . . . you meant more."

Gary was shivering with more than the cold and the tension. He was looking at this friendship which surely was sanctified still. For Windham had laid the love of his man's life on its altar and Gary had brought his own life there to crown it. He stooped to Windham's ear.

"Windham. We never hated each other. We always loved each other best of all."

"Passing the love of woman," murmured Windham.

When Strickland met Gary afterward in southern Alberta his curiosity prompted him to ask questions. Gary answered briefly. Then he looked straight at Strickland.

"The Indians helped me bury him where they found us," he said. "But I've sent over to have a tablet put up to him in the little church down in Surrey. He was a Surrey man, you know. That'll tell you what you want to know."

The inscription, when Strickland came to read it, was brief. But it told him what he wanted to know.

Beneath Windham's name and the date of his death was written:

"For he loved his friend 'passing the love of woman.'"

Strickland rubbed his nose and grunted.

"The little White Girl was wrong after all," he said.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THERE are indications that life is longer than it used to be. Actually, some vital statisticians assure us; as indeed it ought to be to justify the increased pother the sanitarians and apostles of prevention are making. But effectively, I now mean, in the prolongation of the period of activity during which a man may expect good work of himself. For most rational people who have learned how to get the most out of life are of the mind of the industrious Anthony Trollope, as expressed in

The Lengthening of Life

his sixty-second year: "For what remains to me of life, I trust for my happiness still chiefly to my work, hoping that, when the power of work be over with me, God may be pleased to take me from a world in which, according to my view, there can be no joy." Whoever prolongs the power of doing and enjoying his work beyond what is commonly accepted as the time-limit, gives encouragement to his juniors and survivors.

Surely the time-limit has been extended. The "grand old men" of the nineteenth century were effective for a term beyond the experience of their predecessors or the expectations of their contemporaries. Near the close of the eighteenth century Washington deprecated the presidency of the new United States, because of his "advanced season of life," at fifty-six! At the close of the seventeenth, Dryden fixed the limit of activity for a poet at sixty: "His remaining years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest." It is a strange saying to a generation which remembers the *cruda senectus*, the green old age, of Tennyson and Browning.

The artist we have lately lost in his eightieth year, after he had been the "Dean of American Sculptors" for two decades, points the same cheering moral of the prolongation of the working life. It was precisely that sixtieth birthday after which, according to Dryden, there was only "stubble" for him to reap, that Quincy Ward spent with a friend, to whom he humorously professed that he had looked in the glass that morning with the expectation of suddenly finding a piece of bleared and shrivelled antiquity, like "She," the Haggard heroine, who

was then at the height of her vogue; and then more seriously bewailed the inroads of the advancing years upon his art. His host, eagerly controverting this, asked him if he were unaware that everything he did was better than the last thing. (The "Greeley" had then just been set up.) The senescent sculptor answered, with that particular blend of modesty and candor which was so characteristic and so takingly attractive: "Well, yes, I do feel that."

Well might he have felt that. For it may be questioned by those who have the opportunity of judging his assembled product, whether the work he was to do, for the twenty years of life and work that were to remain to him, after the arbitrary dead-line of productive activity had been passed, was not at least the artistic equivalent of the work of the forty years before. It was almost ten years after, and close to the scriptural limit of life itself, that, in the crowning of the "Dewey arch," so far from reaping "stubble," he showed a power of decorative composition which he had had no opportunity of exhibiting before, and which students of his previous work had not inferred or suspected. And there were to come, also, the pediment of the Stock Exchange, the Sheridan, the Belmont, and the Hancock.

Whatever the comparative value of these later things, without any question they were high successes so far as the artist himself was concerned, and maintained his interest in life, that "joy" of Trollope's which alone to Trollope made life worth living. They maintained it to the very end. On his death-bed, between the paroxysms of physical pain, his talk and his thought were of the two unfinished works he was leaving. The progress of one he followed in almost daily photographs. Expressing to a sculptor-friend his anxiety about the other, this friend volunteered to visit it and report, and, two days before the author's death, reported that the execution was perfect, and the result one of the world's great equestrian statues. "Then I am happy," was the artist's reply, and the ambassador's reward. Who could desire for himself, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, a fairer ending?

The "Blue Bird"
as a *Féerie*

IT was the late Ferdinand Brunetière who first emphasized the importance of the study of the several literary species, and who traced the influences under which each of these species tended to develop. He confined his investigation to the expansion of these typical forms in French literature; and no student has attempted as yet to do for English what he did for French. The field is fertile and it is only waiting for its laborer. The evolution of English tragedy has recently been traced by one American scholar, it is true; and the slow development of the short-story has attracted several students. But the essay has not yet tempted any investigator; and half a dozen other literary species are still awaiting their historian. This is the more to be wondered at since a firm grasp on the characteristics of these species and sub-species is very helpful to the student of the masterpieces of literature. To apprehend the peculiar characteristics of that strange Elizabethan type which is differentiated as the "tragedy-of-blood" is to be better equipped to understand certain aspects of "Hamlet" which conformed to this type. And to seize the special individuality of the so-called "sentimental-comedy" of the mid-eighteenth century is to be prepared to perceive more clearly the freedom and vigor of "The Rivals" and of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Apparently very few of those who have delighted in the "Blue Bird" of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, whether in the study or on the stage, have seized the significance of the class to which the author has deliberately assigned it. On his title-page M. Maeterlinck has declared that the "Blue Bird" is a *féerie*. Now, he did not use this term at random. He wanted it to be taken literally. He desired to have his play judged as belonging to a species the limitations and the possibilities of which are clearly understood by French dramatic critics. It will not do to translate *féerie* merely as "fairy-play." No doubt the "Blue Bird" is a fairy-play, but then a true *féerie* is a fairy-play of a special kind—of a kind illustrated by a long sequence of examples, performed in the Parisian theatres during the nineteenth century. That ardent annalist of dramatic art, the late Francisque Sarcey, was accustomed to single out a piece called "Pied de Mouton" as the type of a true *féerie*.

Now, what are the characteristics of the *féerie* which distinguish it from other stage-plays? First of all, it is a spectacular piece, the plot of which affords abundant opportunity to the scene-painter and the costume-designer, to the musician and the ballet-master. Then, its plot is extremely simple and practically identical in its elements, however varied in its episodes. The hero is to go in search of something; he is to be helped by a good fairy or a beneficent genius who bestows on him a talisman of some sort—the cap-of-invisibility or the shoes-of-swiftness, or what-not; he is thwarted for a while by the evil genius, the bad fairy, who is aided and abetted by one or more minor characters, the villains of the piece. And furthermore the hero is accompanied on his wanderings and through all the multiplex adventures of his quest by a faithful retainer who is ready to die in his defence, and who is often also the low-comedy character of the piece. The hero goes into many strange places in his effort to accomplish his single purpose; he meets with all sorts of people; he gets into all sorts of dangers, from which he is preserved either by his faithful follower or by the talisman or by the direct intervention of the good fairy.

These are the elements of the *féerie* as Sarcey discovered them in "Pied de Mouton," and in countless other spectacular pieces made on the same pattern by adroit Parisian playwrights for the Porte Saint Martin and the Châtelet. The same characteristics are even discoverable, nearly all of them, in "Round the World in Eighty Days," which the ingenious Dennerly made out of Jules Verne's moving tale of geographical adventure. And these characteristics are plainly visible in the "Blue Bird." The little hero goes in search of the feathered biped, and the good fairy gives him a talisman. He is accompanied by the faithful friend, the *Dog*, and by the comic character, *Bread*. The evil genius is *Night*, and the villain who intrigues against him is the hypocrite *Cat*. What distinguishes the "Blue Bird" from "Pied de Mouton," and "Round the World in Eighty Days," is merely that it was composed by a man of letters instead of a hack playwright, and that it has a meaning and a moral underlying and sustaining its spectacular effects. It is the work of a writer who commands not only the invention of the playwright, but the imagination of the poet.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

AUTHORITY IN ART CRITICISM

BURNE-JONES once wrote concerning art criticism that he couldn't see why a fellow should be paid for saying what he thought about another fellow's work. The sentiment will appeal strongly to the average painter, but before we decide that art criticism is a needless profession let us recall that there is nothing at all odd about paying for an opinion in a matter of taste. Opinions are willingly and generously paid for in such trades as wine-making, millinery, building, medicine, law—paid of course on the assumption that the opiner is competent and his judgment of value. What Burne-Jones's protest really means is not that it is impertinent to give an opinion on a work of art or inherently ridiculous to pay for such an opinion, but that these verdicts are always bad. Here he expressed a prejudice that is widely shared by those who know what they like and admit no argument concerning taste. Such people together with the artists will usually say that the art critics differ hopelessly among themselves, can have little to say worth the hearing of a serious person, and when they are most charming and persuasive prevail not by the force of their judgments on art, but by the mere seductiveness of their literary style. The profession, then, is parasitic and rests upon a pretence. The sensible man enjoys the pyrotechnics of the art critic simply as he would the gyrations of any other charlatan who had the gift to amuse. Jules Breton, a most down-right person, whether as man or artist, writes of Théophile Gautier: "He disguised his opinions so well under the magic of his amazing style, that you had to read between the lines to divine his preferences."

The answer to this charge is that writers of Gautier's type are not, properly speaking, critics at all. One goes to them for keen emotions, for enchanting phrase, for the flavor of their personality, realizing that all these quite separate and legitimate pleasures may have rather little to do with the work of art which is their immediate occasion. The true critics necessarily must write well, otherwise no one would hearken, but must also accept a self-effacing role. Their business is to keep near the matter in hand. With critics like Gustave

Geffroy, Charles Morice, D. S. MacColl, or W. C. Brownell, you are never in doubt what they mean nor where their admirations lie. Other modern writers of rhapsodic sort may be cultivated or eschewed, according to one's sense that the rhapsody is good or bad. For that matter, the distinction between orderly criticism and merely impulsive comment has to be made all along the line. Every practiced reader knows that he is delightfully unsafe with Carlyle and Ruskin, while relatively safe with Matthew Arnold and Lowell. In short, there is vague and ornate writing about art, just as there is pyrotechnical literary criticism, or, for that matter, vague and ornate painting. In all cases one must discriminate and take the product for what it is. The best art criticism, whether in the sturdy generalizations of Sir Joshua Reynolds or in Fromentin's sensitive analysis of Dutch and Flemish masterpieces, is simple and definite enough to suit the proverbial wayfaring man.

How the conception of the critic as the jack-pudding of æsthetics arose it is not difficult to see. The study of painting and sculpture lies pretty far from the interests of the average cultivated man, and is accordingly invested with the suspicion bred of mystery. A theatre-goer he is likely to be, perhaps a lover of music; critical opinion on these arts finds him prepared and responsive. But very few men, relatively speaking, go to the picture shows, and they are generally quite content with the formula that knowing nothing at all about the matter they do know what they like. Of the art critic or expert most people never hear except when he is in trouble. A Whistler compiles a selection of conflicting views under the title "Out of their own mouths shall ye judge them," and the jibe is chuckled over for a matter of a generation by those who have never seen a Whistler nor read a gallery notice. A great museum director buys as antique an object later exposed as false, and thousands of us rejoice greatly over the folly of the wise. In short most of us never hear of the expert or critic except when some mischance has made him ridiculous. Of his normal work we know nothing, and our distrust based merely on his sensational failures is worth no more than as a

declaration that marriage is a failure would be if drawn from the sole evidence of the divorce courts.

No one has suffered more sorely from this ugly trick of judging from a single instance than Ruskin. It is safe to say that most of the artists of to-day know him simply as the perpetrator of a testy and unfair phrase about a quite unimportant picture by Whistler. One of the most effective critics of his century is likely to go down to posterity pilloried as a ridiculous person. The relatively illiterate will recall that once he lost his temper, while only the judicious will care to know that he opened the eyes of his generation to the tender stateliness of Giotto, to the swift and restless appeal of Botticelli, to the romantic charm of Carpaccio, and the magnificent passion of Tintoretto. It was Ruskin who most keenly saw the meanness and insipidity of early Victorian painting, and rightly bade men value the splendor of Turner and the strenuous idealism of the Pre-Raphaelites. In the light of his entire accomplishment the Whistler nocturne and the unhappily cited "pot of paint" sink into insignificance. In recalling an untoward incident that were well forgotten, I have wished to show that even the most vulnerable and erratic of modern critics on the whole served his time well. The marvel and the pity is that a single notorious indiscretion outweighs such a life-work. It is a comment on the isolated condition of art criticism that those who have never read a page of Ruskin, rejoice that Whistler brought him to court and gained the trophy of a farthing damages. Art criticism is still under the disadvantages of being judged by its catastrophes.

The remedy for prejudice is better acquaintance, and the art critic must patiently wait for a time when other successes will be open to him than those of scandal. But doubtless an impediment to good understanding would be removed if he could make it plain that as regards authority his profession varies in no degree from the learned professions generally. It has suffered from an assumption that it claims a dogmatic authority, and the critic has been represented as a rather fatuous person who pontificates concerning taste. Now as a matter of fact criticism offers precisely the authority that sensible men acknowledge in other connections. In law, medicine, frequently in engineering; in education, sport, and a score of practical concerns we lack absolute authority, and act simply on a reasonable consensus of competent

opinion. Our most serious steps are taken on no other warrant. The pathologist can tell us beyond a cavil that tubercles are in our tissues, but we go to Egypt, Arizona, the Adirondacks, or make our wills, according to the advice of two or three physicians who manage to agree. We know that they may originally have differed, but believe that in a rough way they have united in the best opinion that we are likely to get. Constantly we act on such working consensus of competent opinion. Our great financial operations seldom admit of scientific demonstration. One tries what the board of directors recommends. Even in theology we lack dogmatic sanction. Probably few churches could hold together if the clergy were held to a uniform interpretation of the creed. We require merely that for working purposes they agree. In short every bit of our business, save the very small portion that falls under the exact sciences, is conducted simply by the guidance of experienced persons sufficiently united to offer what we call the best professional opinion. We act not on certainties, for even the best professional opinion may err, but on probabilities. We know that the advice of the expert is fallible but take it all the same, for we know also that it is the best we can get. Now precisely this degree of authority is offered by art criticism. The best trained members of the profession are in essential agreement on most and the more important matters brought to their judgment. The common opinion that these arbiters of taste are habitually at odds with each other would not survive an honest comparison of their written criticisms. An ignorant person promoted to critical responsibility may emit ridiculous opinions; so may a quack doctor. A competent critic under journalistic stress may blunder. Whistler mocked consumedly one such unfortunate for mistaking lithographic fac-similes (technically transfers) of drawings for original chalk sketches. The error affected no artistic issue. Occasionally a hurried surgeon sews up forceps and sponges in a patient; for such mishaps we do not condemn the art of surgery.

As it happens the newspaper critics of New York have recently been subjected to a severe test. The sale of the Yerkes collection forced upon them the appraisal of about two hundred paintings of many schools and periods, from the masters of the Renaissance to those of yesterday. Included in the collection were old copies posing as originals, works of scholars ascribed to their masters, with a certain num-

ber of pictures wildly misattributed. Concerning these pictures there was practically no critical literature, many appeared for the first time; so the newspaper writers were compelled to attempt discriminations usually left to experts of the several schools. The conditions of the work permitted only two or three short visits to the galleries. If under these difficulties the newspaper critics came to any sort of working agreement, we must admit first that their profession is sufficiently authoritative, next that with longer time for study their agreement would have been closer, and finally that, had not journalists but connoisseur specialists been involved, the differences would presumably have been slighter. I have been at the pains to compare the opinions of the critics of the *New York Sun*, *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Evening Post*, choosing these four papers because they allow to their critics a full and free expression of opinion. As to nineteen pictures judged to be the finest there was a very satisfactory agreement. Four pictures received all the votes, eleven pictures received three votes *nem. con.*, and the remaining four received three against a single dissent, which in but one instance affected authenticity. If there was a working consensus as to the best pictures so there was as to the dubious ones. In ten instances of the more ambitious attributions, which were said to be those of Mr. Yerkes himself, two, three, or four critics sounded the note of warning. And summing up the entire matter, sixty-three pictures out of two hundred were selected for especial praise or warning. In fifty-three instances at least two of the jury agreed, and in but eight of these cases was there a single dissenting voice. Of a hopelessly paired vote there was no instance. In short these four critics under conditions which precluded consultation, and for the most part even knowledge of each other's work, and dealing somewhat hastily with new material, arrived at a working consensus in five cases out of six. Can it honestly be maintained that four lawyers, physicians, clergymen, engineers, statesmen, or captains of industry reporting independently on a very complicated matter would have done better?

On this showing art criticism has no apologies to make to the other professions. Its au-

thority is precisely like theirs; its appeal to common-sense equally strong. The art critic, whatever the impression to the contrary, lays no claim to esoteric qualifications. Unlike the poet, he is not born, but made. His curiosity in the direction of art determines his vocation, the rest is training and experience. His plea to the layman is merely this: "I have studied and lived with certain beautiful things that I think it is to your interest to enjoy. I have made it my aim to pick out the real things from the sham, the finer from the poorer. Such experience as I have gained in these pursuits is at your disposal. Other critics at certain points will surely differ from me. If you are going deeply into questions of artistic value you will need the opinion of many critics, and will learn to use these counsellors where they are strong and to allow for their foibles where they are weak. But the case for you probably is simpler—namely: In matters of artistic taste can the experience of a trained man serve you, or are you entirely contented with your present sense that you know what you like? My business is to help you to like the better things, the things that thousands of cultured persons have found worth while. My authority, if we really must use these big words, rests merely on that accumulated experience and enjoyment of which I happen to be the spokesman. But of course if you are wholly satisfied with the art you now like and with that which, unaided, you are going to like in the future, you naturally will not need my professional services, and we have only to part friends. Merely do my profession the justice to admit that because you individually feel no need of it, it is not necessarily a calling inherently superfluous or ridiculous."

This, I take it, is about the position the average art critic would assume when asked the nature of his authority. It differs in no respect from the attitude of the self-respecting doctor or lawyer toward his public. The profession of art criticism has suffered from being regarded as a thing apart, and quite as much from those friends who have imputed to its adequate probable judgments pontifical authority as from those enemies who have represented it as the easy refuge of phrase-mongering charlatanry.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

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